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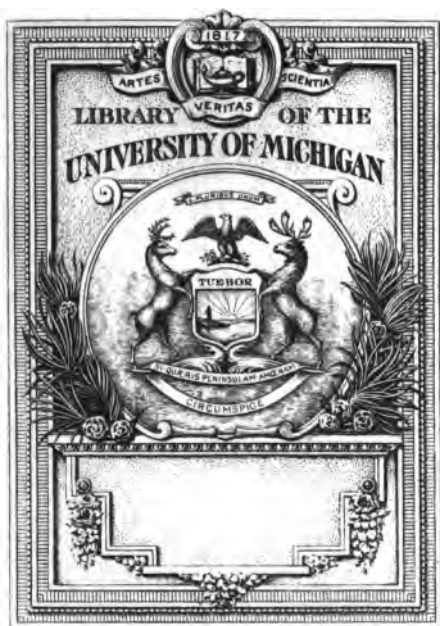
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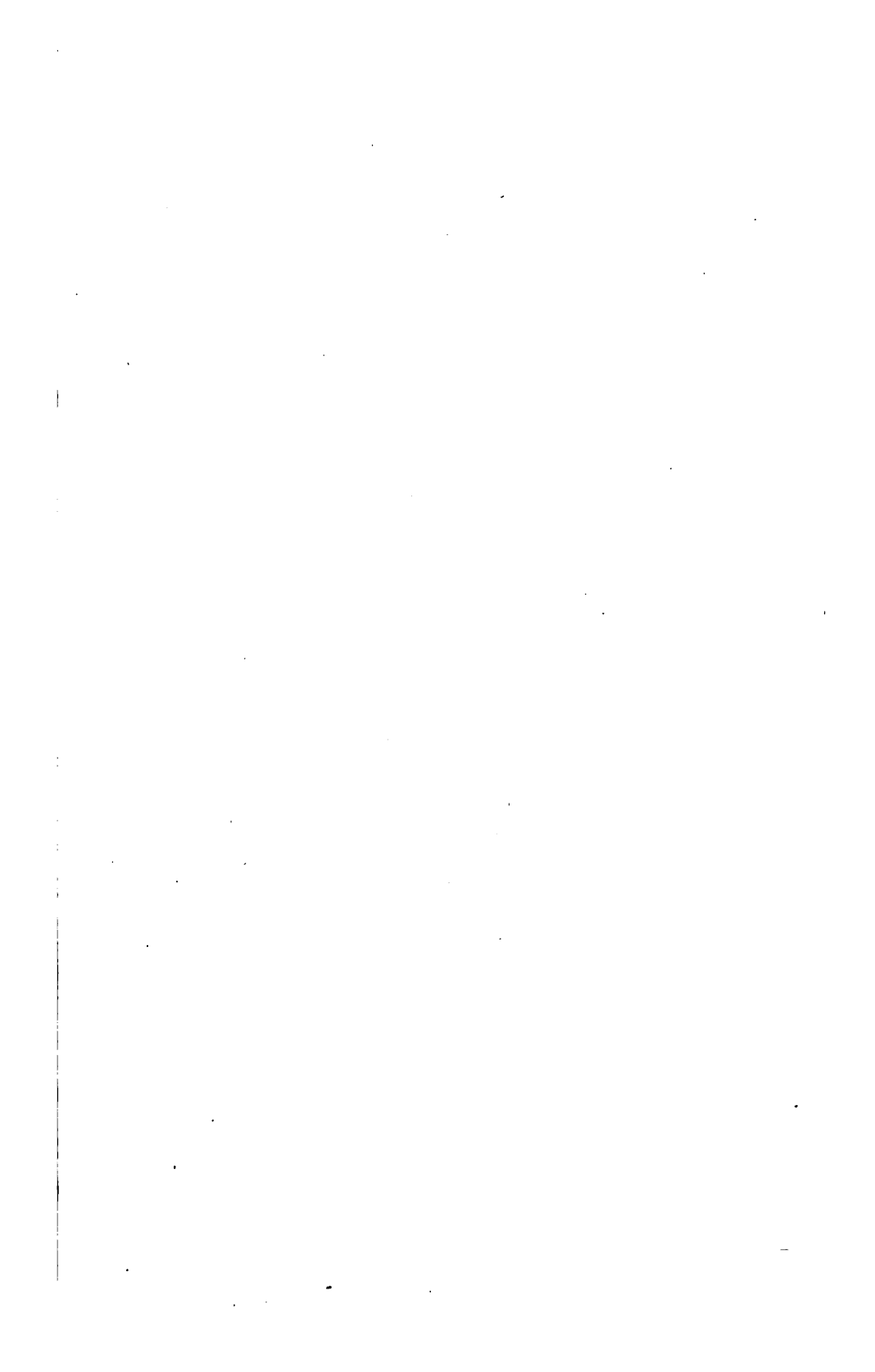
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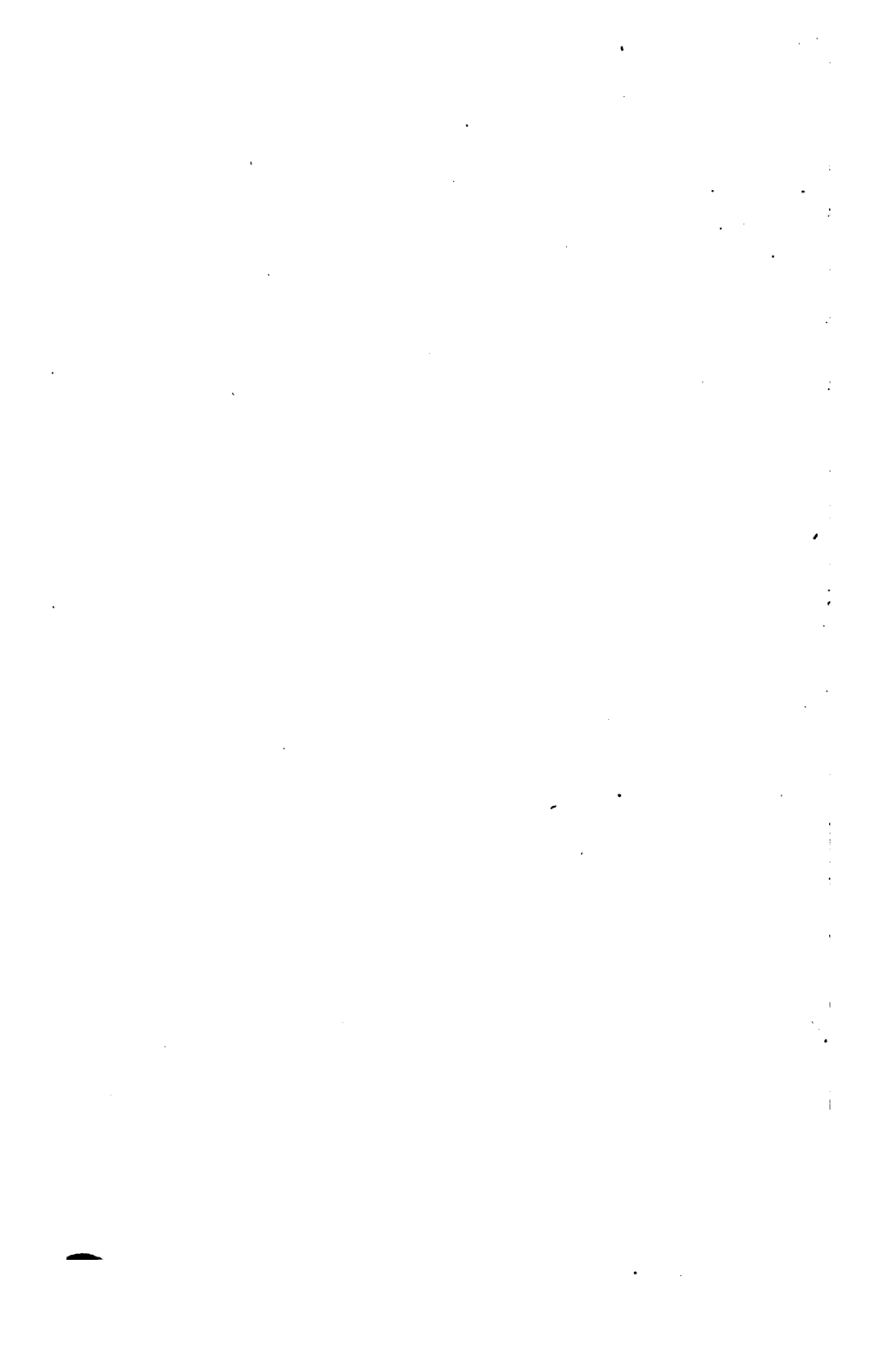




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THE  
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MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,  
FOR  
1851.

*New Series.*

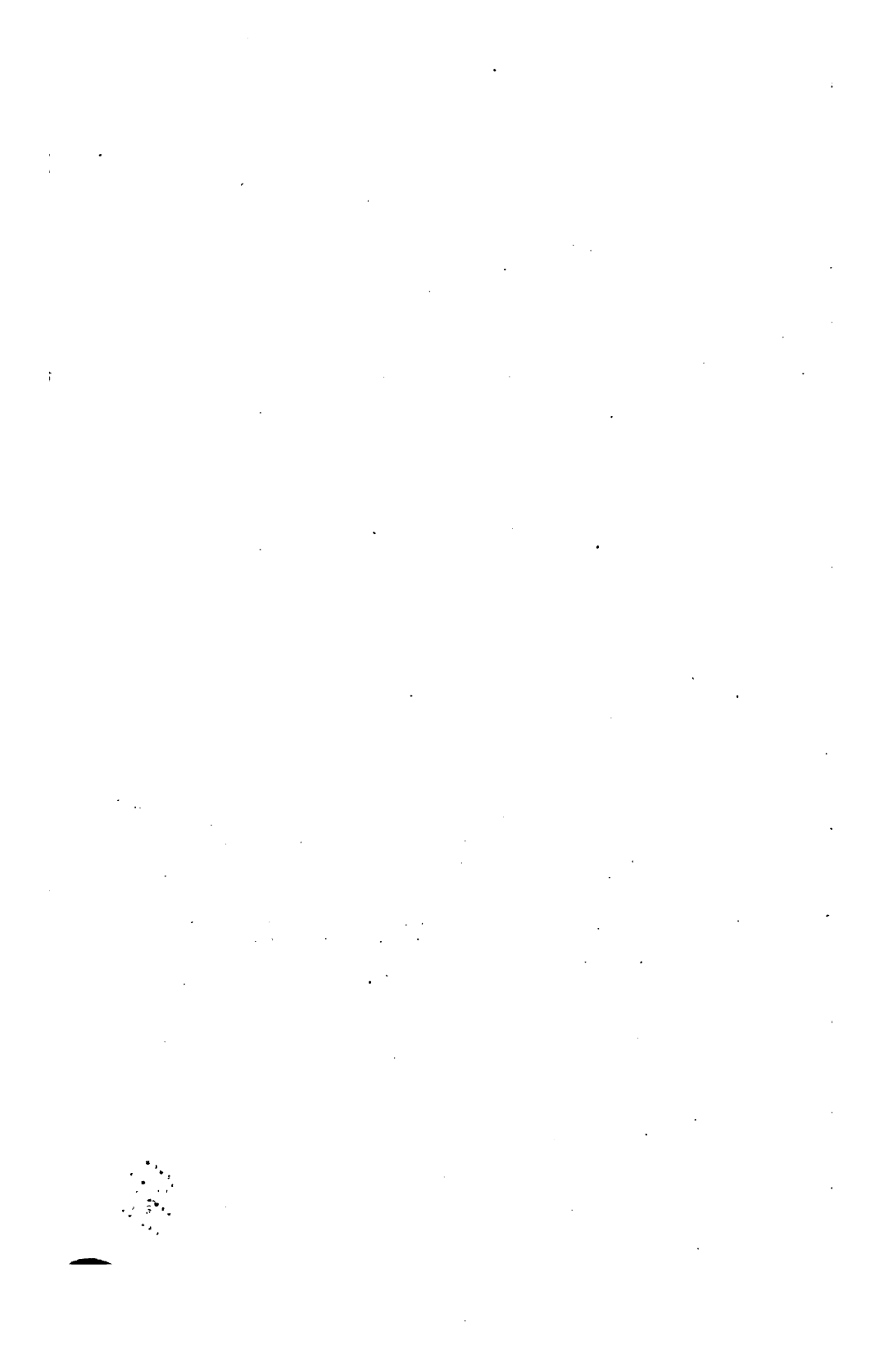
THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN.  
HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER.  
HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND  
FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE  
JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS  
ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK  
ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

LONDON:  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
*Instituted 1799.*

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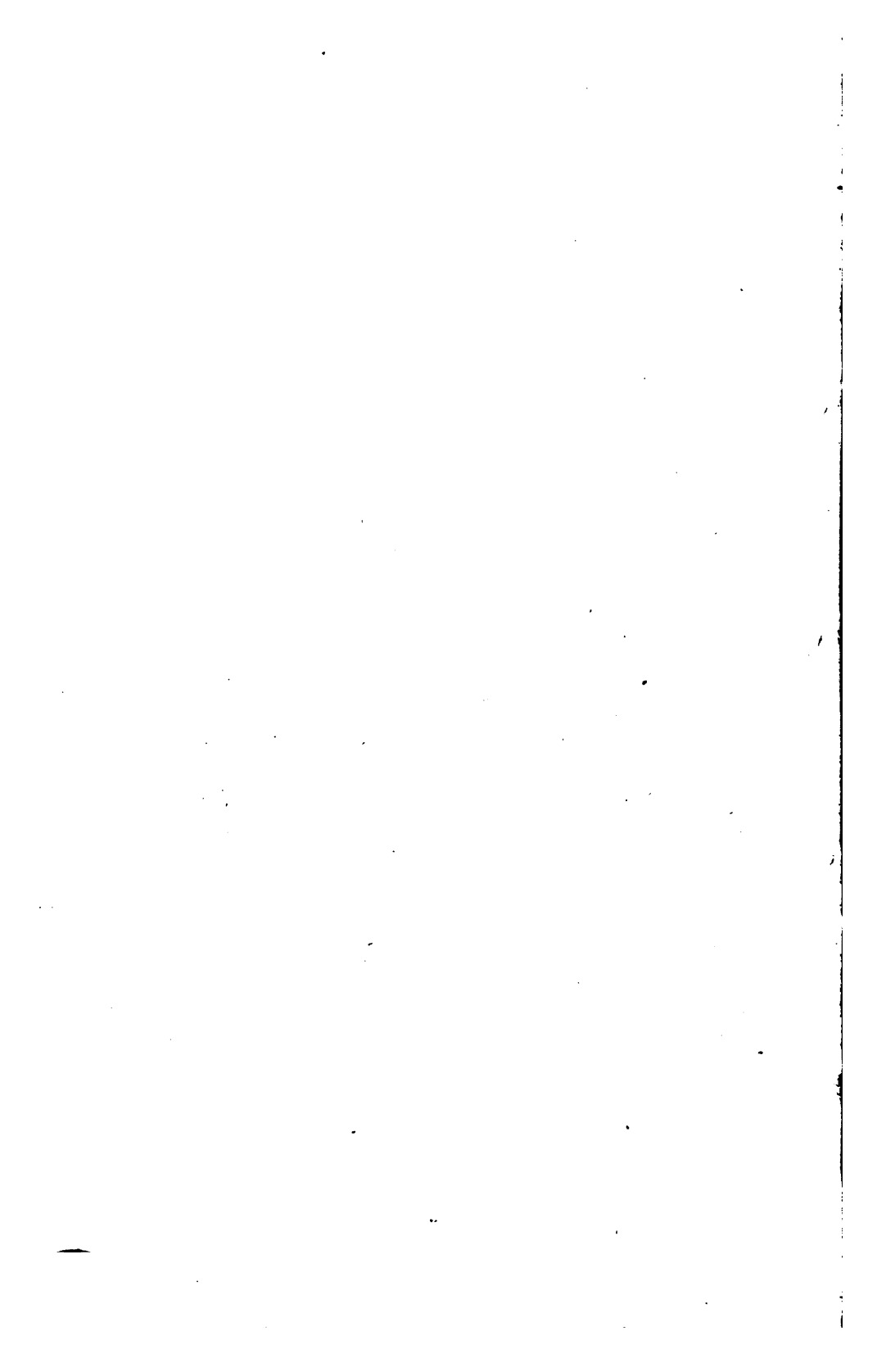
## DISCONTINUANCE OF THE VISITOR.

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It will probably not be without some emotions of regret, that the readers of the "Visitor" will receive the announcement that, with the present Volume, its issue as a Periodical terminates. For the long period of eighteen years the "Visitor" has appeared before the public, communicating, in a manner that has been generally acceptable, religious truth, intermingled with useful general information. The "Visitor" was one of the earliest in the field of that numerous class of periodicals which, during the last quarter of a century, have been so extensively circulated. Many of these have sown pernicious error broadcast through the land. It is, therefore, a matter of deep satisfaction to the conductors of the "Visitor," in witnessing the termination of its labours, to reflect that, during its lengthened career, it has in all things aimed to point its readers to those Divine truths which promote not only the temporal but eternal happiness of those who faithfully embrace them.

In the interval between the period of the "Visitor's" first publication and the present day, great advances have been made in periodical literature. To meet the altered requirements of the times, the Committee of the Religious Tract Society have resolved, in dependence on the Divine blessing, to commence with the new year a weekly journal, of a literary and religious character, to be entitled, "THE LEISURE HOUR." While returning thanks to the supporters of the "Visitor," a transfer of their support to the new Periodical is respectfully solicited. The services of writers of eminent ability have been engaged for its pages; and it will be the aim of its conductors to make it, in all things, a journal fully equal to the requirements of the day, and inferior to none of the numerous competitors for public favour.

*December, 1851.*





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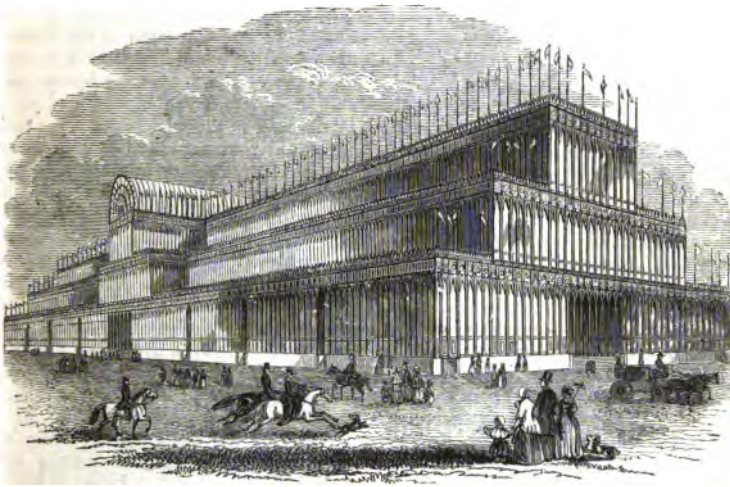
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THE  
VISITOR,  
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FOR  
1851.

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The Industrial Exhibition in Hyde-park.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THE year 1851 will, probably, form a memorable epoch in the history of civilization, by presenting to the world the consummation of a scheme fraught with the most important bearings on the commercial and moral interests of mankind. To the prince consort is due the merit, not only of having given the support of royalty to the design thus contemplated, but also of having devoted to it a very considerable amount of personal attention; and well is it, when the advancement of the peaceful arts is the subject to which is lent the personal and relative influence of sovereigns and of courts.

JANUARY, 1851.

Before this paper reaches the eye of our readers, many of the facts which it communicates will possibly have become familiar to them through the medium of the daily press. For the sake of those at a distance, however, and as a memorial for future reference, we propose briefly to recapitulate the steps by which the Industrial Exhibition attained its present shape and bearing.

Exhibitions of the products of industry have never in this country been conducted on a very large scale, but have chiefly been confined to private enterprise and to the museums of scientific bodies. On the Continent, on the other hand, they have been comparatively frequent,

Belgium and France having had many. It was in attending one of these exhibitions that the late Louis Philippe uttered a memorable saying, previously expressed by Bonaparte, fifty years before,—"These, gentlemen, are the victories of science, which cause no tears to flow." Such exhibitions, however, even on the Continent, had uniformly been limited to the display of the products of one particular district or country. It was reserved for our own day to witness the projection, by the consort of our beloved sovereign, of a scheme for beholding, at one view, specimens of the industrial skill of the various nations of the earth.

The important question of a site, though amid much controversy, having been determined, the committee next advertised for plans of an appropriate structure, and artists in various parts of the world immediately set to work. An immensity of ingenuity, invention, and hard labour was thrown away, in the preparation of designs for a brick or stone structure of a permanent nature. When these were publicly exhibited, though many of them combined magnificence with beauty and usefulness, yet they were all set aside in favour of an elegant structure of iron and glass, devised by Mr. Paxton. The history of this design will form a curious chapter in the record of inventions. Its conception occurred to the ingenious artist only a few days before the period of receiving plans had expired. A rough design upon blotting-paper, as he was seated at a table transacting other business, was the groundwork of it; and in an incredibly short time the plan was finished, submitted, admired, and accepted.

The Industrial Exhibition is on many grounds worthy of attention. Vast in all its proportions is the structure itself, and the varied contents, which are to be accumulated from all parts of the earth, will appear as a monumental evidence of the advances which have been effected in science and in art. The visitor will not fail to contrast the colossal machinery, the elaborate workmanship, the tasteful design, and the curious execution which will be there collected, with the rude implements, the cumbrous utensils, and the graceless forms which our fathers employed. The man of intelligence, also, who has watched the progress of the nation during the past half century, will find much, doubtless, to fill him both with admiration and astonishment. Other

considerations will also arise in the minds of all who rightly ponder the subject. Men of science and scholars have too often emerged from the seclusion of the laboratory or the cloisters, only to engage in acrimonious discussions with the learned of other lands, in reference to the priority of the discovery of some important fact or principle. In the present exhibition, however, it is hoped that, forgetting the rivalries of parties or of nations, encouragement will be given to all who have aided in the promotion of the world's civilization; and that meaner jealousies will be swallowed up in a grateful contemplation of the wonderful faculties and endowments with which God has gifted his highly-favoured creature—man!

It may now be well to direct the attention of the reader to some of the facts connected with the building, which forms the most singular and peculiar feature of the exhibition itself. If he chanced to visit Hyde-park in the autumn of last year, an opportunity was afforded him of witnessing the introductory preparations which were made for the erection of the building in which the exhibition is to take place. The grassy plain was invaded by remorseless workmen, who first proceeded to the erection of the hoarding, within which the structure had to be reared. In the formation of this, an ingenious device was rendered available. To avoid injury to the wood of which the hoarding was composed, and which it was intended to employ in the construction of the flooring of the building, no nails were used; the ends of the planks being secured in their position between battens, which were fixed in the ground about an inch and a half apart, and the tops of which were fastened together by a piece of iron hoop. Gradually has the vast structure arisen within these boundaries, and as we write, the anticipation is indulged by a few, that ere this number of the "Visitor" is in the hands of our readers, the entire building will be covered in.

In order to gain anything like an adequate idea of the edifice, we must conceive of a vast structure, in the form of a long parallelogram, the sides, ends, and roof of which are of glass. It is of three stories, one behind the other, so that it appears like a pyramid of three steps. Its length is 1848 feet, its width more than 400, and its height 66. It is supported by more than 3,000 columns,

varying in length from 14 to 20 feet; while 350 wrought iron trusses sustain the roof. So vast, indeed, is the scale on which every portion is constructed, that the gutters for conveying water to the columns extend no less than 34 miles, and there are 200 miles of sash bars consumed in the building.

The entire structure occupies more than 21 acres, and by the addition of longitudinal and cross galleries, the space may be increased no less than a third. One great feature of the erection is, that not a vestige of stone, brick, or mortar is necessary. Iron and glass are the chief materials,—and of the latter no less than 900,000 cubic feet are required. All the roofing and upright sashes are made by machinery, and fitted together and glazed with great rapidity, most of them being finished previously to being brought on the spot, so that the arrangement of the whole is the principal duty required to be performed on the ground.

A system of complete ventilation has been provided by filling in every third upright compartment with *luffer-boarding*, as it is called, which may be opened and shut by machinery. The current of air may also be modified, as occasion requires, by the use of coarse open canvas; which, by being kept wet in hot weather, will render the interior of the building much cooler than the external atmosphere. It is interesting to remember that during the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome, the temperature of the vast colosseum or amphitheatre was regulated by a somewhat similar device. It is pleasing to find ingenuity displayed on an object so much more worthy of it. In order to subdue the intense light in a building roofed with glass, it is proposed to cover all the south side of the upright parts, together with the whole of the roof outside, with calico or canvas.

The building is, in short (to adopt the expressions of a contemporary journalist), "a vast temple of iron and glass, enjoying the temperature of a warm May, at once thoroughly ventilated and refreshing, much larger than the most magnificent of churches, with none of their damp cold gloominess; light in appearance as a bamboo hut, and strong as a Norman keep, its decorations as graceful as the Alhambra, and its conveniences as complete for the purpose as those of Mr. Maudsley's workshop; resembling nothing, perhaps, that was ever before erected, but some gigantic conservatory,

at once graceful and magnificent."—"Had an oracle," observes another, "told us, a few years ago, in the language of ancient paradox, that before the nineteenth century was half out, England would see the largest building ever made by human hands, without mortar, brick, or stone; without a piece of timber thicker than one's arm, covering more than twenty acres, begun and completed in one autumn,—the astonished hearers would not have imagined it possible."

In the original design of the building, one material alteration has been effected. Nearly midway, or 900 feet from the west end, a transept has been added, having a semi-circular roof, more than 100 feet high, and inclosing a group of trees. This portion serves to break the long line of the side elevation, and marks out the central entrance. There is another principal entrance at each end. The main parallelogram is formed into eleven divisions longitudinally, alternately 24 and 48 feet wide, with the exception of the great central walk, which is 72 feet in width. There are three large refreshment-courts. The area on the ground-floor is 752,832 square feet; the area of the galleries included in the contract is more than 100,000 square feet, making a total of about 850,000 feet. The total cubic contents are 33,000,000 feet. The amount of the contract for the use of the building is 79,800*l.*, or little more than nine sixteenths of a penny per cubic foot; or, if the building be permanently retained, the cost is to be 150,000*l.*, or rather less than a penny and the one-twelfth of a penny per foot. The sum may appear in itself to be large; but when it is remembered that a first-rate line of battle ship requires about 120,000*l.* in building and equipments for service, the amount will not be grudged, if it be regarded as at all calculated to promote peace on earth, and good-will among men.

It is worthy of remark, that the nature of the building precludes the necessity of cutting down several of the trees, for the glass could be made to fit up to the several parts, so as to leave the lower branches under the roof; but this course is not recommended, for Mr. Paxton, the designer, has said, that he would engage, for the sum of 250*l.*, to remove and replace every living tree on the ground, except the old elms opposite Prince's-gate.

Interesting and full of instruction will

be the scene which the great gathering of the peoples and staples of the world will present. The produce of every land, the inhabitants of every clime will congregate within the metropolis of the British empire. The costumes of the east will be seen, and the sounds of "alien tongues" will be heard, in our streets. The plain English yeoman will encounter the dark-eyed Italian; the light and graceful form of the Hindoo will be seen beside the thick-set figure of the tenant of climes which border on the frigid. And those credulous but ardent spirits who are yet to be found within the precincts of our own land, who are pursuing the alchemic art, and have almost discovered the means of turning rubbish into gold, or are devoting their days and their strength in the pursuit of a practically useful perpetual motion, may sally forth from their seclusion, and witness the triumphs which others have achieved, and be encouraged to employ their energies and abilities on advantageous subjects.

But not only will there be the interesting collection of men, but also of things. The history of the arts of life, and the progress of mankind may there be read, from the simplest structure to those the most complicated. The neglected and the despised of far distant shores, by the rude objects which form their contributions on this occasion, will also give a silent but earnest protest against the evils of their social condition, and will claim a sympathy in the energetic efforts of those who have the means to bring them within the scope of those blessed influences which Christianity alone can dispense.

There is one abuse, however, we may remark in conclusion, to which an exhibition of this character is exposed. It may tend to the idolatry of man's intellect. Where the worldling, however, will see only the productions of human skill, and indulge in Utopian dreams of the advances of society, the Christian will humbly adore the wisdom of the Creator, in imparting such faculties to the creature. In the contemplation also of the masses of human beings which will probably be gathered together, he will be carried forward in anticipation to that final gathering of the nations before the throne of God; and he will anxiously devise some means of imparting those spiritual blessings which will alone avail in that day of momentous decision. F.

#### THE FLIGHT OF HUMAN HOURS.

WE are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent ropes of pearl necklace, by some accident, detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off for ever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply reproachful as the representative of so many other uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably whilst yet she was sleeping, and of many besides that must follow, before any remedy can be applied to what we may call this jewel's hæmorrhage.

A constant hæmorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewel's hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days; and *that* we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days,—days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent, and by the same unhappy means; namely, the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own *lâcheté*. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor—"My friend, you make very free with your days: pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?"

Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days; to say nothing of seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a *bonus* on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item,—namely, sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect also, that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life (namely, about 7,000 days), before you have attained any skill or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, amongst the Roman armies, was indicated by the



technical phrase, "*corpus curare*," attendance on the animal necessities; namely, eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise; deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture.

Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labour. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After that, the night comes, when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable; or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.—*Eclectic Magazine*.

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#### PRINCE ESTERHAZY'S DESERTED PALACE.

GREAT as is the splendour of some of our English peers, I almost fear the suspicion of using a traveller's licence, when I tell of Esterhazy's magnificence. Within a few miles of the spot he has three other palaces of equal size.

Just at the northern extremity of the lake stands Esterhazy [Esterhaz], a huge building, in the most florid Italian style, built early in 1700, and already uninhabited for sixty years. Its marble halls, brilliant with gold and painting, are still fresh as when first built. The chamber of Maria Theresa is unchanged since the great queen reposed there; the whole interior is in such a state that it might be rendered habitable to-morrow; but the gardens are already overgrown with weeds, and have almost lost their original form; the numberless pleasure-houses are yielding to the damp position in which they are placed, and are fast crumbling away; while the theatre, for which an Italian company was formerly maintained, is now stripped of its splendid mirrors, and serves only as a dwelling for the dormant bats, which hang in festoons from its gilded cornices. England is famous for her noble castles and

her rich mansions; yet we can have but little idea of splendour such as Esterhazy must formerly have presented. Crowded as it was by the most beautiful women of four countries, its three hundred and sixty strangers' rooms filled with guests, its concerts directed by a Haydn, its gardens ornamented by a gay throng of visitors, hosts of richly-clothed attendants thronging its antechambers, and its gates guarded by the grenadiers of its princely master, its magnificence must have exceeded that of half the royal courts of Europe. I know of nothing but Versailles which gives one so high a notion of the costly splendour of a past age as Esterhazy.

The estates of prince Esterhazy are said to equal the kingdom of Wirtemberg in size: it is certain they contain one hundred and thirty villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles. The annual revenue from such vast possessions, however, is said not to amount to 150,000*l.* per annum.

I remember, some years since, an anecdote going the round of the papers, to the effect that prince Esterhazy had astonished one of our great agriculturists, who had shown him his flock of 2,000 sheep, and asked, with some little pride, if he could show as many, by telling him that he had more shepherds than the other sheep. By a reckoning made on the spot, by one well acquainted with his affairs, we found the saying literally true. The winter flock of Merinos is maintained at 250,000, to every hundred of which one shepherd is allowed, thus making the number of shepherds 2,500.—*Paget's "Hungary and Transylvania."*

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#### THE LOST CHILD.

ONE calm spring evening, about sixty years ago, a sudden cry of alarm resounded through the streets of a town in Bavaria. Groups of anxious men were collected, and terrified women shrieked, "The French!—the French are coming!—the French!" The words were repeated, in a small ill-furnished room, by a young woman whose beauty sorrow had prematurely faded, and who held a smiling child on her knees; in a mournful voice she added, "Ah! my son!" Then placing her boy in his cradle, she watched him till he slept. Kneeling by his side, she prayed devoutly that God

would give aid and protection; and she rose from her supplication with a calmed and strengthened heart.

She was a French Protestant lady, widow of an emigrant, who dying, had left her amid the troubles of the period with one only child. This child she loved not only tenderly, but with an almost idolatrous affection. How unwisely she did so, the sequel will prove. By the cruel laws enacted by the revolutionary convention, she would be subject to the penalty of death if taken by the French army. If she died, what would become of her child? The thought inspired her with courage. Carrying the boy and a small bundle of clothing, she went out, and in a few minutes succeeded in engaging a peasant to convey her in his cart to a fortified place, whose governor was known to her, and where she and her child would be lodged in safety.

Night came on, and the peasant lost his way. Deceived by the light of the bivouac fires at the outposts of the French army, and believing them to be those of the Austrians, they approached and found themselves amongst their enemies. At the first "*Qui vive!*" of the sentinel, the peasant fell on his knees, asking for mercy, while the poor young mother, already worn out with anxiety, fell into a deep swoon.

One of the soldiers took the child from her arms, and passed it round to his comrades, some of whom caressed and fondled it with a rough sort of kindness, while others regarded the poor infant with dislike, and said, "It comes of a bad stock,—it will never make a true republican." The peasant told them the young mother's history; and a corporal, touching her still inanimate form with the point of his sabre, said—"Take her to head-quarters—she merits death!" Just then, the commander of the troops, general Lecomte, passed by, inspecting the night posts. Seeing the crowd of soldiers assembled, he inquired what was the matter, and heard from the frightened peasant how he and his companion had been taken. Finding that the prisoners were both insignificant and harmless, he gave them permission to depart, after having made the peasant shout—"*Vive la République!*"

The poor man did not need to be told twice, but placing the still insensible mother on his cart, set off at a gallop, totally forgetting the little child, which remained amongst the French soldiers.

Fancy the poor woman's despair when, having recovered her consciousness, she for the first time missed her little one. She sprang from the cart, and rushed like a maniac across the country, calling her child. By this time night had set in, and she was met by an Austrian patrol, who kindly took pity on her, and conducted her to their encampment, where the peasant had already arrived.

She was sheltered in a tent during the remainder of the night, and next morning the Austrian commander, who had heard of her misfortune, told her that as a general engagement between the armies was expected to take place, he could not permit her to run the risk of seeking her child in person, but that he would himself cause inquiries to be made of the French general. "You," he said, "will be conducted to Ulm, and I trust, with the blessing of God, your child will be speedily restored to you."

Passively, and without power even to weep, the poor mother suffered herself to be conveyed to Ulm. Before the promised inquiries could be made, a bloody engagement took place between the armies. The humane commander of the Austrian forces was killed; and amongst the wounded soldiers brought to the hospital at Ulm, no tidings could be heard of the missing child.

The mother was seized with a lingering illness, and, like the patriarch of old, was ready to say—"I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning." But heavenly consolation was brought to her by the ministrations of an aged man—a pious Lutheran clergyman, who visited her in her distress, and encouraged her in her affliction to adore the mighty hand that smote, and which could abundantly heal. She was led to the exercise of devout submission to the Divine will. She felt that her child had been indeed her idol; and exquisitely painful as had been the stroke of separation, she could not but acknowledge that she had drawn down the visitation upon herself by her having given to the creature that first place in her affections which was justly due to the Creator. "Do not weep," said her kind Christian friend; "Jacob, once in despair and sinful distrust, cried—'Joseph is not, and Simeon is not—all these things are against me.' Yet he lived to see them both in health and prosperity. Is anything too hard for the Lord? He can yet, if it be his good pleasure, bring you tidings of your lost

child. Meanwhile, do not give way to violent and sinful grief. The town is now filled with the sick and wounded. Endeavour to mitigate their sorrows: with God's blessing, you will find relieving others' grief an effectual remedy for soothing your own." The bereaved mother listened to this wise counsel: she dried her tears, a ray of hope sprung up in her heart, and again committing her trial in fervent supplication to the Hearer of prayer, she engaged herself actively in labours of compassion and love to the numerous victims of war by which the town was tenanted. In this occupation she was gradually drawn away from the contemplation of her private grief, and led, as one who had known sorrow, to sympathize in the afflictions of others.

We will now return to the poor infant left amongst the rude soldiers at the canteen.

"Take back this young wolf-whelp to the peasant that brought him here," said an old sergeant.

"'Tis a pity he has not sucked republican milk," remarked another; "he would make a sturdy grenadier."

"Off with the squalling brat!" exclaimed a third, and seizing the child, he carried him towards the place where the peasant's car had been, but which was now gone.

"A pretty business this," growled the man, "to find oneself turned into a nurse all of a sudden." His comrades crowded round him, laughing and jeering, until a grenadier came up and said—

"Let me see the child." He took it in his arms, rocked it quietly to appease its crying, and then kissing its fair forehead, said to the others, "I'll take charge of this boy, my lads." The grenadier was a native of the Pyrenees, considerably advanced in years; but although a good soldier, a humane man. His comrades amused themselves for a few minutes by uttering rude jests on the novel character in which he appeared; and Pierre listened to them with the utmost good humour, as he passed the back of his hand across his moustache, which the tears of the child had moistened.

"Come boys," said he, "'tis time to prepare for action." And carrying off the child, he arranged a little leathern sack wherein to place him. He then fed him, and settled him in a comfortable position on his own broad shoulders, already loaded with his knapsack.

"That will do famously," said Pierre

to himself. "A kindness done to the helpless never weighs heavily!" (If the weeping mother could only have seen her child!)

After a time the whole regiment became accustomed to seeing their comrade carry his adopted son wherever he went, and they always addressed him as "Father Verdet." After six months passed in manœuvring and partial skirmishing, a great battle was fought between the contending armies. The grenadier placed his nursing in a safe shady spot on the borders of a wood, and then went to take his place in the front rank. The combat was very sanguinary, and on both sides the artillery made fearful havoc. The foremost battalions of French infantry were mowed down by the grape-shot like ears of corn. Pierre, being shot through the arm, retired from the combat where he could be no longer useful, and dragged himself with difficulty towards the wood. Exhausted from loss of blood, he lay down by the side of the sleeping child, hoping that the scattered parties of the enemy would not discover him amongst the foliage, and that after taking a little rest he might recover sufficient strength to carry the infant with him.

Suddenly he heard a sound of horses galloping, and, peeping through the leaves, he perceived a party of Austrian hussars approaching. They would probably have passed by without discovering him, had not the cries of the child, who just then woke up suddenly, attracted their attention. Two of the hussars immediately spurred their horses towards the spot where the wounded man lay, and summoned him to surrender. With a painful effort Pierre raised himself from the ground, and extending his unhurt arm, he pointed towards the innocent cause of his betrayal, and said, "We are both your prisoners—oh! don't separate us!"

The soldiers raised them both, rudely enough, and placed them on a wagon already loaded with the wounded, which conveyed them to the town of Ulm. Arrived there, Verdet was placed, with several others, in an already crowded hospital, and left for some hours without having his arm looked to; for the number of the wounded was so great that, the Austrians naturally receiving the first care, the surgeons could not possibly attend to all.

An appeal had been made to all the charitable inhabitants of Ulm, asking

them to contribute money, linen, beds, and nourishment for the disabled. Besides giving these things, many kind women, of all ranks, bestowed their personal and unwearied attendance at the hospitals, going from one groaning wretch to another, and seeking to administer not merely help to the body, but also comfort and instruction to the soul. Among these was the bereaved mother of our narrative. An unusual depression had weighed her down that morning. "Why," said she, "should I persevere in this work while my own heart is so lonely? Without husband—without child—my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I will remain within my own dwelling to-day, and send an excuse to the visitors for my absence." A principle of duty within her, however, strove against this selfish reasoning. She struggled and prayed to subdue these unchristian feelings, and the effort was successful. "Be not weary in well-doing," was a text which recurred to her memory. It gave her comfort, and she rose from her knees and repaired to the hospital.

As she was passing near a pallet where Pierre Verdet lay, her ear was caught by these words:—

"Where is my child? Oh! ask them to give him back to me!"

"Have you then lost your child?" she asked, in a tremulous voice, as she paused and bent over the wounded soldier.

"Yes," replied he; "I don't know where they have taken my poor little fellow, and I'm sure his little heart will break when he can't find me."

"Oh! I will look for him," cried the lady, bursting into tears; "I will find him and bring him back to you. I, too, have known what it is to lose a son."

She hastened to the governor, preferred her request, and it was granted. An order was immediately given that the boy should be restored to his father, and the lady, as she returned with the welcome tidings to the grenadier, said within herself:—

"This poor man is about to regain his child. Oh! my heavenly Father, wilt not thou, too, restore me *mine*? Of thy great mercy at least grant that some of these soldiers may bring me tidings of him!"

When she reached the pallet where Pierre Verdet lay, the surgeon was standing beside him, preparing to amputate his arm. She requested a brief delay, and in a few minutes the child was

brought. With trembling arms the lady received it; her eyes were fixed on the ground, for she feared to look on the baby's face, lest her sorrows might break out afresh. She placed him gently by the soldier's side, and the little creature uttered a cry of joy when he recognised his adopted father.

At that once familiar sound, the lady started, looked at the child, and then clasping him in her arms, exclaimed:—

"My son! my son! have I found thee again? Heavenly Father, what thanks can I render unto thee?"

The manly cheek of the old soldier flushed with surprise, and, forgetting his own sufferings, he fixed his eyes, from which large tears were falling, on the joyous mother.

"It was you, then," he said, "who, six months ago, were taken prisoner by our men, and whose child remained behind. How you must have wept for him! Take him with you now, and leave me here to die. Yes—I know I must surrender him to you; but surely I would not do so to any other."

And the poor fellow, overcome by bodily pain and mental agitation, sank back on his pillow in a swoon. The mother, clasping her recovered treasure to her heart, called for assistance, and caused the preserver of her child to be borne on a litter to her own home. There he was tended with such anxious care and skill, that he speedily began to recover, and amputation of the arm was pronounced to be unnecessary.

In compliance with the anxious supplication of the grateful mother, Pierre Verdet obtained his liberty from the Austrian government; and three years afterwards the lady, having returned to France, regained possession of the greater part of her wealth. The first use she made of it was to endow Pierre Verdet with a moderate provision, and to purchase for him a beautiful little cottage in his native village. There he was after visited by his adopted son, who loved to hearken to the veteran's tales—still more to learn a holy lesson of love to God and trust in his unfailing mercy from the eventful story of his own infant days. His mother loved him tenderly, but no longer idolatrously. "Did I not tell you," said the Christian pastor who had visited her in the hour of affliction, "that nothing was too hard for the Lord. In comforting others, you were yourself comforted. To bind up another's wounds

is often the best balm for our own."—  
*Adapted from the French.*

BE YE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

Nothing can form men to a fitness for bringing much honour to God, or for being singularly useful to the world but this. We shall never design great things for God or our generation, much less execute them well, unless we are under the influence of a better spirit than our own. But if filled with the Spirit, we shall be able and ready to do all things which we are called to; "the weak will be as David, and David as an angel of the Lord."

To be filled with the Spirit would make us proof against the most powerful temptations. All the terrors of life will be little things to a man full of the Holy Ghost; as was plainly seen in Stephen's case, and in many of the noble army of martyrs. Satan will gain little advantage by all his vigilance and subtlety, where the all-wise and gracious Spirit is present as a constant monitor.

To be filled with the Spirit would put us into a fit posture of soul for daily communion with God. Every institution of Divine worship would be attended on with pleasure and delight; we should engage in it with a spiritual frame, and every pious disposition suitable to it would be in ready and lively exercise. When this wind blows upon the garden, the spices thereof will flow out; and then the beloved will come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits, Cant. iv. 16.

To be filled with the Spirit would settle our souls in the truest pleasure and peace. The more we walk in the fear of the Lord, the more we may expect to walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. In tribulation, in distress, in peril, in famine, in nakedness, we shall have meat to eat which the world knows not of, and be able to joy in the Lord, though the fig-tree does not blossom. Finally: to be filled with the Spirit is no less than heaven begun—heaven brought down into the soul, in title, in meetness, in cheerful prospects. Who should not covet this unspeakable blessing?—*Evans.*

DR. CHALMERS AS A CITY PASTOR AND PULPIT ORATOR.

From the humble village of Kilmany, Chalmers passed in the year 1815, to the pulpit of one of the principal churches of

Glasgow, the western metropolis of Scotland. At an early period of its history, that city had been distinguished for its attachment to the gospel,—so much so that it had adopted as its motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." A change had subsequently, however, passed upon it. The motto had been contracted into "Let Glasgow flourish." Pure evangelical truth had greatly ceased to be prized, and at the time of Chalmers' arrival, the pulpits were in many cases filled by men who had substituted a code of human ethics for the unadulterated gospel.

Chalmers made his *debut* in Glasgow by a sermon preached on behalf of a Society for Aiding the Sons of the Clergy. He moved the sympathies of his audience by his stirring eloquence, and was himself (for he was now both a husband and a father) seen to drop tears upon his manuscript, as he painted the forlorn condition of a pastor's widow and children, leaving the home of their deceased protector. A crowd had gathered to listen to this opening address of the young preacher. Among the audience was Mr. Lockhart, the future editor of the "Quarterly Review." In a work which this gentleman published, about that time, under the assumed title of "Peter's Letters," he described vividly the impression which Chalmers made upon him. "I have never heard," was his summing-up remark, "either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, a preacher whose eloquence was capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his."

Chalmers' regular induction to the duties of his parish took place shortly afterwards. According to the Scottish practice, he had to stand at the door of the church, and shake hands with his congregation; a custom well adapted to break down any feelings of shyness or improper reserve. "An immense number," he writes, "I had to do this with. Sometimes I got three hands in my *loof* at once." The young city minister was not long in discovering, however, that his new charge was not without its alloy, in the shape of heavy demands upon his time. Four clergymen, he found, were expected to attend every "genteel" funeral in Glasgow. He had to be present at school-examinations, and to eat dinners without number. On one occasion, too, he had to listen for a whole hour to a corporation debate, on a subject no less important than the opening of a gutter!

He sorely felt these secular interruptions, and ere long he made them the subject of a printed sermon; a circumstance which led the magistrates of Stirling to offer him the pastorate of that town, as being a quieter charge than Glasgow. They jocosely assured him, that his manse would lie under Stirling Castle, and that the guns of that venerable fortress would, if necessary, be pointed against all intruders who should seek to disturb his studies.

Dr. Chalmers commenced his labours in his new sphere, with heartfelt and humble dependence on Divine grace. "What I want," he wrote to his sister, at the beginning of a new year, "what I want to realize, is the feeling of being a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth; to shake off that obstinate delusion which binds me to the world as my home—to take up with eternity as my settled habitation—and transfer the wishes, the interests, and the hopes which are so apt to grovel among the objects of a perishable scene to the realities and glories of paradise." "Let this," he adds, "be our diligent aspiring at this season of the year." It is a sentiment which the reader may, in January, 1851, with great propriety transfer to himself.

One of the earliest incidents in his ministry, in Glasgow, was the formation of a friendship with a pious young lawyer, of the name of Smith. Death prematurely terminated this connexion, but Chalmers had the privilege of guiding this interesting individual, if not to a knowledge, at least to an assured dependence on the Saviour. In the midst of his rising intellectual eminence, Chalmers' heart was drawn towards him, as to a brother. His letters to him abound with the most affectionate earnestness. "My dear friend," he writes to him, "hangs upon me wherever I go. The habit of your society and the feeling of your friendship have become part of my constitution." With graceful propriety he might have adopted Goldsmith's lines:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I view,  
My heart, untravell'd, still returns to you."

It is interesting to read his counsels to this young companion, and to mark the earnestness with which he encouraged him to an immediate dedication to the Saviour. "The tidings of great joy," he wrote to him, when harassed about a sense of his interest in Christ, "the tidings of great joy do not have their right effect upon you, if they do not make you joyful

at the first moment of their import being understood. After being told that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that this privilege is given to believers, what is it that you wait for ere you look upon yourself as a justified person in the sight of God? Must you first qualify for the privilege by obedience, and then believe? No! believe, and take the comfort of the thing believed immediately . . . to the comfort of the promises add obedience to the precepts, and be assured that this obedience will go on with a vigour and animation, after the comfort is established, which it could never reach out of Christ and away from him. You will then serve God *without fear*, in righteousness and holiness all the days of your life." Mr. Smith died not long after the receipt of this communication. Chalmers received the news of his death with deep emotion. "I have been thrown," he writes, "into successive floods of tenderness." How amiable is Christian union, how sacred is that friendship, of which love to Christ forms the cementing bond?

The star of Chalmers, as an orator, was now beginning to rise in full brilliancy. Having been elected a member of the General Assembly,—the highest ecclesiastical court in Scotland,—he poured out there a flood of eloquence, which carried along both the judgment and the feelings of his audience. He had had, on a former occasion, the attestation of the future editor of one of the leading literary reviews, as to his oratorical powers. In the present instance he had a similar testimony from a man of still higher literary celebrity. Francis Jeffrey, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and the leader of the Scottish bar, was one of his charmed auditors in the Assembly. "There is something," he said, "altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads as to the effects of the eloquence of Demosthenes, than anything I ever heard." Dr. Chalmers was also, at this time, called on to preach before the nobleman who sat in the General Assembly, as the representative of the sovereign. The effects of his sermon bore some resemblance to what has been recorded of Massillon's pulpit eloquence. As he carried his hearers, in his majestic periods, through the vast field of the visible universe, (his text being David's lines,—*"Thy heavens, the works of thy hands,"*)—the attention of the auditory, we are told, was so much upon the stretch,

that when the preacher made a pause, at the conclusion of an argument, a sort of sigh, as if for breath, was perceptible through the house.

From these scenes of success, if the term can be applied to such a subject, a pleasing transition is made in the biography, to Anstruther and Kilmany, both of which Chalmers paid a passing visit to. At the first, he led his father on Sunday to church. The old man's sight had now failed entirely, and he went along leaning on the arm of his honoured son. What a thrill of joy must have filled the parental heart! As Chalmers wandered through Kilmany, he mused with sentimental tenderness amid spots endeared to him by many interesting associations. He found that his old shrubbery had become a tangled wilderness; that a seat where, with Mrs. Chalmers, he had often sat, had been removed, and that a favourite strawberry-bed had almost ceased to yield fruit. It gave him pleasure to find, however, that some old figures of foxes' tails, carved on the chimney-piece, were still in a state of good preservation. "I passed," he adds, "the manse gate with the plaintive feeling *that it was my home no more*. The evening was beautiful, and sweetly did the declining sun shine upon all the group of hamlet objects that were before me. The manse was in a glare of luxuriance. I took many a look till it sank beneath the summit of the road." An amusing incident, we must add, had occurred to him, when preaching again in Kilmany church, near an open window. A puff of wind caught a portion of his manuscript sermon, and speedily carried it out far beyond his reach. He appears, however, to have succeeded well without it, although we ourselves remember, how greatly disconcerted he sometimes was when left unexpectedly to deliver himself extemporaneously. In giving a simple common-place intimation, we once saw this man of mighty eloquence, stammer and hesitate, worse than a youth at a debating society would have done.

On returning to Glasgow, Dr. Chalmers—(for he had received a diploma from a university)—commenced the delivery of his well-known astronomical discourses. Seldom, perhaps, from his own, or from any other pen, did such flights of eloquence proceed. Yet these discourses were composed by the author with astonishing ease, some of them having been written by him during fragments of time,

gleaned in the course of his travelling excursions. Were mere human applause the test of excellence, or were fame the object to be coveted by a Christian minister, the success which attended these sermons would have been most gratifying. "The spectacle," we are told, "which presented itself in the Trongate, upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse, was a most singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led to the Tron church. Across this street, and immediately opposite to this passage, was the old reading-room, where the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering, quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the 'Herald' or the 'Courier' were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day, the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants of the city were wont, indeed, upon these memorable days to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example. Out of the very heart of the great tumult, an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest exercises of the spirit; and the low traffic of earth being forgotten, heaven and its high economy, and its human sympathies, and eternal interests engrossed the mind, at least, and the fancy of congregated thousands." Nearly 20,000 copies of these sermons were circulated in one year. They were indeed master-pieces. In too many instances, however, the preacher was listened to like the prophet of old,—as one who played a melodious instrument, pleasing the ear, but leaving apparently no permanent impression behind. The week-day hearers of Dr. Chalmers' sermons, often with indecorous haste, rushed out of the church, at their conclusion, without waiting for the subsequent services of prayer and praise.

Chalmers, in May, 1817, paid a second visit to England's metropolis. He walked through it, doubtless with different feelings from those which animated him on his previous excursion to it, when he sought gratification in the amusements of the world. He had now returned to it in the full vigour of intellect, with his spiritual faculties awakened. Rowland Hill's chapel, which he had formerly looked into for the sake of the music, was

the first place in which he preached; the occasion being the anniversary of the London Missionary Society. The orator here outdid himself. In spite of the disadvantages of a strong Scottish accent, he rivetted the attention of his hearers. "I write," said one who was present, "under the nervousness of having heard and witnessed the most astonishing display of human talent, that, perhaps, ever commanded sight or hearing." Old Rowland Hill stood the whole time at the foot of the pulpit, in rapt attention. A breathless stillness pervaded the audience, and a constant assent of the head from the whole people accompanied the various propositions which the preacher successively advanced in his discourse.

An equal display of oratorical power, and similar results attended Dr. Chalmers' preaching on two other occasions, in London. In the small Scotch church at London-wall, Canning and some eminent men of the day attended. The statesman, we are told, was fairly melted into tears. At the chapel in Swallow-street, Piccadilly, the crush was so great, that Wilberforce, who went to hear Dr. Chalmers, had to effect an entrance through a window. The crowd, indeed, on this occasion, almost defeated its object. When the preacher arrived, he found it impracticable for some time to gain admittance. In vain did his friends request a passage to be opened for him through the dense multitude. The crowd refused to believe that he was the party he represented himself to be, thinking that he had assumed the name of Dr. Chalmers, in order by that artifice to gain an entrance to the chapel! The discourses of Chalmers, on all these occasions, were eminently spiritual, and brought home in all fidelity to the consciences of his hearers the great truths of the gospel. Although "honoured with many honours," by the great and illustrious of that day, he, in the midst of all his elevations, appears to have preserved his humility, and simply to have sought the glory of God. A sentiment, which he uttered at a later period of life, may be fairly taken as his actuating principle at this time. "I entreat your prayers, that God may bless my retirement, that he may guide my speculations aright, that he may enable me simply, and humbly, and faithfully to prosecute the course of truth; and renouncing self with all its vanities, to seek the honour of God and illustrate his ways for the salvation of men." Crowded audiences, we need

hardly observe, are no tests of a successful ministry. The Rev. Thomas Scott preached his most effective sermons to a very limited attendance of hearers.

Dr. Chalmers, on his return to Glasgow, devoted himself to laborious exertions for the spiritual welfare of his people. He developed also, with great success, a scheme which he had devised for the diminution of pauperism, by a system of voluntary relief, instead of parochial aid. For these, however, and many other interesting features of his labours, and of his private character, we must refer our readers to Dr. Hanna's interesting biography. We may only add, that Dr. Chalmers, after about nine years indefatigable labours in Glasgow, accepted, in 1823, the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews, in order to procure some rest to his exhausted and over-taxed constitution. This university was that at which he had been educated. The highest honours attended his departure for his new sphere of labour; and "gracefully," as his biographer observes, "did Glasgow surrender to St. Andrews what St. Andrews had originally bestowed." In seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, Chalmers had effectually secured for himself the fulfilment of the promise that all things needful should be added. Having honoured God, God marvellously honoured him. He left Glasgow, seeing souls converted under his ministry, evangelical truth advancing, and having the testimony of his conscience, that in godly simplicity and sincerity he had had his conversation among men. M. H. W.

#### INSTRUMENTS OF CRUELTY.

AN illustration of the words used by the patriarch Jacob, on his death-bed, in his address to Simeon and Levi, may be gathered from a paper read by Mr. Pearsall, some years ago, before the Society of Antiquaries, in London, on an old German instrument of execution, called "The Virgin," formerly used at Nuremberg. Mr. Pearsall, in the course of his researches, was informed that all the instruments of torture had been removed from the vaults of Nuremberg, on the approach of the French army. He then pursued his inquiries in various other places, but with so little success (although all the common people spoke of having heard of such a thing), that he began to think that such an instrument



had never really been in existence; but that the accounts of it were mere legendary fables, invented by some of the feudal barons to awe the people. At length, however, his perseverance was crowned with success, and he found the machine in a collection of arms and armour, in the possession of baron Diedrich, at Feistritz; and several circumstances led him to believe that it was the same that was erected at Nuremburg, in 1533, and subsequently removed. It was made of iron, and represented the wife of a Nuremburg citizen, of the sixteenth century, in a cloak reaching to the ground; the figure opened in the front by two doors, on the interior of which were fixed dagger-blades, two in the upper part, and several below, opposite to the chest. The victim was placed in the figure, with his face forwards, and these horrible doors closed upon him. A somewhat similar machine is said to have been formerly in use in the Spanish inquisition, and it is supposed to have been communicated from Spain to Germany.—*Literary Gazette*.

OLD HUMPHREY ON SOME THINGS NOT BEING WHAT THEY SEEM.

MANY are the errors of mankind in believing things to be what they are not, and in disbelieving them to be what they are. Hundreds, nay thousands have been led astray by mistaking riches for happiness, wit for wisdom, might for right, and conquest for true glory. Oh for a clear sight, a simple mind, a sound judgment, and an upright heart!

There ever will be shadows around us, and thorns and briers beneath our feet; but we need neither to deepen the former, nor to multiply the latter, by reckless or heedless mistakes. It may not be without advantage if we refer to a few of the many errors which prevail in common life.

A military life is not what the young ensign dreams that it is, when dressed up for the first time in his regimentals; his scarlet clothes, his cap and feather, and his pendent sword make him feel like a hero. It is not all balls and banquets, brilliant parades and sunshiny reviews, heroism, conquest, honour, and glory. It is not what a recruiting sergeant at a village fair or wake describes it to be, flourishing his drawn sword in one hand, and jingling his purse in the other. It is not a life of ease and a sure road to

renown, with a certainty of obtaining a pair of epaulets and a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The picture, drawn by the excited fancy of the young officer, and the interested guile of the recruiting sergeant, is sadly too highly coloured; the lights are too strong, and the shadows are too faint; we must subdue the glare and deepen the gloom! "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?" Jas. iv. 1.

If in military life there are high expectations, there are, too, disappointed hopes and wounded pride. If there are holidays of ease, there are, also, seasons of toil and danger. There can be no conquest on one side without a defeat on the other, and the shouts of the victor are mingled with the cries of the vanquished. Stripes on the arm, prize money, and golden epaulets must be paid for. A splintered leg and a shattered shoulder; a bayonet through the back and a ball through the bosom belong to a military profession; and these are easy to laugh at in the guard-room and at the mess-table, but hard to endure on the field of battle. A military life is a mixture of glare and gloom; of ease, violence, and "garments rolled in blood." It is an unfavourable calling for one who fears God and loves his neighbour, and often a bad school for piety and peace.

How different is a life at sea to what many suppose it to be. The young often sigh for a blue jacket and trowsers, as though a sailor had little else before him but a never-ending holiday, in which flapping white sails, creaking masts, flying fish, and spirit-stirring adventures contribute to his enjoyment. This is all a delusion. The sea service is not a life of pleasant breezes, clear blue skies, and sparkling billows, fringed with snowy foam; nor a constellation of sunny isles and coral reefs and cocoa-nuts; nor an outward-bound voyage of hope and joy, and a happy return with gold-dust, live tortoises, and cages filled with parrots and macaws. He that goes to sea has something to endure as well as to enjoy; something to give up as well as to obtain. He must give up hills and valleys, trees, fruit, and flowers. He must leave his friends and companions, with all his customary pastimes. He can neither gather nuts in the coppice, nor bathe in the brook, nor skate on the ice, nor walk on the common. If a boy, he has done with his ball and his cricket-bat; if a

man, he has bid farewell to his horses and his dogs. In either case, he has made sacrifices in exchanging the green fields for the blue ocean; the broad roads for a narrow deck; a house for a close cabin; and fresh meat and vegetables for salt pork, salt beef, and a sea of salt water.

Though all this may be done, and with cheerfulness, too, when duty calls, not lightly should a sea life be entered on; for it is a life of calms and storms, pleasure and pain, toil and danger, sharks and shipwrecks; and requires patience, perseverance, a quick eye, a nimble foot, a ready hand, a collected and courageous heart.

Popularity and fame are other than what they appear, and those who have obtained them in any department of life, have often grasped no more than the crushed butterfly and bursting bubble of childhood. How fondly are the fine arts regarded, and how ardently are they followed; but how seldom do they realize the dream of their pursuers. Not all who have surpassed in music, painting, and poetry, have found them the handmaids of happiness. Many a wandering minstrel and maniac musician has mingled with the raptures of enthusiasm, the pains of contumely and distress! What did painting do for Haydon? One splendid production rolled up in a lumber-room here, and another there, on account of his poverty, want staring him in the face, and disappointment and wounded pride goading him on to self-destruction! Let Homer, the father of song, speak for success in poetry; but if all that is related of him be true, his happiness was precarious. Of him it has been said:

"Seven noble cities strive for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

Let needy Butler, too, speak, and unhappy Byron, and suicidal Chatterton. These all attained popularity and fame, and these all found that they did not confer the satisfaction that they sighed for.

Fame and popularity are promise-breakers, holding out hopes which are seldom realized. Multitudes have known, to their cost, that men may be very famous, and yet very unhappy. In how many ways was Sheridan famous? yet, when he was dying, his house was partly unroofed, that his body might be seized, on account of his debts. Something

more than the applauding voice of the throng is necessary to shield a man from the arrows of calamity. We may safely put it down as a rule, that they who would be happy, must be holy; for though clothed with fame and popularity, as with a garment, still there would be no peace to the wicked.

In all ages riches have deceived those who judge of things by their appearance. Their glitter has caught the eye and the heart of all classes of men. What crimes have been committed to obtain them! Seas have been crossed, blood has been shed, and bodies, yea, and souls also, been bartered for ungodly gold. We imagine that, could we obtain wealth, we should rest satisfied and at ease; but this is a delusion, for as drink inflames, instead of assuaging the thirst of the drunkard, so riches excite rather than satisfy the covetousness of man.

Riches look to us very like ease, content, happiness, and delight. We regard them as a great good, yet, so far from this being of necessity the case, the love of them is "the root of all evil." And then think of their uncertainty:

Riches are gewgaws that amuse  
Men in their leading-strings;  
But he who values them aright,  
Remembers they have wings.

They that run hard after riches, pursue what may turn again and rend them. If gratefully received as the gift of God, and properly used, riches are a good; but if greedily clutched as a man's own gain, and improperly used, they are a great evil. In a word, riches may be a curse or a blessing; a means of promoting the peace of their possessor, or a delusion to his eye, a fetter to his foot, and a snare to his heart.

Conquest is another of the many delusions of the world. To be a conqueror, achieving sanguinary victories, and obtaining a high station is regarded by many as the greatest earthly good; for what can he require who has "waded through slaughter to a throne," and raised himself above his fellow-men!

But does experience prove that great conquerors have been happier than other people? Have they acted more wisely, lived more usefully, and died more peacefully than those around them? Look at the conqueror of the world, Alexander the Great, setting a city on fire, in his intemperate madness, and drinking himself to death. See Julius Cæsar, after all

his victories, falling beneath the daggers of his supposed friends; and gaze on Napoleon Bonaparte, the modern Alexander, that setter-up and puller-down of kings, expiring a broken-hearted captive in the lonely isle of St. Helena. These are but poor specimens of earthly happiness, and they say but little for conquests and conquerors. It is enough to make a mighty man, when he looks to the end of his career, weep at his own littleness.

Ambition spreads her snare, and, filled with gulle,  
Befools the hero with her witching smile;  
Blinds him till death, a fond, obedient slave,  
And laughs in keen derision o'er his grave.

Conquest is not the glorious thing it appears to be, but a meteor fire, a will-o'-the-wisp, that leads the vain astray. Our noblest conquests are those over sin and ourselves. To have obtained a victory over their own unbridled ambition would have been a conquest worthy of Bonaparte, Cæsar, and Alexander.

Who has ever yet found pleasure what it appeared to be? It looks like an ever-green, but its leaves soon fade. It resembles ripe and blushing fruit, but too often it has a worm at the core. Hardly is there any one who has less solid satisfaction than the pleasure-taker. Pleasure is not that in which we can indulge without restriction. Like a cat, it has talons as well as velvet paws.

It is well to know that pleasure, even when lawful, is transitory in its nature; and that when it is sinful, it is dangerous and deadly. Did the fly know that the treacle-pot would bemire and fetter his feet; and the moth, that the taper flames would consume his wings; and the bird, that the twig was limed for his capture, they would keep away from the impending danger; but as it is, they fall a sacrifice to their love of pleasure. Have we more knowledge than the lower creatures of creation?—then ought we to avoid the dangers into which they fall.

To be temperate in gratification is the only way to prolong it. He that runs to excess and embarks on a sea of pleasures, will have but a stormy voyage; and happy, indeed, may he consider himself, should he escape without shipwreck. Regarded even under favourable circumstances,

Pleasure's a deep and dangerous pit,  
But thinly frozen round;  
Glide swiftly o'er the smooth deceit,  
Delay, and you are drown'd.

I leisure's cup is a boon and a blessing

for which we ought to be grateful; but we must sip it, and not quaff it. Guilty pleasure is a forbidden ground, on which the blooming flowers are seen; but the coiled serpent beneath them is hidden. Let us not be among those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

The abbey of Westminster is visited by thousands, who gaze with wonder on the goodly pile; its elaborate architecture, its painted glass, its rich carvings, its elevated roof, and its unnumbered monuments are highly influential, and a solemn influence steals over the mind of a thoughtful spectator. Here lie the reputed good and great. But will the judgment of the world be confirmed at the great gathering, when the last trump shall call together the quick and dead? Will they who sleep beneath the monumental marble be as conspicuous among the host of heaven as they have been among the inhabitants of the earth? Arresting thought! fearful inquiry! There is much reason for a Christian man to believe that the judgment of men will in many cases be reversed, and that the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," so freely awarded to human glory on earth, will not be so freely reiterated and confirmed in heaven. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death," Prov. xiv. 12.

How gladly would the ungodly great that lie  
Enthroned in pomp, and pride, and pageantry,  
Could they look back and mark with thoughtful brow  
The little worth of all their deeds below,—

How gladly would they, while with honest shame  
They read the marble that extoll'd their name,  
Pull down the records of their high degree,  
And write, "O Lord, be merciful to me!"

Yes, mankind do err in their estimate of a military life, and a life at sea; they do overrate the advantages of fame, riches, conquest, and pleasure; and the sculptured and gilded piles of monumental marble do give us an erroneous estimate of what is truly great and good, by exalting the perishable troubles of earth more highly than the hope of heaven, and by extolling more, much more, the vain-glorious efforts of worldly ambition than those Christian graces which shall outlive the grave.

Let us not be deceived by outward appearance, but endeavour to estimate things according to their real value, and pursue with all our powers such as are high, and holy, and heavenly.

## THOU GOD SEEST ME.

If you were walking along in a wood, in that freedom which one feels when alone, and were suddenly to become aware that the eye of one of your fellow-men was looking out upon you from some place of concealment, closely scrutinizing your every movement—following you wherever you turned, you could not but be made uneasy by the consciousness of this fact. Even if you had no sense of personal danger, there would be something in this close inspection which would be trying to you, and which would put you at once upon your guard. Your thoughts would hastily run back and scan your previous conduct, and discover if anything had transpired which would be to your shame or reproach. There is something in the close scrutinizing, the sharp inspection even of our fellow-men, which sets us upon reflection.

And how little practical conception have we, that in all places and under all circumstances—in secret and in public—in the darkness and in the light, we are for ever under the inspection of that eye that scans not alone our outward conduct, but searches out also the most secret thoughts and intents of the heart. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." When we take thought of the matter, and reflect for a moment how intense is the scrutiny of this omniscient eye—how the hidden chambers of the soul are continually exposed to this inspection, we cannot but be startled in the remembrance of what our own lives have presented to this all-searching sight. And if, day by day, when we are under temptation, the thought could come upon us, "thou God seest me," so that we could have a practical conviction of the meaning of the words, it would act to hold us back from folly and sin, and urge us into the path of holy obedience.—*Congregation-alist*.

## THE BIBLE, OR NOTHING.

WHETHER we receive the Bible or not, it is clear that if we reject it we have not on earth any system of religion worthy of reception. If we give up the divinity of the Scriptures, we seek in vain to affix the seal of God to any other form of belief and worship known to men. If the volume, which we call the true light,

be a fiction, man is left to grope his way to the judgment-seat of God without a lamp to shine upon his path. This fact invests our inquiry into its claims with the most solemn interest.

The trial of the truth of the Bible is the trial of man for his immortal life, and all his highest hopes. If we give up this book, there remains to us nothing but the blindness of superstition and imposture, and a long series of overwhelming degradations. It is certainly a wild madness, which can lead any one to suppose that human nature can ever be elevated by proving it on a level with beasts, by confounding good and evil, vice and virtue, by annihilating all expectation of righteous recompense. Maniacs never held a wilder sentiment than that piety was promoted by denying providence, by shaking confidence in the justice, holiness, or goodness of God.

The moment men forsake the Bible, they are at sea without a compass. If Christianity be a fiction, it is infinitely preferable to the fictions of heathenism, or the dogmas of that class of modern writers who publish themselves to the world as philosophers. If Christianity be a fiction, it must be confessed that it at least breathes a very remarkable spirit of good-will, and produces an incalculable amount of happiness to society, of quiet to the mind, and of pleasing hope for the future. On the other hand, the sum of all that infidelity clearly teaches is contained in this short creed, "I believe in all uncertainty."—*Plumer*.

## A CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

IN a funeral sermon for Christian Miller, an American merchant, the following deservedly high testimony was borne to his Christian uprightness, and his habits of punctuality and accuracy: "He preserved an integrity before God that was not only unimpeached, but unimpeachable. So exact was his mercantile accuracy, that he would seek a whole day for a penny's disagreement in his balance-sheet. So scrupulous was his sense of truth and justice as to time as well as amount, that he would have fasted a week rather than fail in one hour or one shilling of his engagement. And he had time and spirit to be devout, to fear God with his house, to give much alms to the people, and to pray to God always, notwithstanding the pressure of an extended and increasing business."



The Coat of Mail.

## CURIOSITIES OF ANCIENT ARMOUR.

WHILE peaceably pursuing our several occupations, we can but faintly portray the fatal feuds and bloody conflicts which prevailed when men,

"All arm'd in rugged steel unfild,"

encountered each other and struggled in the death grapple of mortal strife; but when by accident or design we come in contact with helm and hauberk, sword and glittering spear, we realize the fierce contentions of our armed forefathers; we long to know more of their deadly

encounters, and to inspect more narrowly their armour and their arms.

Such were the reflections that were excited in our minds by a visit to Goodrich Court, where the curious in weapons of offence and defence may gaze even to satiety on the arms and varied suits of armour, that in rich and splendid profusion adorn the tournament chamber and grand armoury of the castle.

Goodrich Court is a modern castle, built of stone, and stands on a commanding eminence on the bank of the river Wye in Herefordshire, at a little distance from the ruin of the old castle of Good-

rich, and the collection of arms and armour it contains is thought, by many, to be the most instructive in Europe. Other collections may be more extensive, but not so varied, and the circumstance of the correct date of the different suits of armour being in most cases ascertained, gives the whole an interest which can hardly be excited by a collection where all is involved in doubt and uncertainty.

Strange emotions arise when gazing on suits of armour which have actually been used in the tournament and the field; their uncouth shape, their ponderous weight, yea, the very injuries they have received, are pregnant with interest; we go back again to earlier times, and are reminded of such scenes as the following :

"Ten of them were sheath'd in steel,  
With belted brand, and spur on heel.  
They never quit their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night;  
They lie down to rest  
In coralet laced,  
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard :  
They carved at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

In the collection at Goodrich Court, ancient chain armour of the time of Edward III. may be seen, and ancient plate armour of the reign of Henry VI. Some few pieces of armour still more ancient are there, but, on account of their unconnected state, it would be difficult to determine their particular uses. Ancient European armour before the thirteenth century was formed by stitching steel rings on cloth, but as the cloth decayed the rings of course fell asunder.

The first collection of armour for show was made by the emperor Charles V.; it was placed in the castle of Ambras, in the Tyrol, and excited much attention, but has since been removed on account of the plunder of the imperial collection at Vienna by the French troops. Before this collection was made, the weapons of war for actual service were stored up in arsenals, and suits of armour worn by those whose rank and property enabled them to possess them were kept in closets thence called *armoires*.

In ancient times, when an enemy had been overcome, it was customary to exhibit the spoils which had been taken, but suits of body armour were usually altered to fit the possessor of them, in

order to save the great expense incurred by the manufacture of armour, as well as to meet the changes of fashion that continually took place. A suit of armour sometimes went through as many changes as it had proprietors, for so cumbrous an appendage required that it should be nicely fitted to the person of the wearer, otherwise it could not be worn without great inconvenience, to say nothing of the restraint it occasioned. If we call to mind our own discomfort in wearing cloth clothes that do not fit us, we may form some conception of the endurance necessary to enable any one to walk, to ride, and to fight in a complete suit of inflexible iron or steel, ill adapted to his figure or movements.

Suits of armour were sufficiently costly to be bequeathed by will, with great care, and different suits were often left to different branches of the family; thus Guy de Beauchamp earl of Warwick, who died at Warwick Castle in 1316, bequeathed his best coat of mail, helmet, and suit of harness, with all that belonged to it, to his son Thomas. His second suit, helmet and harness, he left to his son John, and willed that all the residue of his armour, bows, and other warlike implements should remain in Warwick Castle for his heir. Lord Bervagenny, in his will on the 25th of April, 1408, bequeathed to his son Richard the best sword he possessed, with harness for the jousts of peace, and that which belonged to war.

In the halls of old mansions, weapons of war and for the chase usually adorned the walls; but they were not placed there for ornament, or exhibition, but that they might be ready in those cases of sudden necessity, to which their proprietors were at times exposed.

When once the mode of collecting arms and armour for show was begun by an emperor, no wonder that the example should be followed by other sovereigns, especially by the petty princes in his own dominions. It was an easy thing, too, to make fanciful alterations in armour, and to pass it off as being very ancient, when in fact it was of modern manufacture; this mode of making ancient armour was very generally adopted, so that the varied collections made contained little on which confidence could be placed.

Among those who collected armour were the knights of Malta, the states of

Italy, and the cantons of Switzerland, and their several exhibitions soon became very costly and imposing, not only on account of the precious metals which were, in many instances, freely used in the fabrication of armour, but also on account of the great skill of the artists employed in adorning, and covering them with bas-reliefs of the most exquisite workmanship. Armour being worn in many cases for splendour and pageantry, no expense was spared in its formation. Sir Walter Raleigh went to court in a suit of solid silver, which gave rise to the facetious remark, that he carried a Spanish galleon on his back.

In different places, collections of armour are very extensive. That of Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, occupies thirty-one chambers, and is indeed a most imposing spectacle, and consists of European specimens, including Polish, Turkish, and Tartarian. In one of the chambers are two suits of armour appearing exactly as they were worn at a jousting match which took place in the Alten Market, in the year 1557, between Augustus, first duke of Saxony, and Albert, duke of Austria:—in this joust the duke of Austria was unhorsed. After a joust, it was the custom in Germany to exhibit the armour of the combatants in the position in which it was worn in the tournament, to gratify the curiosity of those who found pleasure in witnessing such spectacles.

"The multitude impatient ran,  
For the fiery steed and the armed man,  
In mock encounter, seem'd again  
To thunder o'er the battle plain."

How long the different collections of armour would have remained undisturbed it is difficult to say, if public commotions had not taken place; but when once a country is in a state of disorder and agitation, the costliest collections of art are but little respected. The civil wars in England, the revolution in France, and the plunder of Italy, Germany and Spain by the French troops, scattered most of the collected armour widely abroad, and as those who got possession of it by plunder knew that it would easily be identified by its owners, so they disposed of it to dealers, through whose means, much of it found its way to this country. The collection at Goodrich Court is perhaps more varied than any other, because it has been picked up in all parts of the world.

As in every collection of armour the most ancient suits were the most valued, so every species of deceit was resorted to, that might impose on the credulity of those who were led by curiosity to inspect them. Falsehood propagated the most unblushing absurdities, and ignorance and credulity received them as marvellous truths. The helmet of Attila was shown at Naples; the armour of William the Conqueror was exhibited in England. Morning stars of Roland and Oliver were to be seen in France, and the sword of the renowned Wallace in Scotland. Different states vied with each other in their warlike relics, and the imperial treasures themselves found rivals in the Chateau of Chantilly and the palace of Greenwich.

The love of the marvellous is so favourable to deceit, that scarcely is the most ridiculous report circulated without finding those who will greedily devour it. In France, go where you will, every piece of beautiful armour that is not already assigned to some illustrious knight is pretty sure to be given to Francis I.; and in Germany, the emperor Maximilian has the same compliment paid to his memory.

Among the many unfounded pretensions made by the keepers of collections, is that of possessing armour made for women; but the assertion that, at any period women in any numbers wore armour expressly made for them, is altogether unfounded. When women have worn armour, and the instances are few, they have put on suits formed for men. The narrow waisted armour of the sixteenth century, in some degree favours the deception practised, when armour said to be made for females is exhibited. The idea that queen Elizabeth wore armour at Tilbury is a modern invention, and not entitled to credit.

The suit of armour worn by Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, who was burned to death, was undoubtedly made to fit her body, by order of the French king, but to believe that it is now exhibited is mere credulity; most likely it was altogether destroyed by the English who captured her, and who would probably consider it polluted by the witchcraft of the wearer. Joan, after she had sworn never again to put on man's attire, was led on by an artifice to her ruin. The crafty bishop of Beauvois, with the guilty design of bringing about

her death, summoned her to attend the council when no other dress was left in her apartment than a suit of armour; this she put on, and was on that account condemned as a relaxed heretic.

At Genoa, many suits of armour are exhibited, in which it is said ladies of honourable station performed a crusade to the Holy Land in 1301, and this narration, based on falsehood, is not even suspected of imposture, by many who visit the collection.

By the chicanery and fraud practised in amassing armour, and passing it off as other than it really was, all just notions of chronology were confounded; and as suits, said to be ancient were often decorated, with modern inventions, the dates of the imitative arts were altogether confused. The clergy saw their interest was furthered by the superstitious belief that certain armour belonged to remarkable people; for the same credulity that believed it, the more readily gave credence to the relics of the saints, which were by them so generally exhibited.

It would take a volume of no ordinary size to recount the many fabulous legends which gained almost universal credit. In the eleventh century it was said that the real spear-head which pierced the side of our Saviour was dug up at Antioch. This spear was the occasion of a battle of great notoriety being gained before the city by Raymond of Toulouse. The head of the "holy spear" was shown to Sir John Maundeville when he visited Paris in the reign of Edward III., but he asserts it to be an imposture. "I have seen," says he, "the real spear-head oftentime at Constantynople, but it is grettere than that at Pary's." This real, "sperre-head" is still exhibited to the curious traveller at the monastery of Eitch-mai-aden in Armenia, stamped with a Greek Cross, a symbol not the most likely to be found on the spear of a heathen soldier. The miraculous power of this weapon in arresting the plague is fully believed in, and on this beneficial errand it is not unfrequently dispatched to considerable distances. What will not find credence when such mummeries are believed!

The sword with which Peter cut off the ear of Malchus, was shown at Rome; but as there appeared no reason why Rome alone should enjoy the benefit of the fraud, Venice and Constantinople

each had a sword of the same description; exhibited at the same time, said to have performed the same service. The sword, too, which beheaded John the Baptist was shown at Avignon, and the one that decapitated St. Paul, in the "Eternal City." In relics of this kind a strong contention prevailed, nor did even the absurdity of exhibiting the same weapon, in different places, at the same time, discountenance the fraud, as each proprietor strenuously maintained the genuineness of his own relic.

In some instances, in former times, names were given to celebrated swords, or rather to the swords of celebrated men. One belonging to Charlemagne was called Joyeuse; this was shown at Roquemado, St. Denis, and Nuremburg at the same period; the keeping of the sword of the fabulous Guy Earl of Warwick was so late as 1542 granted to one Edward Creswell, with a stipend of two pence per day. One attributed to William the Conqueror was preserved in a house belonging to king Henry VIII., at Beddington, Surrey; and that called Curtana may have been seen by many of our readers, as it is, even now, borne at the ceremony of the coronation of our kings.

If it be a matter of any importance to go back to the times of antiquity either to gratify our curiosity, or to draw from thence lessons of instruction and usefulness, it is desirable to ascertain with tolerable correctness the truth and falsehood of any information handed down to us; and in this respect an attempt to clear away a mass of absurd traditions relative to ancient arms and armour is praiseworthy. The armoury at Goodrich Court is the first collection of importance formed on the basis of true chronology, decided on the most attentive and careful examination of authorities. Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick has in addition to his labours at Goodrich Court, arranged the royal horse-armoury in the Tower of London, and fixed in agreement with royal direction, the true eras to the suits in the guard chamber at Windsor Castle.

It is well that the warlike propensities of our ruder forefathers have subsided, and that it is no longer the usage or taste of the times for men to array themselves in coats of mail, and joust with each other for pastime or renown; but what has been in olden times has an interest from the circumstance that it



throws much light on the manners of those who are now mouldering, or rather who have mouldered, in the grave; those from whom our existence is derived, and whose habits, no doubt, even at this distant period, in some degree influence our own.

The old adage

"Follow thy father, good son,  
And do as thy father has done,"

has been influential in all ages, for virtue or vice; the peaceful or warlike disposition of one period has a strong influence on the times that follow. A true knowledge of armour is necessary to topographers in correctly describing or ascertaining the date of a monumental effigy, a painting on glass, or an ancient seal. It is for the same reason useful to the antiquary and the historian.

It has been said with much truth that there is scarcely a surer criterion of date than that of dress. Down to the time of Charles II. all artists among our forefathers represented the subjects on which they were employed in the fashion of their own time, as may be exemplified in many ways.

The illuminated missals of other days, however defective in many points, afford the most faithful portrait of the dresses, dwellings and furniture of the times in which they were executed. Such as are curious in these things must have observed that in the representation of the crucifixion, the ascension, or Christ betrayed, the Roman soldiers invariably are habited and armed like those who lived in the days of the artist. Some errors in books detected by a knowledge of armour, are as ludicrous as they are extraordinary. An account of Arthur king of little Britain was written in the time of Edward II., but a copy of it being made at the close of the reign of Henry VI., the artist either through ignorance or inattention, disregarding the description of armour mentioned in the book, which referred to the fourteenth century, introduced the plate armour of the period in which he lived, instead of the mail armour used before.

A knowledge of armour is also of great service to the collector of MSS., and early printed books, as it will frequently detect errors and frauds that cannot by other means be discovered. After all the discussions and learned dissertations as to the priority of print-

ing between Germany and Holland, the question may perhaps be decided by this test,—the *Speculum Salvationis* being adorned with wood cuts, the armour of which is of the commencement of the reign of Henry VI. H. O.

#### RELIGION IN EARLY LIFE.

No one at the close of an advanced life has ever regretted that his early years were spent in the service of God. But thousands have regretted, when upon a dying-bed, that the morning of their days was spent in rebellion against the King of kings. "If," says John Angell James, "there be true honour in the universe, it is to be found in religion. Even the heathens are sensible of this; hence the Romans built the temples of Virtue and Honour close together, to teach that the way to honour was by virtue. Religion is the image of God in the soul of man. Can glory itself rise higher than this? What a distinction to have this lustre put upon the character in youth! It was mentioned by Paul as a singular honour to the believing Jews, that they first trusted in Christ; and in referring to Andronicus and Junia, he mentions it to their praise that they were in Christ before him. To be a child of God, an heir of glory, a disciple of Christ, a warrior of the cross, a citizen of the New Jerusalem, from our youth up, adorns the brow with amaranthine wreaths of fame. A person converted in youth is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through a long bright day; but a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

Religion in early life is, moreover, the best preparation for a cheerful old age. Of Mr. Wilberforce, in his declining years, we are told, that a stranger might have noticed that he was more uniformly cheerful than most men of his time of life. Those who lived most continually with him, could trace distinctly in his tempered sorrows, and sustained and almost child-like gladness of heart, the continual presence of that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away." The pages of his later journal are full of bursts of joy and thankfulness; and with his children and his chosen friends his full heart swelled out ever in

the same blessed strains; he seemed too happy not to express his happiness; his "song was ever of the lovingkindness of the Lord." An occasional meeting at this time with some who had entered life with him, and were now drawing nearly to its close, with spirits jaded and temper worn in the service of pleasure or ambition, brought out strongly the proof of his better choice. "This session," he says, "I met again Lord —, whom I had known when we were both young, but of whom I had lost sight for many years. He was just again returned to parliament, and we were locked up together in a committee-room during a division. I saw that he felt awkward about speaking to me, and went therefore up to him. 'You and I, my lord, were pretty well acquainted formerly.' 'Ah, Mr. Wilberforce,' he said cordially, and then added, with a deep sigh, 'you and I are a great many years older now.' 'Yes, we are; and for my part I can truly say, I do not regret it.' 'Don't you?' he said, with an eager and incredulous voice, and a look of wondering dejection which I never can forget."

#### BRITISH SNAKES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE FLOWERS OF THE YEAR."

THERE is something about almost every individual of the reptile tribe from which all but the naturalist feel a disposition to shrink. The appearance of many is unprepossessing; the power of any in producing animal heat is so limited, that all have a coldness from which the touch instinctively recoils. Much of the dislike, too, arises from the known dangerous properties of some of the reptile race, and the imagined danger of several innoxious species. Ignorance and long-established prejudices have greatly exaggerated the amount of danger existing among them; and the reader not familiar with the subject, will be surprised to learn that, with the exception of the viper or adder, not one of our native reptiles has power to harm; while not even that poisonous creature has the will to do so, unless treated by man as an enemy. Could the individuals of this portion of the animal kingdom speak for themselves, they might tell a history of undeserved wrongs, and show how our whole tribe of British reptiles, harmless

as they are to all save the animals which the great Creator has given them for food, yet find enemies everywhere. Man in his aversion to them, kills the poor helpless toad, or the no less defenceless slow-worm;—kills them for no other reason, perhaps, than that, though God has beautifully organized them, and adapted their structure to their condition, yet he, in his ill-judging taste, deems them unsightly, and forgets that the hollow tree, or the green grass and moss, were made for them, as well as for himself. Exposed from their very entrance into the world to innumerable dangers, receiving scarcely any parental protection, forming the common food of many birds, and quadrupeds and fishes, the reptile tribe form a peculiarly defenceless portion of the animal kingdom, and would long since have been exterminated from our country had they not been preserved by the immense number of their progeny.

The commonest of the few serpent-like animals of our country, is that called the blind-worm or slow-worm (*anguis fragilis*). Scientific naturalists do not place it among the serpent tribe, but it would be popularly called a snake, and our limits will not allow room for stating the differences between this and the ringed snake or the viper. Most persons accustomed to country walks know this blind-worm—this brownish-looking snake, with just a silvery tinge on its skin. It varies in length from ten to fourteen inches, its head being rather more than half an inch long. It has usually a black line down the whole length of the back, and several rows parallel to this of small dark spots, though sometimes the line is wanting, and in many cases the spots are absent. The underneath portion of the body is of bluish black, marked with a whitish network. While the animal is very young, none of these marks, except the black line, are very apparent, and its colour is then of a pale yellowish gray. The slow-worm feeds on insects, larvæ, small snails and slugs, and the earthworm is especially a favourite source of its food. By the aid of its muzzle it can excavate holes in the earth, three or four feet deep, and it makes conduits underground, describing different circuits, and having several openings. In these places, it conceals itself when rain or frost chill the earth, and when the shadows of evening and of night are upon the green field; but in sunny noon time it glides out from its

retreat, and revelling among the green grasses and mosses of the slope, or lying half hid among the mass of stones, or coiled by the decaying tree, it enjoys such happiness as God has made it capable of receiving from warm air and sunshine. A little harmless creature it is, quietly drinking in its small share of delight; timid and shrinking as the foot-step of man may rattle the withered leaf by its side, and so mild and gentle in its nature, that though roughly seized and irritated, yet it will scarcely attempt to bite the finger. Even if, by repeated provocation, it is made to do this, yet its efforts are ineffectual to wound, for its tiny teeth will scarcely pierce the skin, and it has no poison fangs in its jaw. In its terror at our grasp, it will, however, stiffen itself into such a state of rigidity, that it is said that it sometimes breaks in two pieces. It is certainly, as its scientific name implies, very fragile, so that in some countries, this, as well as another somewhat similar animal, is commonly known by the name of glass-serpent. The poor little creature, so far from being either venomous or blind, as popular ignorance has represented it, is, indeed, able to see very well; and probably with this animal, as with most reptiles, the faculty of sight is by far the most perfect of its senses. In the month of July, it casts its skin, and it produces its young twice in the year. Usually when the young have once entered on life, the parent takes no concern of them; yet there have been instances in which the blind-worm has shown much affection for its offspring.

Happily there are men in the world, men who have a love of nature—who choose to examine for themselves all the works of God, and are not willing to believe that the reptile race are unworthy of the great Creator's skill. Few, indeed, like the enthusiastic naturalist, Mortimer, would be willing to expose themselves to the bite of a viper, in order to test the efficacy of a remedy; but there are some, who like the celebrated naturalist of Florence, Felix Fontana, have great patience of investigation, and would be willing to do as he did, and try six thousand experiments on the poison of that animal. Our own admirable erpetologist, Professor Bell, has kept the slow-worm in his house, and marked its habits both there and elsewhere. This gentleman observes that this species, like the viper, is not easily induced to feed in a state of

confinement, and adds that, when he has kept them, he has offered them young frogs and insects without being able to prevail on them to eat; though he suggests that this reluctance might be owing to his not knowing exactly which kind of food they would prefer. The blind-worm itself not unfrequently serves as food to hens, ducks, geese, and swans, or to other reptiles, and large frogs and toads often make it their prey. In White's "Natural History of Selborne," some account is related by Mr. George Daniel of a blind-worm which he kept. "A blind-worm," says this writer, "that I kept alive for nine weeks, would, when touched, turn and bite, though not very sharply; its bite was not sufficient to draw blood, but it always retained its hold until released. It drank sparingly of milk, raising the head when drinking. It fed upon the little white slug (*limax agrestis*) so common in fields and gardens, eating six or seven of them, one after the other, but it did not eat every day. It invariably took them in one position. Elevating its head slowly above its victim, it would suddenly seize the slug by the middle, in the same way that a ferret or dog will generally take a rat by the loins; it would then hold it thus, sometimes for more than a minute, when it would pass its prey through its jaws, and swallow the slug head foremost. It refused the larger slugs, and would not touch either young frogs or mice. Snakes kept in the same cage took both frogs and mice. The blind-worm avoided the water; the snakes on the contrary coiled themselves in the pan containing water, which was put into the cage, and appeared to delight in it. The blind-worm was a remarkably fine one, measuring fifteen inches in length."

Much larger than the blind-worm, and presenting a far more formidable appearance, is our common snake (*natrix torquata*.) This animal is usually about three feet long, and twisting itself round in many coils, has so much of the serpent aspect, as to terrify the wanderer in the woods. And yet the pretty speckled snake is perfectly harmless, rarely attempting to bite, and even when in its own defence it tries to do so, the absence of the poisonous fangs renders its bite a small matter. It is a very timid creature, easily startled, and yet it may, by gentle treatment, be made the friend of man. In the isle of Sardinia this snake is very common, and it is frequently brought into houses and domesticated;

and instances might be quoted in which, in our own land, it has been known to show some signs of attachment to those who have reared it in their homes. Sunning itself in the warm mid-day gleams of summer, it is no sooner aware of our presence, than it retreats to the bed of nettles and brushwood, or coils itself comfortably in the hollow tree, happy if it be not relentlessly pursued by some who may deem that its serpent form gives notice of the presence of those deadly properties which some of its tribe possess. Like other snakes, it is torpid during the cold weather, when it retreats to some quiet sheltered spot, where, coiled in numbers, several of its companions lie closely intertwined, there to await the return of spring. And then, when grass and flowers are gleaming in the sun, the snake awakes too from its winter lethargy, gliding forth into the woods, and lingering so often near to the fresh cooling streams, as to have acquired the familiar name of water-snake. Boys often run after it with sticks, tormenting the poor little creature till it is highly irritated, when it will assume the most fierce attitudes and expression, shooting forwards in a serpentine line, hissing very loudly, and emitting, both from its mouth and from under its scales, a most offensive odour. This snake is cooked and eaten in many countries. It is exceedingly common in all parts of England, especially in moist places, and it inhabits also most of the countries of Europe. The upper part of its body, as well as its head, are of a light brownish gray colour, tinged with green,—in some of these animals, almost of an olive colour. Behind the upper part of the head, there is either a broad collar, or two crescent-like spots of bright yellow, at the back of which there are two broad spots of black.

The viper, or adder, (*pelius berus*) is the only one of our British reptiles at all deserving the ill repute into which all have popularly fallen. It is a less graceful creature than the snake, moving more slowly. It varies much in colour, sometimes being of an olive green, at others, of a dull brownish tint, or of a rich deep brown hue. In some cases all the glittering hues of the rainbow seem reflected from its skin, as the animal lies basking in sunshine. Sometimes it is quite black. The most common colour of the viper is, however, brown; and in most cases it is marked by a double range of transverse spots on the back, and by a row of

small triangular irregular spots on each side, either of black or of a darker brown hue than the colour of the body. No one, to look at this reptile, gliding slowly along, less active than most of its tribe, would suppose it to be the most formidable of European serpents. Its power for evil is rendered the greater by its tenacity of life, for it is a most difficult thing to kill a viper. Though living habitually in dry places, it can remain for a long time under water without injury. It is not easy to strangle it, and severe wounds may be inflicted upon it, which seem to do it no hurt. Most animals shrink instinctively from its approach, so that it has few enemies to contend with. Man declares open war upon it; the falcon and heron carry it off as a prize to their younglings; and in forests where the wild boar ranges, he too is its enemy; for secured by his lard from its poisonous bite, he attacks it with impunity. Its bite is not often mortal to man, though most surely so to tribes of smaller animals. Some men have perished from its attack; many have been much injured by it. The injury differs doubtless much with differing circumstances. The state of health of the person bitten, the temperature of the air at the time of the wound, the number of the bites inflicted, and the length of time during which the viper has had the poison in reserve, each has its influence in lessening or increasing the danger. Still the bite of a viper is, under any circumstances, an evil to be greatly dreaded. The wounded part swells, becomes at first red, hot, and purple, afterwards cold and insensible. Violent shooting pains are felt in the frame; which are succeeded by swoonings and involuntary sensations of terror of mind. The wound at length, in the worst cases, exhibits all the symptoms of mortification, and after the most dreadful exhaustion, the patient sinks and dies. The outward application of olive oil, and the internal use of ammonia, are generally resorted to; though in some countries, great importance is attached to the use of olive oil internally, in these cases. It was in testing this administration of olive oil, that Mortimer generously suffered himself to be bitten by a viper; and though our life is not our own, and we have no right to give it away uncalled for, yet we must remember that the naturalist had full confidence in his own remedy, and that, therefore, his self-denying endurance of a period of suffer-

ing for the good of his fellow creatures may well deserve our praise and admiration.

The mode of injecting the poison into the wound is this. On each side of the upper jaw of the viper, there are two, three, or more tubular teeth. The poison is secreted at the base of these teeth in a sac. When the animal presses its tooth into the skin, the secretion enters by means of the tube. The poison is far more virulent during hot than cold weather. Venomous as the viper is, it is sometimes tamed; and women, in some parts of Europe, contrive to love it, and train it so as that it learns to feel some attachment to those who show it kindness.

This animal lives on small quadrupeds, mice, lizards, frogs, toads, young birds and insects. It also feeds on slugs and snails, and like the serpent tribe in general, it can, on occasion, exist for many months without any food. It is said that vipers have even been kept in druggists' shops, shut up in casks, without eating for several years. During winter, numbers of these animals lie interlaced in winding coils, in a dormant state, in the clefts of the rocks, in the hollow trunks of old decayed trees, from which, in the warm days of spring, they emerge to lie on the sunny slopes of some grassy hill side, exposed to the eastern sky. It has been ascertained that there are some animals, which if they bite they cannot injure, and their poison is said to be powerless on the common leech, on the slow-worm, and on other vipers.

A friend, who in his youth resided for some time on the coast of Normandy, in France, informs us, that vipers in the gardens of that district used to be so common, as to give employment to a distinct class of men, designated viper-catchers. He well remembers their visiting his mother's house, in their singular attire, equipped in large jack-boots and gauntlets of leather, to fortify them against the bite of the reptiles, with whom they waged war. An anecdote of a viper-catcher of this class may interest our readers, and relieve our scientific details. Having been employed to catch the reptiles, and sell them alive to parties, who probably wished them for scientific purposes, the subject of our narrative was accustomed, for security sake, to put them over night in a small cask, adjoining his bed. On one occasion, however, he, in a fit of carelessness, omitted to secure the lid properly. Awaking in

the morning, he found to his horror, that the reptiles, attracted by the warmth of his couch, had crawled into it, and lay twined, some across his legs, and some across his arms. Maintaining his self-possession, he lifted up his heart to God for succour, and without moving, called loudly on a woman, who slept in an adjoining apartment. Desiring her not to make any attempts to disengage the reptiles, he implored her earnestly to heat with all dispatch some milk, and noiselessly to bring it in a pan to the foot of his bed. She did so, and the reptiles attracted by its agreeable smell, gradually uncoiled themselves and proceeded to lap it. They were then of course secured, and we presume it is needless to add, that the lid of the cask was not again left unfastened.

The viper is, in some country places, called adder. In the Scripture we read of it frequently. Thus the psalmist, in describing the evil and false, says of wicked men, "The poison of asps is under their lips." The word which our translators have thus used, invariably signifies some venomous serpent, but it seems impossible to ascertain which particular species is intended. Most probably it has no very definite application, but would simply refer to any venomous serpent of Palestine, Arabia, or Egypt. Our readers, we presume, will recollect an important passage of Scripture, in which allusion is made to the malignant character of the viper: "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come," was the Baptist's startling warning to the Pharisees and Sadducees of old.

#### THE HAPPY CALAMITY.

"I HAVE lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children; "do not look so sad; we will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work, and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the younger girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up.—The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like the song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed, with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the household, and also assisted the younger children; besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here.—You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as my heart likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted; nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

#### "I AM TAKING STOCK."

CALLING, some years ago, at a mercantile warehouse in the city, on the 31st of December, to have half-an-hour's friendly chat with my old acquaintance Mr. Packwell, I found that worthy gentleman's establishment in a state of unusual bustle. The passages leading to his counting-house were blocked up by bales of goods, piled on each other in extraordinary confusion. Nimble clerks were plying their quills with bewildering rapidity; voices in various tones of loudness were calling out the names of tweeds, merinoes, doeskins, broad-cloths, and fifty other things, with a clamour that was quite exciting. It was some time before I could find my way to the little room where my friend was usually seated. Even the aspect of that quiet spot was changed however. My friend's counten-

ance, too, wore a hue of more than ordinary gravity; his spectacles were on his nose, and he was looking rapidly over a thick ledger, with brazen clasps and vellum boards. Bustle, bustle, bustle, every thing seemed to be bustle. It was actually a minute or two before my friend recognised my entrance, so absorbed was he in his occupation, giving a tick every now and then with a large goose-quill, opposite each sum which a clerk cried out. "Hallo, Packwell," I exclaimed, "what has happened, to transform my old sedate friend into such a steam-engine to-day."

Packwell, on being thus accosted, looked up, and seeing me said, "Ah! my dear fellow, you must really excuse me to-day. Every moment is precious. It is the 31st of December, and we are busy *taking stock*. I would not for a hundred pounds omit it."

"Taking stock," I cried, "then that explains the mystery."

"You had better," continued my friend, "choose any other day than this for your city calls. Almost every man of business will be occupied in taking a note of what he has done during the last year, how much he has gained in his trade, or how much he has lost; what goods remain in hand, and how he shall commence the next year to best advantage."

"Then it is time for me to be off," I cried; "this is not the opportunity, I see, for five minutes' comfortable chat with you; I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for my awkward intrusion." Thus saying, I bid Packwell a hasty adieu; and threading my way out of his crowded warehouse, retired to the solitude of my own apartment. Even there, however, I carried with me the impression of the scene I had witnessed. "*We are busy taking stock*." The phrase rung in my ear. "To-day," I said to myself, "is the 31st of December. Let me also follow Packwell's example, and take stock. I, too, am a merchantman,—a servant trading with my Master's talents. Let me see, then, how far I have made a profitable use or otherwise of that which has been entrusted to me." I followed the train of thought which my mind had thus opened up, and so useful did I find the occupation, that at the end of each year, I have been accustomed to take a similar retrospect. The chimes of 1851 will have rung ere this paper reaches my reader's eyes. It will be wise and profitable for us both, however, to join together,

and to *take our stock of the year that is past*.

In taking stock, the tradesman is particular in examining how much remains of each article. Its dimensions are measured, and an estimate is made of the value of the remnant. The flight of another year thus reminds us of life. How many years have I left to me? how many months? how many days? A solemn question this. David seems to have felt it so, when he cried, "So teach us to *number our days*." Worldly men have often felt a similar impression creep over them. Dryden the poet experienced this feeling strongly, when he compared his life to a snow-ball; the firmer he grasped it in his hand, the faster did it melt away. David's simile will appear more striking, in proportion as we dwell upon it. To understand the meaning of numbering our days, visit the cell of a condemned criminal, and see how he counts the hours as they wing away their flight. Go to a ship at sea, when its water has run short, and see how its remaining gallons and pints are husbanded and measured out. In an Italian prison, a chief once devised a plan for the torture of his victims, by inclosing them in an iron cell with seven windows. Each day, the prison, by a curious machinery, contracted, and a window less remained, until at last the walls met and crushed the captive to death. As each window disappeared, how must he literally have numbered his days! Even in my first effort to number mine, however, I find myself foiled. Their measure I cannot tell. Through the mercy of God they may be many. If it be his will, they may be few. This very hour may be my last. Calling at the house of a friend, I found her much agitated. Her domestic had gone out to purchase for herself a *wedding* bonnet. She was in good health, and returned pleased with her choice. Within an hour afterwards, she had fallen down a corpse. I find then that my remaining days I cannot number. Each one has inscribed upon it, "*To-day*, if ye will hear my voice." If I would take stock of time aright, I must live each day as if it were my last, and have my eye so fixed on invisible things, as if continually waiting for the intelligence, "The bridegroom is come, go ye forth to meet him."

But though I cannot measure what remains of life, I can take stock with too sad accuracy, of what is past. The tradesman enters minutely in his books

the goods which he has received, the profit which they have borne him, and their eligibility as an investment. Here, too, however, when I begin to take stock, I scarce know where to commence. Privileges, opportunities, mercies arise, more in number than my feeble powers of computation can reckon. In one of the streets of London stands the National Debt Office. Once on a visit there, I looked with eager interest for some large folios, recording, as I supposed, the seven or eight hundred millions sterling, which constitute the vast amount of England's liabilities. In looking back, however, on my life in the past year, I find even the above enormous debt a trifle compared to that which I owe to the Lord. Picking out a few of the more prominent of my obligations, I find first on the list, that great salvation, wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ for perishing sinners. During the past year, the Koh-e-noor diamond arrived in England, closely watched and carefully guarded; but this has been a far more precious jewel, laid down, as it were, on the highway for each passer-by to lay hold of and appropriate for himself. Have you and I then, dear reader, secured this pearl of great price, or has the last year slipped away without our doing so? We may, in 1850, have had flattering honours; we may have built an elegant villa; furnished our house superbly; started a dashing equipage; lodged a few hundreds more at our bankers, but if we have trifled with the great salvation, let us take stock again, for we are poor—poorer than words can utter—if with all our getting we have not got heavenly understanding.

I find next, on looking at my stock-book, that I have had, during the year, no less than eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours, to improve for my master's service. On visiting the Mint, on Tower-hill, some years ago, I was struck with the blank appearance of the metal before it was coined, by its rapid movement towards the die, and the swiftness with which the stamp descended. What, but a moment before, was a plain surface, was in the next a coin, having a clear and well-defined figure upon it, and a legible superscription, except in some instances where the carelessness of the attendant caused the impression to be marred. So has it been with my hours. An impression, for good or evil, has been left upon each. How then does this part of our stock look! Was there a right improvement

of these hours, while they were with us? Has wisdom or folly struck the die? Whose superscription—Christ's or Satan's—was each one made to bear? Ah! here, I fear, many of us must hang down the head, and cry with the poet:

"Lost, lost, lost!  
A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graved in Paradise.

Lost, lost, lost!  
I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again."

If 1850 thus bears witness against us, oh! let 1851 find us wiser redeemers of these precious visitors. Let us seek pardon through faith in Christ for the past, and resolve in the strength of his Spirit, for a wiser dedication of our hours for the future.

During 1850, I perceive, also, that I have had many *opportunities*. Opportunity is the flower, the quintessence of time; the favourable tide, in which the vessel may make progress; the trade-wind in which double speed may be attained; the season in which the hot iron may be struck and bent according to the will of the artificer. How then, my reader, stands your stock of opportunities? If you have not yet closed with Christ, were there not seasons during the past year when God seemed to strive with you by his Spirit, and beseech you to be reconciled to him through faith in the blood of his Son; times when you were almost persuaded to be a Christian; when the world had less hold of your affections, and sin was felt to be an iron bondage? These were your opportunities. Oh! if 1850 upbraids you with their loss, let not 1851 find you equally foolish. Have there not, however, even with the true Christian, been many opportunities during the past year, sent down fresh, as it were, from the hand of his heavenly Master, but which found him careless and unwatchful of their descent? Were there not seasons when the Holy Spirit seemed to breathe on you with a peculiar unction and power, wooing and inviting you to prayer and meditation on the word? Were these improved or neglected? Were there not times when the love of Christ was brought home to your heart, with a tenderness which invited you to communion with him in your closet, and was the gracious invitation resisted or quenched? Were there not moments when a word spoken for the Saviour would have proved a word



in season to some poor sinner, but the opportunity, when it came, found you listless and worldly? Have there not, during the past year, been ebbings and flowings of the waters, and gales of the Spirit, which rightly improved would have carried you far on in your course to Zion?

During the year 1850, we have had also many mercies; private mercies, family mercies, social mercies, temporal mercies, spiritual mercies, mercies which we have seen, and mercies which we have not seen. We have lived, indeed, in a world where daily, hourly, and momentarily there has been some communications of God's kindness to us. What effect, then, have these mercies had on our souls? If, reader, you still stand at a distance from your Father's house, each one of these mercies had a message of kindness inscribed upon it, inviting you, as a wandering prodigal, to return to God, and be happy in the fulness of his love. Oh! let not such goodness find you, in 1851, still hardened and impenitent.

"Behold a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks; has knock'd before;  
Has waited long; is waiting still.  
You use no other friend so ill."

But even on you, O man of God, have these mercies had that effect which they were designed to produce? Have they constrained you to present your body a "living sacrifice?" Can you sing with David, "Thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes, and I have walked in thy truth?" If humiliation at the retrospect arises, may 1851 find us all with less to lament in this respect. While clinging to Christ alone for justification, righteousness, and sanctification, may the close of that year, if spared to see it, record corruptions slain, evidences brightened, graces in healthy action, love to the Saviour overflowing, and the soul waiting in lively and daily expectation for the coming of its Lord.

To conclude the whole, let the following pithy words of an old divine be duly weighed:—

"The time is coming, yea, it is near even at the door, when time shall be no more. This was the voice of the seventh angel. 'And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, . . . that there should be time no longer.' Who was this? a man? No, an angel. Did

he say it? No, he sware it. Did he sware by himself? No, he sware by Him that lives for ever. That time should be little? No, that it should be no longer. Time should be no more. And what if this time should come even in your time? What if now the seventh angel should lift up his hand to heaven, and take this oath? If this time be far off, yet sure I am, and without all peradventure, that it is not far off to thee and to me. It may be before this year, this month, this week, this night that God may say to his angel, 'Go to such a man and such a woman. I will give them no more time; bring them hither, and let them give an account of what they have done with all their time, for I must have a reckoning of all time past.' And then comes in, so much in folly and revelling; so much in foolish idling, etc. 'Oh!' will God say, 'were these the things I gave you time for? No, no; it was for heaven and salvation you had your time;' and if that time has been misimproved,—away, away passes time, and eternity enters upon the soul. Is not here a motive to make us flee to Christ? Oh! my brethren, now, now ever, redeem the time, for anon time will be gone, and then succeeds eternity, eternity, eternity." E. V.

#### AIR-BEDS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

AIR-BEDS are not, as some people suppose, of modern origin. They were known between three and four hundred years ago, as appears from a cut, copied from some figures attached to the first translation of Vegetius, A.D. 1511. It represents soldiers reposing on them in time of war, with a mode of inflating them by bellows.

This application of air was probably known to the Romans. Heliogabalus used to amuse himself with the guests he invited to his banquets, by seating them on large bags or beds, "full of wind," which, being made suddenly to collapse, threw the guests on the ground.

Dr. Arnott, the author of "Elements of Physics," a few years ago proposed hydrostatic beds, especially for invalids. These are capacious bags, formed of India rubber cloth, and filled with water instead of feathers, hair, etc. Upon one of these a soft thin mattress is laid, and then the ordinary coverings. A person floats on these beds as on water alone, for

the liquid in the bag adapts itself to the uneven surface of the body, and supports every part reposing upon it with a uniform pressure. Water-beds were, however, known to the ancients, for Plutarch, in his "Life of Alexander," states that the people in the province of Babylon slept during the hot months on skins filled with water.—*Eubank's Hydraulics.*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, a city of central Italy, and capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, stands in a richly-wooded and well-cultivated valley on both sides of the river Arno; beautified by the Apennines, and though rather dull, is a well-built and agreeable town. It is of nearly a square shape, the sides of which almost correspond with the cardinal points. The city is inclosed with an old wall, about five miles in circuit, flanked with towers, and pierced by seven gates, which, as a defence, are useless, and, by checking the circulation of the air, render it less healthful. Four bridges furnish communication between the opposite sides of the river. There is a peculiarity in the paving of the streets worthy of remark; it is flagged with large flat stones, chiselled to prevent horses from sliding.

The number of public buildings in Florence is large; there are no fewer than one hundred and seventy churches and eighty-nine convents, twelve hospitals and eight theatres, two ducal palaces, and many others of inferior grade. "To this hour," it has been observed, "Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics,—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form; each angle of a street presents an architectural view." The houses in Florence may, indeed, be said to resemble palaces, so large are they, and so handsome.

Passing over various objects of interest, the church of Santa Croce first claims our attention. It has been called the Pantheon of Florence and the Westminster Abbey of Italy. Assuredly it is extremely interesting from its containing the tombs of so many distinguished men. Here repose the ashes of Dante, to whom the Italians are indebted for their high poetic fame. He brought the Tuscan dialect into repute, and enabled the min-

strels to establish a national poetry. Pity that his ambitious spirit led him to quit Parnassian retreats, and join himself to a factious party, then prevailing in Florence, which terminated in his banishment, and finally in his dying an exile! The remains of Galileo likewise repose here. For maintaining that the earth goes round the sun, he was imprisoned, as is well known, for a year in the Inquisition, and compelled to renounce the heretical opinion, as it was then deemed by the fathers, in order to secure his liberation. We have said "*then deemed*," but it is questionable whether we should not say, *now deemed* heretical; for in a journal lately published at Rome, under the superintendence of the present Roman catholic archbishop of Ireland, Galileo's theory was gravely opposed as being contrary to sound doctrine; and the sun was proclaimed as being only a few feet in size. So much for papal enlightenment! Galileo was a second time confined within the walls of the Inquisition for having published his opinions. Two long years was the term of this second incarceration; but it did not quench his untiring spirit of research, and his thirst for discovery. He pursued his investigations, and greatly improved the telescope. His incessant study, however, and the use of his glasses, so impaired his sight that at length he became quite blind.

The first instrument made by this man of science was, by himself, presented to the doge of Venice; his second, which was especially endeared to him by the fatigue experienced in its construction through many a midnight watch, remained entire, and was to be seen a few years since, in the museum of Florence. By means of this instrument he had discovered the satellites of Jupiter. A letter to Galileo from Kepler, his brother astronomer, on that event, is very characteristic, and may not here be deemed out of place. "I was sitting idle at home," says the latter, "thinking of you and your letters, most excellent Galileo, when Wachenfels stopped his carriage at my door to tell me the news; and much was my wonder when I heard it: such was my agitation (for at once it decided an old controversy of ours) that, what with his joy and my surprise, and the laughter of both, we were for some time unable, he to speak, and I to listen. At last I began to consider how they could be there, without overturning my 'Mysterious Cosmographicum,' published thir-

teen years ago. Not that I doubt their existence. So far from it, I am longing for a glass, that I may, if possible, get the start of you, and find two for Mars, six or eight for Saturn, etc."

It is difficult to imagine the feelings of this great astronomer when, having constructed his telescope, he first turned it to the heavens, and discovered that there were mountains and valleys in the moon,—that the moon itself was another earth, the earth another planet,—all subject to the same laws. What an outburst of joy, we may suppose, must have been heard by a stander-by at that moment! When again, too, directing his instrument upward, he found himself lost among the fixed stars, how overpowering must have been his emotion! And yet all this was only as the first streak of the orient that ushers in the day compared with the full blaze of light which now shines around us.

At the close of the year 1633, by order of the Inquisition, Galileo came to Arcetri, which is without the walls of Florence, near the Porta Romana, where he passed the seven last years of his life. This spot has been beautifully noticed by Rogers:

"Nearer we hall  
Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old  
For its green wine; dearer to me, to most,  
As dwelt on by that great astronomer,  
Seven years a prisoner at the city gate,  
Let in but with his grave-clothes. Sacred be  
His villa,—justly was it called the gem!  
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw  
Its length of shadow, while he watch'd the stars!  
Sacred the vineyard where, while yet his sight  
Glimmer'd, at blush of morn he dress'd his vines,  
Chanting aloud, in gaiety of heart,  
Some verses of Ariosto! There, unseen,  
In manly beauty Milton stood before him,  
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton his guest,  
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;  
He in his old age and extremity,  
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff;  
His eyes upturn'd as to the golden sun,  
His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then  
Did Galileo think whom he received;  
That in his hand he held the hand of one  
Who could requite him—who would spread his  
name  
O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay,  
greater;  
Milton as little that in him he saw,  
As in a glass, what he himself should be,  
Destined so soon to fall on evil days  
And evil tongues—so soon, alas! to live  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude."

But we must not forget other names. The tortured and proscribed Machiavelli, the poetic Alfieri, and the incomparable Michael Angelo—these also found sepulture in Santa Croce. Of the latter it is recorded that, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St. Peter's,

he turned his horse round in the road to contemplate once more that of the cathedral, as it rose in the gray of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said, after a pause, "Like thee I will not build one. Better than thee I cannot." He never, indeed, spoke of it but with admiration; and tradition says, his tomb, by his own desire, was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Brunelleschi. But we lose ourselves amid the contemplation of the men of genius whose remains are deposited here. When we think, too, of the probable disclosures of the last day in reference to the gifted tenants of these tombs, we are saddened at the thought, and are ready to exclaim, Would that Christian excellence were ever allied to intellectual greatness! Alas! alas, that this should so rarely be the case!

Michael Angelo's tomb is of Carrara marble. The three sister arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture—are seated upon it in the attitude of mourning; the latter is esteemed the best. On the tomb of Dante is seated the statue of himself; on the right, a colossal figure representing Italy pointing with triumph to the poet on the left. Poetry leans weeping on the sarcophagus. Alfieri's monument, by Canova, is well known; a side chapel contains the monument of the countess of Albany, the widow of the Pretender, the romantic but unsuccessful adventurer, prince Charles Stuart, in the rebellion of 1745.

The Palazzo Pitti contains some of the finest paintings in the world. Among these are the celebrated Madonna della Siggia, by Raphael, the sweetest, if not the grandest of all his Madonnas; and the "Three Fates," by Michael Angelo.

The far-famed Florence gallery of paintings and of sculpture contains also some of the greatest *chef d'œuvres* in art. The five works of sculpture collected in the apartments called the Tribune are, indeed, sufficient in themselves to confer reputation on any museum.

The Hall of Niobe is, however, the finest thing in Florence; its figures, supposed to have been executed by Scopas, being considered among the most interesting efforts of Grecian art that Italy possesses. Niobe and her youngest daughter is the grandest group in the gallery. The contrast of passion and of beauty, and the turn of the right arm,

with which she clasps her terrified child, are admirable. The eldest daughter and dying son are also very fine. An interesting object is also here, in the shape of a mask executed by Michael Angelo at the age of fifteen. But we might go on giving descriptions of statues, bronzes, paintings,—until we had filled a volume. We must say a little more of Florence itself.

The origin of the city is not clearly ascertained, but it owed its first distinction to Sylla, who planted in it a Roman colony. In the reign of Tiberius, it was one of the principal cities of Italy, and was distinguished by its writers and orators. In 541, it was almost wholly destroyed by the reigning king of the Goths, Totila. About two hundred and fifty years afterwards, it was restored by Charlemagne, and was for a lengthened period in Italy what Athens had been in Greece in the days of Xenophon and Thucydides. At length, in 1537, the Medici, from being the first of the citizens, became the sovereigns of Florence, since which her fate has been identified with that of Tuscany.

The road from Florence to Tiesole, the ancient capital, is most lovely, as it winds upwards, bordered by gardens of willows, cypress, and pines, and luxuriant vineyards. Tiesole is situated on the top of the hill, the view from which of Florence, encircled by its amphitheatre of mountains, and the Arno winding through the valley, might be pronounced matchless. This city was also ravaged by Attila, that wholesale destroyer of countries, well known under his awful epithet of "God's scourge." Nothing of the original buildings remains, except a portion of the amphitheatre and some pillars of a temple dedicated to Bacchus, and the duomo. On this road are passed Petrarch's villa, which commands a most lovely view; the house of Dante, with his name carved on the door-post; and that of Boccaccio—alone a feast worth the travelling to Florence to enjoy. It is a curious sight to observe piles of Leghorn hats by the road-side, which the women are employed in plaiting.

We cannot conclude without remarking on the salubrity of the air of Florence, Excepting in the winter—when fogs abound—it is a most agreeable atmosphere. Although the sun is most brilliant, it is never too hot,—refreshing breezes constantly equalizing the temperature. The sunsets at Florence, too, are

glorious!—more splendid, by far, than those in England. S. S. S.

#### PEACE AT HOME.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house, an orderly house as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbour's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbour's house; and a wife, as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy.

Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humour punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.—*Phillip.*

#### JEHOVAH JIREH.

A FACT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ABOUT the year 1664, in the town of Middleburgh, in Zealand (then one of the United Provinces of Holland), a

Christian family had assembled for their usual morning worship. The countenances of the parents were care-worn, dejected and pallid. Five little children, though poorly clad, looked ruddy and cheerful. Refreshed by undisturbed sleep, the little troubles of yesterday were forgotten, and those of the coming day were not anticipated. Childhood is not free from its troubles; but one of its distinguished privileges is freedom from corroding anxiety. Ordinarily speaking, while children are with their parents they are strangers to deep sorrow, and have no anxious care about what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed.

And yet these children had seen more of changes and hardships than usually fall to the lot of that tender age. The elder ones, at least, could remember living in a comfortable—perhaps to their childish imaginations it seemed a magnificent—dwelling in England, and they used to accompany their parents to the village church, and their own father was the minister, and everybody in the neighbourhood looked upon him with respect and affection; and many kindnesses were shown to them for his sake. And then—why it was they could not understand—but one sabbath-day their father from the pulpit told the people that he must preach among them no more, and the people wept, and he wept, and he charged them, whatever might become of him, to cleave close to the Lord Jesus, and to “let their conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.” The children recollected, too, that soon afterwards they quitted that nice dwelling, the home of their infancy, and for a few months moved about, sometimes divided, sometimes together, in the houses of one or other of their friends, or lodging with strangers. And then they all went on board a ship, and sailed across the sea; and came at last to the place where they now resided. They were not in so nice a house as that they left in England, nor in one so well furnished; but they were all together, and it was home to them.

They were not yet capable of understanding the conversation that sometimes passed between their parents, or they might have heard them speaking when in England, of their apprehensions that Popery would be restored, and of their determination, rather than expose their

children to its baleful influence, to leave their native country and their beloved friends, and commit themselves and their family to the care of Providence in a foreign land.

And since they had been living in Zealand, they might have known that their father had in vain been hoping to gain employment, by which to support his family, and that the money brought with them from England had been gradually expended in procuring the necessaries of life; and that as the little store diminished, the parents had become more and more anxious; especially, as they now owed a year's rent to their landlord, and no money remained to meet it, nor were any means of support likely to be presented. But the children were too young to enter into these matters. Their parents were with them; on their care they relied, and they were happy. They did not know that the resources of the kindest parents are often very limited and insufficient; still less did they suspect when at breakfast or at dinner (as it had often happened lately), their father or mother declined taking any more, and said they had rather not, that it was from apprehension that there would not be enough for their children.

Well, on the morning just referred to, the family was assembled as usual, and the father, with a sad and sorrowful countenance, took down the Bible, and read some of those sweet and precious promises which, from age to age, have been the support and consolation of the people of God in all their straits and difficulties. And then he kneeled down and pleaded these promises: “Remember the word unto thy servants on which thou hast caused us to hope. Thou art our Father, thou knowest what things we have need of; ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’ Thou hast said, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble,’ ‘Lord hear our cry, and let thine ears be attentive to the voice of our supplications.’ Thou hearest the young ravens which cry. Oh be not unmindful of the wants of these helpless babes. Thou knowest that it was not from indolence, or ambition, that we quitted our native shores to dwell among strangers; but that we were driven forth for conscience towards God. And now Lord, we know not what to do; but our eyes are up unto Thee; oh appear for us in this season of extremity. But if thou see

good still to exercise our faith, oh strengthen us with strength in our souls. Though thou slay us, yet may we trust in thee. Enable us at all times to say, 'Thy will be done,' and however it may go with our bodies, let our souls be fed with the bread of life; which, if a man eat, he shall live for ever."

And when they rose from their knees, the countenances of the parents were no more sad. The cause of their distress was not removed, but they had cast their burden on the Lord, and he sustained them. Communion with God had shed a holy calmness through their souls, and in the midst of outward destitution they could rejoice in the God of their salvation.

But now—the Bible replaced on the shelf, the little ones crowded round the table, and asked for their breakfast, and the parents were obliged to say that they had no food to give them, nor money to procure any, and all burst into tears.

But "man's extremity is God's opportunity;" at that moment the house bell rang, and the mother, in a mean and mournful habit, went to the door. A person was there who asked to see the mistress of the house, Mrs. Anderson. "That," said she, "is my name. I am the person after whom you inquire." He then put a paper into her hand, saying, "A gentleman has sent you this paper, and will send in some provisions shortly." The messenger then hastened away without telling his name or by whom he was sent. On opening the paper, it was found to contain forty gold coins. Soon afterwards a countryman came with a horse-load of all kinds of provisions; but neither did he tell the family nor did they ever know who it was that so seasonably supplied their necessities. Thus much, however, they certainly knew; that He who has all hearts in his hand, and all resources at his disposal, is a God that hears and answers prayer—a God faithful to his promises and a very present help in trouble, and doubtless the outpourings of gratitude to Him the supreme Giver of all good were mingled with many an ardent prayer for blessings on the unknown benefactor. The bountiful supply received, besides present provision, enabled the good man to pay his debts, and thus relieved him of a burden more distressing than even want. From this time his rent was paid, and he received

a quarterly remittance of 10*l*. as long he lived; but these benefits were conferred in so secret a manner that he never could discover his benefactor. He naturally communicated to his friends and acquaintances in the city (most of whom had quitted their own country from the same cause as himself), so signal an instance of the goodness of God to him and his, as an encouragement to them to trust and confidence, even if brought into difficulties like his own; and there were many others who experienced like deliverances.

After some time, the pastor of the English church in Middleburgh dying, Mr. Anderson was chosen to succeed him. On this occasion, Mrs. Anderson was so overcome with joy at the goodness of God in thus reinstating her husband in the work of the Christian ministry, and in providing for them a fixed and honourable maintenance, that it was supposed to occasion a fever of which she died. Mr. Anderson after labouring with much acceptance and usefulness, died in 1677; before his family had attained maturity. But the Providence of God wonderfully provided for these orphans, as for their parents before them. The magistrates of the city became guardians to the children. Three Dutch ladies (one of whom was the celebrated Anna Maria Schunman), took charge of the three daughters, and became as mothers to them. A rich merchant, named De Hoste, provided for the education and outfit of the two sons, and by his last will bequeathed a good portion to each of the daughters. After the death of this worthy gentleman, the benevolent mystery was cleared up.

Mr. Quick, who succeeded Mr. Anderson in the pastorate at Middleburgh, and who, like him, had been ejected in England by the Bartholomew act of 1662, was visiting at the country-house of M. de Koning, a magistrate of the city, and happened to mention the story. M. de Koning informed him that he was the person who carried the money from M. de Hoste, to whom he was at that time apprentice. He stated that M. de Hoste observing a grave English minister frequently walk the streets with a dejected countenance, inquired privately into his circumstances, and apprehending that he might be in want, sent him the gold and the provisions, saying with Christian tenderness, "God forbid that any of Christ's

ambassadors should be strangers and we not visit them; or in distress and we not assist them." But he expressly charged both his servants to conceal his name. He too it was who afterwards paid the rent and contributed so largely to the support of the family. M. de Koning sacredly kept the whole matter secret as long as his old master lived; but thought himself at liberty to give this account of it after his death. How true it is that

"When the Lord's people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way.

This instance to those may seem strange  
Who know not how faith can prevail;  
But sooner all nature shall change  
Than one of God's promises fail."

C.

#### STATISTICS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

A document of considerable interest lies before us. It is the balance sheet for 1849 of the Propaganda Society of Rome, the body which has entrusted to it the collection and distribution of all funds for the promotion of Roman Catholic missions throughout the world. At a time when Popery is filling the public ear with its demonstrations, a document of this character, officially published in London, has increased importance. It enables us to test the missionary liberality of the Roman Catholic body, and to set a proper value upon the arrogant vaunting so often made of its superiority to that manifested by the Protestant churches.

The first thing which strikes us in examining this balance sheet, is the advantage which the Propaganda possesses over other religious associations in its mode of making up its annual accounts. Its money columns show at a glance the contributions of Roman Catholics in every quarter of the globe, from France to the Burmese empire. In England, on the other hand, the various missionary societies necessarily make up their accounts independently of each other, and the same course is pursued by the Protestant churches in America and on the continent of Europe. Notwithstanding, however, this important vantage ground, the results of the Propaganda's collections leave, we are glad to say, a triumphant victory in favour of the supporters of evangelical truth. The total amount of its receipts in aid of missions for the year 1849 amounted only to 142,580*l.* 3*s.*

If the above be a fair statement (which, from its official character and other internal marks, there seems no reason to doubt), one or two important conclusions naturally follow: It silences, in an emphatic manner, certain insinuations which have obtained a pretty general currency as to the languor of Protestant benevolence in pecuniary matters when compared with that of the papal church. Much reason, it is true, have we all to deplore the absence in the midst of us of a high gospel standard of self-denying liberality; still, compared with the fruits yielded by the Propaganda, we have much to be thankful for. The income of the Church Missionary Society alone, or of the Wesleyan Missionary Association, does not fall far short of the Propaganda's balance sheet; and if we proceed to add the sums raised by other evangelical bodies throughout the world, the gross amount largely preponderates in our favour. Glancing at the hand-book of missions for 1847, being the most accessible document we have at this moment to refer to, we are gratified to perceive that, in that year, Protestants in England, the colonies, the continent, and America, raised for missionary purposes\* upwards of 1,190,000*l.*, actually more than a million beyond what Rome accomplished!

The document before us, when minutely analyzed, is also not without its value, as constituting a species of thermometer by which we may estimate the degree of warmth felt in particular countries as to the extension of the papal sway. It goes, we consider, to prove that Popery, however noisy in its demonstrations here, has in many of its ancient strongholds lapsed into a mere system of state machinery. If so, may we be animated to a courageous contest with it! England, we trust, under God, will not pick up the decayed vestments half cast off by its continental neighbours.

Of the sum of 142,000*l.* already noticed, France contributes nearly one-half. Its aggregate collections are 72,000*l.* It is curious to remark that Lyons, the seat of a turbulent democratic population, raises the highest amount of French contributions. Its receipts are 7000*l.*, while Paris, the capital, collects only 3000*l.* These figures are important. They show that the French metropolis has comparatively little interest in extending the national religion, and that the priesthood

\* Under this term are included Bible and Tract Societies, Sunday-School Unions, etc.

have succeeded to a considerable degree in enlisting the sympathies of its commercial rival.

From Spain, where Romanism reigns in such unmitigated rigour, we might naturally have looked for enlarged pecuniary effort in favour of its church. All, however, that it yields to missions, including even the contributions of Cuba, is 769*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* This is, we confess, a paltry quota from a country where the Inquisition took its birth.

The second largest contribution on the list is from Sardinia; it amounts to 7,684*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*; this is closely approached by Belgium, the land of priests and convents, which yields 7,183*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* We look with some interest to our own country, and find that its quota to the diffusion of error amounts to 4,267*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, including the proceeds of the British colonies. Of this sum England contributes 1,234*l.* Ireland, with all its poverty, manages to send 2,600*l.* Scotland, to her credit, remits only 237*l.* The city on the seven hills, the grand fountain-head of papal error, sends about 1,200*l.* The Burmese empire, with its teeming millions, gathers only 16*l.* Australia, too, remits somewhere about 10*l.*

The distribution of these sums forms another interesting region of inquiry. Scotland has 3,200*l.* to assist in rooting up the work which John Knox so effectually planted. Our sister country is too well rooted in the knowledge of the word of God, we trust, not to give the men whom this collection employs a vigorous reception. England and Wales have only 1,280*l.* allocated to them by the Propaganda;—private benefactions, of course, do the rest. It is an ominous sign, well worth noting, that Wales and Cornwall seem the chief points of operation selected. 360*l.* is given to a body of priests in the latter county, bearing the somewhat singular title of the "Mission of the Oblates of the Immaculate Conception." This cannot, however, we repeat, form one-hundredth part of the sums raised in England among the wealthy partisans of Roman Catholicism. The sumptuous cathedrals which pollute our soil attest the existence of large private resources. Curious means are occasionally resorted to in order to swell the funds. The other day we observed tickets for a raffle issued by a priest in one of our university towns, in aid of his missionary operations. The document characteristically expressed a hope that it

would find in every Roman Catholic station "some good soul" to assist the priest in disposing of the tickets! The Roman Catholic cause evidently is at a low ebb in Germany; for we find only 1,103*l.* received in contributions from it, and 6,120*l.* employed to fasten once more around it those fetters which Luther broke. The United States of America have a large sum allotted to them; it amounts to no less than 21,240*l.*, and is distributed over every part of the country from New York to the Rocky Mountains,—among monks of Latrappe, Lazarists, oblates of the immaculate Mary, the congregation of the holy cross, Dominicans, and the fellows of the Society of Jesus. Africa has 11,000*l.* expended upon it; India, China, and Asia generally, the large sum of 42,000*l.*; Oceania, which includes Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti, 16,710*l.*

Popery appears to haunt the shadow of Protestant missions, and to follow with persevering alacrity wherever the humble evangelist makes known the tidings of salvation in all their unadulterated purity. This zeal in compassing sea and land to make a single proselyte, is shown by the document before us, for the names of missionaries are found attached to districts rarely visited by Europeans. Into almost every part of the world, indeed, emissaries have been sent. It is well known that the Roman Catholic church attaches a superstitious importance to the baptism of heathen children—considering all who receive that ordinance from its priests as regenerated and made true members of Christ. The documents before us, accordingly, contain more than one special donation "for the baptism of the children of infidels."

As to the alleged *spiritual* results of these collections and missions, the report does not afford us very ample information. We have, however, the statement of a missionary in China, which gives us some insight as to the nature of the work which goes forward under the name of conversion. "In proportion," he writes, "as we see our numbers increased, we likewise witness the revival of the faith of our Christians. Their ignorance diminishes from day to day; their piety derives fresh support from the participation of the sacraments, from their love of the salutary exercise of the way of the cross, and their devotion to the sacred heart of Jesus and Mary. . . . Five or six thousand Christians, most of them ad-



vanced in years, have again found in a good confession the door of the sheepfold which they had ceased to know; five thousand pagan adults regenerated in the waters of baptism, and aggregated to the flock of Jesus; fifteen to twenty thousand children of infidels, the most of whom, since their baptism, have gone to swell the train of the spotless Lamb. Behold here, gentlemen, the results we have been enabled to realize here already by the agency of your assistance."

The reader will be able to appreciate, without any explanation or comment, the error of a teaching of which the above is a specimen. As a counterpart to this extract, and as explanatory of that air of apparent devotion which runs through many papal documents, we conclude our article with an appropriate anecdote, which shows the necessity of receiving the statements of Romish missionaries with a considerable discount. May God, of his rich mercy, preserve us from similar delusions.

"I mentioned," says Mr. Seymour in his "Mornings with the Jesuits," "the narrative of a friend of my own, who was witness to the conversion of a whole tribe of American Indians. He told me that the tribe marched down to a river, and that the Roman Catholic priest, without a word of instruction, sprinkled water on every one in the usual form, and that he then hung a little cross by a string round the neck of each, and telling them they were now Christians, he left them. My friend told me that they made no profession of faith, and departed precisely as they came—as naked, as savage, as wild, as ignorant, and as beathen." The Jesuit, instead of being ashamed of the account, to Mr. Seymour's astonishment, defended these conversions as real, and in confirmation of that view of the subject, mentioned that the missionary had returned to the same Indians after two years' absence, and had been delighted to find, on summoning them to confession, "that they had no sins to confess!" It is almost needless to add, that this want of confession of sin arose entirely from a want of perception of its existence. The conversion of the tribe of Indians had been a mere name; savages they had received the rite of baptism; savages they had departed from it; and savages they had remained. They were ignorant alike of the plague of their own hearts, of the necessity of a living faith in the sacrifice of Christ for pardon of guilt, and of the

sanctifying operations of the Holy Spirit for deliverance from its power and corruption. W.

#### THE DEATH SUPPER OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

It was midnight when the condemned Girondists were led from the bar of the palace of justice to the dungeons of the Conciergerie, there to wait till the swift-winged hours should bring the dawn which was to guide their steps to the guillotine. The arms of the guard clattered along the stone floor of the gloomy corridors of the prison, awakening the unhappy victims of the revolution, who, torn from homes of opulence and refinement, were plunged into the grated cells, from whence they also, in their turn, were to be dragged to the scaffold. The acquittal of the Girondists would afford them some little hope that they also might find mercy. They peered through the grating of the cells upon the group moving along, by the dim light of a feeble lamp, and learned their doom. Lamentations and wailings filled the prison. The condemned, now that their fate was sealed, had nerved their souls to heroism, and mutually cheering one another, prepared as martyrs to encounter the last stern trial. They were all placed in one large cell, and the dead body of a companion, with which they were to be buried on the morrow, was placed at their side.

A wealthy friend, who had escaped proscription, and was concealed in Paris, had agreed to send them a sumptuous banquet, the night after their trial, which was to be to them a funeral repast or a triumphant feast, according to the verdict of acquittal or condemnation. Their friend kept his word. Soon after the prisoners were remanded to their cell, a table was spread, and preparations were made for their last supper. There was a large oaken table in the prison, where those awaiting their trial and those awaiting their execution met for their coarse prison fare. A rich cloth was spread upon this table. Servants entered, bearing brilliant lamps, which illuminated the dismal vault with an unnatural lustre, and spread the glare of noonday light upon the miserable pallets of straw, the rusty iron gratings and chains, and the stone walls weeping with moisture, which no ray of the sun or warmth of fire ever dried away. It was a strange scene—

that brilliant festival in the midst of the gloom of the most dismal dungeon, with one dead body lying upon the floor, and those for whom the feast was prepared waiting only for the early dawn to light them to their death and burial. The richest viands of meats and wines were brought in and placed before the condemned. Vases of flowers diffused their fragrance and expanded their beauty, where flowers were never seen to bloom before. Wan and haggard faces, unwashed and unshorn, gazed upon the unwonted spectacle, as dazzling flambeaux and rich table furniture, and bouquets and costly dishes appeared one after another, until the board was covered with luxury and splendour.

In silence, the condemned took their places at the table. They were men of brilliant intellects, of enthusiastic eloquence, thrown suddenly from the heights of power to the foot of the scaffold. A priest, the abbé Lambert, the intimate personal friend of several of the most eminent of the Girondists, had obtained admittance into the prison, to accompany his friends to the guillotine, and to administer to them the last consolations of religion. He stood in the corridor, looking through the open door upon those assembled around the table, and with his pencil in his hand noted down their words, their gestures, their sighs, their weakness, and their strength. It is to him that we are indebted for all knowledge of the scenes enacted at the last supper of the Girondists.

The repast was prolonged until the dawn of morning began to steal faintly in at the grated windows of the prison, and the gathering tumult without announced the preparations to conduct them to their execution.

Vergniaud, the most prominent and the most eloquent of their number, presided at the feast. He had little, save the love of glory, to bind him to life, for he had neither father nor mother, wife nor children. No one could imagine, from the calm conversation and the quiet appetite with which these distinguished men partook of the entertainment, that this was their last repast, and but the prelude to a violent death. But when the cloth was removed, and the fruits, the wines, and the flowers alone remained, conversation became animated, gay, and at times rose to hilarity. Several of the youngest men of the party, in sallies of wit and outbursts of laughter,

endeavoured to repel the gloom which darkened their spirits in view of death on the morrow. It was unnatural gaiety, unreal, unworthy of the men. A spirit truly noble can encounter death with fortitude, but never with levity. Still, now and then shouts of laughter and songs of merriment burst from the lips of these young men, as they endeavoured with a kind of hysterical energy to nerve themselves to show to their enemies their contempt both of life and of death. Others were more thoughtful, serene, and truly brave. "What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" said Duclos. All paused. Religion had its hopes, philosophy its dreams, infidelity its dreary blank. Each answered according to his faith. "We shall sleep after the fatigues of the day," said some. Atheism had darkened their minds. "Death is an eternal sleep," had become their gloomy creed. They looked forward to the slide of the guillotine as ending all thought, and consigning them back into that non-existence from which they had emerged at their creation. "No!" replied Fauchet, Carra, and others; "annihilation is not our destiny; we are immortal. These bodies may perish; these living thoughts, these boundless aspirations can never die. To-morrow, far away in other worlds, we shall think and feel and act, and solve the problems of the immaterial destiny of the human mind." Immortality was the theme. The song was hushed upon these dying lips; the forced laughter faded away. Standing upon the brink of that dread abyss from whence no one has returned with tidings, every soul felt a longing for immortality. They turned to Vergniaud, whose brilliant intellect, whose soul-moving eloquence, whose useful life commanded their reverence, and appealed to him for light and truth and consolation. His words are lost; the effect of his discourse alone is described. "Never," said the abbé, "had his look, his gesture, his language, and his voice more profoundly affected his hearers." In the conclusion of a discourse which is described as one of almost superhuman eloquence, during which some were aroused to the most exalted enthusiasm, all were deeply moved, and many wept, Vergniaud exclaimed, "Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of existence."

And now the light of day began to stream in at the windows. "Let us go

to bed," said one, "and sleep until we are called to go forth to our last sleep. Life is a thing so trifling, that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it." "Let us rather watch," said another, "during the few moments which remain to us. Eternity is so certain and so terrible, that a thousand lives would scarce suffice to prepare for it." They rose from the table, and most of them threw themselves upon their beds, for a few moments of bodily repose and meditation. Thirteen, however, remained in the larger dungeon, finding a certain kind of support in society. In a low tone of voice they conversed with each other. They were worn out with excitement, fatigue, and want of sleep. Some wept. Sleep kindly came to some, and lulled their spirits into momentary oblivion.

At ten o'clock, the executioners came to lead the condemned to the scaffold. Their long hair was cut from their necks, that the action of the axe might not be impeded. Each one left some affecting *souvenir* to friends. One, picking up a lock of his own black hair, gave it to the abbé Lambert to give to his wife. "Tell her," he said, "it is all I can send her of my remains, and that my last thoughts in death were hers." Vergniaud drew from his pocket his watch, and with his knife scratched upon the case a few lines of tender remembrance, and sent the token to a young lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and to whom he was ere long to have been married. Each gave to the abbé Lambert some legacy of love, to be transmitted to those who were left behind. Few emotions are stronger in the hour of death than the desire to be embalmed in the affections of those who are dear to us.

All being ready, the executioners and *gens d'armes* marched the condemned in a column into the prison yard, where five rude carts were awaiting them, to convey them to the scaffold. The countless thousands of Paris were swarming around the prison, filling the court, and rolling like ocean tides into every adjacent avenue. There were five carts; each contained four, with the exception of the last, into which the dead body of Valaze had been thrown. And now came to the Girondists their closing hour. The brilliant sun and the elastic air of an October morning invigorated their bodies, and the scene through which they were moving stimulated their spirits. As the carts moved

from the court-yard, with one simultaneous voice, clear and sonorous, the Girondists burst into the *Marseillaise*. The crowd gazed in silence as this funereal chant, not like the wailings of a dirge, but like the strains of an exultant song, swelled and died away upon the air. Here and there some friendly voice among the populace ventured to swell the volume of sound.

They arrived at the guillotine. One ascended the scaffold, continuing the song with his companions. He was bound to the plank. Still his voice was heard, full and strong. The plank slowly fell: still he joined his companions in their song. The glittering axe glided like lightning down the groove. His head fell into the basket, and one voice was hushed for ever. Another ascended, and another, and another. Each succeeding moment the song grew more faint, as head after head fell, and the bleeding bodies were piled side by side. At last Vergniaud alone was left, the most illustrious of them all. Pale, but firm and dauntless, he continued the solo into which the chorus had now died away. With a firm tread he mounted the scaffold. A hectic flush crimsoned his cheek, as, looking down upon the headless bodies of his friends, and around upon the silent crowd, he, in a voice of the richest melody, commenced anew the strain. In the midst of the exultant tones the axe glided on its bloody mission, and the lips of Vergniaud were silent in death. Thus perished the Girondists, the purest party to which the revolution gave birth. Their bodies were rudely thrown into one common cart, and thrown into one grave.

We extract the above powerful sketch from the "New York Evangelist." Over the dying hours of the Girondist leaders we may only remark, there arises scarce one gleam of Christian hope. They died the victims of a false enthusiasm, and rushed upon their closing hour with a bravery all the more terrible, that it was destitute of any solid basis for its support. May one of their last words, however, ring in the thoughtless reader's ear,— "Eternity is so certain and so terrible that a thousand lives would scarce suffice to prepare for it."

#### SPIRITUAL DESOLATION OF CHINA.

"My spirit," said a missionary, on a late occasion, "well might faint when I think of that vast country, China. A

third of the human family is congregated there, each one of which possesses an immortal mind,—a mind capable of knowing, loving, and serving God,—capable of bearing his moral image and reflecting his moral likeness. What noble materials! And yet they lie all waste;—materials on every fragment of which may be seen traces of a Divine hand, but marred, obliterated, and almost effaced. What a spectacle for an angel mind to gaze upon! More than three hundred millions of human beings, among whom is scarcely one that does homage to the God that made it! What a harvest of immortal souls, but all ungathered for lack of labourers!—a harvest wasted and trodden down by the polluted hoof of superstition and crime. What a sea of immortal mind! In looking across it, and observing it rolling, weltering, surging in the billows of its own corrupt inclinations, one almost feels as we may suppose Noah felt when he first lifted up the window of the ark, and saw sea everywhere and everywhere sea; and we can suppose him saying to himself, ‘Is it possible that the earth can ever again be the residence of man?’ What is impossible with man is possible with God. Again he opened the window of the ark, and the mountain tops had begun to appear, and to lift their bare bosoms to the skies. Presently the slopes of the hills are covered with verdure, the world’s winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the turtle dove is heard in the valley, and the time of the singing of birds is come. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Cannot He who reneweth the face of the earth, cause even China to emerge from her moral deluge, and, as she rises, present an aspect beautiful as the garden of the Lord? Then shall there be for the watery waste a fertile soil; for the works of the flesh, the fruits of the Spirit—genuine faith and inward purity—the animation of hope and the ardour of love—an enlightened understanding and a peaceful conscience—devotedness to God as a Sovereign, and intimacy with him as a Father—the abasement of lofty principles, and the mortification of carnal appetites—death unto sin and life unto holiness.”

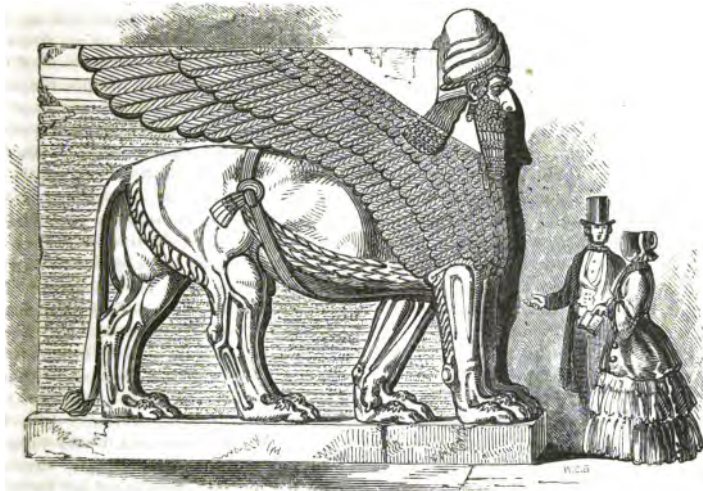
#### ANECDOTE OF ISAAC MILNER.

At Cambridge, as well as at other colleges, the sizar students were, in consideration of certain pecuniary privileges,

expected to perform various offices of a menial character, such as ringing the chapel bell, serving up the first dish to the college fellows in the dining-hall, etc. These services have now for some years been dispensed with at all the colleges. In the youth of Isaac Milner, however, (afterwards dean of Queen’s College, Cambridge,) he had, as a poor scholar, toiling on to eminence by painful self-denial, to perform the office of a sizar. It is recorded of him, that in waiting at dinner upon the heads of the college, the young student let fall a tureen full of soup, to the no small disappointment, doubtless, of the appetized guests. A smart rebuke was administered to him for his carelessness. “When I am in power, I will abolish this nuisance, gentlemen,” was his reply. A hearty laugh was the result, so unlikely did it seem that the raw, uncouth, blundering Yorkshire lad should ever rise to be vice-chancellor of his university. Yet in a few years he did attain that eminence, as well as the honour of *incomparabilis* attached to his degree. He had the satisfaction of fulfilling his boyish declaration, and relieved the sizar students from the uncalled-for burden which he in his own youth had borne.

#### KEEP UP GOOD SPIRITS.

You have sustained losses. It was best that you should; in the end you will see it; even now you may derive great gain from every loss, if you will be led by them to find consolation in God. One smile from him compensates for every worldly loss. You are poor. Not poorer than One who, though he was rich, for your sake became poor, that you, through his poverty, might be rich; He had not where to lay his head. Your dwelling may be comfortless; your children poorly clad; you may be unable to educate them, or even procure for them all the necessaries of life. It is a trial; but be cheerful in it. The Lord can raise up friends for you and your little ones; he can give the what is unspeakably more precious than silver and gold; they cannot long be in want. He who hath numbered the hairs of your head knoweth that you have need; his resources are infinite; trust in him, speak to him of all you need. He can make your cup overflow with blessings; or if he withholds some, he can give others, more precious, in their stead.—*Evangelist*.



Assyrian Sculpture at the British Museum.

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

In the prefixed plate our readers have an engraving of one of the remarkable sculptures which the enterprise of Mr. Layard has disinterred from the plains of Nineveh. After a long voyage, it has been placed in the British Museum, in an entire state. Greece, Egypt, and Assyria have thus successively been ransacked to enrich that national depository with the spoils of antiquity. As we contemplate this interesting relic, and estimate the labour which has been incurred in removing it from its ancient habitation, and the long and circuitous voyage which it has had to undertake, we receive a powerful impression of the enterprise of our countrymen. It is not to be wondered at, however, that the natives on the spot, who could make no allowance for the enthusiasm which scientific research inspires, were confounded at Mr. Layard's doings. We can well imagine with what unfeigned sincerity the subjoined inquiries were addressed to him. The speaker, we may observe, was the Arab sheikh of the place.

"Wonderful! wonderful! Tell me, O bey, what you are going to do with these stones. So many thousands of purses spent upon such things! Can it be as you say, that your people learn

wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the *cadi* declares, that they are to go to the palace of your queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worship these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, or scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of these things that the English show their wisdom. Here are stones which have been buried ever since the times of Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were under-ground before the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father and the father of my father pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers (and all true wisdom is with them alone) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground. Neither did they who went before them. But, lo! here comes a Frank, from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick (illustrating the description at the same time with the point of his spear), and makes a line here and a line there. 'Here,' says he, 'is the palace; there,' says he, 'is the gate;' and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books, is it by

magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learned these things? Speak, O bey; tell me the secret of wisdom?"

Of the sculptures recently received from Nineveh, the most remarkable are the human-headed and eagle-winged bull and lion. Our engraving represents the latter, which is of colossal dimensions, being nine feet long and the same in height. Thirteen pairs of these gigantic sculptures were discovered by Mr. Layard, and several fragments of others; but they were too much injured to be worth moving. Two lions, of even larger dimensions, had come under his notice; but these he was, from their magnitude, reluctantly compelled to leave behind him.

Of the figure more immediately under our notice, it has been observed, that the countenance is noble and benevolent in expression; the features being of a true Persian type. It wears an egg-shaped cap, with a cord round the base of it. The hair at the back of the head has seven ranges of curls; the beard being divided into three ranges of curls, with intervals of wavy hair. The elaborately-sculptured wings extend over the back of the animal to the very verge of the slab. All the flat surface is covered with what is termed a cuneiform inscription. Round the loins is a succession of numerous cords, which are drawn into four separate knots; at the extremities are fringes forming as many distinct tassels. At the end of the tail a claw is visible. The strength of the lion, we may add, is admirably delineated in the sculpture, showing that the artist had a complete acquaintance with the details of its figure and anatomy. The precise object which the above sculpture was designed to represent has not yet been definitely determined by antiquaries. It is generally considered, however, to personify one of the Assyrian deities; the attributes of intelligence, strength, and swiftness being typified by the animals employed. Even now, while the spectator gazes upon the figure, a sensation of vastness fills the mind. To receive the full impression, however, which it was calculated to produce, we must transport ourselves to Nineveh, and glance at the numerous objects of a similar character, which line the entrance to its palaces or temples. "It was with no little excitement," says Mr. Longworth, "that I suddenly found myself in the magnificent abode of the Assyrian kings; the walls themselves were crowded with phantoms

of the past; some of the portly forms were so life-like that they might almost be imagined stepping from the walls to question the rash intruders on their privacy. The colossal forms of winged lions and bulls with gigantic human faces, the idols of a religion long since dead and buried, seemed actually in the twilight to be raising their desecrated heads from the sleep of centuries."

Some of the most amusing scenes in Mr. Layard's excavations at Nineveh were connected with the discovery and transportation of figures like those pictured in our engraving. As the lively Arab workmen plied their preliminary labours, their nimble pickaxes unearthed a pale, majestic, colossal face, which seemed to their imaginations the genius of the spot, demanding of the rash intruders why they presumptuously interrupted his long slumber of centuries. All was immediately excitement. One man, throwing down his basket, scampered off to Mosul as fast as his legs would carry him. Down poured the population of that town, eyes and mouths at full stretch, and tongues wagging with wonder. "Hasten, O bey!" cried one who had scampered on horseback to communicate the intelligence to Mr. Layard; "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but true; we have seen him with our own eyes." The spectator, as he examines the sculpture in the British Museum, may also share, in some degree, the emotions which filled Mr. Layard's own breast, as he gazed for hours on these the first-fruits of his labours. "For twenty-five hundred years," he says, "they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But, oh, how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Nineveh, to use the prophetic language of Zephaniah, 'is become a desolation.'"

The readers of Mr. Layard's interesting volumes will derive additional pleasure in contemplating the figures of the bull and lion in the Museum, from recollecting the amusing and exciting scene which had attended their removal from the plains of Mesopotamia. As the mass descended from its elevation, the drums and shrill

pipes of the Kurdish musicians filled the air with their discordant sounds. Women screamed; men shouted; neither Mr. Layard's entreaties, nor the more powerful appeal of a strong hippopotamus whip could procure silence. Down, in the midst of all the excitement, came the sculpture, with a rush. On finding it unbroken, the whole Arabic party darted out of the trench, and seizing by the hands the women who were looking on, commenced a war-dance, yelling with redoubled excitement.

Strange mystic sculpture! If you could but speak, what would your accents be? Worshipped nearly three thousand years ago, entombed for a similar period, you wake as it were from your sleep, and find all around you changed—Nineveh is a desolation, and you yourself the inmate of a city which, when you were in the height of your glory, had not even begun to exist. Each spectator in turn will view you with different emotions. The sculptor will see how statues modelled in ancient Assyria. The antiquary will puzzle his brain to decipher your mysterious inscriptions and symbols. The thoughtless rustic will gaze with stupid wonder at your colossal bulk. The attentive student of the word of God will see another proof of the sure language of prophecy. The pious Christian, too, as he contemplates the idols of a departed generation thus overthrown, will be lifted up in spirit, more gratefully to adore, love, and obey Him who, in uncreated majesty, liveth for ever and ever; and who alone is entitled to the supreme place in the hearts and affections of his creatures.

M. H. W.

#### HINTS TO MEN IN BUSINESS.

I HAVE a family to provide for, and my mind is much engaged with procuring for them that which is needful for time. Let me, then, be on the watch, that while I am trafficking with the dust of earthly business, my soul be not cleaving to it; while securing a needful supply for time, let me not neglect to insure riches for eternity.

I have heard it said, that "people in business have no time for religion." How false is such an assertion! I turn to my Bible, and see Joseph loaded with responsibility; but yet I find it recorded of him, that "the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." It is

a sad mistake to see Christians content with allowing Christianity to influence them upon spiritual matters, while the secular duties of their calling are disregarded and neglected. If I am a Christian, I ought to be the best possible man of business, being supported by Him in whom Joseph trusted.

I must take a lesson from the great Creator of the universe; I must "consider the works of the Lord, and regard the operations of his hands." On every side I see method and regularity. There is no confusion in the course assigned to them. Whether I think of the sun and moon and stars, as they travel on in their appointed spheres; or of the great and wide sea, whose tides ebb and flow at their Maker's bidding; or of the wonderful mechanism of animated nature,—all seem to speak of "wisdom, activity, and order."

I would keep in mind three essentials, which ought to pervade all my secular concerns:

1. **HONESTY.**—Am I in a post of trust? Let me not betray the confidence reposed in me; let me shrink from anything approaching to deceit; and let every farthing that I procure for myself be obtained in a straightforward, open way. Thus shall I be fulfilling the command of providing "things honest in the sight of all men."

2. **DILIGENCE.**—I must strive against sloth and inactivity. It is "the hand of the diligent" that "maketh rich," and I am reminded to be "not slothful in business."

3. **PRUDENCE.**—"The prudent man looketh well to his going." I would avoid rashness and carelessness in my business, and covet the discretion and understanding so plainly enforced by Solomon; and, in all that I undertake, may I remember, my Master is in heaven, and whatsoever my hand findeth to do, may I do it with all my might, "serving the Lord," Rom. xii. 11. "If any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel," 1 Tim. v. 8.—*American Paper.*

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS  
YOUTHFUL ADMIRERS.

THE author of "The Pleasures of Memory" (Mr. Rogers) informs us, that when a boy, having an ardent desire to behold and converse with a man whose

name was so illustrious in English literature, he determined on introducing himself to the great lexicographer, in the hope that his youth and inexperience might plead his excuse. Accordingly he proceeded to Bolt-court, and after much hesitation, bad actually his hand on the knocker, when his heart failed him, and he went away.

The late Mr. D'Israeli used to relate in conversation a somewhat similar anecdote. Anxious to obtain the acquaintance and the countenance of so illustrious a name, and smitten with the literary enthusiasm of youth, he enclosed some verses of his own composition to Dr. Johnson, and, in a modest appeal, solicited the opinion of the great critic as to their merits. Having waited for some time, without receiving any acknowledgment of his communication, he proceeded to Bolt-court, and laid his hand upon the knocker, with the same feelings of shyness and hesitation which had influenced his youthful contemporary, Mr. Rogers. His feelings may be readily imagined, when, on making the necessary inquiries of the servant who opened the door, he found that only a few hours before, the great lexicographer had breathed his last.

Near the close of Dr. Johnson's life, also, two young ladies, who were warm admirers of his works, but had never seen himself, went to Bolt-court, and, asking if he were at home, were shown up stairs, where he was writing. He laid down his pen on their entrance; and as they stood before him, one of the females repeated a speech, of some length, previously prepared for the occasion. It was an enthusiastic effusion, and when the speaker had finished, she panted for her idol's reply. What was her mortification, when all he said was, "Fiddle-de-dee, my dear!"

The house in Bolt-court, in which Johnson breathed his last, unfortunately no longer exists. — *"London and its Celebrities."*

#### VALENTINE DUVAL; OR, THE EMPEROR'S LIBRARIAN.

VALENTINE DUVAL, who died at Vienna, A.D. 1772, the librarian of the emperor Francis I., one of the most learned men of his age, is one of those examples of the triumph of perseverance over difficulties, whose biography possesses an almost romantic interest. He was born in a small village of France; the son of

a poor labourer, whose death left his wife and young children without any means of support.

At the same time both war and famine desolated France, and the widow was glad to get her eldest boy, Valentine, at the age of ten years, hired to a neighbour, to take care of his turkeys. What made Valentine Duval lose his first situation, is not, perhaps, very well known; but as some reason is generally assigned for the juvenile actions of those persons whose after-lives have become famous, it has been said that the boy's natural love of inquiring into cause and effect led to his dismissal from his humble employ.

He had heard, they say, that the sight of scarlet colour produced a singular agitation in the fowl he guarded; and, to verify the generally-received opinion, he fastened a scarlet cloth around the neck of the turkey-cock; and the result of this first philosophical research led to his being dismissed from his charge, by the uproar it excited.

The severe winter of 1709 had then set in; misery prevailed through the country. Valentine vainly offered his services in his native place; he could no longer be maintained at home, and so, as he himself afterwards recorded, recommending himself to the providence of God, he set forth, like many another young voyager over the waves of this troublesome world, to seek for the means of living elsewhere. After much travel, suffering, and disappointment, he was seized with illness, and approached the door of a small farm-house, feeling unable to walk further. He knocked, and implored the people to put him somewhere to lie down out of the cold. The poor wanderer was at once led to the stable, where he threw himself down on some straw, among sheep. The next morning the farmer came to see him, and found he was covered with small-pox. Though this man was poor himself, he was not devoid of compassion: instead of flying from infection, or turning the sufferer away, he made him a bed of hay between two dung-heaps, stripped off his clothes, covered him with the hay, and then recommended him to the mercy of God, believing the poor unfortunate must die.

Valentine Duval, however, did not die, and ascribed his recovery chiefly to the breath of the sheep around him. On regaining health, he set out on his travels once more, and succeeded at last in obtaining employment as a shepherd's



boy, on the plains of Lorraine. Adjoining his new place of employment were some hermits, who taught him to read. His curious mode of life he thus describes:

"I commenced a new career; I learned to write. One of our old hermits traced for me the elements of that ingenious art; but with a decrepid and trembling hand. . . . In order not to give him the trouble of setting me such copies as he could set for me, I thought I would teach myself to write. The way I did so was this: I took a pane of glass out of my window, and placing it on a line of writing, I traced outside the glass the characters I saw through it. By application to this exercise, I soon learned to write badly with a great facility.

"I found an abridgment of arithmetic, which soon opened to me an endless source of amusement and pleasure. In the woods (while watching the cows), I chose the most retired place for study, and often I chanced to meditate there the greater part of a fine summer night.

"One evening, I was amusing myself by considering the cluster of lights spread over the immensity of the heavens; and while doing so, I recollected that the almanacks announced that on certain days the sun entered into signs which were distinguished by the names of animals, as the ram, the bull, etc. I took it into my head that I should like to know what these signs were; and presuming that there must be an assemblage of stars which bore the figures of such animals, I resolved to make them the object of my observations.

"In order to do so, I selected the tallest oak of the forest for my observatory. Every night I repaired thither, and, seated on a long projecting bough, I sought to discover in the firmament the form of a man or a bull. The wonders which optics here effected were then unknown to me; my eyes were the only telescope I knew of. After having fatigued them a long time in vain, I was ready to give up my hope of discovering, when accident supplied me with more correct ideas, and reanimated me to perseverance."

The accident to which he alludes was the finding a map of the stars, which gave him more accurate ideas of their position.

"I was still," he continues, "ignorant of the elevation of the polar star. In the hope of discovering this, I fixed on a

star which seemed of the third size, then with a gimlet I bored a hole through the branch of a tree opposite to that star; for I said to myself, as a disciple of Ptolemy might have done, 'Either that star moves or does not move; if it is a fixed star, as my point of observation is fixed also, I shall constantly see it through this hole in the tree: if it is moveable, I shall cease to see it, and then I must try another.'

"This, in fact, I had to do again and again, with no other result than that of breaking my gimlet. That accident made me think of another expedient. I got a fine bulrush, and splitting it lengthways, took out the pulp, and then tied it up again with a string. I mounted with this to my observatory in the oak, and sitting astride on the old bough, applied my eye to the tube, and turned the bulrush to whatever star I wished to observe.

"Thus at last, by means of this nocturnal telescope, I became acquainted with the polar star. It was easy for me then to find out the situations of the principal constellations, by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, following the projection of my celestial map."

There are few incidents in the lives of self-taught men more interesting than this simple narrative. How singular a spectacle must have been the young Duval, with his telescope of bulrush!

The perusal of a work on geography only excited still further the desire of the shepherd-boy for knowledge. He had no books, nor money to buy them; but his ardour and ingenuity provided him with the former. He hunted and caught wild animals in the forest, and sold their skins or flesh in the neighbouring town; he spread snares for birds, foxes, hares, squirrels—all he could get or turn to account, and soon realized between thirty and forty crowns. He travelled on foot more than fifteen miles, to the town of Nancy; bought Pliny's "Natural History," Livy's "Roman History," and a curious selection of other works for a shepherd youth to purchase, together with some good maps. His purchases exceeded his cash; but the bookseller insisted on his taking all he had chosen. Valentine naturally wished to know why the man, to whom he was a stranger, would thus trust to him.

"I confide in your physiognomy," said this person in reply, "and in your desire for instruction. I am sure you will not deceive me." He did not do so.

"From that time," continues Duval, "my little cell at the hermitage became an abridged world. The walls were hung round with maps of its kingdoms and provinces; and as it was so small, I fastened my celestial map over the roof of my bed, so that I could not open my eyes without beholding a cloud of stars which had no light but for the mind."

Having accidentally found a gold seal, belonging to an English gentleman, he had the integrity to restore it to its owner, who, pleased with his honesty and intelligence, made him a present of books. A still more happy event was, however, at hand.

In a wood which he had made his only study, Valentine was one day sitting beneath a tree, surrounded by books, and intently tracing a route on the map. He had been told, that in America facilities for studying at a university would be afforded to him. He was tracing the route from France to America, thinking how he could pursue it. A stranger, who had been regarding him unperceived, drew near, and inquired what he was about.

"I am tracing the route to America," replied the youth, with unconcern.

"Why do you want to know it?" the stranger asked.

"I want to get there, if I can, to pursue my studies at a university."

"Indeed!" cried the stranger. "Surely there are colleges in Lorraine which might answer you as well."

"But how am I to go to them, when I am poor, and have no friends?"

"Why, as your fondness for study seems to deserve it, I shall be happy to assist you in entering one."

At that moment some gentlemen and servants, who were of the stranger's party, came through the wood, and saluted him with the title of highness. The shepherd youth found it was the sovereign duke of Lorraine who had just undertaken to be his patron. The duke fulfilled his promise. Valentine Duval entered a college at his charge; and when his studies there were ended, he made the young man his librarian, and had him afterwards appointed professor of history at the academy of Luneville, the town where the young shepherd had gone to the fair when he bought his first maps.

From that post of honour Duval passed into the service of the then emperor of Germany, Francis I., where his genius

found a suitable field for its exercise. Before entering upon this post he revisited his native place, and as a memorial, we trust, of his gratitude to God for his gracious dispensations towards him, built a school-house for the benefit of poor children. He died, as we stated, in 1772. His biography, to repeat our opening remark, has almost a romantic interest; and illustrates, in a singular manner, the beneficial results which spring from perseverance. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; but without detracting from that praiseworthy feature, we may only observe, that perseverance is never so appropriately exercised as when, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it directs its possessor to the acquisition of that knowledge which is Divine, and the attainment of those joys which are celestial in their nature and endless in their duration. B.

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#### THE PRESENT MOMENT.

How important and solemn are many of the considerations connected with the present moment of time.

This moment, I who read these words am either a regenerated soul, pardoned and saved by grace, or an unrenowned sinner, exposed to the wrath of God—a son of the Lord most high, or a willing servant of Satan—an heir of heaven and eternal glory, or a traveller in the broad road to hopeless perdition.

This moment, whatever be my character, I am in the presence and under the immediate notice of a holy God, whose all-searching eye reads my inmost thoughts.

This moment, the power of that God, prompted by his mercy, upholds me in conscious existence, protects and preserves me from death; while some one or more of my fellow-beings is compelled to obey the summons of the "king of terrors," and hasten to be numbered with the dead.

This moment a record is made in that book out of which I am to be judged—a record of my present act—a record of what I am intending to do the next moment, and at some future hour—a record of the motives which now actuate me, and prompt me to the performance of these contemplated acts.

The passing moment is just now going into eternity, to witness in a case soon to

be tried—a case upon the decision of which my eternal happiness or misery depends.

The present moment shortens the period allotted me for preparation to stand before the “great white throne” of God and the Lamb, and brings me so much nearer my eternal home; for

“Every beating pulse I tell  
Leaves but the number less.”

This moment I am liable to be summoned before the judgment-seat of the Searcher of hearts, to give an exact account of my past life and present character; for,

“Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push me to the tomb.”

This moment, if I am still an impenitent sinner, I am growing more hardened in sin and rebellion against God, and my future prospects are becoming more deeply and fearfully enshrouded in gloom.

This moment, if an unconverted soul, I am turning my back upon the bleeding, dying Saviour of sinners, and deafening my ear to all the touching accents and affectionate invitations of mercy, uttered by the spotless Lamb of Calvary!

This moment, doubtless, some soul is, by neglect or sinful act, dropping the last drop into its cup of iniquity, previous to its being given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind for ever; and I know not, if I am still unreconciled to God, but that even now I may be passing that critical point.

This moment, O my soul, awake to action in reference to thine eternal interests; for upon the decisions of this moment thy future and unalterable destiny may depend! Flee then to the Saviour; cry to him, if you have never yet done so; ask fervently for his Spirit; and from the present moment resolve, in the Divine strength, to submit to his light and easy yoke!—*The Advocate.*

#### THE YOUNG SAMARITAN.

AN INCIDENT OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

TOWARDS the close of the afternoon of a brilliant and more than usually warm day in August, 1572, two ladies, of the middle rank, were returning from witnessing one of the gorgeous pageants which had been given in Paris, in honour of the recent nuptials of the king of Navarre. Of these ladies, one, a few

years younger than the other, was an English maiden, of the name of Cicely Howard. At the time of our narrative, she happened to be on a temporary visit to the French capital, and resided with her companion, madame Lecroix, a distant relative of her father. This lady was a Parisian both by birth and tastes; although nominally a Huguenot, she cared little for the distinctive peculiarities of Protestantism, visiting the mass-house fully as often as the chapel. Our young countrywoman, who had been trained in habits of deep piety, was returning, wearied of the glittering spectacle she had witnessed, and listening, with little interest, to her volatile companion, who was loud in admiration of the splendour of the scene. Madame Lecroix was in the midst of a long description of some elegant velvet mantle, which she had noticed in the procession; when as they entered a street comparatively deserted by passengers, a low groan, as of one in pain, caught the quick ear of the young Englishwoman.

“Hush, dear madame!” she exclaimed; “did you not hear that sound? Some one near us must be ill, or in distress.”

“We have no time to stop, you know,” rejoined her companion, as Cicely paused—“and perhaps it was only your own fancy, after all.—Well, as I was saying, it was such a jewel of a mantle.”

“Nay, there again,” said Cicely, “is the same sound;” and she looked anxiously round to discover whence it proceeded. “Oh! I see,” she continued; “it must be that poor soldier, leaning against the gateway over there: he is ill. No one is near him; shall we not ask him the cause of his distress?”

“Surely not, Cicely,” exclaimed madame Lecroix, by no means pleased at the interruption; “it would be highly indecorous for me to do so, whatever may be your customs in England.”

“With your permission, then, I will go alone,” rejoined the young Englishwoman; and, springing with a light step across the street, she found the soldier, pale and exhausted, and scarce able to stand.

“You appear to be very ill?” she timidly inquired. “Can I do anything to relieve you?”

“Oh yes!” said the soldier, “I am ill indeed. Some water, kind lady—some water, to save my life! I have not long recovered from a lingering fever, and

have mounted guard, I fear, too soon; but I dare not quit my post."

To knock at an adjoining door, to solicit a draught of water from the female who opened it, and to bear it to the poor invalid, was with Cicely Howard the work of a few minutes. Joyfully the soldier drained the cup, and was evidently revived by its contents.

"The blessing of the holy virgin and St. Bartholomew be with you, kind maiden," gratefully exclaimed the soldier, as he still retained the vessel in his hands.

"I covet no blessing but God's," said Cicely, who had been early trained to abhor any approaches to Romish superstition; "but it is time I should rejoin my companion. Let me restore, I pray you, the cup to its owner."

"You are English and a Huguenot, I perceive, madame," said the soldier, with a peculiar look, which startled Cicely. "May I ask where you reside? I beseech you, deny me not an answer," he continued, observing Cicely's natural hesitation; "it is no impertinent curiosity which makes me ask it. I cannot return the cup until you have told me."

Anxious to overtake madame Lecroix, and embarrassed at her situation, Cicely hesitated a moment longer, and then hastily named the street where she resided, and the number of her house. "Do not, I beseech you, on the honour of a soldier," she added (half ashamed of what, in the confusion of the moment, she had done), "do not distress me by any further notice; you have rendered abundant thanks already for my small kindness; and my companion has been even now too long detained by me."

Cicely hastened on in the direction which her friend had taken. On rejoining her, she found madame Lecroix highly scandalized at the impropriety which, as she considered, her companion had committed.

"Impracticable girl!" she exclaimed; "how could you venture to notice any one, so far your inferior, in the street?"

"Since you ask me, dear madame, I must tell you the truth," rejoined Cicely. "It was because our Lord gave to his disciples the parable of the Good Samaritan, and bade them do likewise; and even the small gift of a cup of water in his name is not despised."

"I wish you were in England again, with all my heart, mademoiselle," impatiently replied madame Lecroix. "I have no idea of being troubled with your

religion during the week; your bigotry on Sunday is amply sufficient. Besides, you have betrayed yourself and ruined us all, by refusing the blessing of the virgin and acknowledging yourself a Huguenot. We shall be denounced before the week is out. It was not without some bad object that the rude fellow asked your address."

"Surely," said Cicely, "you have not forgotten what you told me yourself a few days ago, that all was well with the Protestant cause since admiral Coligni had come to Paris."

"It is true I said so; but I did not know then that the queen had only lately declared that there should be but one religion in France. You know nothing, child, of our many causes for doubt and mistrust. Take care that you go no more abroad while you remain in Paris. Your Protestant wilfulness is intolerable."

Cicely, seeing the inutility of any further remonstrances, mutely signified her acquiescence; and, in the depth of her heart, thanked God for a faith which taught her to fulfil duty, undisturbed by fear of consequences. On reaching home, she was pleased to find a communication from her father, intimating his wish that she should now return from Paris; and requesting her to proceed to England by way of Calais, at which town she would find arrangements made, by a friend whom he named, for conveying her safely to Dover. Cicely with joy received this intimation; and as she retired to rest in her chamber, earnestly did she mingle with prayers for the Divine protection, thanksgiving at the prospect of so soon rejoining her dearest earthly friend. Never were prayers for protection, it will be found, more needed.

The hour of midnight was passed; the festivities of the day had some time closed, and the many visitors of distinction, who filled the Louvre and every hôtel in Paris, had retired. The city slept, apparently, in perfect tranquillity. Yet there were uneasy spirits, vainly seeking repose, and of these two or three stood in anxious suspense at an open window of the palace. Charles ix. of France, his brother of Anjou, and the fascinating Catherine de Medicis were alone together. The king sometimes paced the room, his brow clouded, his lips compressed, his whole form quivering with excitement, while Catherine watched every movement with intense anxiety. Suddenly he turned to the window and

listened, but all was still as death. "There is yet time," he said, in a hollow voice; "ho! some one to bear a message to the duke of Guise, instantly!" And he was hastening to the door. But his mother sprang to intercept him. She took his hand, and led him back to the window. "My son," she said, "at this moment pity would be absurd; clemency would be weakness. Extreme measures are grievous, but wise when needful. Be manly and composed. Hark!"

They listened until pulsation seemed to pause, and their limbs to become rigid, when suddenly a pistol-shot broke the stillness of the night. The mother and her sons started with horror, and ere sense or judgment returned to their control, the tocsin of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolled its terrific signal, and forth rushed the citizen assassins to the massacre of their slumbering brethren.

The king, wrought to frenzy, called for some one to save Coligni.

"It is too late," said Catherine; "his was the first head to fall!"

"Then no Huguenot shall live to accuse me of the murder," cried the furious king; and ere the scene of slaughter closed, his own hand had fired upon his flying subjects, and the horrors of that fearful night stamped their visions on his brain for ever!

But guilty heads were not the only ones that could not rest that night in Paris. Cicely had been disturbed by unusual restlessness, and, after many efforts at composure, arose and opened the casement, to breathe the refreshing air of the summer night. Her mind passed beyond the starry sky to Him whose glory "the heavens declare, and the firmament showeth his handywork;" and she was absorbed in meditation upon his greatness and his love, when the same bell that had startled the palace, struck upon her ear. At a loss to know whether or not it were intended as an alarm, she hastily threw on her dress, and returned to the casement to look out and listen. For some time she heard only a distant sound of confused noises, which could scarcely be defined; but after a time, rushing footsteps seemed to gather in the streets, and soon, amidst shrieks and shouts and pistol-shot, she heard the ill-omened cry, "Down with the Huguenots! Down with the Huguenots!" Cicely closed the window in dismay, and falling on her knees, besought aid and protection from Him who

is "a very present, help in time of trouble." The noise and confusion in the street meanwhile increased, and a loud battering was commenced at the door.

"Down with the Huguenots! the Huguenots!" shouted the crowd without, as the door yielded to the strength of the assailants; and several armed men, with white badges on their hats, rushed in. "Where are the Huguenots?" they cried.

"I am a Huguenot," said Cicely, calmly,— "the others in the house all attend mass." And, overcome by the dreadful but heroic effort, she sank at the feet of the advancing murderer; but the uplifted sword was dashed aside by another. "Hold!" said he, "this is my victim!" and looking on the pale face of the English girl, he threw his cloak around her, and bore her away from the scene of blood and death.

"Fear not, lady," he whispered, as he hurried through the streets. "Remember the cup of cold water! Jean Arnaud will repay that generous deed."

Cicely would have implored him to save her friends; but he bade her be silent, lest they should be interrupted, and both perish together.

On they went, the soldier leading her, half unconscious, through scenes and sounds of indescribable horror, until he reached a small, mean dwelling, in a humble street, where a respectable female admitted them.

"Mother," said Arnaud, "I have saved her; protect her as you would your own Annette."

"Bless thee, my child," said the woman, kindly; "I thank the virgin Mary for favouring thy design. But away now, Arnaud, or you may be suspected of disloyalty. Back to thy duty, my son!"

"It is fearful work, mother; I will take no more part in such a scene."

"Ah! if they would but be converted, there would be no need to kill them; but they are ignorant and bigoted," simply replied the woman.

"But you will guard this lady, though a Huguenot, mother? She is not a subject of France, and should not suffer with the rebels."

"No, truly; I shall guard her for her kind deed to thee, be she who she may; so away to thy post, my son."

"Now lady," said madame Arnaud, as her son retired, "this will secure your safety, even without my aid;" and she

attempted to throw a rosary round the neck of Cicely.

But the Protestant maiden shrunk from its touch; it was now, to her mind, a more terrific and odious symbol than ever.

"I cannot, madame. Pardon me; I am not a Protestant in name only. I cannot seem what I am not, even to save my life."

Madame Arnaud thought she was too weak and ill to be urged further, and tenderly watched her through many days of sickness and suffering consequent upon the distress and terror she had undergone.

Arnaud either could not or would not bring any tidings of madame Lecroix; and Cicely could not venture to seek her former residence, in the present excited state of the city. By his kind exertions a respectable escort was obtained to Calais, whence she took ship for England, and soon despatched many a token of English gratitude to her generous preserver and his aged mother. It was only some months after reaching England, that she learned that madame Lecroix had perished. Her halting between truth and error had proved her ruin.

"Father," said Cicely, as she clasped him affectionately to her heart, "it was through the knowledge and love of our God that my life was saved. Had I never known Him who spoke that beautiful parable; had he not made me love to do his bidding, I had never stayed to give the cup of water—I had perished on that awful night!" P.

#### THE SALAMANDER.

THE true history of this reptile, which belongs to the order *amphibia*, is as follows:—It has four limbs, a long smooth tail, with a thick head, large eyes, and a wide mouth; its colour is black, variegated with large yellow marks; the sides present many warty excrescences, and the skin is sprinkled over with small glands: there are teeth in the palate; the toes are free. It is a native of the central and southern portions of Europe, and commences its existence (the young being produced alive, and deposited in marshes) as an aquatic tadpole; then it undergoes a metamorphosis, analogous to that of the tadpole, of the frog, or newt; and this being perfected, it leaves the water, and takes up its residence in damp, cool situations, being frequently found

under decaying logs of timber, in the crevices of mouldering walls, and similar places of concealment. As it increases in growth, it from time to time sheds the cuticle, which is moulted in flakes. Insects, small worms, etc., constitute its food. From its numerous cutaneous pores oozes a glutinous milky fluid, of a very acrid nature, and which, though not capable of seriously injuring large animals, is yet fatal to some of the smaller animals. It would appear that this fluid is secreted in large quantities when the reptile is alarmed or irritated, and is even ejected to some distance. Laurenti proved that this secretion is rapidly fatal to small lizards, at least when injected into their mouth. On one occasion he tried to make two gray lizards bite a salamander, which being teased and irritated, threw some of this fluid into their mouths; one of the lizards immediately expired, the other fell into convulsions, and was dead in two minutes. On another occasion he introduced a portion of this into the mouth of a lizard, which became convulsed, and soon expired. That this acrid secretion is intended as a means of defence against the attacks of its natural foes, such as snakes, etc., is not to be doubted; and although it might not kill a dog, we may readily imagine that the dog's mouth would long burn with anguish, the tongue become swollen, and the jaws drip with frothy saliva. We have seen a dog thus distressed after seizing a toad. The winter is passed in a state of torpor, in some hole or convenient recess.

The unpleasant appearance, the recluse habits, and above all, the extremely acrid secretion which exudes from the skin of the salamander, led the ancients (prone to superstition, and but little addicted to a calm philosophic investigation of animal nature) to attribute properties to it but little less terrible in their effects than those of the basilisk. Its bite was accounted deadly; and not only so, but to anything touched by its saliva, a poisonous quality was imparted; herbs over which it crept became imbued with baneful properties; nay, even the fruits of trees, over the branches of which it crawled, received the malignant influence of its saliva: if applied to the hair of the head, it acted as a depilatory, causing baldness. In short the reptile was regarded with horror, and classed among those ingredients of destruction which the wizard or poisoner used for effecting

the death of his victims. But the romance of the salamander does not end here;—destructive to all living things, it was itself indestructible, so far as the agency of fire is concerned, not only existing tranquilly in the midst of burning embers, but rapidly extinguishing the glowing faggots: furthermore, regarding fire as if the blazing fuel were a natural foe, it boldly advanced to put the trial of its own powers and that of the fire to the test, ever coming off victorious. Here let it be remembered, that the cutaneous secretion of the salamander is poured forth, under excitement, very copiously, and that the ancients burned on their hearths logs of wood and bundles of faggots, which may be ignited in some parts, but not so in others. We may conceive that an animal of this kind, brought in among the bundles of wood, might, in its extremity, and pouring forth its fluid secretion, dart through the fire without suffering much injury, or even endure for a considerable time the heat of the non-ignited mass of the heaped-up combustibles; and at length spring forth, to the astonishment and terror of beholders.

However this may be, the belief may be said to have generally prevailed. Aristotle notices the exemption of this reptile from the consuming agency of fire rather as a report than as verified by any experiment; but he appears to receive it as a fact, and adduces it as a proof, that there are some creatures over which flame has no power. Ælian, Dioscorides, Pliny, and others, gave strong testimony to this most extraordinary quality, as possessed by the reptile in question. To these writers Galen (born A.D. 131) must, in this point, be regarded as forming an exception; and so, in later times, was Pierre André Mathiote (born 1500). See his "Commentaries on Dioscorides." The general belief, however, was as we have stated, and so continued until zoology began to become elevated into a true science. Even then it lingered amongst the uninformed, and M. Ponthonier, the French consul at Rhodes, related to Sonnini a strange story of a salamander seen, to the consternation of his servants, in his kitchen fire; and which, not without some trouble, he caught, and preserved in spirits of wine. But Ponthonier, who showed his prodigy to Sonnini, did not notice what the naturalist immediately detected; namely, that the limbs and

portions of the body were half roasted. Ponthonier's story was published, and, but for Sonnini, might have confirmed the credulous in the old belief.

We may here add, that the heart of this animal was worn as an amulet, being regarded as efficacious in preserving the wearer against fire. In the middle ages it was ridiculously supposed by the alchemists to have the power of transmuting quicksilver into gold. Horrible were the tortures to which, from this idea, these poor reptiles were subjected; for although the process was considered as involving the operator in great danger, avarice rendered him resolute. The wretched reptiles were confined in a vessel placed over a glowing fire, and, by means of an iron tube, the quicksilver was poured upon them, and thus they were consumed; but (as we need not say) without the realization of the hopes of the experimentalist. In those times of darkness, as far as natural history is concerned, the mineral substance *asbestos* was denominated "salamander's wool," either from its incombustibility, or because it was really supposed to be some preparation of that animal; for they could not be so ignorant as to think it a wool-bearer. Cloth of salamander's skin was shown to Marco Polo; but the traveller at once perceived that this fire-proof fabric was of mineral origin.

We might here enter far more at length into the fabulous history of the *salamandra maculata*; but we have said enough to open to the reflective mind a sufficient glimpse of the ignorance and superstition of past ages. It may be deemed strange that learned men, whose works, transmitted to us, attest exaltation of intellect and depth of reflection, should have fallen into such a mist of superstition; and this the more especially, as the great men of antiquity disbelieved in the imaginary gods which were revered by the lower classes, and chuckled over a system intended to awe the multitude. But so it was: the visible works of the Lord were not rightly studied, nor his laws correctly investigated. M.

#### ANECDOTES OF PETER THE CRUEL.

PETER the Cruel, or Peter the Just, as he is variously termed by different writers, occupied the throne of Castile and Leon, in Spain, towards the latter part of the

fourteenth century. It is related of him, that one night, as he was passing, alone and disguised, through a back street of Seville, he quarrelled with a stranger, upon some frivolous pretext. Swords were drawn, and the king killed his adversary. At the approach of the officers of justice, he took flight, and regained the palace, imagining that he had not been recognised. An inquest was held. The only witness of the duel was an old woman, who, by the light of a lamp, had confusedly beheld the tragical scene. According to her deposition, the two caballeros had concealed their faces under their cloaks, as was the custom with the gallants of Andalusia; but the knees of one of them, the conqueror, in walking, cracked. Now every one at Seville knew that this cracking of the knees was peculiar to the king, and the consequence of some malformation, which did not, however, prevent him from being active and expert in all bodily exercises.

Somewhat embarrassed by the discovery, the alguazils could not determine whether they should punish the old woman, or, which would be still better, purchase her silence. The king, however, ordered a sum of money to be given her, and avowed himself to be the guilty person. It now remained to punish the person, which was a difficult matter. The law was explicit in such a case: the murderer ought to be beheaded, and his body exposed on the place where the crime had been committed. Don Pedro ordered that his own head, wearing a crown, should be modelled in stone, and the bust placed in a niche in the middle of the street which had been the scene of the combat. This bust was restored in the seventeenth century, and is still to be seen in the Calle del Candilego, in Seville.

This ingenious mode of escaping out of a dilemma, although conformable to the customs of the middle ages, proved rather the king's fertility of invention than his impartiality. The following anecdote will give a more favourable idea of his justice. A priest, provided with a rich benefice, had deeply injured a shoemaker. On being brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal (the only one to which he was amenable), the priest was for his crime suspended for some months from the exercise of his sacerdotal functions. The artisan, dissatisfied with the sentence, determined to punish the offence himself; and, laying in wait for his adversary, inflicted on him a severe corporal chastise-

ment. He was immediately arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. He appealed to the king. The gross partiality of the ecclesiastical judges had produced much scandal. Don Pedro parodied their sentence by condemning the shoemaker to abstain from making shoes for a year.—*Life of Peter the Cruel.*

#### THE GERMAN FISHERMEN'S SABBATH.

At home or abroad, a Christian should be very careful to keep holy the sabbath day. In travelling, especially, amidst scenes of constant change and excitement, we require a day of rest; and God requires it of us. Much harm has not only been done, but much good undone, by the bad example which some of our countrymen have set in this respect. If care is taken, arrangements may easily be made to pass the sabbath in peace and quietness; and even if we are not able to attend any place of worship, we can at least commune with our hearts in our own chambers, and be still.

It was on one of these quiet Sundays, snatched as it were from the bustle and excitement of a brief tour in Northern Germany, that the scene we are about to describe took place.

Late one Saturday evening, a party arrived from Putbus, and took up their residence at the little village of Altenkirchen, where they resolved to spend the sabbath. They were very merry, talking of that pleasant watering-place, with its beautiful bay—almost as beautiful as the celebrated Bay of Naples, only in miniature. As the evening advanced, they began to speak of graver things, and to inquire whether there was any place of worship which they might attend on the morrow. One of the party suddenly remembered that it was the season of the herring fishery, and bade them leave everything to him.

It was a bright, sunny morning; our party stood upon the sea-shore, listening to the murmuring, or rather to the rippling of the waves, for the sea was very calm.

"There is no church here," said one.

"Wait," replied another; "we are too early. It depends upon the tide." They sat down upon a block of wood, and relapsed into silence. Presently numberless dark specks began to emerge from



the distant horizon. As they drew nearer, it was seen that they were fishing-boats. Most of the sails were white, and as the sunlight fell upon them they resembled a flock of sea-birds. On they came, one after another, but very quietly, and drew up on the shore, side by side. They were filled with fishermen from the neighbouring islands. A few straggling boats were still visible in the distance, when a tall, gray-haired man appeared upon the shore. The murmuring of many voices was hushed; and after a few moments spent in silent prayer, he gave out a hymn, which, caught up as it was, and echoed from shore to shore, had a very striking and solemn effect. The laggard boats glided swiftly and silently in, and by the time the singing had ended, a universal silence reigned around, broken only by the pleasant music of the waves.

The clear tones of the minister were distinctly audible throughout that vast congregation, as he preached to them Jesus, the way, the truth, and the life. Some, perhaps, heard of the Saviour for the first time; for they were, for the most part, rude, unlettered men. Tears might be seen upon many a rough, weather-stained countenance. There is something solemn in the tears of a strong man. One or two wept audibly. A few smiled, as though listening to glad tidings not altogether unfamiliar to them. All were deeply attentive. The discourse was simple and appropriate, but at the same time earnest and awakening. The minister felt that he was preaching to those whose lives were more than usually precarious and uncertain. He mentioned a little fleet of fishing-boats which he had seen go out one calm, moonlight evening, during the last season of the herring fishery; but which never came back again. A sudden storm arose, and all perished! Those who had not yet come to Christ, who wilfully rejected him in the hardness of their hearts, or put it off, perhaps, to a more convenient season, saying within themselves, "It will be time enough to think of these things when the herring fishery is over; we are too busy now"—perished everlastingly! But such as believed, and loved, and put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, had but exchanged sorrow for rejoicing, toil for rest, and earth for heaven!

"I visited one poor woman," continued the minister, "whose husband was lost at the melancholy period to which I have alluded. He was a bad husband, and a

bad father; but she had forgotten that now that he was gone, and spoke of him with affectionate tenderness. 'Poor man!' said she, 'no wonder that he was put out sometimes. He had a hard life of it, working from morning till night; but he is at peace now—that is my only consolation.' My friends, this poor widow's consolation was a false one! 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' There is no peace out of Christ!"

Much more was said to the same purpose; and then, another hymn having been given out and sung, and the blessing pronounced, the little fleet of fishing-boats began quietly to disperse. Some of the men continued to sing as they glided over the rippling waves, and the solemn notes of that old hymn-tune were slow to die away.

Perceiving that they were strangers, the venerable minister approached our little party, and entered into conversation with them. He told them that the scene with which they appeared to have been so much interested, might be witnessed for eight successive Sundays, at the period of the herring fishery. This was the fourth time he had preached during the present season. He had great reason to hope that, under the blessing of God, good had been and would be done by these means. He mentioned one or two instances of an evident change both in heart and life among his congregation! There may have been more, he said, for it was his belief that we are often, for wise purposes, not permitted to know half the good, or, alas! half the evil of which we may be the unconscious instruments. "But we shall know one day," added he, "even as we are known." He was evidently fatigued with his exertions, for he was an old man, and the day was intensely hot; nevertheless, it was easy to perceive that his was a labour of love. He parted from our travellers as men part who will never, in all probability, meet again in this world; but hope to do so in another and a better.

The evening came slowly on. There was a glorious sunset, and the sea looked like a sheet of gold. The rippling waves seemed to be gliding away with the glittering fragments, and to break murmuringly on the shore in sorrow that their brightness had passed away so soon. A soft, summer twilight succeeded; and then the pale stars came out, one by one, and the lighthouse at Arkona became

distinctly visible on its chalky promontory, standing nearly a hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. The bell of a distant church rang through the still air, reminding our travellers that it was the Lord's day, and they returned to thank him for it—for the beautiful world he had made and redeemed to himself, and for the many and undeserved mercies which had followed them throughout their whole lives, even until now.

So ended our sabbath at Altenkirchen.

E. Y.

#### THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN from my window on the seashore I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, and month after month, it is seen at the same spot. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but it advances not. Why is this? Approach nearer, and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord scarcely visible enchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state,—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not,—yes, they move them;—a slight elevation by a sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement. They are remote as ever from the haven of rest; this sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret, unseen, allowed indulgence, drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. If it be so, snap it asunder; make one desperate effort in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks; and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onwards over the ocean of life, to the haven of everlasting rest.

#### HOW GOD'S WILL IS DONE IN HEAVEN.

It is done with sincerity and cheerfulness. There is no hypocrisy there; no

formal sacrifice is offered on that altar. There is no pensiveness, no depression, no gloom in that blessed society, but all that is buoyant and cheerful. In this low world true religion is an exotic; an unnatural and indigenous plant, confined and stunted in its growth, and sometimes a meagre, dwarfish, and ungainly thing; it partakes of the cold soil and cheerlessness of this low earth; never arrives at maturity, and sometimes blooms to fade. But what pencil can paint or poetry describe its beauty and fragrance, when transplanted to the skies? No longer some depressed and drooping floweret, it is like Sharon's rose, unfolding its leaves on its native bed.

It is the joy, I had almost said it is the *mirth* of heaven, to obey the statutes of its King. The perception, the reason, the judgment, the memory, are all joyfully employed in such a service. Even the imagination, that ungoverned and wandering faculty, which here on the earth is so often the sport of temptation and the plaything of the arch deceiver, there exerts its magic and hallowed influence, ever supplying the materials of some new service, some new purpose of devotedness, some new scene of still more gratified holiness and exquisite joy. Their obedience is, indeed, the obedience of thought and deliberate purpose; but it is also the obedience of love. Love is the element in which pure spirits breathe. Love is the soul of heaven,—strong and urgent,—“swift to do His will, hearkening to the voice of his word.”

In heaven the will of God is likewise *done perfectly, and for ever!* . . . The flow of holy affections is there constant and resistless, and their strength and vigour remains for ever unabated. There are no seasons of languor and declension, no apostasy and backsliding. No wandering thought, no vain desire there creeps into the soul. There is no backwardness, no unfruitfulness, no weariness, no satiety. Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands cease not day nor night from their active service or their anthems of praise. There the soul eagerly cleaves to, affectionately admires, and constantly rests on God. Its thoughts and desires are concentrated in this single object, pleased and satisfied with God as its portion, acting from him as its Author, for him as its Master, and to him as its End. Eternity rolls on; and he that is holy is holy still. Thus the will of God is done in heaven, in all

its parts, by every individual, sincerely and cheerfully, perfectly and for ever!

Reader! are *you* living in habitual expectation of and preparation for such a state? Do *you* set your affection on things above? Is *your* conversation in heaven?

#### COMMAND YOUR FEELINGS.

How many commit a species of slow suicide by fostering the depressing emotions! For it must be confessed, that a very large proportion of the sufferings that occupy human life are not so often inflicted as voluntarily entertained. The pains of memory are prolonged far beyond what serves any good purpose, and griefs are nursed that had better be forgotten. How many refuse to be comforted, or to let any consideration withdraw their minds from what they are resolved to deplore! How many pass their whole lives in fear of a thousand things which may never happen, and never do happen! The degree to which we are acted on by positively distressing events, depends more on our own wills than we are disposed to confess. We need not take refuge in stoicism or selfish indifference, to escape the other extreme. There is sometimes a luxury, and often a very becoming propriety in grief, and the gentler sex, especially, think themselves justified in seeking the relief of tears, which often means a passive yielding to emotion which never yet did anybody good. The faculty of crying can be cultivated to great perfection, and is most pernicious and enfeebling to mind and body. Whether it arise from sympathy, or from solid personal calamities, sorrow should and can be moderated. But the chronic excess which is most enervating is, perhaps, chiefly occasioned by brooding and self-pity. Nothing is further from the writer's intention than to speak unfeelingly of the numerous class whose lives are passed with very scanty measure of the outward material of happiness, and who, if they have it at all, must get it from within themselves. But the effects are the same, however excusable the habit of "giving way" may appear to be.

We have written as if it were possible, by the mere force of will, directed by good sense, to secure a great exemption from the moral causes of ill health; and nothing is more true. Both the quality

and the degree of our feelings are put very much in our power. We may allow the mind to be wholly occupied and absorbed by what pains and annoys it, or we may refuse. A taste for laudable reading, and the capacity of being interested about things rather than persons; and, better still, the desire to do good and to make others happy; or the wholesome distractions of duty, will, in this point of view, be of the greatest service to health. It is the vacant mind that falls the easiest prey. To live for a good object is to be clad in armour.

But we are not left to contend against unhappiness by mere fortitude and good sense, though nothing can be done without them. The world is full of temptations and distresses, which need the sovereign antidote of confiding love to God as a Saviour in Christ Jesus, and a resulting unconditional acquiescence in his will. Half the things which vex human existence would find the heart insensible to their natural effect, if it were fixed in the belief that God is a Father to all who truly believe in Jesus Christ; that all things are open to his eyes, and nothing can happen without his permission, seeing that the very hairs of the head are all numbered, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without him; and that for every faithful soul there is "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven," 1 Pet. i. 4. With such a belief, a man can afford to forget delights that time could never restore, to forgive injuries that could never be retrieved, and to deny all affections that did not harmonize with so great a hope. And the residue of unhappiness which might remain after all other sources had been dried up, from the pressure of care, bereavements, loss of substance, and all the difficulties and trials of life whatsoever, would assume an altered and bearable aspect from the different interpretation that would be put upon them, as opportunities of proving the loyalty and sincerity of his faith. This would be the true philosopher's stone, that would turn everything into gold; and this is really what is offered by the revelation which has been made to suffering humanity, as exhibited in the words of Scripture: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16; "Therefore being justified by

faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Rom. v. 1; and, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name," John i. 12; "If children, then heirs;" "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" and, "All things work together for good to them that love God," Rom. viii. 17, 32, 28; "Be careful for nothing," Phil. iv. 6; "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you," 1 Pet. v. 7. —*"Good Health," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### JOHN BROWN, THE COMMENTATOR.

THE father of John Brown, of Whiteburn, was the celebrated professor John Brown, author of the "Self-interpreting Bible," the "Exposition of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism," and other works, and teacher of theology in the United Secession Church. He was an extraordinary man. When a poor shepherd-boy, he conceived the idea of learning Latin and Greek; and having procured a few old books, actually accomplished the task while tending his cattle on the hills. So successful was he, that some of the old and superstitious people in the neighbourhood concluded that he must have been assisted by "the evil spirit." On one occasion he went to Edinburgh, plaided and barefoot, walked into a bookseller's shop, and asked for a Greek Testament. "What are you going to do with a Greek Testament?" said the bookseller, with a smile; "ye may have it for nothing if ye'll read it." Taking the book, he quietly read off a few verses, and gave the translation; on which he was permitted to carry off the Greek Testament in triumph. Professor Brown was eminently an holy man. He was equally distinguished for his simplicity and dignity of character. His preaching was much admired by old and judicious persons. On one occasion, when he and others were assisting a brother minister in services preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's supper, which services in Scotland usually take place on the last days of the week preceding the "sacramental sabbath," and are frequently held in the open air, a couple of gay young men had been out hunting,

and on their return home drew near to the large congregation who were listening at that moment to the preaching of an eloquent, but somewhat showy divine. After standing a few moments, the one said to the other, "Did you ever hear such preaching as that?" "No," he replied; "but he does not believe a word of what he is saying." After this preacher had closed, there stood up, in the "tent" (a temporary pulpit erected in the open air, for the accommodation of the ministers), an old, humble-looking man, who announced his text in a trembling voice, as if he were afraid to speak in God's name. He went on, and became more and more interesting, more and more impressive. The young men were awed, and listened with reverent attention to the close, when the one, turning to the other, said, "And what d'ye think of that?" "Think of it," he replied; "I don't know what to think." "Why, didn't you see how every now and then he turned round in the tent, as if Jesus Christ were behind him; and he was asking, 'Lord, what shall I say next?'" This preacher was John Brown, the secret of whose pulpit eloquence was, the inspiration of an humble and contrite heart, touched by the finger of the Almighty; an eloquence as far transcending that of the mere orator as the Divine and heavenly transcends the human and earthly. This, too, was the eloquence of the early Scottish preachers—of Knox and Rutherford, of Guthrie and Erskine, of Cameron and Boston. This fired the hearts of the people with a holy and all-conquering zeal; this shed a glory over the death of the martyrs, and diffused among their descendants the love of God. May this ever continue to be the eloquence, not only of the church in Scotland, but of the church throughout the world! — *Turnbull's "Genius of Scotland."*

#### THE SANDS OF TIME.

LIVES of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints which perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother  
Seeing, may take heart again.

—*Longfellow.*



The Simoom; or, Hot Wind of the Desert.

## THE SIMOOM; OR, HOT WIND OF THE DESERT.

THE wind in our own temperate and favourably situated country is seldom known in those extraordinary forms of action which it assumes in foreign lands. A brisk gale on our coast, inspiring uneasiness to those who have relatives or property at sea, is in general the most formidable feature of it which we have to dread. With the hurricane, the tornado, the malaria, and the sirocco, the monsoon, or typhoon, we are happily acquainted but in name. In the engraving at the head of our article is given a representation of another of these forms of elemental strife, which most of us know nothing of, save through the medium of travellers' narrations. As our readers draw their parlour curtains, and listen to the chill blasts of February out of doors, we propose turning their ima-

gination to the deserts of Arabia, and showing that wind which *here* calls into active requisition every form of wrapper, muff, or great coat, *there* is an object of dread from its hot and oppressive qualities.

"The simoom," says Dr. Kitto, in his work on "Physical Geography," from which we quote the subjoined information, "blows generally from the direction of the nearest sandy deserts; in Syria from those of Arabia, and in Egypt from those of Africa." Dr. Russell informs us, that "the true simoom never reaches so far north as Aleppo, nor is common in the desert between that city and Basrah." He was, however, careful to collect the reports of the Arabs; which he thus states:—"They assert that its progression is in separate or distinct currents, so that the caravan, which in its march in the desert sometimes spreads to a great

breadth, suffers only partially in certain places of the line, while the intermediate parts remain untouched. That sometimes those only who happen to be mounted on camels are affected, though more commonly such as are on foot; but that both never suffer alike. That lying flat on the ground till the blast passes over is the best method of avoiding the danger, but that the attack is sometimes so sudden as to leave no time for precaution. Its effects sometimes prove instantly fatal, the corpse being livid, or black, like that of a person blasted by lightning; at other times it produces putrid fevers, which prove mortal in a few hours; and that very few of those who have been struck recover. This is not all they tell. The attention of Thevenot was strongly drawn to the subject, and he made particular inquiries concerning it, at the towns on the borders of the desert, of different persons in different places. He says that they all agreed in their testimony, which is the same in substance as that which has just been adduced, with these additions (which, we know, form part of the current account among the natives.) 'No sooner does a man die by this wind than he becomes black as a coal, and if one take him by the leg, arm, or any other place, his flesh comes off from the bone, and is plucked off by the hand that would lift him up. They say that in this wind there are streaks of fire as small as a hair, which have been seen by some, and that those who breathe in those rays of fire die of them, the rest receiving no damage.'" We willingly confess that there are some points in these statements which savour of exaggeration; but we consider that, taking the whole of these reports at their lowest value, they evince at least that the simoom is sometimes productive of immediately fatal effects in the interior of the deserts. Most of the described phenomena suggest a highly electrical state of the atmosphere, and the symptoms of immediate putrefaction are such as occur in cases of death by lightning.

The mitigated effects of this wind, as experienced and reported by European travellers, may thus be described:

The Arabs, and others accustomed to the deserts, are aware of the signs which portend a coming simoom; and if they make the discovery before a day's journey is commenced, cannot be induced to depart from their station until it is overpast. Even the cattle are sensible of the

approaching evil, and manifest their uneasiness by plaintive cries, and other tokens of distress. All animated nature seems to take alarm, and to throw itself upon the defensive. The horizon gradually assumes a dull purplish or violet hue, while the sun becomes shorn of its beams, and looks red and heavy, as through a London fog. Then comes on the hot wind, laden with a subtle and burning dust, or rather fine sand, which penetrates to all things; the atmosphere becomes exceedingly hot, and the air, less even from its heat\* than from its noxious qualities and the particles with which it is laden, is breathed with difficulty; and even under the shelter of a tent, and with every possible precaution and safeguard, the effect is most distressing. It fires, burns, dries up the lungs, the mouth is parched, the skin is dry, and a feeling of universal debility prevails, while the pulse rises as in fever. Life seems attacked in its most delicate organs; and there is much reason to fear that any prolonged subjection to even this greatly mitigated form of the evil would be attended with serious consequences; and still more if no measures of protection against it were sought. Mr. Madden, who was exposed to a somewhat slight simoom in the desert of Suez, and remained in his tent while it lasted (above seven hours), describes the sensation as inexpressibly distressing; but he does not think it was the degree of heat that occasioned it, for in Upper Egypt he had suffered an equally high temperature† without any such prostration of strength and spirits. But he believes the hot wind of the desert to be connected with an electrical state of the atmosphere, which has a depressing influence on the nervous system. And this, it will be remembered, is the opinion of a medical man.

In Egypt, where, as in Palestine, this wind is much less alarming than even in the border deserts, it exchanges its name of simoom for that of kamseen (fifty), because it is felt the most frequently during fifty days about the vernal equinox.

It is not so much alleged, generally, that the naked operation of simoom is so destructive, even in the interior of the great deserts, as the immense drifts and

\* Fynes Moryson compares the inspiring of this air to the hasty swallowing of too hot broth!—a homely but expressive comparison.

† "The thermometer at two o'clock rose to 110° in the shade; and on putting the bulb in the sand, outside the tent, in a few minutes the mercury was at 130.°"

whirlwinds of sand which it raises. We have seen that there are some indications of this, that it fills the air with fine sand, even in the border deserts; and how much more then in those vast interior expanses where, even in a state of rest, the immense hills\* of sand thrown up by the winds, and left to be swept away and removed by some future storms, bear evidence to the operations of the wind upon these sandy surfaces. Immense clouds of sand are, under the operation of the wind, raised high in air, and in their ultimate fall overwhelm whatever lies below. Often the whirling eddies of the wind condense the drifting sands into more compact masses, causing them to spindle up into tall and rounded columns, which, still acted upon by the power which reared and sustains them, keep moving over the plain till they fall in a hill or wide-spread sheet of sand. Thus the surface of the desert is, to a considerable depth, in frequent motion; and thus, we are told, caravans and entire armies have been slain and buried by the concurrent effects of the hot wind, and of the immense masses of sand which it drifts so furiously along. To such a cause history attributes the loss of the army which the mad Persian conqueror, Cambyses, sent across the desert against the inhabitants of the oasis of Ammon. Happily these sand-storms, in their more terrible forms, are far from common; else no one could adventure to pass the desert. They are also less frequent and less formidable in the deserts of South-western Asia than in those of Africa, westward from Egypt, where the tracts of sand are more extensive, and seem to be more easily set in motion.

As the simoom usually moves at a certain height in the atmosphere, the common resource against its effects is, as already intimated, to lie flat on the ground till it has passed over. Man was probably taught this resource by observing that, at such times, camels and other animals bend their heads to the ground, and bury their nostrils in the sand. Shelter from the sand-storm is sought in nearly the same manner. The traveller generally lies down on the lee side of his camel; but as the sands are soon drifted around him to the level of his body, both the beast and its owner are obliged frequently to rise and change their position,

to avoid being entirely covered. If the storm is of long duration, as it often is, this constant exertion, with the effects of the hot wind, and the dread and danger of the sandy inundation, produces such weariness, sleepiness, or despair, that both men and animals remain on the ground, and a very short time suffices to bury them under the sands. It is thus chiefly that the simoom becomes extremely destructive to the life of man and beast. It is easy, in our own cool and quiet country, to sit down and doubt about these things; but the whitened bones which strew the desert bear witness to their truth. And any one who, even at a safe season of the year, has passed over such wastes, and during the halt of his caravan has lain down for rest upon the loose sand, wrapped up in his cloak, must, like the writer of this, have felt a very serious conviction of the probability of such events. The only marked objects in the sandy desolation are the huge hillocks of drifted sand; and he knows that such winds as formed them can disperse them all abroad over the face of the land; and he knows not but that, after the next storm, a mound of sand may cover the place whereon he lies.

These showers and whirlwinds of sand, or of sand and dust, or of dust only, according to the nature of the country, were certainly known to the Hebrews. Their recent experience in the desert taught them to know the full intensity of those visitations with which Moses denounced that God would scourge their disobedience:—"Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. Jehovah will give instead of rain to thy land dust; and from the heavens shall dust descend upon thee until thou be destroyed," Deut. xxviii. 23, 24.

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#### JOHN NEWTON'S MOTHER.

If it were inquired of us, whose influence upon the world's destiny has, in our opinion, already been, and will hereafter be felt as deeply, perhaps, as that of any mere human being who has ever lived; instead of naming any one who has sat upon a throne, or has counselled kings, or has fought battles, or has been eloquent or learned; that person, our answer would be, is a certain female, whose an-

\* In the Caspian steppes (of pure sand) we have seen such hills at least thirty feet high, by about the same diameter.

central name we have been able by no research to discover; but the period of whose birth happened, as we find it incidentally mentioned, on the 11th of July, 1732. And who, the reader, perhaps, is ready to ask, was this unknown but wonderful woman? We reply, "The mother of John Newton."

That the conversion of her son was owing, under God, to the prayers and instruction of Mrs. Newton, it is impossible to doubt. He was but seven years of age at the period of her death; and yet retained so strong an impression of her character, that a course of the most unrestrained abandonment to sin could not wholly efface her image from his mind. It followed him amid all the scenes of profligacy into which he plunged, and imposed upon him a restraint, from which he could at no time altogether escape, and which in the end proved the means of his recovery to a life of piety and usefulness.

It is unnecessary to pass the life of this remarkable man in minute review before us. He was more than forty years, it is well known, one of the most laborious and successful preachers of the gospel that have in modern times blessed the church. There are few men who have been instrumental in turning so many souls to God as were converted by the personal efforts of his ministry. This, however, was but one of his departments of action. He served the cause of the Redeemer with equal effect, perhaps, in other ways.

There can be no doubt that we are indebted mainly to the agency of Newton for all the important services which the celebrated Dr. Buchanan has rendered to the church and the world. It was at a time when the future author of the "Christian Researches in Asia" was in a state, not of utter indifference, indeed, yet of great looseness of views in regard to religion, and still worse indecision of conduct, that he for the first time heard the preaching of this eminent minister of Christ. It awakened his already excited mind still more deeply. He embraced the earliest opportunity of a personal interview with the preacher, and was soon after this not only established in the belief and practice of Christian principles, but preparing, by a course of academical study, to urge the obligation of these principles also upon others.

The influence which Newton exerted upon Thomas Scott, author of the "Com-

mentary," if not absolutely decisive in bringing him to embrace evangelical views of the truth, without doubt contributed greatly to that result. It is impossible, we think, to read the history of his religious inquiries, as related by himself in his "Force of Truth," without being convinced that his recovery from Socinianism was effected, humanly speaking, by the prayers, the example, and the instructions of Newton. In making this remark, we are merely assenting to the declared opinion of Scott himself. He was accustomed to speak of Newton and feel towards him as his spiritual father.<sup>1</sup>

Here, then, is another well-ascertained instance of conversion, to be placed among the fruits of the labours of that humble woman, whose influence upon the world we are considering. But think of it as the conversion of such a man! Let the reader think of him as an indefatigable minister of Christ, during the greater portion of a life extended to the term of more than sixty years, and, for a considerable part of this time, preacher to a large congregation in the metropolis of England,—as the active promoter of every feasible scheme for the advancement of the temporal and spiritual interests of men; and, be it specially noted, regarding as feasible what more timid spirits would shrink from as rashness, and even madness itself,—as the author of a commentary on the Scriptures, almost unequalled in the excellence of its practical tendency, and absolutely unequalled in the extent of its circulation,—as the author, too, of numerous published writings, always pervaded by a rich vein of good sense and sound piety, and sometimes characterized by masculine energy, and even originality of thought. Let the reader think of him, also, in his more private relations, moving in a sphere which enabled him to diffuse far and wide the influence of a most devoted life, and the head of a family, with which great numbers were at different times connected, and of which no one, his biographer informs us, could be long a member without imbibing his spirit and giving hopeful evidence of piety. Let the reader, we say, call to mind such an outline of the history of Scott, and he may then form some, though still very inadequate, idea of his serviceableness to the church and the world. All these benefits, then, are to be set down as remote consequences of



the fidelity with which the mother of Newton discharged her duty to her son.

The intimacy which existed between Newton and Cowper should not be passed over in this connexion. The religious principles of the poet were undoubtedly fixed before he made the acquaintance of his clerical friend. Still, the influence exerted upon him from this source was of the most salutary kind. It was the means of cherishing and maturing his piety, and of giving it a depth and fervour which it might not have acquired in any other way. The decidedly evangelical cast which stamps the poetry of Cowper with so precious a value in the estimation of the Christian reader, might have been, we will not say, wholly wanting, but certainly much less marked than it is, had it not been for the prayers, the letters, and the heavenly counsels of Newton. At any rate, it is well known that many of the finest religious hymns in the language, which express the feelings of the pious heart with unrivalled beauty as well as truth, and which are beyond price, as useful aids to devotion, owe their origin altogether to the connexion of which we are speaking. In short, it is not too much to say, that if the productions of Cowper have any value—if they are precious, as evincing the compatibility of eminent genius and devotion—if they may be appealed to with honest pride by the believer, as an illustration of the sentiment, that

“Piety has found

Friends in the friends of science; and true prayer  
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews,”—

if the poems of Cowper possess these and similar merits, it is not too much to assert, we think, that we are indebted for the invaluable treasure quite as much to the curate as we are to the poet of Olney. Let this fact, then, be taken into account, in estimating the extent of maternal influence in the case to which we are attending.

We will now turn to another of those streams of moral influence which, in all probability, have emanated from Newton. There is good reason for believing that the prayers of this holy man were the means of converting the late illustrious Wilberforce. It is chiefly upon the authority of a passage contained in a sermon, preached in the native place of Wilberforce, on occasion of his death, that we rest the statement that the conversion of this distinguished orator and

Christian was owing, under God, to the instrumentality of Newton.

It is the following:—“At twelve years of age, Wilberforce attended a school in the neighbourhood of London, residing with a pious uncle and aunt; the latter of whom, on some occasion, introduced him to the notice of the beloved and venerable John Newton. When, nearly fifteen years after, altered views and revived impressions led him again to seek the acquaintance of that excellent man, Mr. Newton surprised and affected him much, by telling him, that from the time of the early introduction just alluded to, he had not failed constantly to pray for him.”

This is certainly a remarkable incident. We know of nothing in the circumstances of the acquaintance which should have awakened such an interest for a child seen but a few moments, and afterwards not heard of, perhaps, for many years; and can account for the fact that such an interest was awakened, only by referring it to the special agency of the Holy Spirit; and if so, who can resist the conviction that the design in all this was to prepare the way for at length bringing into the kingdom of Christ the youth for whom such incessant prayer was offered? And then, still further, who can believe that a man of the apostolic faith of Newton would be suffered to urge a specific request at the throne of mercy, for so many years, without being heard and accepted? Even this view of the case would be satisfactory.

In view of these statements, it will not be thought unwarranted, we trust, to consider Newton as having been, in the hands of God, the chief instrument of the conversion of Wilberforce. And what event, it is almost needless to ask, has occurred for centuries, fraught with consequences of greater magnitude to the interests of mankind? When has the individual lived who has exercised a more decided influence on the destinies of the world? Who, since the days of the gifted Paul, has consecrated nobler powers to the cause of his Redeemer, and left more monuments of the energy of his talents, and the disinterestedness of his zeal? His work on “Practical Religion” alone has probably conferred greater benefits on the age than all the labours of almost any other man now living. His efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade place him, by universal consent, among the most distinguished benefactors of his

race. And how much the benevolent institutions of England owe to the charities of his princely fortune, and the appeals of his glowing eloquence, everybody knows who has been at all conversant with the religious proceedings of that country for the last fifty years.

By the perusal of Mr. Wilberforce's work on "Practical Christianity," the rev. Legh Richmond was also brought to acknowledge the truth.

We need not speak at length of the character and services of the man who was thus converted. The church can display few names of brighter lustre than the name of Richmond. It would have stood high even upon the records of the apostolic age itself. He would have endeared himself to the hearts of the pious for ever, had he done nothing more than to write "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Negro Servant," and "The Young Cottager." What multitudes, even during the brief period that they have been in circulation, have these "simple annals of the poor" made wise and rich unto eternal life! To the sum, therefore, which has been already computed, of the advantages resulting to the world from the influence of Mrs. Newton, we must add still further all the beneficial results of the lives of Wilberforce and Richmond.

It is unnecessary to extend our illustrations at greater length. Those that have been given, if not the most striking which a more extensive acquaintance with biography, and a closer insight into the connexion of events would have furnished, are still sufficient, we think, to sustain the remark, that this woman, of whom we have been speaking, has left as deep visible traces of her existence upon the face of human affairs as almost any uninspired person that has yet appeared in our world. Is it not so? Suppose, then, that all which she has done for our race were at this moment undone; suppose that every particle of the moral influence created by her having lived, and which has entered by so many forms of diffusion into the piety of the age, were at this moment annihilated, what consequences of disaster in heaven and on earth would ensue!

We would commend the consideration of this case to all parents, indeed, but especially to Christian mothers. Let them remember that it is their hand which fixes the impress of character, not only upon their own children, but in a

greater or less degree upon all whom they in their turn shall influence. What a thought! How full at once of admonition and encouragement! How does it become them, in view of it, both to tremble and rejoice!—*Abridged from the American Parlour Magazine.*

## MINERALS OF SCRIPTURE.

### MARBLE.

"Now I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God ..... marble in abundance," 1 Chron. xxix. 2.

"WHEN limestone is formed of fine white hard grains, not unlike loaf sugar in appearance, and is capable of receiving a very high polish, it is properly called marble (Heb., *Sis*)." There are a variety of colours of common marble—black, black and white, yellow, red and white, etc. In the northern portion of the island of Naxos, in the *Ægean* Sea, was a species of marble called by the Greek, *ophites*, on account of its being spotted like the skin of a serpent. The marble procured from Paros was highly esteemed by the ancients for statues, as that from Carrara, in Italy, is by the moderns. The mountain of Cupresso (*Marpesus*) abounded in white marble. Pliny says, the quarries were so deep that in the purest atmospheres they were obliged to use lamps, hence it was called *lychnites*.

Marble is found in many countries, and has been of importance in all ages. The ancient cities of Greece, Athens, Ephesus, and Corinth had their temples and sculptures of marble. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 Roman feet long, 220 broad, and supported by 127 columns of marble, 60 feet high, 27 of which were beautifully carved. But all have been swept away, except a few ruins, which tell that such magnificence once existed.

Limestone is very general in the mountains of Syria, as well as of Asia Minor. Dr. Kitto informs us, that the species of stone which is found in the great central ridges of Syria, is, for the most part, a hard limestone, disposed in strata. The hills about Jerusalem are of a hard, light-coloured limestone, like that of Lebanon; while the rock which pervades the valley of the Jordan and its lakes is of a texture much less compact, and becomes grayish and loose as one approaches the Dead

Sea. Though the formation of the caves is more generally ascribed to the action of water, or to some violent convulsion of the earth, it is by no means improbable that some of those referred to in the Scriptures were formed by the excavation of stone for building purposes. "Probably the cliff Ziz (2 Chron. xx. 16) was so called from being a marble crag; the place was afterwards called Petra." The variety of stones mentioned in the description of the pavement of "the court of the garden of the palace" of Ahasuerus must have been marble of different colours. The ancients sometimes made very beautiful pavements, wherein were set very valuable stones. Seneca and Apuleius even mention pavements of gems and precious stones. In the synagogue at Leghorn, the place of the ark is lined with variegated marble; the door veiled with a curtain of black velvet, flowered with silver, and having a motto from the Psalms. The reading-desk is also of marble; the velvet cloth, bearing the motto, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."\* The door of the Temple of Bacchus was of marble. Vessels of marble were among the luxuries of Babylon, Rev. xviii. 12; and its beauty and durability are referred to in Cant. v. 15.

Many of the eastern houses displayed unrivalled magnificence and splendour; and marble was used for the columns, walls, and pavements of the mosques. The great feast of Ahasuerus was held in the court of the garden of the king's palace, which was surrounded by marble pillars, supporting splendid curtains of various colours, hanging from silver rings by cords of fine linen. The beds, or couches, on which the guests lay at the feast, according to the eastern customs, were of gold and silver, and stood upon a pavement "of red, and blue, and white, and black, marble," Esther i. 5, 6. This pavement seems to have been of the kind of work called Mosaic, in which small pieces of marble, of many different colours, are arranged and fixed with some kind of plaster, in such a manner as to represent any intended object or figure. "From the porch, or gateway," says Perkins, "we are received into the court or quadrangle, which, lying open to the weather, is paved with marble, or such materials as will immediately carry off the water."† The court of the governor's

house at Damascus was "paved with coloured marbles, cooled by refreshing fountains, and shadowed by citron and orange-trees."\* In general, in Cairo, there is on the ground-floor an apartment in which males are received. A small part of the floor, extending from the door to the opposite side of the room, is six or seven inches lower than the rest: in a handsome house, this part is paved with white and black marble, and little pieces of red tile, inlaid in beautiful patterns.†

Marble was among the materials prepared by David for the temple; and doubtless the walls of the temple, as well as of Solomon's palace, were built of large blocks of this, highly polished. Indeed, we read that the foundations were "costly stones"—that the walls were built with costly stones, "even from the foundation to the coping;" and the Scripture says, they were "hewed stones, sawed with saws." Josephus says, that the walls of the palace were wainscoted with sawn stones, or slabs of great value, such as are dug out of the earth for the ornaments of temples, or to make fine prospects in royal palaces; and so beautiful and curious are they as to make the mines, whence they are dug, famous.‡ Stones are now found in the ruins of ancient cities, as of Baalbec and Palmyra, corresponding exactly in size to those of Solomon's palace. Marble may likewise have been used in other parts of the temple.

The height of earthly grandeur and glory to which Solomon attained has never been, and never will be, exceeded, or even equalled; yet of that, as of all other kindred objects to which he gave himself, he says, not only that they are vanity, but that they are "vanity of vanities." The temple is no more! But Jesus, our great High Priest,

— "Within no walls confined,  
Inhabiteh the humble mind;"

and all who worship him in spirit and in truth are accepted of him: so that we must look upon the temple and its gorgeous array as we look at the vestments and pageantry, the altar and sacrifices of the Jewish ritual—as shadows of good things then to come, and not to be desired or imitated under the new and better dispensation of the gospel. H. H.

\* "Narrative of Mission to the Jews.

† See Perkins's "Residence in Persia."

\* Buckingham's "Arab Tribes."

† Lane's "Modern Egyptians."

‡ Book viii., ch. 5.

## DOMESTIC HABITS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE course of his day (at Claremont) was this. He was not an early riser, it being his habit to write and to do a good deal of his business at night, and so to go to bed late. He breakfasted with his whole family, about ten or eleven. He then read his letters or the newspapers till about one, when he received visitors, of whom, both French and English, there was a pretty constant succession, and with whom he conversed upon all subjects with a fluency and propriety of diction and a copiousness of information, and, above all, with an unreserve and a frankness that surprised those who were not already intimate with him; and when the subject happened to be peculiarly important or exciting, would occasionally astonish even those who were.

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After some hours thus employed in receiving visits or in business, he took, in fine weather, a walk—frequently a long one—with the queen; and almost in all weathers a drive, with her majesty and one of her ladies, ordinarily in an equipage only remarkable for its plainness. Amongst the first remittances of property that he received from France, was one of his handsome carriages; but that was seldom used. At half-past six dinner was served—in the first days, like all the rest of his domestic establishment—with “extreme frugality;” subsequently it was like a good country gentleman’s table—plenty of plain good things, but no ostentation or profusion.

All his children and grandchildren, even the very youngest, dined at the same time and table with him. He had something particularly “fatherly” in his character, and was never so happy as when he had his children about him. It was something new to a visitor’s eye to see all these children, two or three of them almost infants, sitting at table, intermixed with the elder members of the royal family, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and a few English and many French occasional guests. The king (whether from an early imitation of English manners we know not) always carved (as he used to do at the Tuileries), and seemed to take a kind of good-humoured pride in the dexterity and attention with which he helped everybody all round the table. He himself was moderate, though not abstemious, both in eating and drinking; and immediately at the end of the

dessert all rose from table at a movement by the queen, and followed their majesties into the saloon. When there, coffee was immediately served, and afterwards a tea-table. This was the joyous hour for the children. One of the elder princes would amuse them with some new toy—a magic lantern, a lottery, or some general game—or they would riot about the room, and escalate and storm the king’s chair, as if it were a breach in a fortress. This seemed to delight the king. The queen, the princesses, and the ladies worked at a round table. The king generally sat in another part of the room, and either read the newspapers, or conversed especially with any visitor. If, amidst the vast variety of his conversation, a doubt should happen to occur on any topic, he would appeal to the excellent memory and judgment of the queen, on which he seemed to place the most entire reliance, or to such one of the princes as he thought likely to be best acquainted with the topic in hand,—to the duke de Nemours on general subjects of policy,—to the duke d’Aumale on points of antiquity, or literature, or of Africa,—to the prince de Joinville on novel or mechanical matters, or places that he had happened to see,—and so on. He seemed to take a pleasure in bringing forwards the special accomplishments of each, and they in general answered his appeals with an intelligence and accuracy that justified his paternal pride, which was evidently one of his strongest feelings.—*Quarterly Review*.



## THE LEPER IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE are few of the passages in our Lord’s ministry which present, in a more striking light, the compassionate spirit with which he laboured for the alleviation of man’s bodily and spiritual ailments than his cure of the leper, as recorded in the eighth chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel. When he descended from the mount, on which he had been delivering the longest, and perhaps the most important, of all the discourses addressed to his followers, a multitude, we are informed, followed him. Amidst the gathering throng, one form, of more than usual ghastliness, is seen approaching. His face is covered with scales, his body is wasted and decayed. As he advances, we may almost imagine that we see the crowding spectators retire, afraid of con-

tagion. The Saviour, however, does not withdraw. Even for this poor outcast there is sympathy ready to flow. Scarcely has the unhappy sufferer cast himself on the ground in supplication, and the words, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," escaped his lips, than the gracious reply goes forth,—"I will; be thou clean," and immediately health blooms on the cheek and mantles in the veins of the leper.

In England, and indeed throughout Europe, the associations connected with the above and other displays of Christ's power in cleansing leprosy, are of a vague and general character, the disease being one with which we have now no familiar acquaintance. In the pages of a French periodical, however, which lies before us, we are reminded that this was not always the case. During the middle ages, and more particularly at the time of the Crusades, this fearful disorder was imported from the east, and proved in France a fertile source of terror to the inhabitants. Selecting its victims from all classes of the population, it spared neither peer nor peasant;—monarchs themselves even fell victims to it. Establishments had to be opened for the reception of leprosy members of royal families; and one existed in Dauphiny expressly for the use of persons of noble birth. An institution of somewhat the same kind was erected at one time in London, on the site, it is believed, or nearly so, of the modern palace of St. James.

According to Matthew Paris, a chronicler of the middle ages, there existed in Europe, during the thirteenth century, nearly twenty thousand leper-houses and lazarettoes, for the reception of those who were afflicted with this dreadful disorder. In France alone, according to a statement in the will of king Louis the Young, the number of these receptacles reached at one time to two thousand. On the domains of a feudal lord at Aisne, there were ten establishments of this nature, supported by the contributions of families, each of whom had some members immured within their walls. These calculations give us an affecting picture of the desolations which this dire malady must have inflicted on many a household.

The superstition of the period added, by its gloomy ceremonies, to the terror which the approach of this dreaded disorder inspired. When an individual had been pronounced in a state of contagion, he was led to a neighbouring church,

where the service for the dead was performed over him. He was then conducted to the leper-house, to be consigned to a living tomb. Arrived at the gates of this gloomy mansion, he was stripped of the dress which he had hitherto worn and arrayed in a funeral garb. He was warned to bid farewell to the world, and exhorted to look beyond its chequered scenes, to the bliss which awaited the faithful in heaven, where no leprosy, no impurity, no tears, no pain, no separation could find access. The exhortation ended by a staff being placed in his hands, with which he was to ward off any from coming in contact with his person. The gates then received their inmate,—and another victim was consigned to a living sepulchre.

Sometimes it happened that natural affection gained the mastery over the fears of contagion, and the sweets of social life. Dreadful as was the prospect of perpetual immurement within the precincts of a lazaretto, surrounded by all that was loathsome, such a fate was occasionally preferred by a fond wife to separation from a beloved husband. An instance of this kind is recorded as having once occurred at the town of Tours. In the month of May, 1329, a young man, afflicted by the leprosy, had had the ceremonies we have referred to performed over him. The priest had recited the accustomed formulary, prohibiting him from walking about, unless attired in the leper's garment,—forbidding him to place his naked foot on the ground, to mix in the assembly of men, to enter crowded streets or churches, or to wash himself in the waters of any fountain or river. In another moment the gates of the leper-house were about to close upon an exile from the sweets of social life. At that instant, however, the wife of the leper stepped forward, and refused to leave her husband. "If I quit him," she said, "who will love him?—who will minister to his wants?—who will help to console him? Do you say I will myself become a leper? God, if it be his will, can preserve me. Did he not cure Job and Naaman?—and may he not, in answer to my prayers, restore my husband to health? Be the issue what it may, however, I will not abandon him, without whom the world would be to me a desert!" Many such scenes, doubtless, occurred. They will bring, perhaps, to the reader's recollection the touching incident of the self-denying Moravian

missionaries, who, under circumstances of a somewhat analogous character, entered the lazaret-house in Africa, and devoted themselves, out of love to the souls of its unhappy inmates, to a perpetual estrangement from all the comforts of social existence.

The lepers in France, however, did not always inspire sympathy. It is a characteristic of the natural heart, that while unsoftened by the gospel, it is apt, in seasons of wide-spread calamity, to become steeled to the miseries of others from selfish anxiety for its own safety. The alarming spread of leprosy in France awoke at one time the superstitious fears of the multitude, and led to excesses of a deplorable character. In the reign of Philip v., a rumour spread among the lower orders, that the lepers had entered into a conspiracy to infect others with their dreaded disorder, by polluting the public wells and fountains. These reports were greedily believed; and the credulous monarch countenanced them, by issuing an ordonnance to the judges to exercise summary vengeance on all lepers whom they suspected of such practices. Several of these unhappy objects, although persons of distinction, were put to the torture, and burned over a slow fire at Parthenay. In other parts of the country a large multitude perished in the flames, kindled by the groundless alarms of an ignorant populace.

After the fourteenth century, the number of lepers in France gradually diminished. The massacres to which we have adverted greatly thinned their ranks. As the intercourse with the east, occasioned by the Crusades, ceased, fresh sources of contagion were avoided. The advancing civilization of the times also, greater attention to food, and, above all, the more extended use of linen as an article of clothing, arrested, and, under the good providence of God, finally extirpated the disorder. The gloomy remains of old lazaret-houses, in several parts of the country, still, however, recall to memory the existence of this once formidable disease, and serve as a tide-post to mark the advances in social comfort with which our own age has been favoured, and the corresponding obligations imposed upon us, of gratitude to God for his distinguishing and undeserved mercies:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," Psa. ciii. 1, 2.

E. V.

#### OLD HUMPHREY'S REMONSTRANCE WITH HIS FAIR FRIENDS.

THOUGH there would be, perhaps, a difficulty in deciding whether, in encouraging what is right, or in reproving what is wrong, we are the more profitably employed, there can be no question about the former being the more agreeable occupation. In taking up my pen gently to reprove an error on the part of my fair friends, my remarks should fall as lightly as thistle down, if thereby my object of bringing about an amendment would be likely to be obtained; but as I fear my observations, if they had no piquancy, would be disregarded, I am induced, somewhat unwillingly, to impart to them a little more pungency.

There is among the numberless excellent qualities of the sex, a want of thoughtfulness and consideration in many things that is quite at issue with the general kindness of their hearts. Did this want of thought manifest itself only at long intervals, it might be of little consequence; but when it becomes a common practice, and mingles with the every-day affairs of life, it is time that some effort should be made to correct it. I am not about to pursue the subject of want of thought in all its bearings, but only to dwell on a few particulars; in doing which I trust my fair friends will bear with my friendly remonstrance.

The practice of writing illegibly proceeds from want of consideration, for no one would willingly be misunderstood. That this inconvenient practice prevails among the sex, will hardly be called in question. I have a correspondent, and a talented and much-valued one too, whose hand-writing is so peculiar, that to read it is altogether out of the question. All that can be done on the receipt of a letter from her is, boldly to guess at the meaning of the unintelligible hieroglyphics, assisted by such words as may happen to be intelligible; so that the deciphering of one of her epistles is no more nor less than taking the sum of its probabilities. A facetious friend, the other day, made the remark, that, contrasted with one of these epistles, the shadowy mysteries of the ancient Sphinx were luminous; this language of his may be somewhat hyperbolic; yet may I truly say, that the last letter of my respected correspondent still remains in part unread, being hermetically sealed, not with wax or wafer, but by the much

more secure guardianship of its own inaccessible intelligibility.

Not ten minutes ago, came an epistle from one of superior understanding, who is struggling, and struggling bravely, to win her way by imparting instruction to the young. Greatly desiring to know of her welfare, and of the state of her meal-barrel and cruse of oil, I have been trying to read her letter, but, alas! the words meant to convey to me the information I wished to acquire, are so very questionable, that I am still left in doubt and uncertainty. The working of this want of consideration in writing illegibly in the common affairs of life is sad. If the sentiments expressed in a letter are good, and the information given is important, it is to be regretted that there should be any impediment in comprehending them; and if, on the other hand, they are trifling and worthless, it is rather too bad to puzzle, uselessly, the brains of the reader. These are, however, among the least vexatious consequences of illegible writing.

If a lady writes for information respecting a servant she is about to engage, who has referred her to me for a character, it is a sad trouble to me if I cannot tell whether to address my reply to Mrs. Hopkins, of Rupert-street, or Mrs. Hoskins, of Robert-street; but a much greater trouble it is, after having written to both these addresses, to have another more legible communication from the same lady: "Mrs. Hawkes, of Regent-street, with her compliments to Mr. Humphrey, begs to inform him that, in consequence of not hearing from him, she has engaged another servant."

One of the many useful rules to be observed by those who copy for the press is this, to write all proper names, technical words, and words in a foreign language, lawyer fashion; that is, so distinctly that no printer can possibly mistake one letter for another. A month's practice in writing for the press would be of incalculable advantage to many agreeable persons of my acquaintance.

The want of thought in withholding necessary information, and the habit of sending letters without the address of the writer, is another error, on which I will venture a few remarks.

A letter is delivered to me by the postman, at nine in the morning, from a country cousin, residing in a village in the neighbourhood of Bath. It commu-

nicates the intelligence that she hopes to arrive in London on that day, on a visit to a friend, and requests me to be sure to meet her at the railroad terminus; but mentions neither the station, the time of her departure, nor the hour of her arrival. Taking it for granted that she will come from Bath, and by the first train, I hurry off at ten o'clock, by cab, to Paddington, a distance of about five statute miles from my abode; where, owing to the late arrival of the train, I am detained from eleven o'clock till near twelve. My cousin does not come. There being no other train due till ten minutes past one, I look about me for a time, and then seat myself in the waiting-room. The train duly arrives, but brings no cousin of mine. Having an appointment at five o'clock, I am not enabled to be at the station then, though a train will arrive there; but I fail not to meet the train due at forty minutes past six, and at a quarter-past eight; yet am I as unsuccessful as before. Nearly the whole of the day has been lost. The next morning brings me a letter from my cousin, bearing the Notting-hill post-mark, telling me, that never in her life had she been so much disappointed; for that when she arrived at the Paddington Station, at five o'clock, the evening before, there was no one to meet her. She really thought that she might have depended on me, and regrets to find that I had considered it too much trouble to render her the slight service of coming a mile or two to meet her on her arrival. By way of postscript, she requires a line by return of post, to inform her at what hour that afternoon I will call upon her, to take her to the Colosseum, and on no account whatever to disappoint her.

With no small anxiety to relieve myself from the charge of neglect, and desirous to show that a little thoughtfulness, on the part of my cousin, would have prevented our mutual discomfort, I snatch up my pen to explain, using the utmost dispatch, that the servant, about to leave the house, may post the letter, and that my cousin may not again be disappointed. My letter written, I hastily enclose it in an envelope, and purpose to direct it, referring to my cousin's note for her address, when, to my extreme consternation, I find that she has thoughtlessly omitted to give it me; the only address in her note is, "Friday morning." What is to be done? I know no more where to find her than I do the missing

planet. True it is, that a month ago she mentioned in a letter her intention of visiting a friend at Notting-hill; but where that letter is, I cannot tell. No doubt it is safely put by; but then I have five hundred letters put by, and know not where to look for it at the moment. I examine my pocketbook, my writing-desk, and the packets on my study table, but in vain. The servant is not enabled to post my letter, and I am compelled to sit me down with the unenviable certainty of receiving another accusatory letter from my cousin.

Twenty times have I been placed in somewhat the same difficulties. Now, ought these things to be allowed, when they might so easily be avoided? A little thoughtful consideration, and a few strokes of the pen would have prevented the disappointment of my cousin, and have spared me the mortification of being unjustly accused of unkindness. Do, my fair friends, add to your other good qualities that of consideration. Impart what intelligence is necessary, and when you write a letter, or note, never omit your address.

A third error on which I would gently expostulate is, the inconsideration of taking up the time of others thoughtlessly. I have a good friend, worth, as the saying is, her weight in gold; and to give her pleasure is adding to my own, for nothing can exceed her kindness, but her want of consideration. Attentive, however, as she is to me, it is a formidable thing to become her guest; for if a consultation is to be held, a plan to be drawn out, or a passage in a book to be found, she is sure to apply to me, and the reason assigned is, "Mr. Humphrey is so ready." Is an attempt to be made to get a boy into Christ's Hospital, or a young woman into the Blind Asylum; or is a poor cottager to be visited, whatever may be the distance—the case is at once handed over to me. "Mr. Humphrey is so kind." And is a packet of family papers to be looked over, a book of prints to be carefully examined, or a dozen stanzas to be written on the birthday of one of her acquaintance; again I am in requisition. "No one will do it so well as Mr. Humphrey; he is so clever." In this way, because I have credit with her for being ready, kind, and clever, she would occupy the whole of my waking hours. The good friend of whom I speak is not a solitary example; she is one only of a class, and that class is by no means

a circumscribed one. Few things are more agreeable than to be able to show attentions to those we respect; but a little consideration should be exercised in requiring these attentions. There are seasons with most of us when even moments can ill be spared; and it should never be forgotten that scraps of time, frequently demanded, soon amount to important periods. Even the taking away of our attention, for a few minutes, from the pursuit that occupies us, will sometimes occasion us the loss of hours.

This want of consideration in occupying the time of others thoughtlessly, or unreasonably, shows itself in different ways; one singular instance of this I will here give. A lady of my acquaintance greatly neutralizes her many excellent qualifications by a habit of extracting from the remarks of those around her, opportunities of contributing to her own advantage; in doing this, she is not at all aware of the incessant penalties she imposes on her friends. For my own part, I am especially careful to lay my finger on my lips when in her presence, lest unadvisedly I should get entangled with a multiplicity of unenviable undertakings. Let us imagine our fair friend in a party, when a gentleman remarks that he has just received a copy of the "Rugby Prize Poem." She immediately expresses her desire that he would oblige her by writing it out for her, being exceedingly fond of poetry. Of course this is assented to. Another gentleman unwittingly states his intention to a young lady present, to drive her to see the India Overland Diorama. Our fair friend directly observes, it will be a great favour if she may be permitted to accompany them; that is, if he will not consider it too much trouble to drive round for her. The gentleman, with visible reluctance, stammers out something about his being happy to do so; and when a third gentleman alludes to his trip to Brighton on the following day, she inquires whether she might take the liberty of asking him to deliver a small packet to a friend of hers, who lives very little more than half a mile from the terminus.

As the most circumspect are now and then off their guard, so the kindest are at times unintentionally cruel by their inconsiderate demands on the time of others. I hope, then, that my present friendly remonstrance will neither be considered unreasonable nor uncalled for. Hardly should I like to be outdone by



any one in courtesy and kindheartedness; but if, as fellow-pilgrims, we do not point out each other's failings, what probability is there of their being corrected? How gladly, instead of censuring my fair friends, would I scatter roses in their earthly paths, and help them on their way to heaven!

Believing, as I do, that thoughtlessness, or inconsideration, is one of the commonest failings of humanity, and that it occasions at least one half of the troubles we bring on each other, I am anxious to impress on my own heart and on the hearts of others, this self-evident but sadly neglected truth. There are other people in the world besides ourselves, and unless we consider their convenience, comfort, and pleasures, we cannot reasonably expect them to consider ours. If we do not act under this impression, we may go on unintentionally trespassing on those we respect, and afflicting those we love all the days of our lives.

I cannot but hope, that as these remarks are made in a friendly spirit, they will be received considerably and kindly. With heaven in prospect, and the word of God in our hands, we ought to have much of love and forbearance in our hearts, reproving, helping, and encouraging one another.

#### FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN FRANCE.

WHEN a death occurs, immediate intimation of it must be given at the mayor's office, lest the circumstances should require investigation on the part of the authorities; and in no case may the funeral take place before twenty-four hours have elapsed, nor can it be postponed longer if the deceased had been deprived of life by contagious or infectious disease; the ordinary time, however, is forty-eight hours.

In the higher classes of the community, and in towns where the attendance of a priest can be always obtained, the relatives abandon the dead body, and consign the duty of watching to him; and he sits up with it until the hour of interment, alone, or in company with a deacon, reciting prayers and offices, while a taper continually burns at the side of the corpse. In retired places, the friends of the deceased, among the lower orders, discharge this duty somewhat in the manner of the Irish wake, but with far

more propriety of deportment; and among them there is often some one employed in reading passages from the lives of the saints, or devotional books, approved of by the clergy.

In genteel society, the custom is to send one or two circular notes to the acquaintances of the deceased, and all to whom a compliment may be designed. The first of these circulars is a formal notification of the death, age, and pedigree of the deceased, with perhaps a concluding sentence stating that he or she received the last rites of the church. The second note contains a request that the person to whom it is addressed will assist at the funeral, at the appointed hour. If ladies are invited, (which is very rarely done, and never but to the funeral of a female,) it is considered a mark of respect to appear in their pews at church during the service, after which they return home, without joining in the procession to the burial-ground. Black crapes, tied round the left arm, with white gloves and white cravats, are the mourning distinctions with all gentlemen at funerals, who, as in England, wear a full suit of black clothes.

The religious ceremonials may be considered as divided into three classes, according to the station in life and the pecuniary circumstances of the deceased. In the formalities of the first order, the entire of the clergy belonging to a particular church, or parish, and sometimes from different parishes, with the whole staff of assistants at the altar, attend the procession; and if there be any foundling hospital in the place, fifty or even a hundred boys or girls (according to the sex of the deceased) are sent to walk in the line of mourners, by the order of the superior of the hospital, who receives for them a gratuity of a franc each, fifty francs being the maximum of fee usually given to them; but for this sum, if the superior wishes to offer an especial mark of respect, many more of these poor creatures may be sent to swell the train, and blazon to the world the charities of the defunct. Each of these young persons holds a lighted wax taper, five feet long, in the aisle of the church, between the coffin and the entrance-gate, which they have borne in their hands, unlighted, from the house of mourning, and which they again carry, after extinguishing them in the porch on leaving the church, before the body, until the whole of the ceremony at the grave is concluded; after which

they are returned to the undertaker, who charges in his general bill the value of the quantity of wax consumed, which he calculates by weighing these enormous wax poles, before and after they have been used.

Huge candles are presented to the church, also, for the altar, previously to the lighting up; but all those used around the coffin—and there are generally three dozen of them—are extinguished by the undertaker, on the removal of the body, and taken away to his shop for future occasions. In the second class there is less show and consequent expense; for instance, the choir is not hung with black, as in the other case, though the mourning at the porch and the pall at the coffin are supplied; and there is either a much smaller detachment of the children sent, or there are none of them. In the third class there is no pall for the coffin, nor any other mourning, or avoidable embellishment; and therefore there is no expense which cannot be easily defrayed by the ordinary mechanics and other workmen. And for the actual poor there is a still lower scale of ceremony, one priest only officiating; and to them there is no charge whatever.

On raising the corpse from the house of mourning, the priest and his assistants chant the sentences beginning with "*Requiescat in pace*," and a short supplicatory prayer,—the latter being chanted in a low recitative by the priest alone; and as they proceed to the church, they chant the fifty-first Psalm, if the distance permits. On arriving there, the officiating priest sprinkles holy water on the coffin, saying, "Open to me the gates of justice, and when I enter them I will confess unto the Lord; this is the Lord's gate; the just will enter into it." The mass or vespers, according to the period of the day, is then performed.

Before the removal of the body from the church, the priest repeats a prayer, in the low chanting tone, beginning with, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord," and then the body is borne away in the manner usual with us; an honoured friend or relative of the deceased preceding in some places and on some occasions with what is called the *plat d'honneur*, which is a large silver or pewter dish, in the centre of which is a kind of bougie, five or six inches in diameter, with the waxen cord coiled round and round like a cable on

board ships. On the way to the burial-ground, appropriate passages from Scripture are chanted by the clerical attendants. On reaching the grave, the cross-bearer places himself at the lower side, turning the front of the crucifix towards the feet of the corpse; and the priest, standing at the head, proceeds, after the full chanting of the "Lord have mercy upon us," (*Kyrie eleison*.) and the Lord's prayer, in a low tone, with the remaining portions of the service, chanting, among the other parts, the 130th or the 51st Psalm, if neither of these had been previously used, and then the requiem; and while this is being sung, the priest sprinkles holy water on the coffin, and as it is lowered, he throws earth over it, in the form of the cross, saying, "Dust returns to the dust, from which it proceeded; and the spirit returns to God who gave it." The roll of wax is then (but not often) placed on the breast of the corpse by the bearer of the *plat d'honneur*, who passes it under the lid of the coffin, and then sometimes the whole concludes, after another sprinkling of holy water on the coffin. The sprig of yew or box, which he had used as the sprinkler, is passed from one to the other of a few of the nearest friends, who each successively advance to the grave, sprinkling the remaining drops of water towards the departed one—a sad and affecting mode of bidding the last adieus.

When a man of official rank or highly respected character dies, a part of the national guard attends, lining the whole procession in the rear of the hearse, so that the gentlemen who compose the *cortège* may walk two or more abreast between the single files which the military form at each side, by which means the utmost regularity and order are effectually preserved, even if all the lookers on had not the sense of propriety and politeness which so pre-eminently distinguishes the French people on all such occasions. An oration is frequently delivered at the grave of a public character, which, alas! like all such artificial compositions, is usually an eulogistic speech, complimenting the deceased upon the diligent use he had made of the talents entrusted to him, and gratifying the vanity of the surviving members of his family, by reciting before the public, not only a multitude of good deeds—which, perhaps, were but imaginary, and as nothing when weighed in the balance against presumptuous sins and negli-

gences—but the worldly honours and distinctions that belonged to him, and the ancestors of him to whom the grave is his house, who has corruption for his father, and the worm for his mother and his sister.

In no other particulars are tradition and the authority of the church more forcibly brought against the gospel than in the subject above considered, in order to gratify the weakness of the natural heart, which clings to something of human performances, ignorantly or blindly heedless of “the one Mediator between God and man,” and trusting to the vain inventions of men, who, for obvious reasons, have always struggled to keep “the keys of the kingdom of heaven” in their own hands, and to unloose, from the prison-house of their own construction, the countless souls whom they profess to have the power of liberating, to a certain extent, on receiving a proportional remuneration for what are deemed their good offices.

M. D.

#### PAPAL ITALY AND PROTESTANT SCOTLAND CONTRASTED.

THERE are two countries in Europe which, as it appears to us, Providence has set up before the eyes of the world to teach great lessons to mankind. In almost every point these two countries form as perfect a contrast as it is possible to imagine. The one is placed at nearly the southern extremity of the European continent, the other at nearly its northern extremity. The one is encompassed by calm seas, and beautified by a sky of balmy serenity; a stormy ocean breaks on the shores of the other, and perpetual fogs gather in its atmosphere. The one is covered with a soil of unrivalled fertility, which, from the base of the mighty mountain-barrier that defends it on the north, to the shores of the delightful island which joins it on the south, presents a wide, unbroken scene of varied and luxuriant beauty; the soil of the other is at the best but indifferently fertile, and its cultivatable surface is sadly encroached upon by moors of vast extent, and mighty chains of rocky mountains. The history of the one country runs up into ages of empire and glory; that of the other lands us, at no very remote period, amid scenes of subjection and barbarism. The one country, notwithstanding all the advantages of its position, the beauty of its

climate, the richness of its soil, and the glorious inheritance it has received from the past, is at this day wretched and enslaved; while the other, which can boast of none of these advantages, is free and powerful. Why is this? The true explanation of the secret is, that Popery is the religion of the one country—Protestantism is the religion of the other. Than Italy, it would have been impossible to select in Europe a country in which the genius of Popery could better develop itself—its power to tarnish all that is glorious, and to overthrow all that is strong. Than Scotland, it would have been impossible to fix on a country where Protestantism would have had so much scope to display its character and tendency—its power to exalt to greatness the smallest nation, and enable it to overcome all the disadvantages of its position. God never leaves himself without a witness. We may close his word, or silence his preachers; still he continues to proclaim, by the great dispensations of his providence, the eternal distinctions between truth and error. When of old the world was sunk in idolatry, God ceased not to testify to his own existence and supremacy, “in that he gave rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons.” In like manner, so long as Italy and Scotland stand before the world, men can be at no loss to judge between Popery and Protestantism, or have any difficulty in determining which is fitted to draw down the curse, and which the blessing, of the great Ruler of nations. Might not our statesmen find this subject worthy of their study, and one fitted to teach them some of the first principles of government, and to throw not a little light on certain measures believed to be in contemplation? If we wish to sink ourselves to the degradation of Italy, let us cherish the religion of Italy!—*Edinburgh Christian Witness.*

#### COMMON MAXIMS IMPROVED.

WERE men but as wise for eternity as they are for time, and did they spiritually improve their natural principles for their souls as they do naturally for their bodies and estates, what precious Christians might men be! For instance, these are common maxims:

1. To believe good news well founded.—Why, then, is not the gospel believed, which is the best news, and best grounded news in the world?

2. To love what is lovely, and that most which is most lovely.—Why, then, is not Christ the beloved of men's souls, seeing he is altogether lovely?

3. To fear that which will hurt them.—Why, then, are not men afraid of sin, seeing nothing is so hurtful to them as sin?

4. Not to trust a known deceiver.—Why, then, do men trust Satan, the old serpent, the deceiver of the world?—the world, and its deceitful riches?—their own hearts, which are deceitful above all things?

5. To lay up for old age.—Why, then, do not men lay up for eternity treasures of faith and good works, against the day of death and judgment?

6. He that will give most shall have most.—Why, then, do not men give their love and service to God? Doth not he bid most?

7. Take warning by other's harms.—Why do not men take heed of sinning, from the sufferings and torments which others undergo for sinning?

Ah! if men did but walk by their own rules, and improve by their own principles, what a help would it be to godliness! But, alas! God may complain of us, as of his people of old: "My people do not consider."—*Canaan's Flowings.*

#### NOTHING LOST BY SERVING GOD.

Much was said, during the discussion on recent postal arrangements, as to the loss which would be sustained by newspapers, in consequence of the discontinuance of a Sunday delivery of letters, etc. An example of the wisdom, even in a temporal point of view, of observing the sabbath in this department of business, is to be found in the history of a New York newspaper, entitled the "Journal of Commerce." Its proprietor, determining that nothing should be wanting for the success of the paper, employed a boat, well manned, to cruise in the harbour, for the purpose of hailing vessels as soon as they hove in sight, and bringing their news to the city with the utmost despatch. The boat, which bore the name of the journal, was sustained at great expense for several years. Her cruising was always suspended on the sabbath. By good luck, as men of the world would say, but rather by the blessing of Providence on industry and enterprise, con-

trolled by right principle, the journal established a character for dispatch and energy which proved invaluable. This was particularly noticeable with regard to the French Revolution of 1830, the news of which was brought to New York by its boat, published and read on the steps of the Exchange, before the other newspapers had been able to communicate the intelligence.

#### HABITS OF MINUTE-BOOKKEEPING.

"INHERITING," says Dr. Hanna, "the parental punctuality, James (the brother of Dr. Chalmers) carried it to an extreme degree. In balancing his private receipts and disbursements, at the close of a year, one penny more than he could account for appeared to have been spent. That penny cost him weeks and months of uneasiness, till crossing one of the London bridges (which he had to do once a year), and on which there was a penny toll, he suddenly remembered that twelve months before he had paid a penny there which he had not entered in his book." The discovery, we are told, overjoyed him. Mr. Carus informs us, in his "Life of Simeon," that so exact were the pecuniary habits of that excellent man, that he once offered an accountant twenty pounds to discover the error of a penny in his books. The exact habits of Mr. Miller, the American merchant, recorded in a previous number, will also be remembered.

#### THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

DURING a visit of the late king of Sardinia to an obscure portion of his dominions, a shepherd, in the simplicity of his feelings, made the monarch a present of some wild goats, which tenanted a small island, of which he was nearly the sole human occupant. The king, pleased with the man's evident sincerity, offered, with royal munificence, to grant him whatever he wished, provided it were in his power and within the compass of reason. The fortunate shepherd, after ransacking his brains, came to the monarch, and stated that he would be quite pleased if his majesty would grant him a pound of gunpowder! The affair ended in the king appointing him nominal monarch of the island on which he lived.

## AN EXHIBITION OF MECHANICAL CURIOSITIES.

THE afternoon, from being bright and fine, has become suddenly wet; omnibus after omnibus passes filled with passengers; the conductor scarcely deigns to reply to our signal of distress, but half grins at our shelterless condition as his vehicle rattles along. In looking round for a retreat from the pelting storm, an exhibition catches the eye, purporting to be a collection of curious mechanical figures, originally designed as presents to the emperor of China. We joyfully descry in it the means of half an hour's profitable relaxation, and, paying a shilling at the door, find ourselves in an apartment filled with a variety of objects which, with our readers' permission, we shall, ere we part, describe to them.

About sixty years ago, an embassy to Kien Long, the emperor of China, was projected by Mr. Pitt's administration, and accomplished with a tolerable degree of success, under the judicious direction of lord Macartney. Kien Long, an old man of eighty, received the ambassador and his suite, graciously dispensed with the homage of the koutou, gave many fair words, and sent kind returns of courtesies to the "barbarian" monarch of Great Britain. About twenty years afterwards, in the regency of George IV., a similar embassy was entrusted to lord Amherst. All went on for a time swimmingly; the hour for presentation to Kien Long's successor was appointed, when lord Amherst, feeling fatigued, craved, under the plea of indisposition, for the postponement of the ceremony from the evening to the morning of the following day. The Chinese emperor, in the height of his civility, sent his physician to wait on lord Amherst, and he, discovering that nothing serious ailed the latter, reported the fact to his royal master. In great displeasure, the emperor dismissed the embassy, refusing to see his lordship, and rejecting, if we mistake not, his presents, which were accordingly brought back to England. Some of the objects in this collection constituted, we are informed, a portion of these presents; another part we remember to have seen exhibited about sixteen years ago.

There is something extremely interesting in an exhibition of ingeniously formed automata. Though we should be sorry ourselves to lavish either time or money upon their construction;—yet, when thoughtfully contemplated, they are not

without some profitable suggestiveness. They mark, for instance, the immeasurable line of demarcation which separates the handiwork of man from the operations of the Creator. To move the arm of an automaton for a few minutes, probably a hundred wheels must be employed, and the whole is clumsily done even then. In the human frame the thing is done effectively and durably by a few movements combining strength, grace, and simplicity.

To return to our exhibition, however, the first thing which struck the eye, was a palm tree reaching to the roof of the apartment. On a spring being touched, a golden serpent was seen gliding around it, followed by another in pursuit until they both were lost in the branches. This possibly would have hugely pleased a Chinese emperor, but it struck me as being little better than an expensive plaything for a grown-up child. Yet that such were the toys of Kien Long, the emperor of three hundred millions of immortal beings, may almost be inferred from what lord Macartney saw; for he describes a room near the palace as having been full of gimcracks of this description. Whoever has been at the India-House Museum in London will have seen a proof of the fondness of oriental princes for automata in the old musical tiger, growling over the dead body of an English soldier, which formed Tippoo Saib's special delight.

As an appropriate accompaniment to these golden serpents, we have in the centre of the room a small elephant, with a figure as large as life seated on its back, bearing in his hands a set of musical bells, and having over him a canopy hung with the same. After some screwing, the machinery is set to work. The elephant's trunk moves up and down, the tail wags, and the eyeballs roll about. The automaton at the top also commences a tune upon his bells, keeping correct time, and occasionally moving his head and opening his lips, with a sort of silly smile which half makes you smile in return. The eye of the elephant, we may notice, has a curious movement, showing by a little figure the day of the year and the hour. Adjoining it is another royal gewgaw, which cost, we are informed, about 9000*l*. It consists of an imitation of flowers and shrubs, wrought in precious stones, with birds seated on the top. At the touch of the machinery, the flowers open and shut, the birds perform

some mechanical movements, and a number of crystal balls roll round in circles until they fall into the mouth of an alligator, who successively devours them. A temple of fountains, made of various coloured glasses, and having complicated motions, next meets our eye. It is, however, like its predecessor, a monument of unproductive ingenuity. In similar terms we must dismiss various musical clocks with moving figures. They were well calculated, perhaps, to amuse an eastern harem, or engage the attention of a capricious despot; but beyond the interest which viewing them in that light creates, they have little to gratify an inquiring mind. The real curiosity of the exhibition was a tiny bird, in size not exceeding the dimensions of one of the smaller class of humming birds. On being wound up, its little breast heaved, its eyes opened, and its bill moved. Fluttering its wings in a natural manner, it then poured forth a stream of dulcet notes, so beautiful and so melodious that I felt myself recompensed by this exhibition of ingenuity for the gewgaws which had preceded it. It was stated to be the masterpiece of its inventor. The machinery requisite to produce the sounds I heard must necessarily have been of the most exquisite description.

Before leaving the apartment, my memory recalled other automata which in my younger days I had seen exhibited. One of these was a group of figures—an eastern sultan, sultana, and a negro boy playing the flute to the accompaniment of the drum. The notes were excellent, and the illusion almost equal to life. At a subsequent period, I had seen figures which drew with accuracy and wrote with the beauty of an engraver. The model of ingenuity which I recollect to have examined, however, was the figure of an eastern sage. Seated on the top of a small box, he replied to various inquiries addressed to him through the medium of oval metallic cards, which the spectator inserted at an opening in the framework. The questions printed on these cards were so pointed, that a definite answer was required; a general one would have been quite unsuitable. Among other cards which I inserted, one had this inquiry on its surface—"Are you not tired, sir, of your visitors asking you so many questions?" The little figure, after rising from its seat, bowed twice or thrice, and knocking with a rod at a door, the latter flew open, displaying a tablet with these

words, "It would be most ungrateful of me to say so." Other questions produced an answer quite as appropriate. This automaton attracted considerable notice, and was the subject of grave examination. Its secret was at last discovered by a party who found out that some almost invisible niches on the medals fitted into a spring, which moved the appropriate answer. Here, too, the mechanism must have been of the subtlest order.

In another apartment was to be seen a mystery which, fifty years ago, caused all London to gape, and which long puzzled profound thinkers, under the name of "the invisible girl." By speaking through a brass tube attached to a ball suspended from a frame, and having no connexion apparently with any other apartment, an answer was received to any question. The "invisible girl" has long since, however, ceased to be mysterious—it having been discovered many years ago, that, by an ingenious contrivance, the sound was carried into an adjoining room, where a confederate was concealed. The discoverer of the secret was Dr. Isaac Milner, a well-known writer of ecclesiastical history. In company with Mr. Wilberforce he paid the place a visit. The exhibition excited, we are told, an almost incredible degree of interest and astonishment: princes, peers, and ecclesiastics swelled the admiring throng. Dr. Milner found the exhibitors, although indifferent to ordinary examiners, amazingly surly when they saw the direction that his inspection was taking. They told him and Mr. Wilberforce to touch nothing; but the latter gentleman slyly put a piece of paper to an opening, which being moved by the breath of the confederate, satisfied Dr. Milner of the soundness of his conclusions. "The exhibitor," says Milner's biographer, "sensible that there was, in fact, nothing further to conceal, took delight in showing him all the minutæ of the contrivance. Dr. Milner had even, when he chose, admittance behind the scenes; and for this privilege he on one occasion paid its full value. He had entered at an early hour the apartment of the invisible agent in the mysteries which he had succeeded in fathoming, and such was the influx of visitors during the morning, that to emerge from his hiding-place, without betraying much of the secret, was impossible. The manager implored him not to ruin his fortunes; and the good-natured dean finding that he must

make up his mind to remain some hours where he was, and being quite at home with regard to the various signals habitually transmitted from the outer to the inner room, amused himself by relieving the invisible girl—who was, in fact, a decrepid old woman—from a part of her tedious duty. While she cooked her dinner (a mess of soup, as he used to relate) he observed for her the signals given, and, in fact, did all but speak. Nothing of all this, however, did he mention, except to those few persons to whom the secret was already known, until the astonishment and admiration produced by the invisible girl had passed away. Afterwards, indeed, he frequently used to relate the whole adventure with much glee."

But the rain has cleared off, so that we may now leave this exhibition, which displays much of what must be termed misdirected ingenuity. How far more useful, justly observes a writer, were Watt or Arkwright than the whole tribe of automata makers from the days of antiquity downwards. Life is too short, and its destinies are too momentous for laborious trifling. Automata, however, are not confined to figures of wood and metal. We find them in daily life, in the shape of men going round in an unbroken routine, without ever exerting those faculties which were meant to be improved by cultivation. A more serious order of automata exists, however, even in religious bodies. The mechanical figures we have described imitated many of the functions of life, but it was, after all, only imitation; the vital principle was absent. It is possible, in a similar manner, for men to ape, by a round of external duties, the functions of spiritual life, so as to deceive perhaps themselves, and at all events those around them. Men may pray, read the word, attend ordinances, give and receive spiritual exhortations, and yet the Searcher of hearts may see that all is but mechanical. *Life* is wanting. E. V.

#### THE DARKNESS OF NATURE.

"WHAT went before and what will follow me," says a modern writer, "I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. . . . A

deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within it will answer those he leaves without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm." How delightful to know, in contrast with such a sentiment, Jesus Christ, as having brought life and immortality by his gospel!

#### THE VOLCANIC ISLANDS OF SANTORINI.

"WHAT," says a writer,\* "can be more extraordinary to our common notions of things, than to behold the bottom of the sea rise up into a mountain above the water, and become so firm an island as to be able to resist the violence of the greatest storms. I know that subterraneous fires, when pent in a narrow passage, are able to raise up a mass of earth as large as an island; but that this should be done in so regular a manner that the water of the sea should not be able to penetrate and extinguish those fires; and, after having been extinguished, that the mass of earth should not fall down, or sink again with its own weight, but still remain, in a manner, suspended over the great arch below!—this is what to me is more surprising than anything that has been related of Mount Etna, Vesuvius, or any other volcano."

The volcanic agency to which this writer has alluded, is indeed one of the most frightful and majestic of all the phenomena connected with our globe. A surprising feature, also, of these subterranean fires is, that they are mostly situated upon islands, or on the sea coast. Iceland, for example, in the region of perpetual snows, flames with the fires of Hecla and other mountains, and is also noted for its boiling springs:

"Here heat and cold extend their influence round,  
And ice and fire in strange extremes are found."

Gounong-api in the Banda group, has an active volcano; and the pressure of the submarine fire is so great, that a mass of black basalt of enormous dimensions has been known to rise up into existence so gently that the inhabitants were not aware of what was going on till it was nearly done. Our purpose in the present paper, however, is not so much to describe volcanoes as to trace their extraordinary agency in forming islands, in comparatively modern times. They may be

\* Quoted in the "Gallery of Nature and Art," vol. i., p. 502.

termed in this respect a great laboratory or workshop, from whose deep-seated fires there occasionally issues, at the will of the Creator, mountains and islands adapted for the use of man. Ascension Island, now occupied as a British station, thus had its origin. A few years ago, on the coast of Sicily, an island formed by volcanic action sprung up in the presence of many spectators. The crews of various vessels who witnessed the phenomenon, hastened with good-humoured rivalry to plant their national flag upon the new-fledged bantam, but almost at the moment of reaching it, or at all events shortly afterwards, their contentions as to priority of occupation were disposed of by the island quietly sinking down once more into the deep. The formation of islands of this character, however, is generally attended with phenomena at once magnificent and awful; and, perhaps, no where have we more striking exemplifications of this than in that little-known, but extraordinary group of islands in the Grecian Archipelago, called Santorini. On this subject lieutenant Leicester, a modern traveller, has furnished much valuable information in a paper contributed to the transactions of the Royal Geographical Society.

The physical configuration of Santorini or Thera (the chief of the group), is very remarkable. Its shape is that of a crescent; and is considered to be without a parallel, excepting it be the curiously formed island of Amsterdam in the Indian Ocean. The western or inner shores of Santorini present a series of frightful precipices, from 500 to 1,200 feet in height, in the edges of which are the houses of the inhabitants. The inner shores of the opposite islands, Therasia and Aspronisi, exhibit a similar appearance. The three islands stand in a circular form, and within them rolls the sea over the extinct crater of a vast volcano. Were the crater empty, the head would grow confused as from the heights of Santorini we gazed upon the vast abyss beneath, which is estimated as being at about 2,449 feet deep.

From the ocean crater, then, just alluded to, three mountainous islands rear their heads, the highest of which is about 351 feet above the level of the sea. The date of the birth of the first island is doubtful; but that it is the offspring of the ocean crater seems certain. "Between Thera and Therasia," says the ancient geographer Strabo, "flames rose out of

the waves for four days, so that the whole sea boiled and blazed, and they gradually threw up an island, just as if it were raised by mechanical means, composed of liquid masses." This island appears to have received additions from volcanic agency at two distinct times, namely, A.D. 726 and 1457. It is called Paleo Kaimeni, or Old Burnt Island.

A century rolled away after the last addition to Paleo Kaimeni, and the inhabitants of Santorini had settled down. Their troubles were apparently at an end. As the succeeding generations were listening, however, to the wondrous story of an island born in a day, and wishing doubtless that their own times might not be characterized by any such awful convulsions, they were admonished by the trembling of the earth beneath their feet, the discoloured waves, and the subterranean thunder, that the war of elements had again begun. A second island showed its head above the surface of the ocean bed; and its birth was attended by all those terrific circumstances of which they had been told by their fathers. The waters smoked—flames of fire were seen—clouds of ashes floated over the sea—rocks and stones were raised to the top of the waters, and remained there forming themselves into a solid mass. They burned for a whole year. When their fears had subsided, the people examined the island, and finding that it was not so large as its predecessor they called it "Mikro Kaimeni," Little Burnt Island.

The year 1650 arrived, and ominous signs portended another volcanic eruption. Intense drought and unprecedented calms, causing the suspension of the windmills on the island occurred. As the year advanced, the houses rocked to and fro like ships in a tempest. The sea turned green, announcing the fact that metals were in a state of solution; flames rose up out of the water to a height of 18 feet, and were visible at a distance of six miles. "Shortly afterwards there appeared a heap of white earth, like snow, and in the form of a bird's-nest." At length an eruption took place, with a fearful crash; streams of burning matter flowed down resembling liquid fire. The sea roared; the earth shook; the air appeared on fire; flames were emitted in torrents from the crater, accompanied with claps of thunder. Large pieces of rock, too, were ejected a distance of six miles. It was nature in its most awful manifesta-



tions; a foreshadowing of that solemn season, announced by an inspired pen, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat.

After so terrific an explosion, it well might have been expected that Santorini would have rocked herself to rest. But no; in May, 1707, two slight shocks of an earthquake betokened that all was not quiet. The fires which water cannot quench were raging beneath; and the month had not passed away, when there appeared floating on the sea what was supposed to be a wreck. In the hope of plunder, a party of seamen rowed towards it, but to their utter astonishment it was a mass of solid rock and white earth! They rowed quickly back, and soon the news was spread abroad. Curiosity prompted many on the day following to set out to inspect the island thus thrown up. They discovered oysters, together with sea hedgehogs, attached to the rocks; and as there were no signs of smoke or eruption, the people apparently with much delight stepped from rock to rock, gathering the oysters, and examining the white soil, which cut like bread. But a movement took place, and the new-born island shook beneath their feet, rising up on one side and submerging on the other. Affrighted, the people hastened to their boats. Large pieces of rock were seen to rise and fall in the ocean. The sea was green, then reddish, and then yellow, emitting sulphurous exhalations. The young island continued to increase, but without noise or violence, till from the size of a mole-hill it had risen to the height of seventy or eighty feet. Shortly afterwards, the sea appeared like oil ready to boil over, and continued bubbling and smoking for about a month. Jets of flame, resembling so many prodigious sky-rockets, burst in the air. Thunder rolled, clouds of ashes darkened the atmosphere, and fragments of red-hot rock flew about, composing a dreadful artillery. At intervals, during some months, these terrible phenomena occurred with more or less violence, and it was not until three years had elapsed that the volcano became entirely tranquil. The new island was then found to have assumed the shape of a cone perfectly white, and three hundred and fifty-one feet high. It is called New Burnt Island, and forms a useful harbour of refuge.

It might have been deemed almost impossible that a community of inhabitants should flourish on a spot so unfavourably situated.

Yet it is estimated that Santorini contains no less than 14,380 inhabitants. Its towns have a singular appearance, built as they are on the sides of the cliffs, like so many eyries of birds of prey. As the voyager enters some of the harbours of the island, the houses tower above the masts of his vessel; and at night, says lieutenant Leycester, he would hardly be aware of the presence of a town were it not for the twinkling of lights along the cliff. The approaches to the towns are by zigzag roads or stairs, cut in the rock, which are dizzy to tread. Those leading from the sea to Thera, it is considered, would take a tolerable pedestrian about twenty minutes in their ascent. The roadways are on the summit of cliffs, and the traveller would little think as he journeyed, that he was riding over the heads of some hundreds of individuals, were it not for the admonitory presence of chimneys now and then rising up on either side of his path.

The north of the island is occupied in a great measure by three remarkable mountains, and is generally speaking a mass of volcanic material. The southern half is richly cultivated with a series of smiling vineyards, and forms a pleasing contrast to the desolation of the former. The villages with their whitewashed buildings, spring up, as it were, out of a mass of vines.

The Santoriniots, especially the villagers, are described as "robust in person, tall, and stout; sober, chaste, fond of their country, and economical; but dirty and slovenly in their persons, and more especially the women. Their chief diet is salt fish, herbs, and barley, bread, or biscuit." They never eat new bread; this arises from the expensiveness of fuel, which has to be imported for their use; and hence the poor are said to bake no more than three times in the year. Notwithstanding, the villagers are generous, although in the towns but little courtesy is shown to the stranger by the inhabitants. A somewhat extensive trade is carried on between Santorini and Russia. Wine is the principal article of export; tea, butter, oil, and caviare being those of import. The Santoriniots tread closely in the steps of their forefathers, and doubtless, if inquiry were made of them, they would, on the principle so deeply seated in the generality of mankind, state that they consider their own island, with all its disadvantages, to be the most agreeable country in the globe.

The religion, we may add, is that of the Greek and Latin churches.

The successive changes which Santorini has undergone fully justify the remark of lieutenant Leycester in concluding his paper. "As it is impossible," he observes, "to foresee what ultimate changes may take place in a region like this, perhaps all these islands may again be united, and the crater at present filled with water may again become dry land." Be this as it may, the remarkable vicissitudes which have taken place in these islands—the boiling sea, the earthquakes, the unquenchable fire, the thunderings, the lightnings—should fill our minds with awe and reverence at the name of Him, who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast, and who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. They may also direct our thoughts to that eventful period, when the mountains shall flee away, and the hills be removed, and when the earth shall be burned up, and there shall be no more sea: when the great Husbandman shall come to gather the wheat into his garner, but will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. If a contemplation of the manifestations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as exhibited in the remarkable group of Santorini, shall lead any to acquaint themselves with Him, "and be at peace with Him, through a crucified Redeemer," our paper will not have been written in vain. We urge, therefore, the remark,—as it is impossible to foresee what changes may take place; "Be ye also ready, for in an hour when ye think not the Son of man cometh." H. H.

#### ERASMUS' CORKSCREW.

ERASMUS, during his visit to England, some centuries ago, enjoyed the hospitality of Queen's College, Cambridge. His apartment is still shown, and was occupied by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, on his return from India. Of Erasmus' sojourn at this abode of learning, only one relique is preserved; not some huge folio, as might have been supposed, but a huge corkscrew! It is mentioned by Dr. Buchanan as being about a third of a yard long. "I am afraid," says an eminent ecclesiastical historian, when adverted to this relic, "there was nothing in Erasmus' principles to prevent him making a very assiduous use of it."

#### AN ANTIQUARIAN ENTHUSIAST.

Mr. Browne, the author of a work on Stonehenge, was a man of limited means, but of respectable mental attainments, who had been early struck with the magnificence of the remains on Salisbury Plain, and had imbibed a passion for the temple at Stonehenge as absorbing and as powerful as that felt by the young Parisienne for the Belvidere Apollo, or as any one of the Pygmalion-like instances of which so many are recorded. To this, and to its illustrative remains in the neighbourhood, all his thoughts were devoted. He lived under its shadow, he dreamed of it, he endeavoured to trace out the hidden mystery of its existence, he lectured upon its many wonders, and he published a book about it. When engaged on his lectures to the members of the literary institutions that existed some years since in Salisbury, he used to bring his drawings and make his arrangements in the morning, return to Amesbury to dinner, come back with more materials in the afternoon, read his lecture in the evening, and then again walk on his solitary road to Amesbury at night after the conclusion of the meeting, having already walked five-and-twenty miles. But this persevering energy of his character was more particularly exemplified during the construction of his model of Stonehenge. Every stone was modelled on the spot, and the most minute variations in the original carefully noted in his copy. Day after day, and week after week, was he to be found among those memorials of old time—planning, measuring, modelling, painting, in the prosecution of his self-prescribed task, and interrupted only by the necessity of sometimes visiting Salisbury for materials, which he bore home himself, and on foot. The difficulty of making such a copy would not perhaps be great with proper assistance, but this man worked wholly by himself, and we can imagine his self-gratulation on the completion of his labours, when he could exclaim, like the victor of Corioli, "Alone I did it! I!" From this model he made others on different scales, and the moulds being preserved, these are still sold by his son, together with some of his own drawings equally accurate, to occasional visitors.

Mr. Browne, though he had completed his work, had not yet found for it a resting-place, and he determined to present it to the British Museum. It was accepted

by the trustees with thanks, and its author chose to have the pleasure of placing it with his own hands in this great repository of the antiquities of the world. Unwilling to trust the model from his sight, and equally unwilling or unable to bear the expenses of the usual modes of travelling, he resolved to walk with it to London; and, mounting his model on a wheel-barrow or hand truck, he set off across the plain with his charge. After a toilsome and almost continuous march of two days and nights (for he only slept for a short time in the day), he arrived on the morning of the third day at the British Museum, showed the letter of the trustees to the porter, wheeled his load into the court-yard, and saw his model safely deposited in the house. He left without staying to be questioned, and was soon on his way home again; but, I believe, was detained some days on the road by illness, brought on by his exertions.—*Provincial Journal*.

#### ST. PAUL AND JULIUS,

"NEVERTHELESS the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul," Acts xxvii. 11. And such is the way of the world; conscience on one side, and prejudice on the other; faith asking an audience, and selfishness stopping the ear. The Roman officer is evidently inclined, in his better moments, to believe in the saintly character of the apostle; but his interest is rather to take the verdict of the shipmen. It was inconvenient to believe the Christian captive—so belief was out of the question. It was agreeable to promise one's self a safe and speedy voyage to Rome; so to Rome would he straightway go. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Julius, the centurion, was doubtless struck by the holy converse and calm demeanour of the apostolic prisoner committed to his charge; for, among other evidences of this, we find that he "courteously entreated" the noble appellant to Cæsar, and "gave him liberty," when at Sidon, "to go unto his friends to refresh himself." At Myra, a port in Asia Minor, a ship, bound for Italy, gave them accommodation, and the eventful voyage commenced. Ere long the stormy season of the year, and the difficulties of the track they had to pursue, made sail-

ing dangerous; whereupon Paul admonished them, saying, "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and the ship, but also of our lives." But the centurion longed to tread the streets of old Rome, to rejoin old friends, and revisit old scenes; and thus, while the unscrupulous but interested assurances of the master and owner of the vessel were eagerly caught at, the grave warnings of the man of God were displeasing as the croakings of some ill-omened voice.

The evangelist depicts, with life-like touches, the several events of the gathering catastrophe; the fulfilment of St. Paul's preage; the despondency and despair of passengers and crew, the serenity of that one good man, to whom, in the night visions, a voice he loved and adored had whispered the dulcet syllables, "Fear not;" and the touching details of the final wreck. But our business at present is with the principle of the centurion, as an illustration of ordinary conduct on the part of ourselves, our kinsfolk, and friends.

Amiable people, ready to act as courteous and indulgently as Julius to Paul, abound in the first, the nineteenth, and every intermediate century, erring in the same short-sighted way. In the great voyage of life they picture out some ideal land, whither they would fain flee and be at rest, some loved and joyous Italy, on whose green sward they long to tread; and when the emphatic realism of holy writ assures them they are labouring for very vanity, that their Italy is an Utopia, their promised land a dream-land, their hope a hope that maketh ashamed; when they are warned of peril in yearning after the unattainable, reckless of calamities in store, ignoring the existence of a barbarous island in their route, and of so following out irregular fancies as to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; oh! they scout the warning as impertinent and obtrusive, and would rather trust to the tender mercies of some tempestuous wind Euroclydon, than be deterred from hastening to their Rome. And verily it is well if, at last, they become wise in time: it is well if, by God's grace, some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship, they escape safe to land.

The heart loves to have its own way; and, if it have its own way, eternity must be kept out of sight. Time spent in selfish pleasures, and eternity spent in

spiritual service, why what concord is there, can there be, between such terms? The one cancels the other. Christ and Belial cannot coalesce. The Spirit and the flesh repudiate affinity. One must give way. The question is, which? Was the centurion's desire to reach the Tiber by a certain day and for certain purposes worth the risk of a fearful shipwreck and much damage? And shall it be said of us in the sad sequel, "that man had a respect for religion, a conviction of its truth, some interest in its power, much inquiry in its province? or that woman had an affection for public services, and a painful sense of sin, and an assurance of earthly vanity, and a circle of religious acquaintanceship whom she 'courteously entreated?' nevertheless, they believed what a corrupt heart suggested, loving to have it so, rather than those things which are spoken by God."

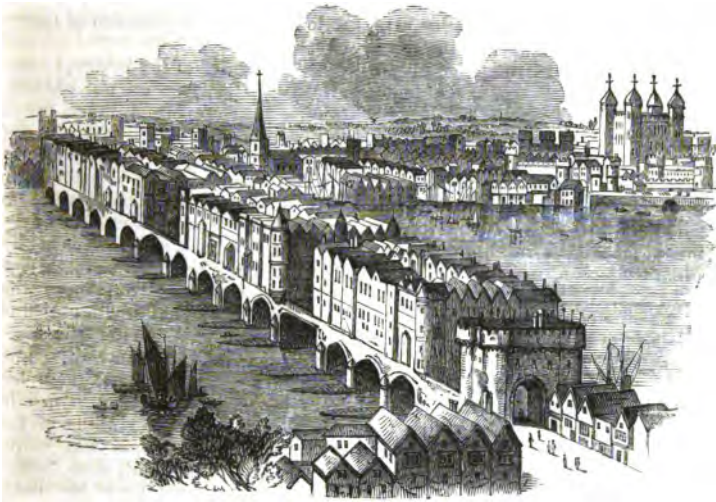
#### ASCENT TO THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

A government order having been obtained (says the author of "A Journey in France and Italy"), we started, a few mornings since, to ascend to the ball. This document is from the State-office, signed by the minister of the interior, who in the formula washes his hands of all blood-guiltiness, if you should fall from any of the altitudes and dash out your brains—a comfortable *prestige* for those who are given to be nervous. The first stair, which mounts some two hundred feet perpendicular to the attic, is a spiral slope which laden mules can traverse. All here is clean and white as dimity. Arrived on the roof of the attic, you find a colony of workmen and their houses, the statues of the Saviour and the twelve apostles, and around you a superb prospect. These colossal figures, viewed close, are rude enough. St. Matthew's thumb is an awkward bit of stone, a foot long; this gives the just effect from below. The second stair, somewhat narrower, lands you above the capitals of the pillars from which the dome springs. Here we walked around the circular, balustraded gallery, and again corrected the impressions of distance. Cherubs' dove-like eyes were found to be rough uneven bricks; and mosaics, which seem exquisite from the pavement, were like a road commencing macadamization. The pavement of the church itself had dwindled to the resemblance of a chess-board, and the Baldac-

chino (ninety feet high) seemed a child's cradle. Yet another stair, and a long one, winding between the two shells of the cupola: it is narrow, of course, but as wide as some garret stairs. When we emerged from this, we were four hundred feet above the pavement, and the great fresco at the crown of the vault lay a little under our feet. From one of the "candlestick" portals we gazed on a scene difficult to describe. Rome was reduced to compressed domes and jagged lines, formed by the palace roofs; and here and there an overgrown gable or crested ruin towered above the horizontal masses, like the hull of the *Dreadnought* among our Thames lighters. Some of the shadows projected were very fine. The Tiber, apparently motionless, lay curled on the amber-tinted Campagna; the Latin and Sabine hills swept the sky in undulating lines of blue; Soracte heaved a dark serrated ridge; and, seaward, Ostia might be discerned crouching on the water's edge. Some fifty steps lead from hence to the metal ladder which admits you at a round orifice into the ball. Within this singular retreat you may amuse yourself with tapping at the hollow shell, and listening to the music of the spheres. The diameter is some eight or nine feet, and you can converse very comfortably on the cross-bars. People may think the above dimensions scanty for a drawing-room; I can only say the ball is as roomy as some of the cabins in our "magnificent accommodation" steamers. After this we descended from our altitudes as safely as the benevolent minister of the holy see could wish.

#### RELIGION OF THE HANDS.

"I am bringing up my daughter," said lord Byron, "in a Catholic convent; for if she is to have any religion, I desire that she may have her hands full." How well does this random sneer characterize the religion of which he speaks. It is a religion which gives full employment to the whole man, except the essential part of him. It employs the feet in pilgrimages and processions, the knees in genuflections, the hands in crossing, the tongue in Pater Nosters and Ave Marias, the lips in kissing the toes of marble apostles and the shrines of pictured saints; but it leaves the understanding groping in darkness which it has no disposition to dispel, and the heart weltering in a corruption which it has no means to eradicate.



Old London-Bridge.

OLD LONDON-BRIDGE.

AMONG the improvements of modern times must be reckoned our skill in the construction of bridges. There is as great a difference between the narrow, clumsy, and inconvenient arches which our forefathers built, and the broad, spacious, and elegant structures that now span our principal rivers, as between the enlightened opinions of the nineteenth century, and the obsolete and exploded notions of the middle ages.

The destruction of old London-bridge, some twenty years ago, to make way for its modern successor, was an event too obviously useful to be opposed by the reflecting classes. Nevertheless, it was not without a sigh that the antiquarian and those read—however partially—in the local transactions of London, saw it disappear. It had existed for six centuries; and across its venerable causeway, to use the language of a modern writer, “the wise, the beautiful, the noble, from all countries and climes, the adventurer in search of gold, the Jesuit employed in the dark mission of mystery and intrigue, the ambassador followed by his gorgeous suite, the philosophers, the statesmen, and poets had passed in their

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journey to the great commercial capital of the world.”

Wooden bridges, on the site or nearly so, of the present structure, appear to have existed as far back as the year 994, if not at an earlier period. Canute, king of Denmark, having in his siege of London, unsuccessfully endeavoured to force his way past one of these erections, executed a military work of surprising magnitude, when the age in which he lived is considered. At Redriff he dug a canal, leading into the river at a higher point, up which he introduced his vessels. The labour required for such an operation would even in our day, with all the appurtenances of science, have been prodigious.

It was not, however, until between the years 1176 and 1209, that a stone bridge spanned the Thames. An ecclesiastic, Peter of Southwark,—the Barry or Rennie of his day,—was the architect. A chapel was in the centre, and a drawbridge near the Southwark extremity, while the sides were lined with houses. The latter erections, doubtless, owed their origin to the eagerness with which, in an uncivilized period, men sought protection within the walls of a fortified city. Singular dwellings these old houses must have been.

Pennant, the antiquary, has described the whole row of them, as being a street narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers. Frequent arches of timber crossed them to keep them together, and prevent them from falling into the river. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle-makers; and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases at them.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, the bridge was a favourite residence of the booksellers of the day. Along its dim and misty labyrinth might, doubtless, have often been seen, wending their way, the authors of those goodly folios and quartos which attest the deep learning of queen Bess's times, and shame our pigmy race of octavo and duodecimo writers. Other objects besides shops, however, attracted the passengers on London-bridge. It was the spot on which the heads of traitors were frequently exhibited, being affixed to the top of one of the towers. A German traveller, in the sixteenth century, counted thirty such melancholy memorials of the fierce passions of the times. In those days "the smell of a dead traitor" was considered the most agreeable perfume which the nostrils of a loyal subject could inhale.

Spaces at intervals were left on the bridge, through which the passenger could get glimpses of the world of waters below, and their *bizarre* groups of shipping. It was when Mr. Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was standing gazing at one of these openings, that a benevolent individual slipped a guinea into his hand, imagining, from his threadbare garments and melancholy appearance, that he was meditating a suicidal leap into the river. Guy is said to have liberally rewarded his intentional benefactor. Groups of spectators, after the demolition of the houses in 1757, were wont to throng the sides of London-bridge, looking at some waterworks erected at it, and watching also what used to be a sort of nautical masterpiece, the spectacle of wherries "shooting the bridge." "At low tide," to quote Mr. Jesse's words, "an almost terrific fall of water, forming a number of temporary cataracts, took place." Daring watermen used occasionally to descend these elevations, at the risk of their lives. Sometimes also this fall formed the spot which men, with a fatal decision, selected as the means of putting an end to their existence. Budgell, the

associate of Addison in the composition of "The Spectator," a son of the eminent sir William Temple, the statesman, with others less known to fame, here rushed unbidden into the presence of their great Creator.

In the centre of the bridge, as we have already stated, was an old chapel, containing a monument of Peter, the architect of the structure. It was connected by a winding stair with the river, and had attached to it an ancient fishpond, covered over with an iron grating, which prevented the fish from escaping after they had once been carried in by the tide. "Mr. Thomson," adds Mr. Jesse, "informs us, that in 1827, there was still living one of the old functionaries of the bridge, then verging towards his hundredth year, who well remembered having descended the winding staircase leading from the chapel, in order to fish in the pond." About the beginning of the last century, the old chapel was converted into a warehouse and shop, which in 1737 were tenanted by a Mr. Baldwyn, or Yaldwyn. A curious fact is told respecting this individual, which illustrates the power of habit over the functions of the body and mind. "When in his seventy-seventh year, having had his health impaired, Mr. Baldwyn was recommended by his medical adviser to retire for a time into the country, for the advantage of fresh air and quiet. Accordingly he proceeded to Chiselhurst; but so accustomed was he to the monotonous roar of the river, rushing through the narrow arches of London-bridge, that the stillness of the country deprived him entirely of sleep!" He had to return to town.

The old bridge, we may only add, after having existed for about six hundred years, was taken down in 1832. In 1824 was laid the first pile of the present magnificent structure, far excelling, in handsomeness and convenience, its venerable predecessor. As to durability, it promises to see a good old age. On this point we can, however, only anticipate. A later generation must test the truth of our conclusion. Long, long before new London-bridge reaches one-sixth part of its predecessor's term of existence, those who cross it in 1851, will have passed into an unchanging condition of existence, where more momentous realities will engage their attention.

M. H. W.

## HOME INFLUENCE.

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
 Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,  
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

I believe that it is scarcely possible to live in a family where religion is sweetly exemplified, even by one member only, without deep convictions. Truly has it been said, that "our duties are like the circles of a whirlpool, and the innermost includes home." A modern writer has designated home, "heaven's fallen sister;" and a melancholy truth lies shrouded in those few words. Our home influence is not a passing, but an abiding one; and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, I have no influence? What sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power of each!

"A lighted lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house." And so there is a quiet influence, which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to "a carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head, and forgets half its misery." This influence falls as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sunbeam, the fertilizing shower, shining on all with the mild lustre of moonlight, and harmonizing in one soft tint many of the discordant hues of a family picture.

There are animalcules, we are told, "invisible to the naked eye, which make the sea brilliant as fire, so that every wave seems bordered with gold; and there are also small reptiles which occasion those miasms which by their plague can slay the strongest natures: so even spiritual existence has its monads, and the life-atmosphere of the family depends upon what the nature of these is." Let us all endeavour to resemble the good

animalcules, which, although invisible, make all around bright and golden-tinted.

And now let us glance for a moment on the home influence of those who are neither kind nor gentle. It is a sad picture, truthfully painted. "Do you not know," writes the artist,—"Do you not know that they bestow wretchedness instead of happiness even upon those who are dearest and nearest to them? Do you not know that their very voice is dreaded, and unwelcome as it sounds through their home? Is not their step avoided in the passage, or on the stairs, in the certainty of no kind or cheerful greeting, in the fear of angry words? Do you not observe that every subject but the most indifferent is lightly touched upon in their presence, or concealed from their knowledge, in the vain hope of keeping away food for their excitement of temper? Deprived of confidence, deprived of respect, their society is shunned even by the few who still love them." They pass through their homes like the easterly wind, and a chilling blight falls on the domestic scene. Their influence is a fearful one. Anger begets anger. They are aptly compared to a jar of household vinegar, wherein are dissolved the precious pearls of daily life. They are unhappy in themselves, and they make others so. They are ill-tempered, and they spoil the tempers of those with whom they associate. Harsh and unloving, they breed hard thoughts in the breasts of others. They darken the sunshine of daily life. They weaken our faith in the good and beautiful. Their home influence, instead of being a blessing, becomes a curse.

Dear reader, is any member of your family suffering from the infirmity of an irritable temper? Try what a contrary influence—try what kindness will do. From daily and continual observation you can most probably tell what things, what provocations, are the likeliest to call forth this besetting sin. Endeavour, if possible, to avoid them; be on the watch for little opportunities of smoothing away difficulties. Remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and that kind words are as oil poured on the troubled waters. Seek to be always patient to the faults and imperfections of others; for, doubtless, thou hast many of thine own. How blessed is he who by good words and deeds can bring a continual sunshine into the home where he

dwells! How blessed are the fruits of a cheerful and forbearing spirit, filled with love towards God and man!

The following prayer, written by an experienced Christian, is well worth learning by heart:—"Be pleased, O Lord, to bless the small, feeble endeavours of thy poor child, to do her duty to others; for without thy blessing they are all ineffectual, and with thy blessing I need not doubt but they will tend to my own good, and the good of those I desire to serve—more particularly at home." Elsewhere we find the same person praying thus:—"May I dwell nearer in spirit to my Redeemer, that increased humility, watchfulness, patience, and forbearance, may be my portion; that I may not only be saved myself, but that I may not stand in the way of others' salvation, more particularly in that of my own household and family; and that I may, if consistent with the Divine will, be made instrumental in saving others." It is a fearful thought that we may, by our influence, stand in the way of the salvation of others—"especially those of our own household and family:" and we do well to pray against it, and that we may be a help, and not a hindrance, one to another.

How great is the influence of the heads of families, of masters and mistresses, parents, brothers and sisters, and even of servants and little children! How many servants have had cause to bless the day when they first entered into a pious family, and not only listened to the precepts of God's holy word, but witnessed how they were exemplified, and carried out in the daily life of those whom it was their privilege to serve! How many parents are there whose children have risen up and called them blessed! How many a brother and sister have owed their conversion, under God, to each other! How many Christian servants have been the first to introduce religion into a thoughtless and worldly family, choosing the time of sickness or sorrow, when the heart was softened and subdued, and asking God's blessing upon their humble endeavours! How many a little child has been permitted to speak a word for Jesus! "Those," writes Miss Catherine Sinclair, "who neglect to promote the happiness, or to seek the salvation of any with whom the providence of an all-wise Creator has connected them by the most sacred ties, betray one of their chief trusts, and lose one of the

greatest felicities which the world can afford."

The influence of a dear young friend, whose home conduct was a beautiful illustration of the faith that worketh by love, is thus described by an eye-witness:—"She moved about the house like a sunbeam. I heard her singing as she passed to and fro, and her mother heard her too, and said, with a fond smile, 'It is Mary. She is always the same, always happy. I do not know what I should do without her.' 'I do not know what any of us would do without Mary,' repeated her eldest daughter, and the rest echoed her words.

"Her youngest brother is of a violent temper, and is always quarrelling with somebody; but he never quarrels with Mary, because she will not quarrel with him, but strives to turn aside his anger by gentle words. Even her presence has an influence over him. So it has on all her brothers; and to please her they have left off taking in the Sunday newspaper, and go to church, or read good books at home. They none of them think as seriously as she does about sacred things; but they avoid making a jest of them when she is present, or saying or doing anything to hurt her feelings. And some day, Mary hopes that what they now abstain from for her sake, will be abstained from out of love for God, and for fear of grieving the Holy Spirit.

"One day, upon Robert, the eldest brother, declining to join a party of pleasure on the following sabbath, a friend observed that he had no idea he was so changed in his views, and recalled to remembrance the time when he had made a mockery of religion.

" 'Yes,' answered Robert; 'but that was before Mary taught me to love it.'

"His sister, who was present, burst into tears. 'I never taught you,' said she; 'I have never said a single word on the subject. God has taught you.'

" 'It is true that you have never said a word, my sister; but your actions have spoken for you, and for God.'

" 'To him be all the glory,' whispered Mary, as she kissed him.

"The brother and sister are now constantly together; and Robert is, I think, likely to become a decided Christian. If it be so, he will always say that he owes it, under God, to her influence. And I firmly believe that there are others in the family who will feel the same ere very



long. 'To love and wait is excellent home philosophy.'"

What a blessing it is when religion enters a family! it may be in the youngest, or the meanest in the house, and works, by God's blessing, like the leaven hidden in the meal, until the whole lump be leavened. "Happy families!" writes M'Cheyne; "but, oh! how few, where parents and children fear the Lord, and speak often one to another, and the Lord stands by hearkening, and writing down their words in his 'book of remembrance,' wherein he reckons up his jewels."—*"Isabel; or, Influence," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### THE BANK CLERK AND HIS PARCEL.

IN the latter end of the year 1825, and during the panic, a clerk was despatched from a house in Lombard-street, with 10,000*l.*, in one-pound Bank of England notes, for the relief of a country banker in the county of Norfolk.

The clerk travelled by the mail-coach, and took the notes, made up into a parcel, in a blue bag. On leaving London, there was no other passenger in the coach, and he began to congratulate himself on his good fortune in being alone with so large\* and valuable a parcel.

His joy on this account was, however, of short duration, for on the coach arriving at Stratford, two men, muffled up in great coats, got into the coach. On their entering, the clerk took the parcel, which he had previously deposited on the seat, and placed it on his lap. This movement was observed by the men, who soon began to whisper to each other. The clerk did not like either their appearance or their manner; but in order to show that he had no fear of them, he pretended to be merry, by humming several tunes. At last one of the men, addressing the clerk, said, "You are very fond of singing, I find; but why don't you put your parcel on the seat? there is room enough. It must surely be very valuable, or you would not hug it in the way you do."

This advice was, however, declined by the clerk, who said he experienced no inconvenience; but, although he felt no

inconvenience from the weight of the parcel, the horrible thought came across his mind that the two men were thieves, and that they intended to commit violence on him, and then seize on his parcel; and he was confirmed in his opinion by the tenor of the remarks interchanged between them, the whole of which were directed to him and his parcel; and, although carried on in an under tone, his ear caught the following words of one of them, in reply to an observation of the other:—"Not yet; wait till we get out of Braintree."

On arriving at that place, the clerk felt that he could proceed no further in such company: he, therefore, on their stopping to change horses, jumped out of the coach, and took the guard aside, requesting he would take him to the banker in the town. This the guard said he could not do; but, on perceiving the excitement and agitation of the clerk, and understanding that the parcel he carried was of considerable value, he consented to accompany him to the banker, who he found had retired to bed; but he soon made his appearance by opening the door, when the clerk flung the parcel into his arms, exclaiming, "It is safe!" and immediately fell at his feet in a fainting fit.

This singular scene took the banker quite by surprise. He had no means of unravelling it: the guard of the mail had left the town, and the only party who could throw any light upon it lay at his feet in a swoon. However, he soon procured aid, and with some restoratives the dormant faculties of the clerk were reanimated, when he explained to the banker the cause of his sudden and unexpected appearance.

The banker locked up the parcel, and, having made up a bed for the clerk, he was able, by nine o'clock in the morning, to proceed by post-chaise to his destination, accompanied by the banker as an escort.

On subsequent inquiries being made of the guard of the mail, it appeared that the two men, whose appearance had also excited his suspicions, were entirely unknown in that part of the country; and, although their places were booked in London by another party for the whole distance, they both left the coach about three miles from Braintree, not stopping at any house, or even a village. On alighting they exclaimed dreadfully against the guard, and walked away: it

\* One million of one-pound notes would, if placed one upon another, reach about 100 feet higher than the Monument, which is 220 feet in height.

was then about one o'clock in the morning.—*Lawson's "History of Banking."*

### THE FELTON FAMILY.

#### A STORY FOR THE SELFISH.

MANY are the besetting sins that win their way in human hearts, urging men onward in their wild career of lawless passion, grasping covetousness, tyranny, cruelty, and infidelity; but the most common of all sins is selfishness. Other sins prevail, but this is universal:

Some worship power, ambition, glory, pelf,  
Or fleeting fame; but all bow down to self.  
Self is the god,—the calf of golden ore,—  
The Dagon idol that mankind adore.

But common and universal as is this sin, every one cries out against it; and there are thousands who have credit with themselves for benevolence and disinterestedness, whose almost every action springs from selfishness.

Of this large class of people, the Feltons' formed a part, but had such an insinuation reached their ears, every one of them would have indignantly repelled the accusation. What! Mr. Felton, the churchwarden, who had liberally given a perpetual donation to the poor;—Mrs. Felton, who had a Dorcas Society under her own direction;—and Miss Fanny Felton, the maiden sister of Mr. Felton, who had well-nigh supported, by her own purse, a whole family of poor relations for a space of two years! Could there, by any possibility, be a particle of selfishness in their hearts? Impossible! and yet, notwithstanding this seeming impossibility, such was the case. Mr. Felton, good easy man, suspected not that a churchwarden, in giving a perpetual donation to the poor, might have an eye to the golden-lettered tablet that would be erected in the church to record the generous deed. Mrs. Felton never dreamed, not she, that pride could have anything to do with her presiding among her friends, and dunning her neighbours for subscriptions to purchase calico shirts and flannel petticoats; and still less, if possible, did it ever enter the head of Miss Fanny, that the delight of dictating to her poor relatives, and tyrannising over them, could be an ingredient in her generosity. No! if any family was free from selfishness, it was, in their own estimation at least, the family of the Feltons.

Mr. Felton, like many others who have

risen from a humble origin, not having Christian principle to keep him lowly, became purse-proud, ostentatious, and consequential; and though this exposed him to the derision of those above him, and the hatred of those beneath him, yet did he contrive to secure the outward manifestations of respect. Mr. Felton had a quick eye to everything which had a tendency to increase his importance, and to this very questionable quality might be traced his apparently benevolent determination to give to the poor a donation of fifty pounds.

Oh! how deceitful the heart must be when it can persuade its possessor that a deed of pure selfishness is an act of charity and generosity! When we find it is declared in Holy Writ to be "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," how watchful should we be to regulate its emotions!—how vigilant to restrain its selfish propensities!

When Mr. Felton gave his donation, he, of course, modestly and becomingly intimated an objection to his name appearing in the church, and, of course, this objection was, without very great difficulty, removed, he being easily convinced that his neighbours knew much better than himself what was proper in such a case. The consequence was that, with all due despatch, an additional benefaction tablet appeared in the church of St. Chad's, setting forth, to wit, that Frederick Felton, Esq., of Felton Grange, had generously bequeathed the interest of fifty pounds to the poor of the parish for ever, to be given to them in loaves of bread, or other sustenance, on the morning of each St. Thomas's day.

It has been written,

"Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name."

But had Mr. Felton been the builder of a church, he would have paid very little attention to this poetic exhortation.

The poor of St. Chad's were unquestionably benefited by Mr. Frederick Felton's donation, but neither was he himself without sundry advantages and immunities derivable from the same source. In the first place, it established his reputation for generosity and charity, while it defended him from many pecuniary applications that would have been made to him had he not given the donation. Then there was the grand field-day—the day of St. Thomas—in which he figured away as commander-in-chief,

in marshalling the poor, and distributing the loaves; and in addition to these things, his pride was greatly gratified, for whenever visitors came to his house, they were sure to be taken to see the church, and when at the church they were equally sure to have their attention directed to the benefaction tablet, where the name of Frederick Felton, Esq., so ostentatiously glittered. Taking one thing with another, Mr. Felton was really repaid with usury for the outlay of his fifty pounds.

Mr. Felton read his prayer-book aloud on the Sunday, and he read his Bible at his family devotions; but there was one book that he never could read, and that was the book of his own heart. Had one page of this sealed volume been opened to the eyes of his understanding, he would have been affrighted at its contents, for he would have seen that he had not one particle of Christian charity. As it was, he was altogether ignorant of this truth, and the words of the apostle were to him unintelligible: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.—And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."—1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3.

But if Mr. Felton, though he always applied the text especially to himself, "Blessed is he which considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," was deficient in true Christian charity, it could hardly be said with truth that his fair partner in this respect had any advantage over him. Mrs. Felton was a lady of some companionable qualities; and as long as she was permitted to take the lead and have her own way, made herself very agreeable. Unhappily, however, she had fallen into the error of concluding that everybody was bound to support every cause she took in hand. Had she reflected with more judgment, she would have been aware that the Christian world undertakes a variety of Christian duties, and that it is quite lawful for those who have not the means of attending to them all, to confine themselves to such as they have the ability to discharge.

Mrs. Felton's hobby was to supply with clothing the poor of her own and the neighbouring parishes, and, in furtherance of this object, her applications to her neighbours were incessant. In these applications Mrs. Felton had not the

slightest compunction or delicacy. She bored her way with the same relentless obduracy, whether she called on a wealthy neighbour, or on one who maintained her respectability of appearance by the most scrupulous regard to economy. Mrs. Felton took no denial. If the lady were out she would "call again;" if she was engaged, she would "wait till she was at liberty;" and if at a meal, she would not detain her "more than a minute." Thus did she not only play the part of a bunch of stinging nettles, rendering herself objectionable to all around her, but also injured the religious character she assumed. This was not intended by her, but she knew not her own heart, and was blind to her own errors.

Mrs. Felton was so much occupied in obtaining funds, and presiding at her Dorcas Society, that she manifested little judgment in selecting her objects of charity, and frequently the evil she inflicted, by obtaining subscriptions of those who could not afford to give them, was greater than the good she conferred on the recipients of her bounty. Mrs. Felton would have met with a formidable rival in her husband's sister had not the latter occupied a sphere of selfishness exclusively her own.

It has already been intimated that Miss Fanny, the maiden sister of Mr. Felton, had rendered considerable assistance to a family of poor relations. A specimen of the spirit in which she carried out her kind intentions to her humbler relatives must be given. She had called on the poor widow to leave money with her to pay her rent, when the following remarks fell from her lips:—

"Now remember, Mrs. Roberts, though I pay you your rent this time, I never intend to do it again. You and your family have cost me no end of money, and I do not see that I should support you and impoverish myself."

The poor widow, with her pale face and half-broken heart, looked at her pitifully, but spoke not a word.

"Mrs. Rudge, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Rawlins, all tell me that I do too much for you; that there is reason in all things, and that they are quite sure if it had not been for me, you and your children would before now have been in the work-house."

Had Miss Fanny really possessed Christian charity, Mrs. Rudge, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Rawlins would have known little, or nothing, about the

matter; and had the latter had any proper feeling, they would have felt ashamed of their hardheartedness.

"I see that you have put new ribands to the bonnet that I gave you. I should have thought that the old ribands would have done very well, but you know better than I do. If you can afford to be always buying new ribands, it is more than I can do, but it is my duty to tell you, Mrs. Roberts, that I shall set my face against such silly extravagance."

It was in vain that Mrs. Roberts meekly reminded her tyrannous benefactress that when she gave her the bonnet it had but one string; and, furthermore, humbly informed her that she had not bought the ribands, but that they had been given her by a kind friend, for this only made things worse.

"Oh! kind friends, indeed! Then you have kind friends have you, Mrs. Roberts, who are willing to supply you with finery? You can have very little need, then, of my assistance. I wonder that your kind friends have never thought of paying your rent for you, and making you presents of bonnets and gowns, and sending you coals and potatoes, as I have done. It is high time for me to look about me, and see if I cannot find a few of the kind friends of which you have so many."

After thus oppressing the widow and the fatherless, Miss Fanny Felton laid down, with very great zeal and very little kindness, a multiplicity of sage remarks, rules, and regulations, for the benefit of Mrs. Roberts, as though, by the extension of her purse strings, she had acquired an indisputable right to control and direct her thoughts, her words, and her deeds. She then hastened away to make a call on Mrs. Rudge, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Rawlins, to tell them that, notwithstanding their friendly counsel, she had been foolishly good-natured enough once more to pay Mrs. Roberts's rent.

The delusions of a selfish heart are numberless—their "name is Legion;" nor can we reasonably hope to escape their deceitful influence till, changed by Almighty power, we become meek and lowly followers of the Redeemer:

His grace and goodness will control  
The grasping passions of the soul;  
The power of Christian love display,  
And drive the selfish fiend away.

Neither the popularity of Mr. Felton, nor that of his wife and sister, was to last

for ever; for, in course of time, another churchwarden was appointed. The new churchwarden's wife not only took precedence of Mrs. Felton, but became also a good friend to the poor widow and her children. All this was too severe a test to the selfish principles of the Felton family; and when they found that they could no longer enjoy an undisputed reign in their several spheres of action, they at once abandoned even the appearance of benevolence. Mr. Felton began to litigate with the parish to get back again the perpetual donation he had given; Mrs. Felton broke up the Dorcas Society; and Miss Fanny Felton altogether withdrew her protection and patronage from her poor relation.

We will not for a moment censure Mr. Felton for giving fifty pounds to the poor, or Mrs. Felton for clothing the needy, or Miss Felton for rendering assistance to her humble relative; for though almsgiving is only one part, it is a very important part of Christian charity. The error of the Feltons' was in the selfish principle from which their acts proceeded. Oh! that, with godly sincerity, we were all desirous to be purged of our earthly errors, and to be influenced by heavenly aspirations.

Christian charity is the very opposite of selfishness, for it leads us to practise not only kindness, but meekness, forbearance, and self-denial: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."—1 Cor. xiii., 4—8, 13.

Reader, put to yourself these questions. Am I seeking God's glory, or my own? Am I striving to serve others, or myself? Is it my desire truly to practise Christian charity, or do I belong to the family of the Feltons'? G. M.

#### MAKE USE OF YOUR EYES.

MANY persons imagine that they can make no progress in scientific observation, without extensive attainments in mathematics, and the use of philosophical

instruments and chemical apparatus. These, doubtless, are important helps to observation; they widen its range and test its accuracy. Yet much can be done without them. Indeed, there is no situation in which the capacity for philosophical observation cannot be gratified with the most satisfactory results. Nature, indeed, has often to be forced by means of experiment, like the subtle and changeable Proteus, to declare her secrets; yet her great features are open to all, and invite their study. The barren heath, with its mosses, lichens, and insects, its stunted shrubs and pale flowers, becomes a Paradise under the eye of observation. To the genuine thinker, the sandy beach and the arid wild are full of wonders, indicating the presence and power of the all-pervading Deity. The bare cliff, which has borne the storms of innumerable winters, glows with living interest under his fixed and ardent gaze. Shut him up in a dungeon, and he will find pleasure and profit in making the acquaintance of spiders and flies, and in studying their habits and history. Confine him to the house, and the light streaming in at the windows, the fresh dew gathering upon the cold tumbler, the steam pouring from the tea-urn, the rays shooting like innumerable radii from the burning lamp, supply ample materials for philosophical observation.

It is said that the youthful Pascal was led into an interesting train of investigation by simply noticing the vibratory sound made by a tumbler, when struck with a knife at the dinner-table. Putting his finger upon it, the sound instantly ceased, and he never rested till he ascertained its cause. Throw sand upon the surface of a sonorous body, and it will arrange itself into regular mathematical forms, in correspondence with the nature and amount of the vibration. The observation of this fact has given rise to an interesting train of investigation in the science of acoustics. Well has it been remarked by an eminent authority, that "as truth is single and consistent with itself, a principle may be as completely and as plainly elucidated, by the most familiar and simple fact, as by the most imposing and uncommon phenomenon. The colours which glitter on a soap-bubble are the immediate consequence of a principle the most important, from the variety of the phenomena it explains, and the most beautiful, from its simplicity and compendious neatness, in the whole

science of optics. If the nature of periodical colours can be made intelligible, by the contemplation of such a trivial object, from that moment it becomes a noble instrument in the eye of correct judgment; and to blow a large, regular, and durable soap-bubble may become the serious and praiseworthy endeavour of a sage, while children stand round and scoff, or children of a larger growth hold up their hands in astonishment at such waste of time and trouble. To the natural philosopher there is no natural object unimportant and trifling. The fall of an apple may raise his thoughts to the laws which govern the revolutions of the planets in their orbits, or the situation of a pebble may afford him evidence of the state of the globe he inhabits."

It is in this way that the Rev. Gilbert White, a kind-hearted, old-fashioned clergyman, with the fields and gardens for his study, collected such a curious mass of scientific information, in his "Natural History of Selborne." Though its immediate details have reference to an obscure hamlet on the borders of a barren heath in Hampshire, England, it contains a more extensive and accurate description of animals than was possessed by most of his contemporaries, with much superior advantages. The good old man, full of love and wisdom, found, in his rambles about his parish,

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Mechanics in their workshops have often made valuable discoveries, by simply observing what was going on under their eyes. To this we undoubtedly owe the first suggestion respecting the telescope. Small spheres of crystal or glass had been used by the ancient engravers of gems, to aid their sight; and the transition from these to convex lenses was made by Salvini Armati, at Florence, in 1285. Subsequently, it is reported, a person casually looking through two of these lenses, in the shop of a spectacle-maker, found the building to which he directed his eye brought within a short distance of the spot where he stood. Iodine was discovered in this incidental way, not, however, without keen and judicious observation and reflection. A soap-boiler observed that the residuum of the ley from which was extracted the alkali used in the manufacture of soap, produced a corrosion of his copper boiler—a circumstance for which

he could not account. He put it into the hands of a scientific chemist, who analyzed it, and by this means discovered the beautiful element to which we have referred. This being made the subject of further observation and experiment, many interesting facts and principles were discovered, which have exerted a great influence upon chemical science; in fact, given a new impulse and direction to its investigations. It was recollected that the ley for making soap was derived principally from the ashes of sea-plants, and here, consequently, the origin of iodine was discovered. It was also found in salt water, salt mines, and springs, sponges, and other substances of a marine origin. Galileo discovered the isochronism of the pendulum—a simple affair, but one of great importance in dynamical science, by observing the regular swinging of a large lamp in an old cathedral church. The polarization of light first revealed itself to Malus, in the absence of a figure in the painted window of the palace of Luxembourg, as he casually looked at it one evening through a doubly-refracting prism, while the rays of the setting sun were streaming through the panes.—*American Classical Review*.

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A GLANCE AT OUR ANCESTORS; OR,  
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN our Number for January, we described the preparations made for that great Industrial Exhibition, which is at present filling the public ear and exciting the most varied expectations. We propose, in this paper, to take a glance backwards, and inquire what our ancestors were doing in England a century ago. Two volumes of a magazine for the years 1749 and 1751 lie before us. As we open them, and turn over their venerable pages, the hum of modern London seems to die away, and a departed world rises to our vision. It will interest us all to let down the line from the bows of the vessel, and to see at how many knots per century society has progressed. Some curious illustrations will be found of what the wise man uttered nearly three thousand years ago: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time,—which was before us."

The slave-trade is now happily abolished in this country, but a century ago it was flourishing in all its vigour, giving exhi-

bitions of selfishness in its most disgusting forms. The story of Inkle and Yarico, told in the "Spectator," has some parallel in the following extract, from the volumes before us.

"*Thursday, February, 16th, 1749.*

"Captain —, trafficking on the coast of Africa, went up the country, where he was introduced to a Moorish king, who had forty thousand men under his command. This prince being taken with the polite behaviour of the English, entertained them with the greatest civility, and at last reposed such confidence in the captain as to intrust him with his son, about eighteen years of age, with another sprightly youth, to be brought to England and educated in the European manner. The captain received them with great joy and fair treatment, but basely sold them for slaves. Shortly after, he died, and the ship coming to England, the officers related the whole affair; on which the Government sent to pay their ransom, and they were brought to England. They have since been introduced to his majesty, richly dressed in the European manner, and were very graciously received."

Many of our readers, when spending a summer's holiday at Ramsgate, have paced with satisfaction the massive pier erected there by the skill of Sir John Rennie. A hundred years ago, however, a smart controversy was raging in the periodicals of the day as to the propriety of erecting there a pier at all. Thus we read, under date of March 9th, 1749. "There was a great meeting of the merchants at the Crown tavern; the city representatives were present, and the lord mayor was in the chair, to concert a plan for erecting a pier at Ramsgate." What the result of this meeting was does not clearly appear, but we find a correspondent warning them against the project. "I am informed," he writes, "that the merchants of London have agreed to attempt an harbour at Ramsgate; but besides that this attempt is impracticable, the ends proposed would not be answered by it, should it succeed." As to the impracticability of its erection, let the tens of thousands who tread this pier every summer reply, as well as the fleets of vessels that in winter take shelter within it.

The state of crime is always an interesting subject of inquiry, in reviewing

the past, and on this point the volumes before us give us copious information. Penitentiaries and model-prisons were then unknown; the gallows-tree at Tyburn was the grand recipe for offences, however differing in degrees of aggravation. What an entry is the following! "On the 31st of December, 1750, *fifteen* malefactors were executed at Tyburn, and behaved suitably to their unhappy circumstances. Baker was permitted by the officers to be carried in a hackney-coach, contrary to the sheriffs' orders." The narrative of Eugene Aram has often arrested attention, as an example of the union of great learning with deep depravity. In the pages before us, we have the memorial of another unhappy scholar, whose life was forfeited to the law. "Monday, 20th of January, 1749, were executed at Tyburn for filing gold money, Usher Gahagan and two others. Gahagan was a very good Latin scholar, and editor of Brindley's edition of the 'Classics'; he translated Mr. Pope's 'Essay on Criticism' into Latin verse." Crimes attended with great violence seem to have been very common a hundred years ago, and modes of punishment prevailed at variance with modern ideas of propriety. Hanging in chains, for instance, was a frequent penalty; and we have recorded with painful minuteness, the execution of a female at Wisbeach, with the subsequent burning of her body! —1851 is, in these respects, certainly improved.

Reminiscences occur also in the volumes before us of the great Scottish rebellion of 1745. Thus we have a long document detailing the results of an inquiry by Government as to sir John Cope's retreat from the battle of Prestonpans; the spot, it may be remembered, where colonel Gardiner lost his life. Under date, also, of the 11th of January, 1749, we find the following entry:—"There were conveyed from the new gaol, Southwark, to Gravesend, for transportation for life, Charles Deacon and William Battagh, both of the Manchester rebel regiment, and others. Some of them went off with white, others with blue, ribbons on their caps." The insecurity of property is also evinced, by the attacks on the mails, as well as by the various parishes in London offering proclamations for the apprehension of robbers. Offences against the revenue laws, too, seem to have been very numerous, and attended with features of great barbarity.

Circumstances, affording a curious resemblance to events in our own times, appear to have taken place a hundred years ago. All London, as we write this paper, is on the tiptoe of expectation about the new building in the Park. In 1749, our forefathers were greatly excited about a new building, which was erecting in St. James's Park for a popular exhibition, not of industry, however, but of fireworks, at a cost of 14,500*l*. The erection was begun in November, and not completed till the 26th of April following.

Our old friend Westminster-bridge, seems to have given the public something of the trouble which it has done in our own day. The following notice looks more as if it had appeared in the "Times" for February 1851, than in a magazine for July, 1749. "Wednesday the 19th, the workmen begun to drive piles for the better securing the foundation of the sunk pier of Westminster-bridge." Under date of May the 6th, appears, "The affair of Hanau explained," almost literally, a title that would have suited many an article in the London newspapers last autumn. The discovery of a north-west passage is now a question, filling the public mind with melancholy interest, in connection with the fate of sir John Franklin and his crew. A hundred years ago our forefathers, over their coffee, read the announcement, that Mr. Ellis, having made the probability of a north-west passage apparent to the lords of the admiralty, would be sent out to search for it, early in the spring of 1750, with three sloops of war. "The riots of Rebecca and her daughters," for the destruction of turnpikes, is not a very old story. It happened only a few years ago. In July 1749, the country was alarmed by tumults in Somersetshire, for a similar purpose. "On the 26th inst.," we read, "between ten and eleven at night, a prodigious body of people came with drums beating and loud shouts, *some disguised in women's apparel*, and demolished the turnpike erections newly fixed." Not to be tedious with our list of historical parallels, we may only remind our readers that the practice of interment in churches was loudly reprobated during the late visitation of the cholera. In the volumes before us, we find the same practice ably argued against, nearly the same arguments being adduced! Alas! how slow is the march of sanitary wisdom. One anecdote, in con-

nection with this subject, is worthy, however, of being resuscitated from the columns in which it has so long been slumbering. "In St. Stephen's churchyard, at Paris, we are told, lies a physician who was so convinced how noxious burying in churches was to health, that, by his own direction, he was buried in the churchyard, with this epitaph: 'As I have hurt nobody while I was living, I wish to hurt nobody now that I am dead.'"

Did time permit us, we might advert to many other interesting points of comparison at greater length, but we have, perhaps, already fully tried the antiquarian taste of our readers. As regards politics, we may only add, that the notices of them, in the volumes before us, are few and scanty. The dread of a government prosecution is shown by the fact of the names of public men being generally veiled under initials. The literary tone of the articles is also very inferior to that of similar publications in our own day, and is tinged occasionally with a coarseness which would not now for a moment be tolerated. The poetry, in particular, is flat and insipid. We have looked for some specimen of it, to present to our readers, but can find nothing better than the following. The sentiments may perhaps excuse the mediocrity of the versification:

"VERSES ON THE ENTRANCE OF A NEW YEAR.

"With the old year may the old man be gone,  
And with the new may I the new put on.  
Oh, to supply new time, new grace be Thine,  
New heart, new spirit, and new life be mine.  
"CYNTHIO, *January 1st, 1749.*"

Cynthio has long since entered a state, where divisions of time are unknown. We trust from the above, however, that he "so numbered his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom."

Interesting, we may add in conclusion, it is to notice, bearing all the freshness as of yesterday, advertisements of new books, long since become motheaten; notices of bankruptcies, births, deaths, and marriages, and promotions in church, state, and law. Multiplied were the emotions that each of these, in their day, excited, but death has hushed them all! Among these advertisements, however, we still read with curiosity the first announcement of one of Dr. Johnson's best poetical productions. It is as follows, "The Vanity of Human Wishes; being the 10th satire of Juvenal, imitated

by S. Johnson. Price 1s. Doddsley." The notices of marriage are also curious, as the amount of the lady's wedding portion is generally given. Take for instance,—  
"January 15th, 1751, Mr. Hyde, dyer, in Spitalfields, to the only daughter of Charles Monson, a celebrated beauty, with 15,000*l.*" Miss Monson's charms are now, alas, faded enough. The entry immediately following has a historical interest. "January the 18th, 1751. The Rev. John Wesley, Methodist preacher, to a merchant's widow in Threadneedle-street, with a jointure of 300*l.* per annum!" This was that marriage which proved so ill-assorted, and which had well-nigh marred Wesley's usefulness. The lady, it is said, wished him to give over preaching, and a separation ensued.

Turning to the register of deaths, we select only two; the first for its curiosity, the second for its interest to all who value evangelical piety. "June the 2nd, 1751, died, *The Old Soldier*; known by that name, and by his constant attendance for many years on Divine service in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was much respected and honoured with an upper seat. He was a trooper in Queen Anne's wars, and always behaved well." "26th of January, 1751, died, the Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D., of a consumption of the lungs, at Lisbon." A long eulogium follows, which we have not room to extract. Our readers will scarcely require us to add, that this was the amiable author of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,"—a work which led to the conversion, amongst others, of the late eminent William Wilberforce, Esq.

And now, days of our forefathers, we bid you adieu. There is much in your retrospect to show that social progress has been made, but still more, however, to prove that, in every age, human nature, when unrenewed by Divine grace, has the same unmistakable features.

One sentiment, in closing the volume, forces itself upon our notice with solemn prominence. Where are those now, whose daily life is so vividly chronicled in the memorials before us? All have passed into eternity. Momentous thought! Unspeakable reality! Those who trifled away, and those who improved the great seed time, are now reaping their respective rewards! All, if resuscitated to life, and asked what was the one thing needful, would reply, not wealth, not honours, not



fame, but the care of the soul!—a living faith in the Son of God, evidenced by a holy and a godly life. E. V.

#### A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

WHEN first approaching Naples in the road from Rome, we beheld a white column of smoke rising high up into the pure and sunny atmosphere. "See," said a gentleman who accompanied us from Rome; "there is Vesuvius."

We regarded it with curiosity, but with a strong sense of disappointment. It was curious, indeed, to see the smoke when we knew it proceeded from internal fire; but without that knowledge it would not have presented any extraordinary spectacle.

The day had been intensely hot, and tired of so long a journey, we longed, on our arrival at Naples, for the shades of evening to refresh us. They came, and I went out upon a stone platform, on which opened the window of my room at the top of the house, to enjoy the freshening air and lovely view of the Bay, over which the softened light of retiring day was yet lingering, and blending gradually with the clearer one of the rising moon. Then first I beheld the fire of Vesuvius; a dark red spot on the mountain side, issuing from an orifice near to the crater, but not from the crater itself. It was not a blaze, but a deep burning light, seen through and behind the mists which followed the departure of the sun.

I went to call my friends to see it: some delay took place in finding them, and when I came back to the platform, an exclamation of wonder and delight broke from us all. That dark red spot of light had, apparently, spread out, or flowed on into a long wide stream; to have descended the entire length of the great cone, and reached the plain below. It was only the increasing gloom that rendered it visible.

The beautiful aspect of Vesuvius by night, as well as the intense heat of the weather, determined us to choose that time for its ascent; indeed, we could have attempted it at no other. That night was one which I shall not forget, and I bless God who gave me the capacity of mind, as well as of body, to enjoy it.

The form of Vesuvius is remarkable: it has two summits, and rises in a gentle swell from the sea-shore. The lower region, or base of the mountain, presents

a strong contrast to the upper. At five o'clock on a charming afternoon, we left Naples in a carriage, hoping to traverse this lower region in time to see the sun set from the more elevated one. We engaged the carriage to carry us to the Hermitage, situated at that part of the mountain from which the real difficulty of the ascent begins; for it is an instance of the rare facilities which our times afford to exploring travellers, that a carriage-road, rather difficult, but perfectly practicable, has been made upon Mount Vesuvius; a circumstance which produces much indignation, and meets with great opposition, from the numerous guides and conductors whose business it was to supply mules and ponies for that purpose.

The road has not been formed solely for the convenience of curious travellers: an observatory has been erected on Mount Vesuvius, and a carriage-road on this account has been made up to the Hermitage, which may be said to terminate the first of the two distinct regions into which the mountain is divided.

The whole base of the mountain presents scenery of the richest and most luxuriant, as well as cultivated nature. The productive vines, orange-trees, figs, pomegranates, and numerous plants and trees which are exotics to our climate, bordered the road, and gave it additional interest, while every advancing step opened to us a more charming prospect, as the lovely plain from which we ascended, the bay with its islands of historic and classic celebrity, and the busy town of Naples with its villas and gardens, became more revealed to us, bathed in the richness of a rapidly sinking sun.

What a contrast was this to the upper region of the same mountain! A scene of perfect desolation: an immense cone, flat on the top, and formed almost entirely of ashes and cinders, which in the ascent yield to the foot that toils up it, traced on all sides by broad black lines, the marks which the burning lava has left, and which can be distinctly seen at a considerable distance. There is here no vegetation, no trace of life: nothing but the ceaseless volcano appears to be in movement.

Vesuvius has not always been ascended by travellers when in the excited state in which we visited it. Many persons have recorded their entrance into the crater, or at least their inspection of it, and the common feat of throwing stones into it.

An approach to that crater in the night I describe would probably have been death.

It presented to our eyes a glowing mass, over which a fiery shower was almost constantly descending, forming a spectacle which, in the gloom and stillness of night, was at once grand and terrific. My anxious desire was to get to the lava stream, which I had watched from my window, and the representations, and I am almost ashamed to say entreaties, of some of our party, could not dissuade me from the attempt. We left our carriage at the Hermitage, singularly misnamed, and I was mounted on a mule, which took me along a path about three quarters of a mile further on, while the gentlemen proceeded on foot. The guides were provided with large torches, perhaps eight feet long; at the spot where I dismounted these were lighted, and the glare they flung around revealed the most singular scene I ever beheld.

A field of blocks of lava, of that dark colour it assumes when cold, lay stretched beside us; ashes, cinders, and those sharp, hard masses, covered the whole space, up to the cone, from whose red summit the pillar of flame shot out in fitful variations, while fiery stones descended from the skies they had been thrown to, and fell, sometimes back into the burning crater, sometimes beyond it; glowing ashes, more like sparkles from blazing wood, dispersing around, diffused a fiery light on the midnight sky, and red-hot cinders made the outside of the crater one brilliant, and apparently burning, though not blazing mass.

It was over this field of lava I was to walk. Our guide said it was impossible I could do it, and offered to remain with me while the stronger members of our society visited the living lava in my stead. But, as I saw the man would be glad of any excuse to get off the toil of an expedition for which he was paid, but which he had to make too often, I would not yield to his persuasions, but, on the contrary, persuaded myself that interested motives induced him to influence my friends against my accomplishing my desire. I set out on the blocks of lava with a good heart, for I firmly believed that a path had been made through them, and would soon be found; a delusion which, I believe, enabled me to effect my object; for had I known that I was really to walk for more than a mile on the sharp, hard, unsteady blocks, almost like pointed irons

to the feet, up ridges and into furrows, guided only by the fitful light of torches, for the moon had not then risen—had I known this from the beginning, I fear I should not have persisted, but turned back with the less reluctant guide, as I had promised to do if weary. How like is this to the pathway of life! How many would shrink from tracing all its steps, if they knew the end from the beginning! Better is it to be led on in ignorance, trusting that as our day is, so shall our strength be. Weary, indeed, I was, and several times ready to give up; but some little assistance, some kind solicitude, or some encouraging words, again cheered me to go onward.

At length, the increasing heat told of our approach to the fiery region; the air was sulphurous, and gave a choking sensation; it was also loaded with smoke. The ground grew hotter and hotter; we mounted a ridge of cinders, and there, at the other side, I beheld my lava stream. I stood beside it, on the brink of the bed it had tracked for itself. It was a river of fire, about thirty feet broad, slowly moving on; over the top was heard a slight fizzing sound, just such as cinders make. A light smoke rose from it, but much less than might be expected.

The ground was so hot, and my feet so sore, that I found it impossible to stand for a moment on one spot. My shoes were almost entirely burned off. One of my friends, catching my hand, caused me to bend over the stream to see the lava in motion; I could only compare it to a thick muddy stream on fire, and moving through masses of matter spread over the surface. But as I bent over it, the oppressive atmosphere suddenly overcame me; I felt a dizziness and sense of faintness, and, catching the arm of the guide, precipitately descended the ridge of cinders that bounded my lava stream, and hid myself from it with still more eagerness than I had sought it.

It required, indeed, some fortitude to conceal my state, or to struggle against yielding to it; but, aware of the consternation which I should occasion, I was enabled to do both, and sat quietly on a block of lava out of sight, till the effect of the heat and suffocation had passed away. After a walk of equal toil, occupying at least an hour in returning, as it had done in going, we once more arrived on smooth ground, and when I saw my mule patiently awaiting my return, I was too glad to mount to my former seat,

leaving the gentlemen to continue their way alone to the summit of the cone, where several parties, both of ladies and gentlemen, had preceded them, attended by chairs and porters, and guides with leathern straps round their waists, in which a feebler traveller being inclosed, he or she is pulled up by the stronger animal. I did not covet either mode of ascent, and, as they could not approach the crater, I knew they could not have so good a view of it as I had from a lower station: at least self-love comforted itself with such conclusions, as I wandered back alone to the Hermitage.

The moon had risen in all its brightness; it was about half-past one o'clock in the morning, and its unclouded presence more than supplied the absence of the milder light of the uncertain torches which the party had taken with them. As their voices died away, and the shouts of the guides calling to their fellows became fewer and more distant, I was glad to find the Italian youth who was my cicerone, noisy as all natives of Naples are, had loitered behind with some chance comrade; for I enjoyed the silence of the hour and strange splendour of the scene too much to wish to have it broken by such nonsense as he had been addressing to his mule, to which he gave the favourite title of *Macaroni*.

In quiet musing I rode along, and might have gone too far; for the mule, deserted by its master, and left by me to its own guidance, took a wrong path. The shouts of the noisy Italian, as he missed me from the right one, apprised me of the fact; he came running after his *Macaroni*, and guided both wanderers back. I began to think that meditation and musing, at midnight, were not suitable to Mount Vesuvius; an idea that was not removed on my entrance into the court of the Hermitage, which was filled with donkeys, ponies, guides, carriages, and servants. There I was joined by two of the gentlemen whom I had left, and who finding themselves sufficiently fatigued by their walk to the lava stream, had followed me back.

Thirsty and tired, we entered the Hermitage, thinking it to be, as in fact it is, an inn which went by that name; I was, however, rather surprised to find the owner of the house to be a calm, respectable-looking monk; his grave countenance, brown frock, cord, rosary, and crucifix, agreeing ill with the aspect of the place, which was incessantly filled

with parties going to, and coming from, the scene we had left.

At a table in the scantily-furnished room sat a comfortable-looking priest, with some bread, cheese, apples, and a bottle of common wine before him. We were glad to join in his supper. He informed us that he was the chaplain who said mass in the adjoining chapel, and he smiled good-humouredly when I asked if that house were really a hermitage.

"Certainly," he replied; "and there is the hermit," nodding his head to where the monk sat at a distance.

"A solitary?" I persisted.

"Yes," he answered, with a laugh, "a solitary who is in society."

It was a singular scene and a singular place. There were some young Germans and Italians present, and the conversation that ensued was only broken up by the advance of the grave and silent hermit, whose voice I did not hear, and who now in silence, and with gravity, approached the table, removed the bottle of wine, and replaced it by another, adding, also, a fresh supply of the bread, cheese, and apples. This movement we took as a hint that our part of the repast was over, and the table prepared for other guests. The priest withdrew, and the party separated. For my part, I retired to the carriage, fell asleep, and forgot that I was on Mount Vesuvius, until awakened by the voices of our absent friends, whose fatigue scarcely allowed them power to mount into the carriage. It was then three o'clock, and that last exertion made, it was at once put in motion, and preceded by our guide, carrying a flaming torch, we began to descend on our return to Naples. Before we reached it, the sun had risen on our heavy and dazzled eyes.

I have put this little sketch on paper while its subject is still fresh on my mind, and shall I not add a few lines drawn from the reflections to which my midnight excursion gave rise? A scene so grand and terrific must, one would think, fill every mind with solemn thoughts. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was brought before me, as I viewed the gloomy vestiges of what was once the ancient city of *Herculaneum*; and perhaps there is no other scene more calculated to convey an idea of the doom which the Scriptures either describe or predict. Some authors conjecture that not more than 20,000 persons have perished in the

several eruptions—about forty—which are known to have taken place of Mount Vesuvius. This number is probably greatly underrated; yet the very idea of one of these fiery devastations, of the overthrow of a single town or village, fills us with horror. We wonder at the hardness, or indifference, that suffers people to dwell happily and at ease just beneath that burning crater. Yet what is our own position in this world? What is it to the careless and godless dwellers therein, but a vast volcano, their resting-place whereon is a thousand times more insecure than that of the dweller on Vesuvius? There an earthquake may prove the signal for flight, the groans of the working mountain may give a timely warning; but of a more awful destruction we are told that it shall come suddenly, in a moment, as a thief in the night, even when men are saying, "Peace and safety!"

"Peace and safety!" these are sweet words, but applicable only to the Christian, to the man, woman, or even child, who has found peace and safety in the salvation of Jesus Christ. The Redeemer is the ark of refuge. Oh! it is well if we are hid in him when the "blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall." There is no salvation in any other. Happy is it to know that such is the case, else we might be weary in seeking, and disappointed in finding that peace and safety which he offers. But there is salvation in Jesus Christ; and trembling in fear, burdened with sin, or overwhelmed with sorrow, we can hear his voice saying, "Come unto me," and hope that, kept by his love and power, we shall find peace and safety even in that hour which shall try all them that dwell upon the earth.—*From the "Christian Garland," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

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FRESH FLOWERS.

How beneficent is the Creator! He has not only adapted the earth to bring forth the nutritious grain for the support of life, and the rich and mellow fruits to regale the palate, but has bedecked the fields with flowers of beautiful and varied colours, to please the eye and refresh with their odours. We had almost termed these the luxuries of his providence. He might have sustained our natures without them; but had he

withheld them, of what a source of pleasure had we been deprived! God made the mountains, and in them we behold the exhibition of his majesty; he made the flowers, and in them we see his condescending goodness. Look at them in all their diversity of conformation, in all the delicacy of their tints, and in the sweetness of their fragrance; look at them displaying their beauties in the woods, by the gurgling brook, over the broad prairie, and you hear them proclaim,

"The hand that made us is Divine!"

Nay, they speak in more tender accents to man of the love of that Divine Being who would thus attract the thoughts of his inconsiderate and rebellious creatures. Sweet flowers! I had rather gaze on you than on all the gorgeous trappings of the royal court; I had rather court your acquaintance than that of earthly princes! Chaste and beautiful companions, in your society I avert my eye from the vicious indulgences pursued by others, and think of Him that formed you. My beautiful ornaments! less costly but more valued than the fantastic trinkets of the jeweller. In my window, in my garden, on my table, ever welcome; your bloom reminding me of the paradise above, and even your falling leaf bringing to mind the wholesome remembrance that from this scene of things I am passing away. Bring me flowers, fresh flowers, to be admired and loved for their Maker's sake, to awaken within me a source of innocent delight. When I see the eyes of the young kindle with pleasure whilst gazing upon these lovely objects, I pray that such tastes may never be supplanted by grosser ones; and when I behold the aged taking pleasure in them, I am thankful that their rough experience of the world has not rendered them so obdurate as to quench this delicate sensibility.—*Presbyterian.*

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THE PEASANT'S REPLY.

A man of subtle reasoning ask'd  
A peasant, if he knew  
Where was the internal evidence  
That proved the Bible true?  
The terms of disputative art  
Had never reach'd his ear;  
He laid his hand upon his heart,  
And only answered, "Here!"



The Elk.

## THE ELK.

THE elk is the most bulky of all the animals of the deer kind. It has been erroneously supposed to prefer northern latitudes, being found in Europe between the 53rd and 65th degrees—a circuit embracing part of Prussia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Lapland, and Russia. In Asia, it is found much further south, namely from the 35th to the 50th degree, spreading over the vast regions of Tartary, and even to the Japanese Islands. In America, its residence is comprised between the 44th and 53rd degrees, comprehending the countries round all the great lakes, as far south as the river Ohio, the whole of Canada, the isle of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and the country bordering on the bay of Fundy.

The male elk is about the size of a horse, having very broad heavy horns, sometimes weighing not less than 50 lbs.; the female is smaller, and without horns. The male sometimes attains the height of seventeen hands, and even more; and one shot many years ago in Sweden weighed 1,200 lbs. The head is long and

narrow, and the neck short and strong, is well adapted to support the heavy burden which it has to bear. The swollen appearance of the face about the nostrils, the thick neck, sunken eye, contracted forehead, large nostrils, square overhanging lip, long asinine ears, and shaggy throat, are in this animal great drawbacks from those elegant proportions which are so much admired in the rest of the deer tribe. In his native forests, however, and in his wild state, no quadruped has a more majestic aspect than the elk on account of his size, the beauty of his horns, the compactness of his round short body, and the clean firm figure of his legs.

The elk frequents cold but woody regions, in the forests of which it can readily browse on the lower branches and suckers of trees; its peculiar structure rendering grazing an inconvenient and even painful action. In winter, when the snow sets in, and when the wolves in particular, urged by hunger, assemble in troops to hunt those animals which they dare not attack singly, the elks assemble in herds for mutual protection

and warmth in forests of pines and other evergreens. These herds consist of several families, the members of which keep very close together. In the severest frosts, they press one against another, or trot in a large circle till they have trodden down the snow.

Their favourite food when the winter proves severe is the stinking trefoil, the buds and bark of the buttonwood, birch, and maple-trees, etc. They browse against an ascent in preference to level ground, which, owing to their long legs and short neck, they cannot easily reach. In summer, to escape the torment of gnats and other insects, they take to the water, and swim great distances with ease; and these excursions enable them to gratify their almost ravenous appetite for various species of aquatic plants.

In 1823, a Swedish elk, of extraordinary size, was brought to this country. Though then only two years old, it had attained the height of seven feet at the shoulders, and it is ascertained that this animal does not arrive at its full growth till its fifth year. A Swedish farmer, who took it in 1821 in a forest on the coast of Norway, so far domesticated it that it would draw a sledge, and take food from the hands of his children. It was bought by Mr. Wise, the British consul, at Gottenburg, and landed at Harwich; but, unfortunately one of its legs was broken in the attempt to remove it to the park of sir R. Henniker, its final destination, and the noble beast died shortly afterwards. Its speed, like that of its whole tribe, was almost incredible.

The elk is easily domesticated. It will follow its keeper to any distance from home, and return with him at his call. Hearne informs us that an Indian at the factory of Hudson's Bay, had in the year 1777, two elks so tame that when he was passing in a canoe from Prince of Wales' Fort, they always followed him along the bank of the river, and at night, or whenever he landed, they came and fondled on him in the same manner as the most domesticated animal would have done, and never attempted to stray from the tents. One day, however, crossing a deep bay in one of the lakes, in order to save a very circuitous route along its bank, he expected that the animals would follow him round as usual, but at night they did not arrive, and as the howling of wolves was heard in that quarter where they were, it is supposed that the elks were destroyed by them, for they were

never seen afterwards.—*H. Shorberl's History of Quadrupeds.*

#### EXILE LIFE IN SIBERIA.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

EXILE into Siberia is the common punishment accorded by the laws of Russia to crimes of almost every degree of turpitude. The petty pilferer and mere vagrant, as well as the highway robber and remorseless murderer, are alike condemned to exile. There appears to be a twofold object in making this the common penalty for crime; one is the supply of the necessary quantity of men to work in the mines,—for in this department of labour volunteers are unknown in Siberia. Another object is the colonization of a vast and fertile, but very thinly populated country, by the surplus of the population of European Russia.

This general penalty of exile, of course, embraces a very wide scale of degrees in point of severity, according to the atrocity of the individual crime in the eye of the law or of the judge. In its lightest form, it is that of mere banishment during the emperor's pleasure; in its severest shape, however, it is attended with being knouted without mercy, and labour in chains for life, in the mines of Nertchinsk or Kamtschatka, where the climate is most unhealthy. In the latter places, the exiles are much at the mercy of their overseers and inferior officials (who are often tyrants and extortioners), and are little provided with comforts and facilities for their work, in consequence of the distance to which they are removed from the seat of government and civilization. Other exiles are condemned to labour for only a limited number of years at establishments which are better conducted than those just alluded to, the labour being much easier, and the convicts having better pay as well as being allowed to rest on alternate days or weeks. Passing over, however, these minor cases, we will now proceed to give a sketch of the miserable existence of an exile doomed to labour in irons for life in the mines of Nertchinsk. We commence from the period of his condemnation.

The first step is the dreadful one of being flogged with the knout "without mercy;" a process too fearful, and too painful, for the writer minutely to de-

scribe. The knout is an apparatus of torture, to witness one stroke of which, even on a thick board, makes the spectators shudder, for it can cut a hollow across the wood, deep enough to bury the thumb in. To touch it is deemed an abomination, which marks the horror in which it is held by a people accustomed to corporal punishments. To a handle of wood about a foot in length, and hard woven round with leather, is attached a stout and heavy thong, fastened in the manner of a flail, over which is laid a broad strip of bull's hide, well dried or hardened in an oven, full a quarter of an inch thick, looking just like pliable horn, very long and tapering to a point. The criminal, stripped of clothes, is firmly fastened by ropes to an upright block of wood, three or four feet high, having three cavities at the top, one for the neck, and the others for the arms. The executioner places himself about four paces from the culprit, puts the thong between his legs, and then seizing the handle with both hands, and stepping two paces forward, raises the terrible implement. We must leave what follows to our readers to conceive. After ten strokes, the sufferer's cry dies away into groans, and he becomes senseless. Thousands of spectators are generally around, yet an awful silence prevails, so that each successive stroke is heard distinctly at a distance. When the appointed number of lashes has been inflicted, the apparently lifeless body is unbound, taken by the beard and thrown on its back, and an instrument, like a brush, with iron teeth, describing the letters V O R,\* is stamped on the forehead. What a comment is this awful punishment, on a thrilling passage of Scripture, "the servant that knew his Lord's will and did it not, shall be beaten with *many stripes*."

The second stage of the exile's life, is the journey of seven thousand miles, which after such an inauguration is a fearful one to be accomplished on foot, in all weathers, resting only during the nights, and perhaps for a few days in the principal towns along the road, where the prisons afford ampler room as well as better security against desertion. The convict gang generally consists of from thirty to fifty individuals, most of whom are in chains. It is a terrible sight which

the traveller on the highway has frequently to encounter. Never have we witnessed frames apparently so worn-out and emaciated, and countenances so woe-begone, except in the mines themselves. To tell, or even to appreciate the miserable feelings of which these men must be the subjects, is well nigh impossible! To be torn rudely away from the hearts and persons of those whom they loved, to be degraded, even in their own estimation, by the ruthless treatment they receive from the representatives of society, to be made a butt for scorn, the subject of the lowest despotism of petty officials, and to be placed in a position where, humanly speaking, there can be no means, no inducements, no hopes of reformation;—such is the dreadful condition into which these men, once full of promise, have precipitated themselves. Well may we exclaim, O Sin, how dreadful have been thy ravages on the happiness of the children of men!

It is quite a characteristic feature on the Siberian highway, that at every post station there is a prison, bristling with the sharp pointed tops of the very high wall of upright logs, by which it is inclosed. The walls rise considerably above the roof of the prison itself, which is a square building of wood, containing only one large apartment, with no furniture except rude forms and benches, of which the prisoners avail themselves for sleeping on, especially when the ground, which is not floored, is damp. There is a severe and gloomy air—a terrible aspect of stern vengeance about the whole building, corresponding too well with the purpose for which it is used. In the larger towns, the jails are of brick, but are surrounded, also, by a high wall, flanked with lofty towers, like ancient fortresses. All prisoners, without any discrimination, are stuffed into one apartment, which has no ventilation, and the air of which is consequently impregnated with pestilence and disease, for, in addition to the impure breath exhaled by its inmates, their persons, garments, and habits, are filthy in the extreme.

At last the exile manages to reach the place of his destination. Nertchinsk is in the government or province of Irkutsk, on the eastern side of the Lake Baikal, not quite a thousand miles from the city of Irkutsk. Though honoured with the distinguished name of a city, Nertchinsk has nothing in its appearance to entitle it to so lofty an appellation. Its

\* The Russian word, *vor*, like the Latin, *fur*, means "thief or robber;" though the idea now associated with or conveyed by the Russian word is that of a "condemned thief or robber."

aspect is that of a very large and widely scattered village, badly built, badly situated, and poverty-stricken. The site is very bleak and exposed. The place forms the central depôt of the mining district, where the authorities and officials reside, and whither are brought all the produce of the numerous mines and fabrics round the city. The Bolshoi Zavod, or grand fabric, is to the east of the city, and may be pronounced to be one of the gloomiest spots that darkens the face of the earth. A vast assemblage of rude and dirty huts is scattered over a black surface, situated in a deep hollow, and surrounded by high and barren rocks. The number of men, who are able-bodied, and actually engaged in the mines here, is about three thousand, who are guarded by about a thousand officials, the business of the latter being to see that the convicts are kept incessantly at work, and to prevent them secreting any gold, silver, or precious stones, as well as to take precautions against their escape.

The criminals are not allowed to work in the fields or woods, for fear of deserting. Hence, for the six months of winter, when the mines cannot be wrought, they are kept in their huts in absolute idleness. Their appearance is fitted only to deepen the painful feelings which the surrounding scene awakens in the mind. They look haggard and worn out. The allowance of provisions, indeed, is far too scanty to invigorate and strengthen them for that hard labour, which they have to endure in the bowels of the earth from sunrise to sunset. Of this the reader may judge, when he learns that the annual sum given to each convict to procure food, raiment, and firing, is only thirty-six roubles, or twenty-seven shillings! After all, what are the knout, the brand, and the fetter, to this process of slow death? No means are used, no motives are presented for their reformation. Even the privileges and consolations of religion, which should be accessible to all, but most especially to the wretched and the lost, are positively denied to them. The law expressly forbids their using the Scriptures, entering the precincts of a church, or resting from their toils on the sabbath-day. As might be expected, under such circumstances, the wretched criminals gradually lose sight of their own turpitude, and harden their hearts against all gentle impressions. They suspect and hate each other, adopting every means to inflict mutual annoy-

ance. A lively but affecting image does such a state of society seem to present, of that more awful condition, which awaits a lost spirit in another existence. The constant mortality among the convicts sufficiently evinces the horrors of the place. The man who is destined to drag out the remainder of his days in Nertchinsk, cannot live long. Many thousands are annually sentenced to this spot, and yet there is no perceptible increase in the number of the labourers. The works are carried on only by the constant arrival of fresh convicts. There is something strange, and peculiarly painful in the picture of such human wretchedness, in the very midst of the boundless wealth which the bowels of the earth are disgorging. Exhaustless affluence and squalid poverty meet together.

The utmost precautions are adopted by government to prevent the escape of the convicts. And yet whither can the convict go, but to places more desolate than that from which he seeks to flee; for, unless he chooses to herd with the brute creation, he must venture into villages where his passport will be demanded. Great precautions, however, as we have said, are taken to prevent escape. Every discouragement is offered to the cultivation and tenancy of the country for an immense distance round Nertchinsk, (although the soil is exceedingly rich and productive,) as is shown by the few corn farms which are occupied by exiles of the higher sort, released from the labours of the mines. Scarcely is a habitation to be seen for hundreds of miles round Nertchinsk, except the post-houses with their prisons, on the high road to Irkutsk. The object of the government is, to make the country so impassable, that the deserters shall be obliged to have recourse to these post-houses for subsistence, where they would be sure of being arrested. The runaway, who chooses an eastern or a northern direction, is, on the other hand, certain of encountering the native hunters and pastoral tribes, who are authorized to shoot them, unless they can produce passes from the government authorities.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, many do manage to escape, and doubtless many more form resolutions to do so, which, however, are frustrated. Nor is this at all surprising, when we consider their continual bondage, their miserable life, and their gloomy prospects in the mines. The mere possession of liberty for a few months, is deemed by them



worthy of all the risks which they run. We have spoken of the freedom which they gain, as being only for a season, and yet it is astonishing to find that many of these *varnaks*, as the deserters are called, have, for successive years, made a practice of escaping in the spring season, and then voluntarily returning in the autumn, and surrendering themselves to the authorities, when they are flogged afresh with the knout. We have heard some of these exiles, who have been punished several times in this manner declare, that the oftener they had undergone it, the more insensible they became to the pain, and the more supportable they found the horrid process.

When a convict does manage to escape, in spite of all the rigours of the government, he is not shut out entirely from the sympathies of his countrymen. It is the practice among many of the Russians in Siberia, especially among those living out of towns and large villages, to have a sort of shelf erected over their windows outside the house, on which they lay some provisions in the shape of bread and cheese, and even meat, during the night; a kindness which they say makes their houses absolutely inviolate. It is a species of conciliatory offering to the *varnak*, who accepts of it, and rewards the worshippers by molesting them no further.

It may be easily imagined, that where the *varnaks* have the opportunity of robbing, they form a dangerous body to encounter. During summer the woods and forests through which the high roads pass are frequently infested with them. They unscrupulously strip the passenger who falls in their way of all he has, and sometimes, to prevent his giving information too soon, they will bind him, as they did captain Cochrane, the traveller, naked, to some tree, and leave him there, to the tender mercies of the first visitor. As for the natives, they view the *varnaks* with an almost superstitious terror, and a band of three or four of the former will often flee before a single runaway convict. While the desperate condition of the *varnak* enables him to maintain his presence of mind, and to command and concentrate his experienced powers in devising his method of escape, the native loses all self-possession, and wavers ineffectually between thoughts of flight or assault.

It is some relief to a dismal picture, like the preceding, to be able to add, that the convicts condemned to labour in the

mines for only a limited time, if they have acquitted themselves during that period to the satisfaction of the authorities, have, on being released, lands allotted to them of considerable extent, and are furnished by the government with all the necessaries and facilities for their cultivation. They are generally very prosperous, and frequently attain to a position of great respectability and wealth. In this respect, the system works well, as the convict has, on the expiration of his punishment, a strong motive set before him "to cease to do evil," and "learn to do well."

Such is exile life in Siberia; a dark but faithful picture. Affectingly does it illustrate the miseries which follow in the path of sin. Even here

"Sin, shame, and woe.  
Together go."

T. S.

## THE PRAYERLESS HOME.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I have a good offer for my farm," said Mr. Earl to his wife, "and I think I shall sell it."

"Why do you wish to sell it?" said Mrs. Earl.

"The land is stony and partly worn out. I can go into a new country, where land is cheap and fertile, and realize a much larger return for the same amount of labour."

"If we go into a new country, there will be no schools for our children."

"Our children are not old enough to go to school; by the time they are old enough it is most likely schools will be established wherever we may go."

"We may also be deprived of the privilege of attending the house of God."

"We can take our Bibles with us, and can read them on the sabbath, if we should happen to settle at a distance from a place of worship."

"It will be far better for us to remain here, where we can educate our children, and bring them under the sound of the gospel."

"I must do what I think is required by the interests of my family."

"Pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children."

A few days after this conversation, the bargain was concluded, and the farm

became the property of Mr. Hale. Mr. Earl was to put him in possession of it early in the spring.

Mr. Earl was descended from one of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors for many generations had been devout members of the church of Christ. He was the first alien from the commonwealth of Israel. His mother was an amiable, but not a pious woman, and some thought that it was owing to her that he had not profited by the instructions of his pious father, and had turned a deaf ear to the gospel which he had heard from his infancy. He loved the world, and in order to secure a larger portion of its goods he was willing to leave the home of his childhood, and the graves of his fathers, and to take up his abode on the borders of civilization.

His wife was one who preferred Jerusalem to her chief joy. The old time-worn house of God, with its high square pews, and huge sounding-board, was as beautiful to her as the most faultless specimen of architecture to the connoisseur. She desired that her children might grow up under the influence of the truths which were proclaimed in that house. Her chief desire, with respect to them, was, that they might become rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. In the spring she was constrained to bid farewell to her native village. After a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in what was then a wilderness, in the western part of New York. The gospel was not preached in the vicinity, nor was even the log school-house erected. For a time, Mr. E. observed the sabbath so far as resting from labour was concerned. He even spent some time in reading the Bible, but he did not pray. In consequence, that blessed book was gradually laid aside.

The climate, and perhaps the labours incident to a life in the wilderness, caused Mrs. E. to fall into a decline. When, after a lingering illness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be taught, in the school-house and the church, truths which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied, in part, with his wife's request. He sent his daughter Julia, who was now nine years of age, and her younger brother. The older one he detained to assist him in his labours.

It was six years before Julia returned

to her father. She had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her childhood greatly changed. A neat village surrounded the tasteful dwelling now occupied by her father. The spire of the village church rose aloft, and the school-house was not far distant. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet its chief charm no more. A check was soon given to her joy. When she sat down to the evening meal, the blessing of God was not invoked. It was with difficulty that she could eat. When the hour for retiring came, she was still more unhappy, as the family separated without prayer.

Mr. E. soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in his house. It made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return, with hope that she would restore, in part, at least, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day, "Julia, you do not seem to feel as much at home as I could wish."

After some hesitation, she replied, "I do not feel safe here."

"Do not feel safe!" said he, in astonishment.

"I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer."

The remark went to the father's heart. He thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unasked! He continued to think of his ways till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his oldest son, a sabbath-breaker, and ignorant of God, and could not conceal the truth, that it was owing to the act of removing him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that, in all probability would prove his ruin.

In a few days, he asked Julia to read the Scriptures, and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request, but with great difficulty that she complied with it. It was not till she was reminded of the joy it would give to her mother, could she be a witness of it, that she consented to make the attempt. In a few weeks, on a sabbath morning, the father himself took the Bible, and, having read a portion, kneeled down, and, with tears, besought God to teach stammering lips how to pray. Light, peace, and safety took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer prayerless.—*Mother's Magazine.*

## MINERALS OF SCRIPTURE.

## SALT.

"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"  
—MATT. v. 13.

SALT exists as a mineral in large masses, and is also produced by evaporation of sea-water or saline springs. The sea is impregnated with salt,—as are also many lakes and rivers. The most celebrated salt mines are in Poland, Spain, and Cheshire, in England. This substance is generally found beneath the surface of the earth, though it sometimes rises in hills. Such exist about the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. At Cordova, there is a hill, between four and five hundred feet high, entirely of salt; there is also one of this mineral at Lahore. This kind is distinguished by the name of rock-salt.

Salt was applied to various purposes at a very early period of the history of the world. The patriarch Job alludes to its use as a condiment for food, "Can that which is savoury be eaten without salt?" It was also mingled with the fodder of cattle; hence the words in Isa. xxx. 24,—the marginal reading of which is—"The oxen likewise . . . shall eat *savoury* provender." It is well known that salt is essential to health and vigour. It has likewise a preserving power as an antiseptic; while used in proper proportions, it is valuable as a manure, and enriches the soil. Salt was highly esteemed in ancient days, as it is now. And hence it was used as figurative of many important elements in the worship of God and social character of man. Its use in the ancient sacrifices is well understood. In these religious exercises, "it signified," says an eminent commentator, "the purity and persevering fidelity that are necessary in the worship of God. . . . It was called 'the salt of the covenant,' because as salt is incorruptible, so were the covenant and promise of Jehovah." Hence it may be seen that salt was of great value to the Hebrews: and the remark of our Lord would be very forcible when uttered to the Jews, "Salt is good."

Among the heathen, salt was commonly used in their sacrifices. "So essentially necessary," says Pliny, "is salt, that without it human life cannot be preserved, and even the pleasures and endowments of the mind are expressed by it; the delights of life, repose and the highest mental serenity, are also expressed

by no other term than *sales* among the Latins. It has also been applied to designate the honourable rewards given to soldiers, which are called *salarii* or *salaries*. But its importance may be further understood by its use in sacred things, as no sacrifice was offered to the gods without the salt cake."

This article was esteemed at a very early period as an emblem of friendship and fidelity, as well as hospitality. Hence we read, Numb. xviii. 19, and 2 Chron. xiii. 5, of "a covenant of salt." It was a prominent article in the treaty between Jacob and Laban. It still possesses in some parts of the east the same symbolical character; this appears from the following anecdotes:—Baron de Tott says, "Moldovanji Pacha was desirous of an acquaintance with me, and seeming to regret that his business would not permit him to stay long, he departed, promising in a short time to return. I had already attended him half-way down the staircase, when stopping, and turning briskly to one of my domestics, who followed me, 'Bring me directly,' said he, 'some *bread and salt*.' I was not less surprised at this fancy than at the haste which was made to obey him. What he requested was brought; when, taking a little salt between his fingers, and putting it, with a mysterious air, on a bit of bread, he ate it, with a devout gravity, assuring me that I might now rely on him." The Baron adds, "The Turks think it the blackest ingratitude to forget the man from whom we have received food: which is signified by the bread and salt in this ceremony."

We learn also that a notorious robber, who had broken into a palace, and was in the act of abstracting a great collection of valuable articles, accidentally stumbled, as he was decamping, on a piece of salt, in consequence of which he was so struck with the outrage he had committed, that he restored all his booty, and went away as he had entered.\*

Tamerlane, speaking of one of his servants who had forsaken him, and joined the enemy and fought against him, says, "At length my salt which he had eaten overwhelmed him with remorse; he again threw himself on my mercy, and humbled himself before me."† This may illustrate Ezra iv. 14, which is literally, "Because we are salted with

\* Jameson's "Eastern Manners."

† "Fragments," Calmet.

*the salt of the palace* (Chald. reading), it was not meet for us to see the king's dishonour."

As the Holy Land abounded in salt, it is probable many sayings and proverbs were derived from the properties of that article. Salt was the symbol of wisdom. As salt renders savoury that with which it comes in contact, so should the life and conversation of good men influence and improve those by whom they are surrounded. "Ye are the salt of the earth." "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." "Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his saltiness, wherewith shall it be seasoned?" "Along one side of the Valley of Salt," says a traveller, "that toward Gibul, etc., there is a small precipice, occasioned by the continual taking away the salt; and in this way you may see how the veins of it lie. I broke a piece of it, of which that part that was exposed to the rain, sun, and air, though it had the sparks and particles of salt, yet it had perfectly lost its savour, as in Matt. v. 13.

"The evaporation from the Dead Sea produces a deposit of salt, whence the Arabs obtain their supply. At the south-west extremity of the Dead Sea is a plain or valley of salt; here it was David's army overcame the Edomites. It appears at a distance like a lake of water. There is a kind of dry crust of salt all over the top of it, which sounds, when the horses go upon it, like frozen snow crackling beneath the feet of the traveller. In the heat of the summer, the water is dried off, and when the sun has scorched the ground, there is found remaining the crust of salt.

"At the neighbouring village, Gibul, are kept the magazines of salt, where you find great mountains of that mineral, ready for sale."\*

Gherra was a most celebrated mart on the Persian Gulf. Pliny says the city was five miles in circumference, with towers built of fossil salt. The mine at Cracow is much like a town, with its chapels and chambers cut out in its sides. Children are born in these mines, and frequently spend their whole lives in them:

"Thus cavern'd round in Cracow's mighty mines,  
With crystal walls a gorgeous city shines:  
Scoop'd in the briny rock, long streets extend  
Their heavy course, and glittering domes ascend."

\* "Voyages and Travels."

A city of salt is mentioned in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, Joshua xv. 62. The Arabs make pits in the shore of the Dead Sea. When the spring freshets raise the waters of the lake, these are filled. After evaporation, salt, about an inch in thickness, is furnished. These pits are referred to, Zeph. ii. 9; Ezek. xlvii. 11.

No vegetables grow in a salt land. The effect on them is described by burning, Deut. xxix. 23: "A salt land, not inhabited." Such is the condition of some parts of Africa:

"Salt earths and bitter are not fit to sow,  
Nor will be tamed or mended with the plough."

It was a token of perpetual desolation, and of sterility; hence the custom of sowing an enemy's city with salt. Lot's wife, for her disobedience, was turned into a pillar of salt—an awful monument of God's anger. H. H.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT TIMES.

BY A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN SWISS COMMITTEE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DURING the last fifty years, the Bible has been translated into one hundred and forty-three languages. Never,—we say it with adoration and to the glory of the Lord,—never was the name of Christ proclaimed to so many different countries as in our own age. And what is remarkable is, that in Protestant populations all over the continent of Europe, thousands of persons who have not arrived at any serious convictions of the Divine inspiration of the sacred books, have been drawn into the movement, and have considered it an honour to take part in the work and institutions of the Bible.

Could the popes, meanwhile, be indifferent to all this? Pius VII. rises to the Vatican in 1800, and soon after launches a "bull" against the word of God: "My heart bleeds," he says, "to hear of the evil done by Bible Societies." In 1814, he re-established the jesuits. Behold now "that wicked" at work again, and his successors will follow in his steps. Mark how he proceeds! His orders and messages are sent to all parts of the world: we see him adopting all measures, and assuming every garb, to arrest the victories of the Bible. Sometimes he stops not at the most violent means: we see the Jesuit missionaries in Cochinchina, mounted upon the French ships

of war, dealing out grape-shot upon the inhabitants who do not sufficiently respect their presence. We find them at Tahiti, supported by French bayonets, seeking to corrupt by debauchery, and by the introduction of spirituous liquors, the communities where the kingdom of God was advancing in such a remarkable manner. But why seek examples in distant seas? Has not the pope just blessed Oudinot and his soldiers for having mown down with the cannon his dearly-beloved subjects? Has he not given plenary indulgence to all those who have been wounded in the effort to render him back his triple crown? And did he not cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition those who were labouring to circulate the Bible?

It is above all interesting to observe the different evolutions and measures which the pope has been obliged to use to regain and preserve his influence in France. Under Charles x. all was easy. The jesuits availed themselves largely of the power, to make war upon the word of God; and if their endeavours to recommence violent persecutions in the south of France were not crowned with success, their intrigues were only the more active up to the moment of the revolution of 1830. Who does not remember the conversions of that period, and the labours of the abbé Grayon—that period when marshals of France were obliged to walk in the processions, and carry a candle in order to keep in the good graces of their sovereign? Under Louis Philippe the pope was obliged to walk a little more cautiously. The treasures of the state were not opened quite so easily as under the former administration. But the propaganda, whose seat is at Lyons, made up for the resources of the state treasury, by abundant collections. By means of lawsuits, removals from office, banishment from the kingdom, and, above all, by means of the confessional, they hindered everywhere the work of the Bible and of evangelization. It was under Louis Philippe and M. Guizot that the abomination at Tahiti occurred; and that they transported in great pomp some relics of St. Augustine to Algeria; and it was under Louis Philippe that the worship of the Virgin took an entirely new development.

The Republic was proclaimed in 1848. In an instant the jesuit clergy cast themselves upon their knees before it; incense and holy water did homage to

every liberty tree. In a few months, the scene changes: a Bonaparte is in power. Ah! then there is no language of love and devotion sufficiently fervent to express the admiration and the enthusiasm of the bishops and priests; and because the president assists sometimes at low mass, and has chosen a distinguished jesuit for one of his cabinet, the pope flatters and caresses him, and calls him his "dearly beloved son." Thus, in less than twenty years, the Roman clergy passed from Legitimacy to Louis Philippe, from Louis Philippe to the Republic, and from the Republic they are ready to pass to any other power, provided it will give them support, riches, and especially furnish them with the means of opposing the Bible, and making war upon the people of God.

But nowhere do we see the pretended vicar of Jesus Christ acting with more stratagem and hypocrisy than in England. There the means employed are quite different. Could we know all the secret instructions given to Messrs. Wiseman, Newman, and others, the mental reservations, unworthy of great men, which have been prescribed for them, we might well be astonished. "Go gently," says the holy father to them, "remember the motto of our dear son, the *ci-devant* bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, '*Surtout, pas trop de zèle.*'" Begin little by little; do not let them know that you have abandoned Protestantism; dazzle the eyes of the English in Italy by the *prestige* of the unity and the grandeur of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, and by the majesty of the Gothic basiliques; point out to the English nobility the elegant position which Roman Catholicism reserves for it, and labour to make them comprehend that Rome only is in a position to resist the progress of democracy. On the other hand, sustain secretly the Catholics in Ireland, and cause them to see that to the sovereign pontiff only belongs the power to pacify the country. By means of publications, such as 'Tracts for the Times,' bring to view, little by little, the importance of the authority of the church: if you can render it equal to that of the Bible, you will make an immense stride. The worship of the Virgin and of the saints ought not to be presented too soon: these dogmas you will simply call up to

\* "Above all, be not too zealous." The counsel of Talleyrand to the foreign ambassador.

the imagination. Commence further back: substitute for the table of the Lord an altar; let this altar stand but a few inches above the level of the floor; let the priest charged with reading the liturgy take pains to turn gradually towards the altar; do not forget the bending of the knee in passing before the altar; seek especially to impress the minds of the youth with the idea of great superiority of the clerical order over the laity. It will be well, then, to treat upon the doctrines, beginning with that of baptismal regeneration. The English ecclesiastics will not at first attach any great importance to these things: their vanity will be flattered, and having once made a few concessions, it will be difficult for them to draw back." Thus gradually has Popery taken root in England.

In Protestant Germany, Popery appears to have adopted the same steps as in England; and while works have been composed to attack, by calumny, the doctrines of our glorious Reformation, ultra-Lutheranism, like high-churchism in England, has allowed itself but too easily to be drawn into the net, whose cords are held by a mysterious hand. The authority of the church (that is to say of the clergy) assumes, in more than one country in Germany, to replace that of the Bible, or at least to dispute with it the supremacy. The clergy reclaim mildly, and without any noise, the exclusive monopoly of religious worship. In the midst of infidel or indifferent masses, sacramental religion extends its empire. Worship gains in external pomp what it has lost in spirituality. The doctrines of the Holy Spirit and of the new birth are now rarely preached; but instead of them, they have taken care to place lighted candles upon the altar!—*Correspondence of the New York Evangelist.*

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#### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

As periodicals of all kinds will supply their readers, from time to time, with information respecting the Great Exhibition, it becomes highly desirable that every individual author should endeavour to impart to his papers some peculiar feature, or novel end, to redeem them from the imputation of being merely a transcript of what has emanated from others. True it is that many particulars

necessary to be imparted will not admit of change; they must, of necessity, by whomsoever related, be essentially the same. No originality, or fancy, or talent can alter the facts that the Exhibition was projected by a high personage, and that the edifice in Hyde-park had a certain designer; neither can any change be made in announcing the extent and form of the building, the materials of which it is composed, nor the purposes for which it has been erected. But though in these and some other respects there is no opportunity of being versatile, yet is there abundant room in so extended a subject as that of the Great Exhibition to manifest variety of choice, freshness of remark, and novelty of reflection.

The object of the present paper will be to set forth, in a striking light, a few instances of the energetic influence of the Exhibition. When smooth water is disturbed, the rings which are formed go on increasing in magnitude; and the Great Exhibition, like the stone cast into the liquid expanse, will not be confined to the space that it occupies, but its influence will extend to the remotest shores.

Let us begin with the beginning, the promulgation of the plan; the original proposal of prince Albert, that a Great National Exhibition should take place in London, and that a suitable edifice should be erected, in which the varied articles to be displayed might be received and viewed. This proposal, emanating from such a source, was generally acceptable. The nobles of the land came forward, public meetings were held, subscriptions were given, commissioners were appointed, committees formed, correspondences established, and architects and artists set to work to prepare designs for the edifice about to be erected. If at this juncture all the springs of action could have been seen, which had been set in motion among the nobles, subscribers, commissioners, committees, merchants, manufacturers, architects, artists, engineers, builders, and workmen; to say nothing of the never-ceasing labours of the press, it must have been acknowledged that an energetic influence had been called into operation.

Energy begets energy, and an illustration of this truth is given by the rapidly-sketched and successful design of Mr. Paxton, for the edifice in Hyde-park. This prodigious work, commenced and perfected in a period of nine or ten days, was a fit prelude to the energetic erection

of the edifice, which has called forth the wonder of the civilized world.

When the design of Paxton was approved, and the tender of Fox and Henderson accepted, a new energy was awakened; for, as the required building was to be composed of iron and glass, a prodigious quantity of iron and 400 tons of glass were rapidly to be provided; so that the blast and glass furnaces were put into requisition with giant power. The sturdy vulcans of the forge bared their brawny arms, and the heat-enduring sons of the glasshouse plied incessantly their toilsome callings. The midday sun saw them at their work, and the midnight moon witnessed their labours. To make the glass alone, 600 tons of white sand, besides alkali and lime, were required, and 3,000 tons of coal were consumed in the process. A glance at the coal, iron, white sand, glass, miners, colliers, forges, glass-men, carriers, barges, boats, wagons, and vehicles, with all the operations necessary to be performed before the materials could safely be deposited in Hyde-park, would have convinced the most sceptical of the energetical influences of the Great Exhibition.

The erection of the Crystal Palace presented another feature of promptitude and despatch, for the speed with which the work advanced could hardly be credited by those who were not spectators of the scene. With such celerity were even the subordinate transactions of the undertaking conducted, that the payment of the wages of 1,196 workmen was effected in thirty-six minutes, while the flickering blaze of a bonfire of shavings and waste wood illuminated the crystal structure with its fitful glare. In a word, the space was hoarded in, the ground was levelled and prepared, the more than 3,000 columns were set up, the girders, bearers, trusses, and gutters were adjusted, the walls and roof were glazed, and the whole building decorated in the space of a few months. Thus was erected an edifice of taste, a palace of beauty, and a monument of energy and despatch hardly equalled in the history of our times.

But while thus the Crystal Palace was rising, as by the wand of a magician, to amaze the beholder, the same energetic activity was at work in other departments of this great national undertaking. Correspondence was carried on with different nations; space was allotted to British and foreign exhibitors; rules were

laid down to prevent disappointment and confusion; railroad regulations adopted for the cheap transit of visitors to the Exhibition, and arrangements made for their convenience and comfort in board, lodging, sight-seeing, and other respects. Altogether the labour of the commissioners, executive section, building and local committees, chairmen, deputies, and secretaries was of the most effective kind. In short, energy has been as it were inscribed on every department of the national enterprise.

Nor does it appear that the 8,000 exhibitors are a whit less alert and in earnest in the part they have to perform in the coming Exhibition; for enormous as is the Crystal Palace in size, it has not sufficient space to contain the natural productions, ingenious machines, costly manufactures, and choice works of art which they wish to display. Ground-floor, galleries, and walls will, no doubt, be well covered with an almost endless variety of unique workmanship and interesting curiosities. Here the great organ, there the great carpet, and yonder the great printing-press, the great garland, and the great coal will attract attention; while all around the products of the mine, the foundry, and the forge; the loom, the needle, and the studio, in admirable profusion, will secure the regard of the spectator. Promptitude of purpose and energy of action will thus be widely proclaimed.

Some conception may be formed of the extent of the Exhibition by the importance attached to the printing of the list of articles to be displayed. Was such a thing ever thought of before, that a printer should give 3,000*l.* for the privilege of printing a catalogue, with an additional 2*d.* for every book sold? This is another proof of the energetic influence called forth by the Exhibition. A catalogue of 320 quarto pages, printed in double columns, will be sold for 1*s.*, and another, printed in several languages, for 10*s.* It is said that a sum of 500 guineas has been offered for the outer page of the 1*s.* edition, to be occupied with advertisements, but not accepted. Some say a quarter of a million catalogues will be sold, while others believe that half a million, or a million will be nearer the number.

Already is there sufficient proof of the ardour of the expected visitors; their numbers will be immense. The gathered throng that in a living stream will con-

tinually be flowing through the lengthened avenues of the Crystal Palace, is expected to comprise almost every grade and shade of humanity. The peer and the peasant, the merchant, manufacturer, and artisan, Englishmen, and foreigners will mingle together :

The gay Italian soon will leave  
The Tiber and the Po;  
The stately Spaniard wend his way  
Where Thames' proud waters flow.

The Frenchman, Dutchman, Portuguese,  
Will all in heart combine:  
The Dane will from the Baltic come;  
The German from the Rhine.

The turban'd Turk, the far-clad Russ,  
From Muscovitish walls;  
The Swiss from where the avalanche  
In thundering ruin falls.

We have many gatherings that excite attention and awake our wonder; but the great gathering at the Crystal Palace will most likely exceed them all: black and white, brown, copper-coloured, and tawny will assemble; men of large and small stature, plain in apparel and richly clad. Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, and Americans.

The world-wide influences of the Great Exhibition can only be imagined. Not only will this country secure what advantages are to be derived from foreign specimens of comfort, luxury, and taste, which may, of their kind, be superior to our own, but foreigners will take away from us what will confer upon them equal benefits. Would that these benefits could be extended to the confines of the globe, and that the Hindoo, the Malay, and the pagoda-loving Chinese; the Hottentot, the Caffre, the Bushman, and fish-eating Esquimaux might be partakers of the general jubilee!

Our Hyde-park gatherings have hitherto consisted too much of military reviews; but we are not quite so warlike as we were, and the gathering in the Crystal Palace will supply us with an agreeable variety. Fond as we have been of military glory,

The triumphs of peace will be dearer by far  
To the land of the free than the trophies of war;  
And one deed of compassion more grateful to view  
Than the crimson-stain'd glories of wild Waterloo.

The Great Exhibition has been begun, carried on, and will, no doubt, be continued to the end in a spirit of energy which it is hoped will confer great benefits on mankind. That which binds together distant nations in amity and interest must needs be favourable to the spread of knowledge and truth, and thus the mani-

festations of peace and good-will to man may be ultimately followed by gospel light and glory to God.

As the Great Exhibition has awakened much of worldly ardour, it should also call forth much of Christian energy, pressing upon us eternal considerations, and preparing us for the great gathering, when the trump of the archangel shall summon together the quick and the dead. Though the road to eternal life be hard to the proud, yet He who has said, "I am the Way," has made it easy to the humble. Walk therein, and death need not be feared. Courage, Christian!

Though thy sins were untold as the sands.  
Thy Saviour has scatter'd them wide;  
Oh look on the palms of his hands,  
And the rent and the stream at His side.

So long as thy Saviour shall reign,  
And the throne of his glory endure;  
So long will His promise remain,  
And thy pardon and peace be secure.

M. G.

#### THE WANDERING JEW.

For many ages there has prevailed a remarkable legend—fabulous, yet instructive. It tells us that a man, a contemporary of Herod the Great and Pilate, having refused to permit the Saviour, when laden with the cross, to rest on the threshold of his door on the way to Calvary, the Son of God said to him, "As you will not allow me to rest for a moment, I will not allow you henceforth one moment of repose. Onward without ceasing you shall go during ages, even to the end of the world." Since then, the legend says, the Jew wanders over the four quarters of the globe, and hence his name, "The Wandering Jew." In vain would he stop; in vain would one oppose his passage; onward he goes, onward continually! Day and night, summer and winter, he thus proceeds; neither cold nor heat, neither disease nor old age, can stay his progress! Though the nations are distracted by civil commotions, thrones crumble to dust, armies, as he passes, meet in deadly conflict, nothing stops him; onward he goes, onward continually! Sometimes the peaceable inhabitant of the country, seated on the sabbath by the road-side, invites the old man to stop to indulge awhile in friendly talk. Useless invitation! an invincible power impels him—onward he goes, onward continually! At other times, young holiday folk invite him to share in their pleasures, to slake his thirst



in their cup, to lend an ear to their songs—impossible, impossible; onward he goes, onward continually! "Where are you going, old man?" "I know not; but I go onward." "When will you reach the desired place?" "I know not; but I go onward." "And what will you find at the end of your journey?" "I know not; but I go onward; onward in spite of myself, in spite of my supplications to taste one moment of repose. I wish for death, but death flies from me; I go onward, onward continually."

Is it not true, reader, that the condition of such a man would be very sad, very unhappy? Doubtless it would be so; but what would you think of another wanderer, who should himself have chosen that kind of existence—who would go on continually without wishing to stop—without knowing whither he was going—without listening to voices which invite him to repose and to happiness? What would you think of a wanderer whom neither day nor night, neither disease nor old age could prevail on to stop, to ask himself at least whither he was going; and who would go onward thus continually without object, without motive, without repose! You would say that this *voluntary* wanderer is not merely an unhappy man, but that he is more, a madman, the author of his own calamity! Reader, that voluntary wanderer is found among you, and counts among you numerous imitators. How many are there who pass along the high road of life without knowing whither they are going, and yet still go onward continually? In advancing, they care for nothing but the immediate wants of the road; they labour hard to acquire their travelling dress; they exert themselves body and mind to get their daily food; but whither they are going they know not! When they will arrive they know not! What they will find at the termination of their journey they know not! Common sense cries to them, "Stay at least one hour by the wayside, to ask yourself whither you are going." No, no; onward they go continually with bent head, and hand over their eyes. In vain men, instructed by experience, tell them as they pass, "You are deceived; you will find there a precipice and death." It matters not, they go onward, onward continually! In vain counsels, prayers, exhortations are sent after them—in vain the warning voice says, "Advance not recklessly; if you will not believe us, reflect, think at least for yourselves."—

They turn aside the head, they close their ears, and without replying, go on onward, onward continually! But who are these madmen? Are you of their number, reader? Before answering, see if your history resemble not the sketch we have drawn. During your infancy you have gone on under the guidance of your parents, without knowing yourselves where that course might lead you to, busied in only one thing, in plucking the flowers on the roadside, and gathering some little pebbles on the path. To express it all in one word, you sought, as one says, at that age, amusement! At a later date, you left the paternal mansion to open your own house; you married, perhaps; had children; laboured to support them; but you lived merely to live; lived to drink and to eat; to sleep or to walk. You lived from day to day; lived the life of the senseless animals which surround us; at most you asked yourselves what would become of your children after your death, and not what would become of their father; deep anxieties respecting others, not one serious thought regarding yourself! When have you ever really said to yourself—What is the object of this life? What shall I find at its close? Can I in time present cast an influence over my destiny in time to come? Am I going to annihilation, or to life? to happiness, or to misery? You have treated these as idle questions. At a still later period, when old age or the acquisition of a fortune has put a period to your labours,—when at last you were able to sit down by the wayside to meditate on your destiny, what have you done? Your body is becoming emaciated, your hair white, your face wrinkled, your powers are failing you, death is close upon you. "What matters it, however?" you reply, "speak to me of the past, not of the future; speak to me of man, not of God; give me a newspaper, not a Bible; let me enjoy my last hour; life is short, death is at hand,—but be still, be still, speak not of it. We will get along as we can; there is no need to think about that." Oh! is not this folly, folly?

Will no one among you, readers, acknowledge this as a fair representation of himself? Have you seriously pondered on the design of your life? have you passed, at least, one hour daily in asking why you live? Have you discovered it? Can you say with thorough heart-felt conviction, that after death man sinks into nothingness, or that you know

that man after death finds another life? Do you know what God requires of you, what you must do to please him? Have you a fixed rule whereby to direct your conduct? Have you observed it? In fine,—do you know whither you are going? If you know not, stay an instant, listen, think, read, and perhaps you will learn. All unused, too, as you may hitherto have been to prayer, as you read, pray that God would, for Christ's sake, give you his Holy Spirit.

Let us consider, then, together—What shall we find at the end of this existence? What is there after death? This is the question of questions; let us search for the answer. After death there can be but one of two things,—annihilation or life! There can be no other alternative; it is impossible. Now, if you suppose that annihilation will be your lot, you are most wise in living as you do live, without anxiety about death and its consequences; you do well in amusing yourselves here below while you can; you do well in heaping up gold; you do well to go onward as your heart inclines you, and to follow the sight of your own eyes; eat, drink, be merry, for to-morrow you die. Wherefore should you submit to imaginary duties, for which no one can call you to account? Virtue becomes an idle word, vice merely legitimate gratification, conscience a mere prejudice, if annihilation is the end. Go on thus, from indulgence to indulgence, from one triumph over virtue to another, and allow others to do the same, until the whole fabric of society is dissolved. This is the logical result of your awful doctrine. The description fills you with alarm. No, you exclaim, no, it is impossible that I have been created merely for such an existence. Annihilation cannot be the end of life. It does violence to every feeling, disorganises society, makes this world a field of blood. No! annihilation cannot be the truth!

We are, then, going on to life? Yes, to a life that will last for ever! This is the second point that presents itself; no less important than the former. Let us proceed to examine it. The moment one admits that there is another life, he supposes it preceded by a judgment. Now, what will be that law by which our fate will be adjudged. If it be rigid, we have cause to fear; if indulgent, we may hope. It is then essential to know beforehand the line of conduct which is required of us. Shall we accept the

written law which says, that we must love God with all our hearts, and our neighbours as ourselves? Such a requirement will appear extravagant to some. Shall we take, then, the law of conscience, which confines itself to the prohibition of murder, robbery, lying, impurity? No! even this severity would affright others. Let us search, then, for a milder standard. Suppose that God requires of us one thing alone, and that most simple; that he requires us only to adhere to truth. I ask, then,—Have we always been true? Have we never led others to understand that which we dared not boldly to affirm? Have we never exaggerated? Have we never practised concealment? Have the internal thought and the external action always corresponded? Have we been true from the moment we could first distinguish truth from falsehood? Let us omit even, if you desire it, the past. Could you to-day engage, with such a definition of truth as the above, under penalty of death, never to lie? Sift your conscience. Would not such an engagement be your death-warrant? You have not fulfilled, nay, you could not undertake to fulfil this most simple, most just, most easy of all moral laws; and if a happy futurity be attainable on this condition, you must confess that you are not tending thitherward.

But let us suppose the Divine code reduced to that single article,—“Thou shalt do no murder.” Here is a law very simple, easy, and deeply inscribed on the conscience. Now permit me to ask if you have strictly observed even this. Admit that to commit murder is not always to thrust a dagger into the bosom of a fellow-creature, but that it is sometimes to strike with the hand in anger, to injure the health so that death may ensue, nay, even to ruin the fortune and reputation of a man who cannot live independently of them. To commit murder, according to the French code, is even to project the deed without being able to compass it: and if the law of man requires, before it punishes, that the crime should be attempted, it is only because that law has not the power to read the project in the heart. Will God, however, take no account of our culpable thoughts, culpable desires? Will hatred, because it may have been concealed, be held innocent in his eyes? If the consequences of all our bad feelings towards our fellow-men could be gathered to-

gether into one bundle, although separately each wounded but as a pin's point, united they would strike as the point of a sword.

But perhaps you will reply: "Whatever may be his law, God will not require the strict observance of it; a man may observe it in one part, and violate it in another, and yet be acquitted. Do you not see, however, that, with such a code, each individual exercising the same right of selection as you, would fix the limit of obedience to suit his own peculiar views or purposes? Do you not see that we would have as many laws as there were criminals? and that those laws would be interpreted by the guilty parties themselves? Do you not see that each would declare himself innocent? The position is a manifest absurdity.

What law, then, can be applied to us, so that we may be all able to escape condemnation? Alas! in the kingdom of nature I find none. Rules the most simple, strictly interpreted, condemn us. To be absolved, we require a code which has imprinted on its first page, Grace! on its second, Pardon! on its third, Mercy! And which has been sealed with the blood of a voluntary victim, who had beforehand expiated all our transgressions. With a code like this, I might be saved, but it is only such a code that can give me hope. It is to this point, dear reader, that you have in these pages been conducted step by step. A code of grace, of pardon, of mercy, sealed with the blood of a voluntary victim, slain for our transgressions,—such a code, blessed be God, exists! It is the gospel, and the victim is Jesus Christ! Every page of that book offers you freely heaven, happiness, eternity, on the sole condition—if condition it can be called—of your believing with the heart in Him who wishes to give you them all.

Reader, it is to your conscience that I address myself; not for my good, but for yours. You may reject what I say, but you cannot change the truth. I implore you, then, in the name of your own dearest interests, to read and read again the gospel, until at length, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, you comprehend and taste the salvation, complete and free, offered to whosoever believes from the heart in the Lord Jesus Christ: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not

perish, but have everlasting life,"—John iii. 16, 17.

#### MARY LUNDIE'S GRAVE.

THREE miles from Kinross lies the parish of Cleish, where that sweet poetess, the sainted Mary Lundie, spent the closing years of her life, and in the church-yard of which lie her mortal remains.

It had just cleared off, after a violent shower, when two friends and myself—friends too of Mary's—set out to visit the parish, of which she was so long the ornament. As we drove along, the sun burst forth, shedding a lustre of glory on the distant hills, while directly over us hung a heavy cloud, which seemed to gather blackness by the contrast. This is one of the most retired parishes in Scotland. A high hill runs along the south of the little village (if the few houses around the church and manse can be called such), from the base of which the ground gradually rises to the foot of the Ochill Hills, that lie several miles to the north. We first passed the manse, where Mary lived,—an excellent stone house, with a pretty garden in front, well filled with bushes and trees. Procuring the keys from the sexton, and accompanied by his wife (in whose memory the image of Mary Lundie is still fresh and fragrant), we proceeded into the church. It is a plain, and rather small edifice of roughly-hewn stone. In the porch, opposite the entrance, is the marble tablet, with a black framework, on which is the inscription to her memory, copied in the end of her biography. I went forward, and sat down in Mary's pew, while a flood of recollections of that amiable young creature, so soon cut down, rushed in upon me.

Her grave is in the south-west corner of that little burial-place. A plain slab of marble marks the spot, on which is the following inscription, "To the memory of Mary, wife of the Rev. Wallace W. Duncan, minister of Cleish, born April 26, 1814; married July 11, 1836; died January 5, 1840. Luke x. 42; Col. iv. 2; Rev. vii. 14-17." Over her grave grows a sweet little rose-bush, planted by her husband, which is flourishing fair and beautiful, fit emblem of her who lies beneath. I plucked a branch from that little bush, as a remembrance of the spot where sleeps, until the resurrection morn, all that is earthly of the

Scottish pastor's wife. Well might Mrs. Sigourney, with such touching eloquence, exclaim, after reading her biography :

" Sweet bird of Scotia's tuneful clime,  
So beautiful and dear,  
Whose music gush'd as genius taught,  
With Heaven's own quenchless spirit fraught,  
I list thy strain to hear."

Her mother and biographer has said, "The snow-drop may droop its pallid head over the turf that covers that precious clay; and the primrose that she loved may open its fragrant petals amid the grass, showing that the hand of lingering affection has been there; mourning love may raise its modest tablet to tell whose child, whose wife, whose mother and friend is taken from the earth; that is the work of those who are left to struggle out their pilgrimage; but she is united to that family which cannot be dispersed or die,—adopted to that glorious parentage which endureth for ever,—and dwelling in that light which is ineffable and full of glory."—*The Presbyterian*.

#### SECRET OF USEFULNESS.

ABOVE the ordinary level of the ministry and membership of the church, we occasionally see one and another rising up who become conspicuous for their great goodness and usefulness. We do not mean those who court notoriety by a noisy zeal, or by the clamour with which they urge forward some favourite hobby. We have learned to think little of such men, and to become offended with their officious pretensions. Far different are they from the men whom the love of Christ constrains and the love of souls inflames; such men as Brainerd, and Edwards, and Payson, of the New World; and Whitefield, and Martyn, and Francke, and Neff, of the Old. These men were not eager aspirants for fame, but while pursuing a far different object, fame attached itself to them. They left the impress of their zeal on the neighbourhoods in which they dwelt, and many rose up to call them blessed. Wherein consisted the secret of their usefulness? Was it simply in their successful mental cultivation?—Or in their powers of eloquence? No; but in their constant, devout, and humble waiting upon God. Prayer was their favourite resort, and the answer to it was the secret of their power. Christians of the present day may well take a lesson from such men,

As a body, they are active; but is there not reason to fear that there is too little of that importunate and earnest prayer which infuses life into the pulpit? "Watch and pray" is a direction for all; to the ministry, especially, it is a rule which cannot be neglected, without endangering more than their own souls.

#### FEEBLE MAJORITIES.

SOME of the most eventful changes in the constitution of England have been carried by feeble majorities. The great points of the national religion, under Elizabeth, were carried by six votes. The great question on the danger of Popery, in queen Anne's reign, was decided by a majority of 256 to 208. The Hanover succession was carried by a single vote! The Remonstrance, in Charles I.'s time, by eleven. The union with Scotland and Ireland, by very small majorities. The Reform in Parliament, in 1831, by one! The Habeas Corpus Bill is said to have been carried by mistake. The tellers in favour of it noticing a large peer, said he ought to count for four. The teller against the bill, in a fit of absence, put him down as four, and the mistake was not corrected. Such a story would be improbable now, when the lists of voters and proxies are accurately published in the next morning's papers.

#### COBRAS IN CEYLON.

"IN Kandy," says Mr. Sirr, "when a cobra is caught, instead of slaying the noxious vermin, and thus preventing further mischief, the people, wishing to be rid of it, will secure it, and convey it during the night to some distant village or jungle. Those who fear, and desire the destruction of the nuga, but whose superstition causes them to hesitate before they take life, compromise with their consciences by inclosing the snake in a matbag, with some boiled rice for food, and place the receptacle, inmate, and food in a flowing stream, where the snake is certain to meet death either by drowning, or from the hands of some less scrupulous devotee. Therefore, we warn our readers, if in the course of their peregrinations, they should wander through the Cinnamon Isle, and see floating upon a river's sparkling surface a matbag, the mouth of which is tied with special care, not to open the same without due caution."

OLD HUMPHREY ON PEDIGREE.

Not all the blood of the Plantagenets  
Can heal the leprosy of sin and shame.

THERE are two opinions held respecting pedigree, that I can by no means entertain. The one is, that it is a personal credit to a man to be descended from an ancient and noble family, irrespective of his character being good or bad. So far from this being the fact, I rather lean to the belief that, to be descended from a noble family, is a just reproach to every ignoble and unworthy member of it—rendering, as it does, his unworthiness the greater. Not even the far-famed herald, Sylvester Petra-Santa himself, with the kings-at-arms garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy, bedizened with or and argent, azure, gules, sable, vert, purple, tenne, and sanguine, with all the shields, crests, supporters, and mottoes they could muster, could convince me that a bad man can be really ennobled by a noble descent.

The other opinion to which I demur is, that for any one to be fond of his pedigree, and carefully to preserve an account of it, is of necessity a proof of pride and infirmity. So much am I opposed to this conviction, that I consider it obligatory on every one having honourable ancestors, to cherish their memory and to emulate their virtues.

Pedigree is a highly-interesting subject, and may be made a very profitable one. The knowledge that we are all descended from Adam, should be sufficient to restrain us from foolish ostentation; and, besides this, it should be remembered that—

"They who on virtuous ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt instead of their discharge."

The scrupulous exactness with which the Jews preserved their pedigrees, and the evidences of genealogy with which the Holy Scriptures abound, are perhaps the origin of our more modern practice of collecting and preserving the names of individuals of whom a family has consisted. Monarchs, nobles, and those of high degree, are most attached to genealogy. The following epigram may reprove such as are unreasonably and unseasonably anxious about their pedigree:

Thoughtless Dan, out at elbows, felt countless  
alarms,  
In obtaining his family old coat of arms.

"Advise me," said he, "for I'm not worth a groat"—  
"I advise thee," quoth Will, "to get arms to thy coat."

Hardly do I know which of the two is the more unwise—he who, having noble and virtuous ancestors, neglects to make them models for his imitation—or he who, in rags, occupies himself in trying to prove the greatness of his descent, instead of endeavouring to relieve the poverty of his position. Like most other things in the world, a fondness for pedigree may be used or abused. It may strengthen virtuous propensities, or foster the pride and vanity of the human heart.

I have been led to the consideration of this subject by the following lines from a gifted pen, which happened to come within my notice. They were, I believe, an introduction to some poetic pieces on pedigree, and were addressed to a zealous and indefatigable young clergyman, of high and ancient family, who, passing by fair prospects of worldly prosperity, by conscientious choice devoted himself to the work of the ministry. The two great pedigrees, to one or other of which we all may be said to belong, in these lines are clearly set forth:

"Take, reverend air, my little Fancy's dream,  
Thus harmless, sporting round the heart's  
esteem,  
For one whose choice his youth and strength has  
given  
To guide his fellow-pilgrims on to heaven.—  
To tell them not of earthly pedigree,  
Of wealth, and power, and blazon'd heraldry.  
Oh, no! to teach them that the lowly heart  
In all that's truly great alone has part.—  
To show them how, beyond each bauble's blaze,  
With bright-eyed faith to fix their steadfast gaze  
On the dread glories of that awful day,  
When earth and all her crowns shall fade away.—  
When all mankind, array'd on either hand,  
On two great pedigrees alone shall stand;  
While by the mighty Judge their race is told,  
The child of God, or of the serpent old."

This unique mode of disposing of the question—this simple division of genealogy into two great pedigrees, will hardly prove so acceptable to the high and mighty as to the Christian world, inasmuch as the word of God declares—  
"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, . . . that no flesh should glory in his presence. He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," 1 Cor. i. 26—31; but I am not aware that this is a valid

objection to the decision. It is as much the duty and the advantage of the high as of the low to follow after the things which belong to their peace, for "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," 1 Tim. iv. 8.

However fond any one may be of pedigree, a glance at the escutcheons of our nobility, must convince him that some of their supporters, crests, and mottoes must, when devised, have been much more calculated to pamper pride and engender strife than to inculcate humility and promote peace. It must, however, be admitted that words acquire force or lose their power according to the sphere of their operation, and that a motto that serves as an influential war-cry, may be impotent and meaningless in a season of tranquillity.

Among the more hostile and ostentatious mottoes, may be mentioned the following:—"Frangas, non flectes;" you may break, you shall not bend me. "*Je maintiendrai*;" I will maintain. "*Metuenda corolla draconis*;" fear the dragon's crest. Ride through. Strike. Fight. "*Non reverter inultus*;" I will not return unrevenged. "*Avi numerantur avorum*;" I follow a long train of ancestors. "*Fortem posce animum*;" ask for a brave soul. "*Sequor, nec inferior*;" I follow, but I am not inferior. But think not, ye pedigree-loving sons of greatness, that bravery and high-mindedness will excuse the want of courtesy and kind-heartedness:—

Think not escutcheons, and a marble stone,  
Though fairly form'd and fashioned, can atone  
For want of kindly deeds, or bid survive  
A fame that ye deserve not when alive.  
When moulders in the dust the mortal frame,  
The noble and ignoble are the same.  
If ye among the sons of man would blend  
Your fame and glory, learn to be their friend;  
Do good to man, and through each fleeting hour  
Acknowledge Him who gave you all your power:  
Do this, ye proud, lest ye should seek in vain  
That heaven, the lowly only can attain.

A glorious motto, if taken in a right sense, is the following—"In omnia paratus;" prepared for everything. What! for everything? Then may you well be regarded as strong men; but let me look a little more narrowly to your coat of arms. I see that its supporters are a man in armour, holding a spear, and a rampant stag with branching antlers on his head; and both look so wondrously warlike, that they suggest the thought that the motto merely means, prepared for all things in the shape of an attack;

or, in other words, prepared for war. But there are other things to be prepared for besides war, and therefore Old Humphrey ventures to ask you, Is your armour trial proof? Sickiness proof? Death-bed proof? Judgment proof? Nay, is it proof against eternal fire? for if not, then have you as much reason as the meanest and weakest of your dependants to put on another suit of armour, even the breastplate of righteousness and the helmet of salvation, and to arm yourselves with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit. Do this, and your motto will be strictly in keeping with your position, for you will be, indeed, "prepared for everything."

The following mottoes are excellent of their kind:—"Aperto vivere voto;" to live without guile. "Bear and forbear." "*Cassis tutissima virtus*;" virtue is the safest helmet. "*Finem respice*;" regard the end. "*Nil desperandum*;" never despair: and "*Semper fidelis*;" always faithful. These mottoes are capable of universal application. A bitter or a boastful motto is ill suited to one whose life is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. iv. 14. Of how little importance will the honours of this world be to us when we are in another!

How gladly would the illustrious dead that lie  
Enshrined in pomp, and pride, and pageantry,  
Could they look back and mark with thoughtful brow  
The littleness of all things here below,—

How gladly would they, while with honest shame  
They read the marble that extols their name,  
Erase the record of the lying stone,  
And write, "My glory is the Lord alone!"

But there are not wanting among the mottoes on the escutcheons of our nobility those of a decidedly religious kind,—which in prosperity and adversity, joy and sorrow, life and death, may be turned to good account. Such are the few that follow:—"Benigno numine;" by God's blessing. "*Dominus providebit*;" God will provide. "*In te, Domine speravi*;" in thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. "*Ex fide fortis*;" strong through faith. "*Spes mea Christus*;" Christ is my hope. He who can look back to a long line of ancestors, whose lives have been in agreement with these mottoes, may well put a high value on his pedigree. "*Nobilitatis virtus non stemma character*"—virtue, not pedigree, is the mark of nobility—is, I believe, the motto of the earl of Grosvenor (now marquiss of Westmin-

ster), nor would it be an easy thing to gainsay its truth. Perhaps the more we sift the subject, the more we shall be disposed to admit that a fondness for pedigree may be a good or an evil, according to the use to which it is applied, and that, according to a correct Christian standard, pedigree includes two classes only—the children of light and the children of darkness :—

Let others fondly seek the vain reward,  
The fleeting phantom of this world's regard;  
Be theirs at every hazard to be great,  
To live in splendour, and to rot in state;  
But, Christian, thou with nobler aims must rise!  
This world thy prison-house, thy home the skies.  
Leave, then, the proud to grasp the rod of power,  
The glittering baubles of an earthly hour;  
To bid the prostrate throng in homage bow,  
And place a diadem upon their brow:  
Thy crown with brighter gems than theirs shall shine;  
Earth is their kingdom, heaven above is thine.

#### PERSEVERANCE ; OR, A TRIUMPH OVER THE SEA.

IN the eastern suburb of the town (Cromarty), where the land presents a low, yet projecting front to the waves, the shore is hemmed in by walls and bulwarks, which might be mistaken by a stranger approaching the place by sea for a chain of little forts. They were erected during the wars of the five winters, by the proprietors of the gardens and houses behind; and the enemy against whom they had to maintain them was the sea. At first the contest seemed well nigh hopeless;—week after week was spent in throwing up a single bulwark, and an assault of a few hours demolished a whole line. But skill and perseverance prevailed at last;—the storms are all blown over, but the gardens and houses still remain. Of the many who planned and built during the war, the most indefatigable, the most skilful, the most successful, was Donald Miller.

Donald was a true Scotchman. He was bred a shoemaker, and painfully did he toil, late and early, for about twenty-five years, with one solitary object in view, which, during all that time, he had never lost sight of—no, not for a single moment. And what was that one?—Independence,—a competency sufficient to set him above the necessity of further toil; and this he at length achieved, without doing aught for which the severest censor could accuse him of meanness. The amount of his savings did not exceed

four hundred pounds; but, rightly deeming himself wealthy,—for he had not learned to love money for its own sake,—he shut up his shop. His father dying soon after, he succeeded to one of the snugest, though most perilously-situated little properties within the three corners of Cromarty—the sea bordering it on the one side, and a stream, small and scanty during the drought of summer, but sometimes more than sufficiently formidable in winter, sweeping past it on the other. The series of storms came on, and Donald found he had gained nothing by shutting up his shop. He had built a bulwark in the old lumbering Cromarty style of the last century, and confined the wanderings of the stream by two straight walls. Across the walls he had first thrown a wooden bridge, and crowned the bulwark with a parapet, when on came the first of the storms—a night of sleet and hurricane; and lo! in the morning the bulwark lay utterly overthrown, and the bridge, as if it had marched to its assistance, lay beside it, half buried in sea-wreck. “Ah!” exclaimed the neighbours, “it would be well for us to be as sure of our summer’s employment as Donald Miller, honest man!” Summer came;—the bridge strided over the stream as before, the bulwark was built anew, and with such neatness and apparent strength, that no bulwark on the beach could compare with it. Again came winter; and the second bulwark, with its proud parapet and rock-like strength, shared the fate of the first. Donald fairly took to his bed. He rose, however, with renewed vigour; and a third bulwark, more thoroughly finished than even the second, stretched in the beginning of autumn between his property and the sea. Throughout the whole of that summer, from grey morning to grey evening, there might be seen on the shore of Cromarty a decent-looking, elderly man, armed with lever and mattock, rolling stones, or raising them from their beds in the sand, or fixing them together in a sloping wall—toiling as never labourer toiled, and ever and anon, as a neighbour sauntered by the way, straightening his wearied back, and tendering the ready snuff-box. That decent-looking elderly man was Donald Miller. But his toil was all in vain. Again came winter and the storms;—again had he betaken himself to his bed, for his third bulwark had gone the way of the two others. With a resolution truly indomitable, he rose yet again, and erected a

fourth bulwark, which has now presented one unbroken front to the storms of twenty years.

Though Donald had never studied mathematics, as taught in books or the schools, he was a profound mathematician notwithstanding. Experience had taught him the superiority of the sloping to the perpendicular wall in resisting the waves; and he set himself to discover that particular angle which, without being inconveniently low, resists them best. Every new bulwark was a new experiment made on principles which he had discovered in the long nights of winter, when, hanging over the fire, he converted the hearth-stone into a tablet, and, with a pencil of charcoal, scribbled it over with diagrams. But he could never get the sea to join issue with him by changing in the line of his angles; for, however deep he sunk his foundations, his insidious enemy contrived to get under them by washing away the beach; and then the whole wall tumbled into the cavity. Now, however, he had discovered a remedy. First, he laid a row of large flat stones on their edges in the line of the foundation, and paved the whole of the beach below until it presented the appearance of a sloping street—taking care that his pavement, by running in a steeper angle than the shore, should at its lower edge bore itself in the sand. Then, from the flat stones which formed the upper boundary of the pavement, he built a ponderous wall, which, ascending in the proper angle, rose to the level of the garden; and a neat, firm parapet surmounted the whole. Winter came, and the storms came; but though the waves broke against the bulwark with as little remorse as ever, not a stone, however, moved out of its place. Donald had, at length, fairly triumphed over the sea.—*Hugh Miller.*

#### MY MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO GO.

ALLEN was sent to the city when quite a lad; the new scenes and new objects which met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about in the time spared from his employment. Amongst other places, of which he heard much, was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the wonderful stories they

told of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He resisted it, however.

"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night."

"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."

"So you always say, 'Not to night.' Come, decide at once to go."

"No, not this time."

"What! afraid to go? It will do you no harm; it never did me harm."

"Not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket, if you will only come," again urged Allen's companion.

Allen shook his head. "No, no," said he, "no, no; keep it yourself, I cannot take it."

"How obstinate," rejoined the other; "why, what can be your reason?"

Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre; therefore I cannot go," he at length firmly replied. His companion ceased to urge longer; he beheld in Allen's face a settled purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was one of his mother's last injunctions before he left home.—"My son, do not go to the theatre." He did not know the nature of its evils, nor the extent of its dangers. He had not been in the city long enough to discover them. Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in theatres; why should I not go? I see no reason why I cannot. My mother, I fancy, did not know as much as she thought she did; she, away off at home, cannot always tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go." I say, some lads might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed, and gone.

Not so Allen. His mother bade him not to go, and that was sufficient for him. He trusted to her knowledge, and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what is better still, he was not afraid to say so.

It was a wise decision; and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Young people, you will find subjects coming up, in your intercourse with other lads, which, on first sight, you think you see no harm in viewing as they do; at any rate, you cannot exactly contend against them in



argument; yet, all the while you feel that they have not got the right side, because almost all pious people, and the Bible too, are against them. Now, what shall you reply to their persuasions?

Why, stand up and say, "I do not wish to contend with you; but my mother says not so—my parents think differently—all good men declare on the other side—God, in his word, forbids it; and, for my part, I will obey my parents. I will cast my opinions into the scale with good men, and take the Bible for my guide." Then, my lads, you are safe. As youths, you do not know enough always to form correct opinions. Trust always, in such cases, to the received opinions of older and wiser and better heads than your own; trust in the wisdom of God. This is a species of argument at once manly and safe. Like Allen, do not hesitate to avow, when persuaded to a doubtful course, "My mother told me not, therefore I cannot." Still better, however, to be able to say, with Joseph of old, when tempted, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Allen is now an excellent clergyman.

#### THE WINKING MADONNA.

THERE was at Rimini (in the Pontifical States), in the small church of St. Clare, an ordinary picture of the Virgin on canvass, which had belonged to some nuns, and had been afterwards suspended in an obscure corner of the chancel. For long years nobody paid it any attention; it was a Madonna, like any other Madonna. But suddenly its eyes are animated with a "superhuman brilliancy;" they have the "clearness of those of a living person;" sometimes they turn heavenward with an angelic expression; sometimes they are cast down towards the earth; in short, the Madonna, as the bishop of Rimini, signor Salvatore Laziroli, says, "moves her compassionate eyes in all directions." His testimony is corroborated by that of the worthy episcopal canon, A. Marazzani.

The prodigy soon excited a great stir in the city. The whole population flocked together—bishops, priests, nobles, burgesses, artists, operatives, and peasants. The church of St. Clare could not contain so great a multitude; the holy picture was removed in procession into the

church of St. Augustine, and that the motion of its compassionate eyes might be the better verified, the glass which covered it was removed. The prodigy did not cease on this account, and the mouths of the incredulous were shut. They even mention some Austrian military officers, who came for the express purpose of contemplating the miraculous canvass, and one of them was so much struck with it, that he bowed his head to the ground, and unfastening one of his decorations, he offered it as *ex voto* (a votive offering to God) on the altar of the virgin Mary.

At sight of the moving-eyed picture, the most hardened sinners fall a sobbing, and in a loud voice confess their iniquities; sick persons have been suddenly cured; cripples have been made straight. But observe what follows: "How can we estimate," says the "Bologna Gazette," copied by the "Univers," "all that has been offered to the miraculous image? The altar every day is incumbered with wax lights; objects of value are unceasingly brought to it; pieces of money are showered from all sides. . . . Not a carriage passes without stopping; not a stranger, of whatever nation or religion, passes through the town without going immediately to the church of St. Augustine. The diligences from Rome and Bologna arrive, and while they are changing horses, the passengers run to the altar of Mary. The neighbouring towns have not sufficient means of conveyance for all who wish to visit Rimini. The high price of seats stops nobody. . . . It is ages since Rimini has seen so many people within its walls. There is a demand, on all sides, for copies of the holy picture; day and night they are producing them; but the press multiplies them in vain; there never is enough of them."

"More than this—the country of Rimini," says one of the ultramontane papers, "was that portion of the Roman States where reigned dispositions most opposite to the temporal domination of the popes. That people," it adds, "which never could have been vanquished, except by miracles, finds itself subdued, prostrate. It was asked how the pope could succeed in contenting the spirit of the age, and appease the pretensions of the constitutional mania; grave politicians had set out for the express purpose of seeing how the holy pope would extricate himself from a difficulty, which they

declared in advance to be insurmountable. As a correspondent of the "Roman Observer" says, in a manner as judicious as poetical, "the holy Virgin obtained the victory by a twinkle of her eyes. This is always classic ground : *nuta tremefecit Olympum*."

I was about to cite still one or two other miracles of the Roman clergy, but I prefer finishing my letter with one of the miracles of Jesus Christ. I take them from the last communications from Lyons. From that city they write : "A woman, very zealous for the Roman Church, and who from the first received our evangelists unkindly, because they troubled her conscience, finished by begging them not to return till she had studied the New Testament, at a distance from all human influence. At the end of some days examination and prayer, while she was engaged in preparing dinner, there fell as if a bandage from her eyes; she understood the truth, and received peace. A few moments afterwards, the priest entered, and began to reason with her very learnedly, in order to engage her to confess. She replied, "Sir, you are more learned than I am, and I cannot refute you; but one thing I know well; it is, that now I have peace, and you will not be able to take it away from me." Her joy was so lively that her health suffered from it; and on the Lord's day following, when one of us asked her how she was, she replied, "I am ill; but I am ill with happiness."

Who but the great deceiver could so blind the eyes of men, that they see nothing to admire in these wonderful works of grace, while they are filled with astonishment by the pretended miracles before a painted picture?—*American Paper*.

#### THE OBERLIN OF PRUSSIA.

ONE day Jaenike, pastor of the Bohemian church in Berlin, met four military officers, who followed him with scoffs and jeers.—"Ah! there is Jaenike! Jaenike the bigot, the fanatic! the mad Bohemian! Jaenike, who would convert us all to his superstitions!" Instead of complaining, the pastor spoke to them with the utmost meekness, and went away praying for them. Some time after, one of these officers went to ask from this madman spiritual advice. Jaenike received him cordially, explained

to him the work of Christ for the salvation of sinners, and concluded by praying fervently for the Divine blessing on his soul. The young officer retired, much affected; and the next Sunday he went to hear the pastor, concealing himself behind a pillar in the building; for he dared not appear openly in a congregation so despised by the world. He soon became, however, one of the most faithful members of his church, and used his influence over his three companions with such effect, that they too sought the peace which made him so happy; and Jaenike had at last the joy to see among the disciples of the Saviour all the four officers who had so grossly insulted him,—a new proof that patience and charity are all-powerful to soften even the hardest heart.

Jaenike was a man of prayer. He passed hours together before the Lord, presenting to him his own wants and the wants of his brethren. Germany was then in a state of war and desolation. Prussia had been invaded by the armies of Napoleon. The pious pastor assembled his flock three times every sabbath, and almost every day in the week, in order to invoke the blessings of the Most High in behalf of his country. A little after, the Prussians gained the victory of Gross-Beeren; and some officers who had met at a national festival having tried again to turn Jaenike into ridicule, a general said to them sharply, "The man whom you deride has contributed to gain the battle. He has prayed day and night, with his flock, to the God of battles. Who dares still abuse such a man? Is he not worthy, on the contrary, to receive all honour for his piety, his fidelity to the Lord, to the king, and to the country? May God long preserve such a devoted servant!"

Jaenike was also familiar with the Bible. After having read the Scriptures many times, he re-read them continually with new delight, and discovered in them new treasures. He passed part of his nights in these excellent meditations. During the last year of his life, a pastor of Berlin passing before his house at a late hour, perceived still a light at his window, and wished to see what he was doing. He found him sitting with a Hebrew Bible in his hand, and his face beaming with heavenly joy. "Ah, dear brother," said Jaenike to him, after the first salutations, "what an unfathomable depth each word of the Bible contains!

I was just reflecting upon the rich and sublime meaning of the word *Elohim*, and I cannot leave off pondering it. What other occupation should I have—I, a poor and feeble old man—but to converse with my good Saviour, who has borne with me so meekly through all my sinful life, and who pardons me so kindly? I cannot enough read his holy word; and the more I search it, the greater the treasures I discover. It is only now, when I come to the close of my life, that I see clearly how ignorant I have been of the profound meaning of the Bible.

#### LOOK TO JESUS.

In every enjoyment, O Christian, look unto Jesus; receive it as proceeding from his love, and purchased by his agonies. In every tribulation look unto Jesus; mark his gracious hand managing the scourge, or mingling the bitter cup; attempting it to a proper degree of severity; adjusting the time of its continuance; and ready to make these seeming disasters productive of real good. In every infirmity and failing look unto Jesus, thy merciful high-priest, pleading his atoning blood, and making intercession for transgressors. In every prayer look unto Jesus, thy prevailing Advocate, recommending thy devotions, and "bearing the iniquity of thy holy things." In every temptation look unto Jesus, the author of thy strength and Captain of thy salvation, who alone is able to lift up the hands which hang down, to invigorate the enfeebled knees, and make thee more than conqueror over all thy enemies. But especially, when the hour of thy departure approaches,—when thy flesh and thy heart fail,—when all the springs of life are irreparably breaking, then look unto Jesus with a believing eye. Like expiring Stephen, behold him standing at the right hand of God, on purpose to succour his people in this their last extremity. Yes, my Christian friend, when thy journey through life is finished, and thou art arrived on the very verge of mortality,—when thou art just launching out into the invisible world, and all before thee is vast eternity,—then, oh then, look unto Jesus. See by faith the Lord's Christ. View him as the only "way" to the everlasting mansions, as the only "door" to the abodes of bliss.—*Rev. James Hervey.*

#### THE INNOCENCE OF THE TONGUE.

"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue."—*PSALM xxxix. 1.*

THE power of the tongue cannot be calculated by any faculties at our command. Here is, indeed, one of man's highest distinctions. Without this admirable gift, reason and devotion would be, in an important respect, imprisoned. Speech is the vehicle of good and of evil. Hence arises a responsibility, which is far too little regarded by many who profess to revere the awful pages in which it is most strongly asserted. All just observation, nevertheless, brings its tribute to the didactics of Holy Scripture. It might inspire the utmost caution in the use of this gift, to remember that words are irrevocable. Rare, indeed, is the example of a man who has not at some time, and under some impulse, uttered what he would now gladly recall at the greatest possible cost. All ages are eloquent of warning on this subject. A thousand voices echo the witness of Simonides,—"I never yet repented having been silent, but often that I had spoken."

None will expect us to applaud the sullen anchorites, sages, or pietists, who have in other times resolved to spend whole years in silence. But let not wiser men disdain the instruction to be drawn even from these cases. Such discipline, though misguided and lamentably extravagant, tells of the deep conviction that "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." There is, according to the royal preacher, "a time to keep silence;" but there is also "a time to speak." What is implied, then, in the right government of the tongue?

"He that will love life, and see good days," is admonished by an apostle to "refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile," 1 Pet. iii. 10. The obligation is far more extensive than the unreflecting perceive. Closely allied to the accuracy of truth are the habits of deliberation and self-denial. Much speaking rarely consists with humility. It sullies the beauty of beneficence. It tends to diminish Christian influence, and not less certainly to gratify the passions of an unrenewed nature. A garrulous professor of religion shrinks from wilful falsehood. But does he consider how tender and sacred are the claims of truth,—how jealous, how impatient of violation, is its majesty,—and how a due allegiance, awake to the slightest deviation, would constrain him

to weigh every word and every promise, to bear in memory the binding sense in which he believes it understood, and then to maintain purest fidelity? Does he consider, again, that one great law extends to words and actions; yea, to every intelligible mode of suggesting thought? It may be justly added (to quote the phrase of good bishop Hall), that there is even "a lying silence."

Great attention is due to the selection and arrangement of our topics. Is it needful to repeat an apostle's warning against all "corrupt communication," as opposed to "that which is good, to the use of edifying," and which "ministers grace to the hearers?" Everything allied to the old depravity is to be avoided by the earnest Christian. In the list of things "not to be once named among" the early disciples at Ephesus, "as becometh saints," St. Paul specifies "foolish talking" and "jeating." (Compare Eph. iv. 29, and v. 3, 4.) Impure conversation is the sure index to vile affections unsubdued in the heart; but a greater danger often arises from topics which are deemed harmless, though confessed to be trivial. Much conversation on these will not be indulged by the man who takes heed to his ways. Born of God, and contending for the skies, he feels bound to rise above the fashions and vanities that pass away. He remembers his pilgrim state, and fixes his eye on the permanent and unbounded future. Nothing on earth is great. Objects which, with transient glare, attract the common admiration, fade in the blaze of an unsetting light,—

"As *Etna's* fires grow dim before the rising day."

The innocence of the tongue demands, moreover, an arrangement of those topics which are clearly right and necessary. God's law is infringed, for example, by worldly discourse on the sacred day. "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," Isa. lviii. 13, 14.

He who "offends not in word," is pronounced by St. James "a perfect man."

But where shall we find him? Where is the proficient in this school of heavenly wisdom, who habitually speaks of himself with humility, of others with charity, and of God with reverential awe?—*The Recorder*.

#### DECISION AND DESTINY.

INDECISION ruins souls by millions. Truth and conscience and the Spirit plead for duty and right; pleasure and riches and ambition tempt to sin and ruin. Thousands know the better path of happiness and peace, but follow the road that leads to death.

Prescott, the eminent historian, relates that Pizarro the conqueror of Peru, in one of his reverses, was cast upon the island of Gallo, with a few of his followers. When in a starving condition, two vessels arrived from Panama for his relief, and to induce him to abandon his object. Now came the test of his decision of character, and the determination of his earthly destiny. "Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it in the sand, from east to west. Then turning towards the south, 'Friends and comrades,' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desolation, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru, with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.' So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by eleven others," and Peru was conquered.

Could we encircle each impenitent reader with a line drawn by the sword of the Spirit, we would say, "Dying man, there are self-denial, and providential discipline, and fearful conflicts, and ceaseless toils, and ultimate victory and reward; here are present ease, and fleeting joys, and empty honours. There is heaven, with its glories; here is earth, with its pleasures; and yonder, hell, with its destiny of misery. 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve,' and where you will go. Eternity hinges on your decision—an eternity of bliss or woe!"—*American Messenger*.

#### DO IT AT ONCE.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have. When I have anything particular to do, I go and do it."



Rugby School.

## THE YOUTH OF SPENSER THORNTON.

ON the morning of January 12th, 1850, as a woman was cleaning some windows in North-street, Finsbury, London, she observed a gentleman, who, from his dress, appeared to be a clergyman, stagger and fall to the ground. Assistance was rendered, but it was wholly unavailing; life was extinct. From a card found in his pocket, the name of the individual thus suddenly summoned into the eternal world was ascertained to be Spenser Thornton. An hour or two before, he had, in the prime of life, and apparently in excellent health and spirits, quitted a circle of friends. Ere the morning sun that shone upon him, however, had reached its meridian height, he was a lifeless corpse! All who knew him mourned his loss deeply, yet all felt that a translation to heaven in chariots of fire could not have conveyed to his survivors a more comfortable assurance of his safety than that which was inspired by his eminently holy life and surpassing love to the Saviour. With him, sudden death must indeed have been sudden glory.

Spenser Thornton, on whom this high eulogium has been pronounced, was born in London, on the 13th of October, 1813. Although carefully trained by a pious

mother, he did not, for the first twelve years of his life, manifest any signs of true conversion. Accustomed, however, to obey his parents, he was not deterred at the first school to which he went, by the ridicule of his companions, from repeating every night and morning a prayer from a little work called "Daily Bread." Upon the Sunday morning also, when at home, he would get up long before the family, to visit the cottages of the neighbouring poor; exhorting the inmates to put on their best clothes, and prepare for church. Still, in all this, however pleasing, there was no evidence that his piety was more than the performance of some external acts, suggested by a correct early training and a naturally active disposition.

In 1828, he removed to Rugby School, then under the superintendence of the well-known Dr. Arnold. A deep spiritual change here passed upon Spenser Thornton. The Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and led him to the Saviour, as the only refuge of perishing sinners. At first, seeing the spirituality and extent of the Divine law, he was troubled with apprehensions that he was too great a sinner to be saved. A sermon, however, by the rev. Hugh M'Neile, on the text, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," was the happy means of

leading him to solid peace. Let none sneer at his experience, as if it were morbid feeling in a youth so moral and so amiable to tremble at the greatness of his sins. All sin, when seen in the light of the cross, is perceived to be exceeding sinful.

Spenser Thornton now felt what has happily been termed "the expulsive power of a new affection." Love to the Saviour became his principle of action; and, youthful as he was, he began actively to labour for the good of others. His school-fellows were naturally the first objects to whom his efforts were directed, and over them he speedily acquired great influence, by his manly but modest piety. "It was no love of display," says his biographer, "which led him on one occasion to remonstrate with an elder boy for swearing in his presence, for which he received a cuff; but to whom, in return, he gave a tract on swearing." "I have known," says one of his school-fellows, "boys check themselves, when about to use bad words, if he were near; and we used to remark, that when he played at football, there was a great absence of swearing." "He did indeed," observes a third, "adorn his Christian profession by the sweetness of his disposition, his gentlemanly manners, and conciliatory and affectionate bearing; always cheerful; always ready to enter into the recreations and pastimes of boyhood; but at the same time always bearing in mind the obligations and responsibilities of his Christian profession."

If at any time he saw a boy suffering under any species of distress, he would console him, and offer to read the Scriptures to him. So wisely did he cherish his influence with his companions, that lads much his superiors in scholarship and ability would come to him as their counsellor and friend. A clergyman was surprised to see two or three boys regularly attend church, at an hour when they were not required by the regulations of Rugby School to do so. He was in particular struck by the seriousness of the deportment of one of them. The youth, need we say, was Spenser Thornton! He induced, at one time, as many as thirty boys thus to be present at the hearing of God's word. Nay, young as he was (he was now but eighteen), he struck out a higher path of usefulness, and became a tract distributor and a visitor of the sick. Let it not be supposed, however, that this was done in a rash, offensive manner,

unsuitable to his age. He was noted, amidst all his efforts to do good, and all his boldness in confessing Christ, for the unobtrusiveness of his piety. He stamped a new character on Rugby School. It assumed, we are told, a different aspect from what it ever did, before or since. And all this was done by the consistency of a youth of eighteen! Oh, well may it cause us to blush for our own unprofitableness!

Spenser Thornton's usefulness was not to be attributed to the enjoyment of any great intellectual powers. Good plain, common sense seems to have been the highest mental property he possessed. In his letters and sermons there is what we should call, but for their deep spirituality, a singular want of brilliancy. It was not intellect, then, which gave this dear youth his influence. In deep communion with God was to be found the secret of his strength. "One thing I remember," says a companion, "his habit of early rising, to secure time for devotion; and I recollect his saying to me one day how much he had felt ashamed at seeing some poor tradesman already at his day's labour in his shop, before he had begun his morning worship. He said something about our caring so much less for our souls than a poor tradesman did for perishable goods." This habit of consecrating the morning prime to devotion (one often found to exist in the lives of eminent Christians) prevailed, we may observe, with Spenser Thornton in all his after years. When travelling in Switzerland, for instance, having to start on an excursion at four in the morning, he rose at two o'clock, so as to secure a couple of hours for closet duties. When a country pastor, too, he observed the same wise application of his time. "In order," says his biographer, "to carry out his plan of giving the first part of the day to communion with God, his study fire, in winter, was laid over night. He usually rose at six. He considered early rising very important. Private reading or prayer occupied him till breakfast, at eight, or half-past in winter." Peculiar circumstances may render such a distribution of morning time impracticable for many; but the principle ought to be adopted by all.

We have seen the influence which Spenser Thornton exerted upon his school-fellows. We may now glance at what he accomplished with his remarkable preceptor, Dr. Arnold. Peculiar, as

in some respects, and on some isolated points, were the opinions of this distinguished individual, he felt a deep anxiety for the spiritual welfare of young men who attended Rugby School, and was ever solicitous to encourage the manifestations of early piety. Spenser Thornton speedily attracted his notice, from having visited a poor person, who was dangerously ill. "Yesterday," writes the subject of our notice, "Dr. Arnold said to me, just after school, 'Thornton, have you seen the woman at the turnpike to-day?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And I should like to know, if you have no objection to tell me, who was with you?' 'The two Pymys, sir.' 'Oh! then they were too young. I only wished to know if the boys went with you from the same motive as yourself.' He continued to say he had heard of me many times in that way, and that he hoped I should persevere; that he wished there were many more of that spirit in the school." This was not a mere passing admiration on the part of Spenser Thornton's high-minded instructor. In speaking of his pupil afterwards, he stated, "To that man I would stand hat in hand." "It was," says Thornton's biographer, "the most personal praise which he ever bestowed on any pupil." He is supposed also to have alluded to Thornton in the following passage in one of his sermons:—"Nor do I know of any sight more beautiful, nor one which ought to be more kindling to us who are older, than to see a young man, and still more, to see a young boy, striving fearlessly in his Master's service, and shaming, by his courageous zeal, our more measured efforts." If praise is to be estimated by the worth of the party bestowing it, then this was indeed high praise.

On leaving school, previous to his entering upon his studies at the university, Spenser Thornton was followed by the regrets and kind wishes of his teachers and fellow-pupils. A further proof was given of the estimation in which he was held, by the letters addressed to him from the parents of some of the boys to whom he had showed kind and Christian attentions. Men venerable for piety were found thanking him for the blessings which he had diffused by his consistency of conduct. So true is God's promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

Spenser Thornton's career at college must be dismissed in a few words. He

was there still the same burning light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. He gained respectable academic honours, and acquired the friendship of an influential circle. His landlady, who became a very pious woman, attributed her conversion to his reading the Scriptures morning and evening with her. By means of his methodical and energetic habits, he was enabled not only to attend to his college duties, but to discharge efficiently the office of secretary to an important local missionary association, and to act as superintendent of a Sunday-school. He seems to have been a model teacher. By his frequent domiciliary visits, he gained the hearts of his children, and in after years took, on one occasion, a long journey, for the purpose of having an interview with some of his old scholars. He visited the sick and poor, distributed tracts, stirred up others to do the same, and, in short, abounded in every good word and work. All this, too, was done in a modest, loving, humble spirit, which proved that it was no transient flash of natural zeal, but the fruit of deep-seated love to the Saviour.

Among his fellow-students his influence was most happily exerted. Many are the souls, we are told, which owe their spiritual life to his labours. "Where are you going this evening?" he once said to a friend whom he met. "To a wine party," was the reply. "You had better come to our missionary meeting." The young man went, received his first religious convictions, and became a minister of the gospel. "It has been said," remarks his biographer, "that from twenty-five to thirty under-graduates obtained their first religious impressions through their intercourse with Spenser Thornton; and doubtless many, whose testimony is not known on earth, will in the great day rise up and call him blessed."

Such was the youth of Spenser Thornton. He afterwards became a devoted and successful minister of the gospel. With that part of his career, however, this paper has no proper connection; and we must refer those who desire to see the picture of one of the most earnest pastors whom the age has produced, to Mr. Fremantle's most profitable "Biography of Spenser Thornton." He was, emphatically, "a burning and a shining light;" and being dead, he yet speaketh—in one sense to all, but especially to parents and young men.

Fathers! mothers! what would ye not give to have such an honoured son? Learn, then, the secret of his usefulness. From his earliest years he was trained up in the nurture of the Lord, and followed with the persevering prayers and tender counsels of an affectionate mother. What God did for him is he not equally able and willing to do for others? Prove, then, the faithfulness of his promises; and by earnest supplication, holy watchfulness, and judicious kindness, strive to train up sons after such a model.

To young men, however, in particular, does that portion of Spenser Thornton's life which we have now been considering, appeal. He was a happy young man, a useful young man, an honoured young man. What a contrast does his short career present to that of multitudes of the youth of our own day! Their prime of life is spent in folly; perhaps in open vice; in the pursuit of sinful pleasure, or in forgetfulness of God! Oh that such might be persuaded, from this hour, to take Spenser Thornton as their pattern, and follow him even as he followed Christ! His religion made him happy. "I cannot tell you," he wrote to a companion, "how much happier I am now, since God was pleased to turn my heart, than when I was living in the love of sin." It brought him honour. "I would stand to Spenser Thornton hat in hand," was the gifted and intellectual Arnold's expression. It brought him love. At his funeral, in Wendover, every shop was closed, and almost every eye suffused with tears. It prepared him for death,—death in its most sudden form. As men stood awe-stricken round his corpse, so swiftly deprived of life, there burst upon the ransomed spirit the notes of the everlasting anthem, and the praise of that ascended Saviour whom on earth Spenser Thornton had loved and glorified. E. V.

#### SHINING MORE AND MORE.

A few streaks of light in the east give signs of approaching day. Gradually the brightness that first was scarcely to be seen, increases, shoots upward to the zenith, spreads over the firmament, and reveals the world in the beauty of the morning. The sun, like a bridegroom fresh from his chamber, rises above the horizon, and it is perfect day.

So beautiful an emblem as this the

Spirit of God employs to represent the path of the just. It is as the shining light, that shineth more and more. It is an old saying, that he who aims at the sun will shoot higher than he who aims at an object on a level with himself. And it is equally true, that no man will shoot higher than he aims. Attempt great things, and you may achieve great things. It is so in the natural as well as the moral world. Knowledge, wealth, power are not to be had without an effort; and though he who seeks it may not get all he seeks, he will fail of getting more than he aims after. But far more than wealth or power is to be sought by the believer. To overcome the power of sin in the soul, to grow in grace, to gain the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, the stature of a perfect man, is the result to be reached. But the path of the just leads there. It is a path of light, and it shines "more and more unto the perfect day."

Fix the eye of the soul on the point in knowledge and holiness and happiness, where Paul or John or Gabriel now reigns and shines, and that point is below the mark set before the believer. The holiness of God is at once the reason and the standard of Christian aspiration; for we know that when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him.

Nor is there any danger that the true believer shall fail of that likeness. The path of the just never leads to darkness and death. It is not a light that is easily extinguished; nor is it a will-o'-the-wisp that leads to the mire of despair. The first ray of light began to shine in the soul when the act of regeneration was done by the Holy Spirit. From that hour, the work of sanctification has gone onward, and will advance till perfect day is ushered in with the brightness of a better world. The sun never tires and falters in his rising. Clouds may for a season obscure his brightness, and ignorance might suppose that he had fallen from his orbit. But behind the thickest clouds he is rising serenely, and soon will appear in his strength.

So with the path of the just. Clouds dark and stormy may at times hang over that path, and ignorance or unbelief may lose sight of the Christian in the frailties of the man. But we know that grace still shines in his heart, and will by-and-by break through every obstruction, and show the world there is a living principle, harder to be extinguished than the sun



itself. Grace once planted in the heart will live.—*Presbyterian*.

QUEEN ADELAIDE AND HER  
CORRESPONDENTS.

THE pile of letters which each day's post brought to the widowed queen was of no common bulk. Letters from all parts of England, on all charitable projects, from clergy, from laity, from widows, from orphans, from parties in every grade of society, assailed her benevolent sympathies. Every county and almost every town in England furnished her with a correspondent. Not one sustained a harsh or contemptuous rejection. The queen read all her letters. Patiently, perseveringly, and systematically would she sit down, morning after morning, and, despite of bad writing, wretched grammar, interminable periods, and endless repetitions, master their meaning. Her own impression was recorded, in her own hand, on the back of each application; this done, the letter passed into the hands of lieutenant Bedford, her secretary for charities, for the purpose of further investigation: or if this were deemed needless, to be replied to in the affirmative forthwith.

Some of her annotations ran thus:

"This appears incredible." "Plausible; but has too much the air of an imposture." "An extraordinary, and it is to be feared exaggerated statement." "This case deserves immediate investigation." "To be relieved at once." "Needs no confirmation." And then followed the sum of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, or 20*l.*, which, in the queen's judgment, would meet the necessities of the case, and which was at once forwarded to the petitioner. Her discrimination was rarely at fault; so rarely, that when equivocal cases were inquired into by members of her household, by the queen's command, the results of such inquiry bore out, with scarcely an exception, the view which their royal mistress had originally taken. Her tact in sifting truth from falsehood, and a case of real suffering from amidst a mass of plausible representations, was remarkable. One of these applications, with the queen's autograph comment on the back, I have seen. A curious document it is. The writer, from his own admissions, had previously participated in the queen's bounty. Now he addresses her in dying circumstances. He alleges that his physician had recommended to

him "jellies, and other expensive articles of nutriment," which his own means would not admit of his procuring; and very adroitly suggests to the queen the propriety of her supplying this pecuniary deficiency. But he writes in *articulo mortis*—he is dying—absolutely dying—he has but a few hours to live; but still his thoughts run on no other subject but the queen dowager, and "jellies." The letter is long, written in large characters, with a profusion of flourishes. The queen's autograph comment, endorsed on the fourth side, runs thus: "An odd epistle! written in a good, strong, steady hand for a dying man."—*The Earthly Resting Places of the Just*.

THE SEARCH AFTER SIR JOHN  
FRANKLIN.

I. MEASURES FOR HIS DISCOVERY AND  
RELIEF.

WHILST journeying by rail on one occasion, in the summer of 1849, there happened to be in the same carriage with the writer a middle-aged female, of respectable appearance, to whom the attention of the passengers was especially attracted, in consequence of having in her possession a geranium of unusual magnificence. The singular care, amounting almost to affection, with which she nursed it, and the looks of tender anxiety with which it was ever and anon regarded, impressed her companions in travel with the conviction, either that she was a most enthusiastic floral devotee, or that some circumstances of uncommon interest were associated with the plant in question. In reply to repeated remarks upon the value evidently attached to the luxuriant treasure she so vigilantly guarded, it transpired that she cherished it as a remembrancer of her long-absent husband, who had gone out, four years previously, with the expedition commanded by sir John Franklin. Almost despairing of ever hearing of him again, she had forsaken her now desolate home, and was going to reside with her sister. The geranium, that was entrusted to her fostering care and culture by her husband on his departure, had been reared to its present enormous dimensions, and a ladder had been constructed for the support of its strong and still spreading branches. She seemed to expend upon it the full force of her womanly love. It was to her the only living symbol and

memento of him whom she mourned as for ever lost to her. Still, as it daily flourished and shed its fragrance at her side, it served to keep her "memory green;" and as it brightly flowered from season to season, it seemed to revive and renew her perishing hopes. The tones of suppressed emotion, and the air of sadness, tinged with a gleam of wifely pride, with which these painful allusions were made, touched every heart present. A genial tide of sympathy and condolence flowed in upon her from every side; whilst the beautiful plant she so tightly grasped—symbolizing what it did—became at once an object of intense interest to every one. The spontaneity of kind feeling with which she was greeted after these reluctant disclosures must have been highly gratifying to the lone wife in her terrible suspense.

This little incident is recorded here as affording an affecting illustration of the deep concern, pervading the entire community, felt on behalf of those brave men who some years since undertook the perilous task of exploring the Arctic Seas. As a straw cast upon the bosom of the stream will show the way in which the current sets, or as a feather thrown into the air will indicate the direction of the wind, so a circumstance like that just narrated suffices to afford a glimpse of the prevalent mood of the national mind. We have not, however, been left to gather the public sentiment on this topic from such casual and incidental sources. It has recently assumed a more practical and beneficent shape. The past year is memorable for the numerous and earnest efforts that were made to dissipate the melancholy uncertainty and mystery that still enshrouded the fate of sir J. Franklin and his brave comrades. Attention to geographical and scientific research in the inhospitable regions of the North has been well nigh superseded by the imperative demands thus made upon the humanity and generosity of the British public. Impatient and distressed at the long and unexplained absence of their relatives and friends, thousands were heard, during the winter of 1849-50, urging the necessity for relief to be sent to them, supposing them to be imprisoned in some wild, unvisited region of the northern pole. The subject, assuming an aspect of great seriousness, attracted the grave attention of many public journals, and was discussed in innumerable private circles and coteries of

friends. As the result of this salutary agitation, hundreds of hardy and experienced men, many of them at considerable personal and relative sacrifice, proffered their services, eager to join the gallant *élite* chosen to search those desolate and ice-clad seas, in the expeditions which were being fitted out by government for that purpose. Such was the state of general feeling in the beginning of 1850, at which period sir J. Franklin had been unheard of for nearly five years.

As a retrospective glance at some of the measures that had already been adopted to obtain information respecting these heroic adventures will tend to impart coherence to the subsequent narrative, a few particulars will here be given.

It will probably be in the memory of the reader, that in the beginning of the year 1845, the English government, at the suggestion of sir John Barrow, of arctic renown, determined to make another attempt at discovering an entry from the eastern side of America into the Polar Sea, proceeding thence through the Straits which divide Asia from the New World, into the Pacific Ocean. This expedition was entrusted to the command of captain sir John Franklin, whose competency to the undertaking had been fully established by the two land journeys to the Arctic Seas which he had conducted. The vessels chosen for this hazardous enterprise were the *Erebus* and *Terror*, both of which had been previously well tested in similar services. The expedition sailed from England on the 19th of May, 1845. According to the official instructions, sir J. Franklin was to proceed to Baffin Bay, and, as soon as the ice permitted, to enter Lancaster Sound, and proceed westward through Barrow Strait, in the latitude of about  $74\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , until he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, or about  $98^{\circ}$  west. He was then to use every effort to penetrate southward and westward towards Behring Strait; in which part the greatest difficulties were apprehended to lay. Should these obstacles prove insurmountable, he was next directed to return to Barrow Strait, and proceed northwards by Wellington Channel, provided it appeared open and clear of ice. In pursuance of these instructions, both vessels seem to have reached a position approaching the middle of Baffin Bay, about 210 miles from the entrance of Lancaster Sound. Here they were seen, moored to an ice-

berg, on the 26th of July, being sixty-eight days after their departure from England; but no authentic tidings have been heard of them since.

As the gallant leader of the expedition, prior to his departure, had intimated that possibly three years might elapse ere their return, or before they could transmit any intelligence; but little anxiety or alarm was felt until the beginning of 1848. Even lady Franklin herself, previous to that period, had been free from any mental uneasiness as to the fate of her husband. It was then thought, however, that sufficient time had been suffered to elapse, and that some energetic steps should at once be taken to discover, succour, and if possible save, the missing navigators. Accordingly, researches in three different quarters, and by three separate expeditions, were undertaken by the government. In the same year, likewise, lady Franklin, in the true spirit of conjugal devotedness, offered the munificent reward of 2,000*l.*—afterwards augmented to 3,000*l.*—to any whaling vessel that might discover and afford effectual relief to the lost adventurers. In the spring of 1848, the authorities dispatched two ships, built expressly for the purpose, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under the direction of the indefatigable sir James C. Ross, to the spot that was beginning to attract towards itself the eyes of Europe and America. Another search was also simultaneously instituted on the Behring Strait side by captains Kellett and Moore, in the *Herald* and *Plover*; whilst sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, undertook to examine the north coast of America, from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine. No information was gleaned, however, in these several explorations. The suspense consequently deepened.

Passing by the unsuccessful undertakings of 1849, the extraordinary efforts in this mission of humanity that have thrown such unusual lustre around the departed year are well entitled to our grateful and admiring study. No fewer than eleven vessels, equipped for the prosecution of this philanthropic enterprise, met and exchanged their salutations in the icy realms of Arctic desolation during the past season. Many of the men who accompanied these ships had volunteered their valuable services. All of them were choice spirits, inured

to hardships, brave even to heroism, whilst not a few added to their other excellent qualities that of sterling piety. Their exacting labours were entered upon *con amore*. In resolving thus to jeopardize their lives, for the doubtful deliverance of their brethren, they had been swayed by the most generous impulses. It is deeply interesting to read the narrative of their magnanimous exploits—to contemplate their fearlessness when fronted by the most appalling dangers—and to witness, on all occasions, their superiority to the presages of terror and the exhaustions of fatigue. Their enthusiasm expended itself, not in dreamy sentiment and speculation, but in honest, sturdy labour. Before it, the quixotic knight-errantry of chivalry fades into inglorious contempt.

The little fleet of vessels thus engaged, during last summer, in the simultaneous discharge of one important commission, belonged to different expeditions, and were sent forth under various auspices. First, in magnitude and importance, may be mentioned two men-of-war belonging to the British navy, accompanied by two powerful screw steamers, carrying 300 tons of coal, under the general command of captain Austin. These splendid vessels were sent out by the Admiralty, and were furnished with ample resources to sustain their crews through three winters in the Arctic Seas. They left England on the 4th of May. At the present time they are, in all probability, frozen in and housed in a region where the Polar night reigns over nearly the entire twenty-four hours.

The remaining vessels were indebted for their equipment and support partly to government and partly to private munificence and public spirit. Among those that had gone northwards in the previous year, and sojourned there during the dreary winter, was the *North Star*,—a name of happy omen. This vessel departed from our shores in May, 1849, stored with provisions for the fugitive party. Owing to the obstructed state of the northern seas, however, she only reached Wolstenholm Sound in the previous season, where she was compelled to remain until the 1st of August in the following year. On the 23rd she effected the landing of her provisions in Navy Board Inlet. Her people had suffered much from the intense cold of the protracted winter, and had lost five hands by death. After spending the brief

remnant of the summer of 1850 in various explorations, she returned to England on the 28th of September.

Next we may mention the *Felix*—a small but tightly-built schooner—under the able captaincy of the venerable sir John Ross, who, at an age when most men would feel themselves justified in retiring upon their fame and fortune, was found willing to encounter afresh the hardships and perils of a mode of life demanding extraordinary robustness and energy of constitution, in hopes of being able to render some vital assistance to his illustrious nautical contemporary. A year's provision had been furnished to this ship and its attendant yacht by the Admiralty.

About the same time as that which witnessed the departure of the *Felix*, two clipper brigs, called the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, also sailed on the same errand. These were placed under the control of captain Penny, an experienced and daring whaler—the very *beau idéal* of a seaman—a man of pushing, ardent, and enthusiastic temperament, ready at all times for any emergency, and nearly unrivalled in the practical knowledge he possessed of those inhospitable regions, which from long familiarity had become to him almost a second home.

The vessel, however, to which most interest will probably attach, from the fact of its having been furnished and sent out by lady Franklin herself, was the *Prince Albert*. Having purchased a schooner, of admirable construction, it was entrusted to Mr. Hogarth, of Aberdeen, to receive the fortifying and fittings requisite to adapt it for the trying service in which it was destined to be engaged. Many of the equipments and articles of ship furniture were generously presented by friends who felt deep concern in the object and issue of the enterprise. Two splendid boats (the one of gutta percha, given by the Messrs. Searle, of Lambeth, and the other of noble mahogany, presented by Messrs. White, of Cowes,) were attached to the *Prince Albert*, besides others of a smaller description, together with sledges and kites. The Board of Ordnance contributed a howitzer, muskets, rockets, fireballs, and similar *materiel*. Ample provisions were placed on board for a period of two years. The Admiralty supplied the ship with half a ton of pemmican (or preserved meat, in a concentrated form), and the hydrographer with nautical and scientific

instruments. The Christian Knowledge Society sent on board a collection of books, including Bibles; and John Barrow, esq., of the Admiralty furnished, besides a handsome subscription to the fund, a miniature library of most useful and entertaining works. The subscriptions towards this expedition amounted to about 1,500*l.* The entire expenses incurred reached an aggregate of nearly 4,000*l.*, leaving about 2,500*l.* to be defrayed by lady Franklin. To meet this heavy expenditure, it is understood that her ladyship, rising superior to all mercenary considerations, sold out of the funds all the stock she could legally touch. The command of this auxiliary expedition was entrusted to captain Forsyth, a distinguished naval officer, who generously offered his gratuitous services. He was accompanied by another gentleman, Mr. W. P. Snow, a thorough enthusiast in the cause, and who had quitted America, at three days' notice, expressly to join any expedition going out under lady Franklin's immediate auspices. His valuable and most devoted services were purely voluntary. Although not professionally a nautical man, he seems to have spent most of his eventful life in extensive and diversified travel, having especially been long accustomed to the sea, and "served a long apprenticeship upon its treacherous bosom." The capacity in which he undertook to officiate showed the versatility of the man. He was to take charge of all the civil department of the vessel, the superintendency of the stores, the care of the scientific instruments, and to lead one of the two great exploring parties into which the ship's company was to be divided when the travelling season arrived. Owing to the refusal of the medical attendant to venture the voyage, on beholding the diminutive size of the vessel, Mr. Snow also superadded to the above duties the functions of a disciple of *Æsculapius*. Since the return of the *Albert*, this gentleman has published a graphic volume, embodying a personal narrative of his own labours and experiences, and comprising likewise many incidental notices of his coadjutors in the same engrossing mission. To this work, which may be recommended to our readers, we are indebted for some interesting facts. The primary object contemplated by the promoters of the supplementary expedition was to effect a thorough search of the coasts of Prince

Regent Inlet, the Gulf of Boothia, and the adjacent straits; and, further, to explore the land of Boothia and its vicinity. These regions, around which the hopes of many arctic voyagers have gathered, unless thus searched, must have been necessarily neglected for a whole year, since captains Austin and Penny were required by their respective instructions to take a more northern and a more western direction.

Another remarkable instance of liberality and practical sympathy yet remains to be related. In addition to the discovery-ships already enumerated as having proceeded from England, two vessels were also despatched from the United States on the same humane errand. They were known as the *Advance* and the *Rescue*. They had been purchased, strengthened, and fitted up in the most efficient manner, expressly for this purpose, at the sole expense of one benevolent individual, Henry Grinnell, esq., an opulent merchant of New York. This gentleman, having long felt his heart yearn towards the lost ones and their despairing friends, and desiring to redeem the partial pledge given by the American government to lady Franklin, yielded at length to the strong impulses awakened by some of her private letters, with a sight of which he had been favoured, and determined to allot no small portion of his ample fortune in sending out an auxiliary expedition to assist England in the sorrowful search she was making for her gallant children. Having equipped his ships, he applied to Congress, and without difficulty secured their adoption by the naval authorities. Officers and crews were appointed by the Board of Administration for Maritime Affairs; and the government agreed to pay them as if engaged in regular service, only at a higher rate of remuneration. These preliminary arrangements having been made, on the 24th of May, 1850, Mr. Grinnell had the high satisfaction of seeing his two ships and their sanguine crews depart from New York on their generous mission. Of the competency of both officers and crews, Mr. Snow speaks in terms of eulogy and envy. They were eminently distinguished by energy, promptitude, decision, enterprise, and all other sailor-like qualities. The "go-ahead" character of the sons of the stars and stripes was nowhere more visible than when encompassed by the impediments and difficulties of a polar sea. The dashing

intrepidity with which the Americans encountered and conquered dangers was somewhat startling to the more steady-going but brave British mariner.

The extraordinary extent to which vessels destined for the arctic regions have to be fortified, in order that they may stand some chance of being able to resist the tremendous pressure and contusions of the ice, may be seen from the following description of the brigantine *Advance*:—"Her bow was one solid mass of timber, from the foremast. Her timbers were increased in size and number, so that she might well be said to have been doubled inside as well as out. Her deck was also doubled, then felted, and again lined inside, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. The after-part of the vessel was remarkably strong; and a movable bulk-head, which ran across the fore-part of the cabin, could at any time be unshipped to afford a free communication fore and aft when needed."

Here we must pause. All that has been attempted in this paper is, a hasty and necessarily imperfect sketch of the simultaneous efforts put forth, during the year 1850, by the representatives of the entire Anglo-Saxon race, for effecting either the rescue and restoration of their fugitive brethren, or for obtaining some satisfactory elucidation of the mystery that overhangs their fate—if, indeed, swayed by our fears, we must number them among the martyrs of science and the victims of an honourable enterprise. In another article we shall pursue the subject; gathering together those meagre shreds of information, and retracing those faint vestiges of their movements, that have as yet come to the knowledge of our anxious country. Meanwhile, we must request the reader, during the unavoidable suspense of a month, to exercise a slight measure of that patience which was so largely required by those who, both by night and by day, for several months during the late summer, were prosecuting their exciting search, alternately cheered by the most inspiring hopes and paralyzed by the most dismaying fears. Q.

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#### DAILY GRACE.

SOME persons seem to be always trembling at the thought and the mightiness of becoming a Christian, concentrating in their own minds, in the idea of becom-

ing a Christian, almost the whole amount of a life-time of self-denial, conflict, effort, watchfulness, work upon self and others. But that is all to be left to Christ and his grace. All the strength necessary for future obedience must be given by him, and when the time comes for its exercise, he will give it to the soul that is waiting on him. But at present you have only present duty to perform. You are to follow Christ for to-day; that is duty, that is Christianity. Christ must renew your strength *every* day, and every day you must come to him, saying, Give us *this* day our daily bread. If you think that becoming a Christian requires in you the exercise of a grace and strength sufficient to last you through life, it is a great mistake indeed. Becoming a Christian requires only present submission and trust, a willing heart, and a waiting on the Saviour *now*, without any respect to the future, except in the article of trusting in him for it. Out of that present trust springs the future. You are not required to produce the future, but to put the seed of it into the ground, as Christ gives it to you. The husbandman is not required to produce the harvest, but to begin with the first steps and to follow on, trusting in the Lord of the harvest. Your trust and obedience to-day are the seed and bud of to-morrow, and out of the blossoms of to-morrow shall spring other buds and blossoms, and so on, until your daily existence shall be filled with fruit unto life eternal. The man who trusts in the Lord shall be like a tree planted by a river—her roots always nourished with moisture, her leaf ever green, not barren in the year of drought, nor ever ceasing at all from yielding fruit.

But all this is the quiet growth of faith and patience. It is not required at once, nor possible at once, but only the *principle* of it ceaselessly working. Miss Jane Taylor's story of the discontented pendulum is admirable in this application; we would call it for our purpose the unbelieving pendulum. Reflecting upon the amount of future duty it had to perform, and going into calculation what number of times it must swing every hour, and multiplying that by the hours in the day, and then the days in the month, and then the months in the year, and finding what an enormous multitude of times it must strike with the most perfect precision, punctuality, and perseverance in the year,—ceaseless, always at its duty,—it was so distressed and ter-

rified with the responsibility, that it suddenly stopped; nor could the clock be set in motion again till the pendulum was reminded that, though in a year's time it would of course perform so many vibrations, if faithful, yet it was never called to perform but just so many in a minute, and only one in each present second, and that it had nothing to do with the future, but to take care of the present. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. And just so, take care of the days in Christ's service, day by day, in the minute duties of following Christ, and the months and years will take care of themselves. Christ will keep the clock in motion to-morrow, if the pendulum obeys him to-day. Each day we are to come to him for each day's grace.—*Dr. Cheever.*

#### THE WATER-CRESS MARKET OF LONDON.

THE first coater-cry heard of a morning in the London streets is that of "Fresh wo-orter-creases." Those that sell them have to be on their rounds in time for the mechanics' breakfast, or the day's gains are lost. As the stock-money for this calling need only consist of a few halfpence, it is followed by the very poorest of the poor; such as young children, who have been deserted by their parents, and whose strength is not equal to any very great labour, or by old men and women, crippled by disease or accident, who in their dread of a workhouse life, linger on with the few pence they earn by street-selling. This graphic sketch should excite deep Christian sympathy for the class it describes.

As winter draws near, the Farringdon cross-market begins long before daylight. On your way to the city to see this strange sight, the streets are deserted; in the squares the blinds are drawn down before the windows, and the shutters closed, so that the very houses seem asleep. All is so silent that you can hear the rattle of the milkmaids' cans in the neighbouring streets, or the noisy song of three or four drunken voices breaks suddenly upon you, as if the singers had turned a corner, and then dies away in the distance. On the cab-stands but one or two crazy cabs are left, the horses dozing with their heads down to their knees, and the drawn-up windows covered with the breath of the driver sleeping inside. At the corners of the

streets, the bright fires of the coffee-stalls sparkle in the darkness, and as you walk along, the policeman, leaning against some gas-lamp, turns his lantern full upon you, as if in suspicion that one who walks abroad so early could mean no good to householders. As you near the city, you meet, if it be a Monday or Friday morning, droves of sheep and bullocks, tramping quietly along to Smithfield, and carrying a fog of steam with them, while behind, with his hands in his pockets, and his dog panting at his heels, walks the sheep-drover.

At the principal entrance to Farringdon-market there is an open space, running the entire length of the railings in front, and extending from the iron gates at the entrance to the sheds down the centre of the large paved court before the shops. In this open space the cresses are sold, by the salesmen or saleswomen to whom they are consigned, in the hampers they are brought in from the country.

The shops in the market are shut, the gas-lights over the iron gates burn brightly, and every now and then you hear the half-smothered crowing of a cock, shut up in some shed or bird-fancier's shop. Presently a man comes hurrying along, with a can of hot coffee in each hand, and his stall on his head, and when he has arranged his stand by the gates, and placed his white mugs between the railings on the stone wall, he blows at his charcoal fire, making the bright sparks fly about at every puff he gives. By degrees the customers are creeping up, dressed in every style of rags; they shuffle up and down before the gates, stamping to warm their feet, and rubbing their hands together till they grate like sand-paper. Some of the boys have brought large hand-baskets, and carry them with the handles round their necks, covering the head entirely with the wicker-work as with a hood; others have their shallows fastened to their backs with a strap, and one little girl, with the bottom of her gown tattered into a fringe like a blacksmith's apron, stands shivering in a large pair of worn-out boots, holding in her blue hands a bent and rusty tea-tray. A few poor creatures have made friends with the coffee-man, and are allowed to warm their fingers at the fire under the cans, and as the heat strikes into them, they grow sleepy and yawn.

The market—by the time we reach it

—has just begun; one dealer has taken his seat, and sits motionless with cold—for it wants but a month to Christmas—with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his gray driving coat. Before him is an opened hamper, with a candle fixed in the centre of the bright green cresses, and as it shines through the wicker sides of the basket, it casts curious patterns on the ground—as a night shade does. Two or three customers, with their “shallows” slung over their backs, and their hands poked into the bosoms of their gowns, are bending over the hamper, the light from which tinges their swarthy features, and they rattle their halfpence and speak coaxingly to the dealer, to hurry him in their bargains.

Just as the church clocks are striking five, a stout saleswoman enters the gates, and instantly a country-looking fellow, in a waggoner's cap and smock-frock, arranges the baskets he has brought up to London. The others are soon at their posts, well wrapped up in warm cloaks, over their thick shawls, and sit with their hands under their aprons, talking to the loungers, whom they call by their names. Now the business commences; the customers come in by twos and threes, and walk about, looking at the cresses, and listening to the prices asked. Every hamper is surrounded by a black crowd, bending over till their heads nearly meet, their foreheads and cheeks lighted up by the candle in the centre. The saleswomen's voices are heard above the noise of the mob, sharply answering all objections that may be made to the quality of their goods.

As the morning twilight came on, the paved court was crowded with purchasers. The sheds and shops at the end of the market grew every moment more distinct, and a railway-van, laden with carrots, came rumbling into the yard. The pigeons, too, began to fly on to the sheds, or walk about the paving-stones, and the gas-man came round with his ladder to turn out the lamps. Then every one was pushing about; the children crying, as their naked feet were trodden upon, and the women hurrying off, with their baskets or shawls filled with cresses, and the bunch of rushes in their hands. In one corner of the market, busily tying up their bunches, were three or four girls seated on the stones, with their legs curled up under them, and the ground near them was green with the leaves they had thrown away. A saleswoman,

seeing me looking at the group, said to me, "Ah! you should come here of a summer's morning, and then you'd see 'em, sitting tying up, young and old, upwards of a hundred poor things, as thick as crows in a ploughed field."

As it grew late, the crowd thinned, and none but the very poorest of the cress-sellers were left. Many of these had come without money, others had their halfpence tied up carefully in their shawl-ends, as though they dreaded the loss. A sickly-looking boy, of about five, whose head just reached above the hampers, now crept forward, treading with his blue naked feet over the cold stones as a cat does over wet ground. At his elbows and knees, his skin showed in gashes through the rents in his clothes, and he looked so frozen, that the saleswoman called to him, asking if his mother had gone home. The boy knew her well, for without answering her question, he went up to her, and, as he stood shivering on one foot, said, "Give us a few old cresses," and in a few minutes was running off with a green bundle under his arm. All the saleswomen seemed to be of kindly natures, for at another stall an old dame, whose rags seemed to be beyond credit, was paying for some cresses she had long since been trusted with, and excusing herself for the time that had passed since the transaction. As I felt curious on the point of the honesty of the poor, I asked the saleswoman when she was alone, whether they lost much by giving credit. "It couldn't be much," she answered, "if they all of them decamped." But they were generally honest, and paid back, often reminding her of credit given that she herself had forgotten.

As you walk home — although the apprentice is knocking at the master's door—the little water-cress girls are crying their goods in every street. Some of them are gathered round the pumps, washing the leaves and piling up the bunches in their baskets, that are tattered and worn as their own clothing; in some of the shallows the holes at the bottom have been laced up or darned together with rope and string, or twigs and split laths have been fastened across; whilst others are lined with oilcloth, or old pieces of sheet-tin. Even by the time the cress-market is over, it is yet so early that the maids are beating the mats in the road, and mechanics, with their tool-baskets swung over their shoulders, are

still hurrying to their work. To visit Farringdon-market early on a Monday morning, is the only proper way to judge of the fortitude and courage and perseverance of the poor. These poor cress-sellers belong to a class so poor that their extreme want alone might almost seem an excuse for theft, and they can be trusted paying the few pence they owe even though they hunger for it. It must require no little energy on the part of the lads to make them resist the temptations around them, and refuse the luring advice of the young thieves they meet at the low lodging-house. And yet they prefer the early rising—the walk to market with naked feet along the cold stones—the pinched meal—and the day's hard labour to earn the few halfpence—to the thief's comparatively easy life. The heroism of the unknown poor is a thing to set even the dullest marvelling, and in no place in all London is the virtue of the humblest—both young and old—so conspicuous as among the watercress-buyers at Farringdon-market.—*London Labour and the London Poor.*

#### THE MAYOR OF BRADFORD'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THE following remarks, delivered by the mayor of Bradford, at a meeting of the Bradford Early Closing Association, have so much practical good sense in them, that we willingly bring them under the notice of our readers.

"I have now to request the youths before me to give me their special attention for a few moments, whilst I give them a slight sketch of the early period of my own life. I received my education in the city of York, at one of the best boarding-schools there at that time, where I remained upwards of seven years. On leaving school, I was placed in a wholesale house of business, in the city of London. After being there a few months, the principals of the house being friends of my father, considered it advisable that I should be placed in a retail shop for the period of two years, where I might learn the more minute details and rudiments of business. I was, in consequence, transferred to a retail shop in a market town in the county of Essex. In this my new situation, it devolved upon me, as the junior apprentice, to open the shop, take down the shutters, sweep the shop floor, make the shop fire, dust the counters and



shelves, clean the shop windows, clean and trim the oil lamps in the shops, clean my own shoes, etc. : all this I accomplished every morning before breakfast. During the day, I had to carry out parcels, some as heavy as I could lift ; and, in truth, to discharge all the duties which devolve upon juniors. An invaluable discipline it is for lads intended for business. Yet, I must confess, that the duties that I have enumerated, and others, did wound my pride not a little for the first few days, having previously been trained up with and accustomed to every comfort, and not anticipating that I should have to do, at any period of life, what then appeared to me such menial duties. But having been previously assured by valued friends, that my then position would materially tend to my future advantage, I determined at once to overcome every feeling of pride, and resolved, in reference to the duties referred to, that I would perform them, and all others, in such a manner as to secure the uniform approval of my master. I did so, and I now experience a becoming gratification in making this avowal to you. No, my friends, I need not fear to avow to you and to the world, the process by which I attained my present position. I repeat it, I experience a becoming gratification, that it results from a sound commercial training in the period of youth, and my own unswerving, persevering efforts in manhood, the blessing of God accompanying those efforts. After being in the shop in which I was placed about three months, I had become so valuable to my master behind the counter, in attending to customers, that he engaged another apprentice, and I was promoted ; and at the expiration of two years, I returned to the house in London, to which I have referred. I would here remark, that a short time ago, an old tradesman, a friend of mine, in a very extensive retail business, informed me, that latterly he had found that youths trained up in our large towns evinced such proud, haughty, unbecoming notions, that he found them, as apprentices, quite unmanageable, and he was obliged to look for youths from the rural districts. I believe that this friend of mine is by no means singular in his experience. Pride, self-conceit, and sloth are the bane of many youths of the present day ; and I fear the mistaken fondness of well-intentioned, but silly mothers, is the too frequent cause.

"My experience convinces me that true wisdom dictates, that all lads should be taught to bear the yoke in their youth. I can attest to all before me, that I regard it as fraught with the greatest blessings to me, not only that I was placed behind the counter for two years, but especially that I had to discharge the duties to which I have referred during the first three months. I have constantly referred to that period of my life with inexpressible satisfaction, feeling convinced that it was then that I acquired that becoming self-knowledge and those habits of business, to which I ascribe all my after success in business and the position I now occupy, not only as an English merchant, but as mayor of this important borough. I adopted as a rule in early life, that I would master and overcome all difficulties in the acquirement of business knowledge in all its departments, that everything I had to do should be done in as perfect and in as complete a manner as possible, and that no man should excel me—to this I have adhered through life, and I am willing still to be a learner.

"Allow me now to refer to the value and importance of time. How much valuable time is irrecoverably lost through carelessness and idleness ! Apprentices should remember that the period of their apprenticeship is specially designed for their acquiring a complete knowledge of their business ; and if, instead of being actively and perseveringly engaged, in availing themselves of every opportunity of learning their business, they are careless and indifferent, they not only forfeit advantages they never can recall, but they act unfaithfully to their master. Both apprentices and assistants should always remember that the hours for business belong to their master, and he is justly entitled to their unremitting services ; it is for them to be vigilant in the discharge of every duty devolving upon them. Time is the property of your master, the same as any other portion of his property ; and if you do not fully improve it, but waste it through negligence or indolence, you rob your master of that to which he is justly entitled. In order properly to redeem time, you must adopt the habit of early rising ; it is a baneful practice remaining in bed to an unreasonable hour in the morning, and when indulged in necessarily compels the hurried and slovenly performance of duties requiring attention early in the morning, and probable disorder

and confusion throughout the day. The man of business who rises early, secures many important advantages over the drowsy and slothful. If a young man adopt the practice of retiring to bed at ten or half-past ten o'clock and rise at five in the morning in summer, and six o'clock in winter, he will secure incalculable advantages, which no amount of gold can purchase. On this point I can speak experimentally. Early rising has been so completely a habit with me through life, that I cannot comfortably remain in bed beyond a certain hour. During the period of my apprenticeship, I was accustomed during summer to ramble through the fields from four to six o'clock in the morning. And as an auxiliary to health, I would recommend a mattress to sleep on, in preference to a feather bed; and further, I would most earnestly urge upon all youths and young men the inexpressible comfort and advantage they would derive from copious ablutions of cold water over the entire body every morning. All youths and young men engaged in business or counting-houses would, by its adoption, derive benefit to their health, of which they can form no adequate conception until experienced. At first they may shrink from it; but let them persevere daily, and it will become so pleasant and delightful, that its omission for one day will prove a source of discomfort. Next to the value of time, and the great importance of the habit of early rising, I would direct your attention to the duty of punctuality; and to our youths and young men, early rising, in many cases, is indispensable to the fulfilment of the latter. To apprentices and assistants in shops, clerks in counting-houses, young men in warehouses, whose duties impose regular hours for their commencement in the morning, how important is punctuality, and yet how sadly neglected! An apprentice who has the shop to open, ought to be so punctual to his time, that the neighbours seeing him take down the shutters, may know the hour of the morning without looking to their clocks. How contemptible and unjust to discover assistants in shops, warehouses, or counting-houses, who lodge away from the premises, instead of making it a matter of conscience to be punctual in their attendance at business in the morning, and at meals, coming late and creeping in slyly at back doors, hiding their hats, and other similar deceptive tricks to delude their masters. All servants, by

such a course, necessarily forfeit the confidence of their employers, thereby seriously injure their characters, and hazard their prospects in life. To apprentice lads I would again direct attention to my own experience as an apprentice. Whatever you have to do, do it promptly, do it well, do it cheerfully, so as invariably to feel assured your master will approve your conduct. I have observed apprentices sweeping out of the shop doors into the street, quantities of paper and twine, which, if picked up before the sweeping commenced, would have proved useful. I refer to this as a caution of universal application, that it is the duty of all servants to be scrupulously careful of their master's property, even in matters apparently trivial. Never slip over any part of your duty carelessly, but cultivate a habit of care and exactness about every thing you have to do, so as always to secure the approval of your master, rather than by your carelessness or neglect, oblige him to censure or reprove you. I have referred to various matters thus minutely, because you may rest assured, that as you attend to these points now, they will become habits as you grow older. They will remain with you through life; and just as you discharge your present duties properly will you be the better fitted, when you become masters, to look after your own business. What a pleasing reflection for a lad, at the close of his apprenticeship, to feel that in all his various duties he has been so faithful and attentive, that in no one instance has he so acted as to admit of his master censuring or complaining of the manner in which he had conducted himself!"

#### AN INGENIOUS WORKER IN GLASS.

IN Saumur, in a modest shop upon the quay, I witnessed an exhibition showing a degree of industry, ingenuity, and perfectly novel artistic skill, which surprised and delighted me. In a glass-case by the door stood what I took, at first sight, to be a huge grotesque doll, made up in ludicrous imitation of the lack-a-daisical looking shepherds who sometimes flourish in the pictures of Watteau and his pastoral-loving contemporaries. Looking more closely, I discovered that my shepherd was a glass one—that the half-furry, half-velvety materials in which he was dressed were composed of innumerable filaments of spun glass of all imaginable

colours. I was examining the figure, when the shopkeeper politely invited me to enter. He was engaged, by the help of a jet of gas, a small lump of glass, the blow-pipe, in manufacturing a variety of tiny dogs, cats, and birds of paradise, with lustrous tails, the like of which abound in our own toy-shops, but which were here endowed with an artistic appearance of life, and finished off with a perfection of detail which appeared to me quite unrivalled. Still, not being over and above interested in the production of these pretty nicknackeries, I was turning to go, when I observed a large glass-case at the bottom of the shop, containing what I took to be very fine stuffed specimens of a lion, a striped tiger, and a leopard. "Ah!" said the artist, "these are my triumphs. I make my living out of trumpery dogs and cats, and children's sets of plates; but these are the works to which I have devoted all the time, and in which I have settled all the pride of my life."

I was astounded. What I had taken for the natural hides and fur of the animals, was entirely glass; every tawny hair in the lion's mane being a distinct thread of the brittle material, and every coloured fibre in the tiger's striped hide a separately spun specule of corresponding hued glass. Here, no doubt, were the evidences of vast labour, of most patient and delicate handiwork. But the art of the exhibition was shown in the skill and fidelity with which nature had been imitated, in the whole aspect and bearing of the animals, in the fine swell of their muscles—the attitudes and cord-like tenseness given to the legs—and above all, in the fierce and life-like aspect imparted to the creatures' heads, that of the lion in particular flaming upwards from the tangled masses of shaggy mane.

The artist looked upon his works with paternal pride. "I am the only man in Europe," he said, "who can make the like." He added, that he had been sent for by the late ex-king of the French, who had purchased several smaller animals, made in the style of those I saw. I expressed a hope that I should encounter the lion in the London exposition. "No," the man replied. "He had shown his collection to great English milords when he was in Paris; but they were stiff and cold, and the reception they had given him discouraged him from thinking of sending any specimens of his skill to London."

It is to be hoped, however, that M. Lambourg (such is the artist's name) will change his mind in this respect. The lion cost him five years' labour. He estimated its value at 30,000 francs, while he rated the tiger and the leopard as worth 15,000 francs each.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

THERE were two neighbours, who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages, as common labourers, were their only support.

One of these men was fretful and disquieted, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?" This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart, as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden.

Now, although the same thought was presented to the mind of the other father, yet he was not fretted by it, for he said, "God, who knows all his creatures, and watches over them, will also watch over me and my family." Thus he lived tranquil, while the other neither tasted repose nor joy.

One day, as the latter was labouring in the field, sad and downcast because of his fears, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests placed side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched, and still unfledged. When he returned to his work, he frequently looked at these birds, as they went out and returned, carrying nourishment to their young broods. But, behold! at the moment when one of the mothers is returning with her bill full, a vulture seizes her, carries her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling with his grasp, utters a piercing cry.

At this sight, the man who was working felt his soul more troubled than before; for he thought the death of the mother was the death of the young.

"Mine have only me—no other! What will become of them if I fail them?"

All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow, as he returned to the field, he said, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother. Several, without doubt, have already perished."

He set off towards the plantation, and looking into the nests, he saw the young ones alive and well; not one seemed to

have suffered. Astonished at this, he hid himself, in order to see the cause. After a while, he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing back in haste the food she had gathered, which she distributed, without distinction, among all the young ones. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery.

In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence related to the other father what he had seen, who observed, "Why fret yourself? God never abandons his children: his love has some secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, love, labour, and pursue our course in peace; if I die before you, you shall be a father to my children; and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of an age to provide for themselves, they will have for a parent 'our Father who is in heaven.'"  
—*From the French.*

#### THE TALKING WELL.

A philosophical correspondent of an American journal, alluding to certain strange noises which had alarmed the superstitious, writes:—"The Rochester Knockings and the Derby Spectres remind me of the Talking Well; a phenomenon probably quite as supernatural as they. I have forgotten the place in which it occurred, and whether it was in England or in this country; but the circumstances, as related in the newspapers, I clearly remember. A well was heard to give forth, in an articulate voice, answers to any question which a person standing over its mouth chose to put. The report of this extraordinary phenomenon spread far and near, and thousands of people came to witness it. A question asked at a little distance from its margin was not answered; but when the questioner spoke so near to it that his voice could enter the well, an answer in a human voice was given almost immediately afterwards.

"The thing continued to be a wonder for a few days, and people came from a considerable distance to put questions and hear the replies of the talking well. At length the mystery was cleared up. Two men had been engaged in repairing the well, which was furnished with a drain, terminating at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. It happened that

one of them was employed at the well, and the other at the mouth of the drain, when the one in the well heard the other breathing hard with the violent exertion of removing a stone, or something of that kind. A dialogue ensued between the two through the drain, and the perfect transmission of the sounds seemed to them so remarkable, that they agreed to keep the thing secret for a while, and amuse themselves in the mean time at the expense of the public." Many of the frauds of Romish miracles are explicable on grounds like the above.

#### NOTHING LOST BY CIVILITY.

A gentleman, who has filled the highest municipal offices in a transatlantic city, owed his elevation chiefly to a single act of civility.

A traveller, on a hot summer's day, wanted some water for his horse, and perceiving a well near the road side, turned his horse up towards it. Just then a lad appeared, to whom the stranger addressed himself, saying, "My young friend, will you do me the favour to draw a bucket of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off and on?"

The lad promptly seized the bucket, and soon brought a supply of water. Pleased with the cheerful temper and courteous manner of the youth, the traveller inquired his name; and so deep was the impression made on his mind, that the name of the lad and his place of residence were remembered until several years afterwards, when the traveller had occasion for a clerk. He then sent for this young man, and gave him a responsible and profitable place, from which he rose to a position of great trust and honour.

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"MEN talk in raptures," says Wither-  
spoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness in their wives; but after seven years' union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse."

This fact ought to be impressed upon the mind of every wife. It would save their husbands very much trouble, and make their own domestic life more pleasant and happy.



The Great Eagle Owl.

## THE GREAT EAGLE OWL.

THIS noble bird, the giant of his race, though occasional specimens of it have been received from the Cape of Good Hope, and also from China, is to be regarded as truly one of our European species; in England and France it is of rare occurrence, but in Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Hungary, it is very common, residing among the deep recesses of mighty forests, or the clefts of rocks amidst the mountains, or the desolate ruins of ancient towers. From its lonely retreat, where it reposes in silence during the day, it issues forth as the dusk of evening throws a yet deeper gloom over the dark pine forest or rock-girt glen, to prowl in quest of prey. On silent wing it skims through the wood, and marks the fawn, the hare, or the rabbit, nibbling the herbage, as, concealed by the broad

shadows, it skirts the line of dark black foliage. Suddenly wheeling, it sweeps upon the unsuspecting victim, and, if not too large, bears it off, eagle-like, in its talons. Other and less noble game is also to be reckoned as its prey, such as rats, mice, squirrels, and frogs; these are swallowed entire, after being merely crushed into a mass by the efforts of the bill, and the bone, skins, feathers, or hair, rolled into a ball, are afterwards rejected.

The eagle owl is about two feet in length, the upper surface is waved, barred, and dashed with black on a mingled brown and yellow ground. The throat is white; the under surface is yellow, with longitudinal streaks of black on the chest, and fine transverse bars below. Tarsi feathered to the toes. Beak and claws black; iris bright orange. This magnificent bird builds a

large nest of sticks, in the crevices of rocks, in old ruined castles, or in hollow trees; the eggs are three in number, and white.

A remarkable account of the extraordinary attachment of these birds to their young is given by bishop Stanley, in his "Familiar History of Birds." The case was witnessed by a Swedish gentleman, who resided several years on a farm near a steep mountain, on the summit of which two eagle owls had constructed their nests. One day, in the month of July, a young bird, having quitted the nest, was caught by the servants. Considering the season of the year, it was well feathered. Having been shut up in a large hen-coop, to his surprise, on the following morning, a fine young partridge was found lying dead before the door of the coop. It was immediately concluded that this provision had been brought there by the old owls, which no doubt had been making search in the night-time for their lost young one. And such was, indeed, the fact; for night after night, for fourteen days, was the same mark of attention repeated. The game which the old ones carried to it consisted chiefly of young partridges, for the most part newly killed, but sometimes a little spoiled. On one occasion, a moor-fowl was brought, so fresh that it was actually warm under the wings; and at another time, a putrid stinking lamb was deposited.

The harsh and dismal tones of these nightly prowlers resounding through the gloomy solitudes of a wild and savage scene, rendered still more gloomy by the dusk of evening or the blackness of night, are apt to be associated in the minds of the timid and superstitious with feelings of mysterious and indescribable awe; these feelings have ever prevailed among the rude and unenlightened, and hence has this bird, once more common in England than at present, been regarded, like the rest of its race in general, with fear and aversion, as if their discordant yells betokened the coming of evil. To this effect the strange aspect, the large eyes, the odd and singular motions, the noiseless flight, and nocturnal habits, in connection with the situations where they find a retreat by day, all combine to add. Superstition and ignorance go hand in hand; the hooting of the owl, and "trifles light as air," seen through the perverted medium of credulity, will strike terror into the heart which actual danger

would never appal. But the superstitious fears, which arise in cases like the present, though indicative of a weak and uneducated mind, are not connected with criminal ignorance, that ignorance which makes the peasant of Spain or France bow awe-struck before a rude cross or a graven image, and yet violate without a pang the plainest commands of God; tremble to eat meat in Lent, but yet profane the sabbath by converting it into a day of worldly pleasure and business; mortify his body by penance, and yet allow every base and evil passion to riot uncontrolled in his soul; pray to saints, and pray to sinners, but seek not His intercession who alone is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." The philosophic Christian may smile at the weakness of him who trembles at the voice of the owl sounding through the still air among the lonely ruins; but should he not feel a stronger and deeper emotion, when, travelling in foreign lands, he sees the superstition of him whose ignorance is the parent of sin and death?

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#### "I AM NEVER ALONE."

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around; and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thought was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation;—one by one the companions of his boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope, and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition! how cheerless his days!

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room, and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. "I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather," said she; "and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to, or to love?" The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child. "I am never alone, my child," he said. "How can I be lonely? for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the

Father to dwell in my soul, and my Saviour is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at his feet, and learn of him; and though pain and sickness often come to warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek in your youth this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters; and then, when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you too can say, 'I am never alone.'"

Let this testimony of an aged and devoted servant of Christ sink deep into the heart of every one who reads these lines. Seek that consolation which can be your joy in sickness, in trial, and in solitude—your stay when all earthly helps have failed. Then will it be your blessed privilege to say, "I, too, am never alone."  
—*Christian Citizen.*

#### WONDERS IN WATER.

"WATER," observes a foreign writer, "is a universal benefactor. As a beverage it is truly one of Heaven's choicest gifts to man. As the means of preparing his food, it is inestimable. As a medicine, its virtues are beginning to be acknowledged. By its mobility it secures that perfect equilibrium or level so essential to the safety of the inhabitants of the land. By its buoyancy it furnishes a dwelling-place for all aquatic tribes, and lays the foundation for the whole art of navigation. By its pressure when at rest it furnishes a convenient force for the hydraulic press. When in motion, as in the river or cataract, it supplies to man an exhaustless fund of mechanical power, ready to turn all his machines and perform all his labours. Finally, in the power of steam a mechanical power is derived from water, the use of which has likened man to the genii of ancient times."

Few things are more marvellous than the changing shapes which this fluid assumes. No conjuror could execute such metamorphoses. At one time it descends in the form of a hard substance from the sky, breaking the glass of your attic window by its violence. Catch up this hailstone, and watch it for a little; it melts away, and becomes invisible.

Take the same hailstone, however, and place it under a glass with thrice its weight of lime; it gradually dissolves; but not into empty space,—for the dry earth under the glass, instead of being three parts earth, as it was when you put it in, has now been converted into four! In the one case water took an ethereal form, and vanished altogether. In the other it has assumed a tangible body, and from a fluid has passed into a solid!

The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is also very wonderful. The glittering opal, which the beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landholder has in his estate, four hundred are water. Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water in each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., the other ninety per cent. of water. A beef-steak, too, if pressed between blotting-paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight in water. "If a man weighing ten stone," says an admirable article in the "Quarterly Review" for September last, "were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water." In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pint of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales in a hundred and seventy-two days about one hundred thousand grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws in and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colours being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the

tree. Dahlias are also coloured by an analogous process.

As a general solvent or melter, water is no less remarkable. Various bodies, in order to have their properties called into action, require to be brought into a state of mixture or combination with each other, and to be broken up for that purpose. Water is the grand crushing-mill employed in the economy of nature to accomplish this end. No stonebreaker on the road more effectually does his work than water,—though the latter acts by a slower process. "Few things," says a writer, in an American publication, "appear more admirable to the student than the discrimination which water exhibits in the different degrees of solvent power it exerts upon different substances, dissolving just so much as the perfect economy of nature in each case demands, but still leaving it to man to exalt its solvent powers by heat whenever he requires them to act with greater energy." This power of water as a dissolver may be seen in a familiar form in the melting of salt; but it extends also to bodies of a far more durable substance. "A constant dropping wears away a stone," is a proverb as true in the natural as in the moral world. The action of rain upon glass, in time, pierces the latter,—as may be seen in some of the windows of Westminster Abbey, which "are quite honeycombed on the outside, and nearly eaten through." Even flint may be reduced to a state of jelly by the action of water. In the hot springs of Iceland so much silicious matter is thrown up, that objects dipped in the stream often assume a flinty coating. Turning to our own bodies, we find blood to be only water holding certain substances connected with nutrition and digestion in a fluid state.

As a great carrier, water next demands our notice. We do not allude here to its adaptation to the art of navigation, but to its self-acting power of transporting various substances from one place to another. In this respect it beats Pickford and all our railway carriers hollow. Through the medium of vapour, immense quantities of subtle decayed organic matter are taken up into the air, and carried again to other quarters, where they descend in the form of rain. To this cause may be attributed those occasional red, green, and black showers which fall, to the great terror of particular districts. The colours in question arise from the

water mingling with animalcules and organic matter, of a particular tinge, which it had carried up from some other district. Rivers exercise extensively this property of carrying. Even the rate of speed of this aquatic railroad may be measured. "A current," we are told, "that flows half a foot per second will move fine sand along its channel; at a velocity of one foot per second it will set fine gravel rolling; at two feet per second pebbles, an inch in diameter, are carried on; while at a speed of three feet per second angular fragments are carried along." As a specimen of the results of this power of carriage, we learn that the Ganges carries down a hundred thousand feet of dissolved or suspended earth per second.

This property of water as a carrier, however, has its attendant inconveniences, inasmuch as it gathers in its course various substances of a deleterious character. Gas, in the streets of London, occasionally escapes, and is imbibed by the water in the adjoining pipes. Housemaids, we are informed, have been startled by the phenomenon of flames issuing from the cock of the cistern, when their candles had unsuspectingly been placed near it. In travelling along certain soils, water mingles with earthy alkaline and metallic salts, the effects of which upon health are variously estimated by different medical authorities. By some the presence of such substances is regarded as beneficial, and necessary to the formation of bone in the human system; by others it is viewed as laying the foundation of calculous disorders. In some districts of London earthy water is, from habit, preferred to a purer description of fluid. On one occasion, when representations had been made as to its impurity, a large portion of the consumers protested against any interference with their drinking it, as it was, to their taste, soft and excellent.

Water receives impurities, however, not only from the soil through which it flows, but also, as we have seen, from the organic substances which it takes up into the atmosphere, and returns to the earth in rain. Millions of tons of floating matter are thus taken up, serving as food for numerous tribes of animalcules. In Manchester, the rain-water in the neighbourhood partakes of the soot and other chemical ingredients vomited forth from the tall manufacturing chimneys. During the time of the potato disease, the water



of the river Lea, near London, was found to be impregnated with the nauseous smell of the decayed vegetable, so as to be very unwholesome. It is not always deleterious matter, however, which is thus carried by rain. Wholesome ingredients are also transported by it, and deposited on particular soils, where their presence is required. What has been stated, however, shows the insalubrity, in the generality of instances, of rain-water, and the caution with which it should be used for domestic purposes.

The extent to which health is affected by the use of impure water was too abundantly manifested during the last visitation of the cholera, to require much illustration at our hands. In many instances, the disease was traced clearly to this cause, and ceased on wholesome water being substituted. The state of water in the district ought, therefore, to be one of the first objects of inquiry in the selection of a residence. Of the serious results of the mixture of fermenting organic matter with water, an example is given in an admirable article in the "Quarterly Review," previously referred to. Fourteen years ago, the putrescent residuum of a starch factory, at Nottingham, was suffered to contaminate a brook near that town, containing fish and frogs, and resorted to by cattle for drink. The fish and frogs disappeared from the water, and the cattle suffered a series of symptoms analogous to those described as caused by poison. After twenty-four calves and nine cows had miserably perished, the contamination of the water was stopped by an action at law. A city in Italy, also, was during the last century nearly depopulated by a series of epidemics, which were clearly traceable to the use of water polluted by the steeping of flax. As a specimen of the minuteness of the substances which act, when necessity requires it, as the agents for destroying the purity of water, one animalcule may be mentioned. It is found in cascades, sticking to the stone over which the water rushes; "and if put into a phial with above a million times its weight of water, it infects the whole mass with a putrid odour, so strong as to be offensive at several yards distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often."

As a counterpoise to this tendency of water to imbibe impurities, there exist certain natural arrangements for cleans-

ing it. By a chemical process, tainted water, when it falls upon rock or sand, is rapidly separated from its impure particles. The stones in a running brook act as a filter, by a beautiful and simple agency, which we cannot, however, pause to explain. Various animalcules perform the part of scavengers in water. A particular insect, for instance, withdraws the iron from chalybeate springs; another removes flinty particles. Birds and plants have also their uses. "A pair of swans," we are told by the journal already quoted, "have recently been employed at Glasgow, to keep a large reservoir clear of aquatic weeds, which previously abounded in the water, and which these graceful functionaries clear away with a nimbleness that leaves nothing to be desired. Another gentleman has kept twelve gallons of water in a state of purity, by the reciprocal action of two gold fish, six water snails, and a water-plant, known as *valisneria spiralis*. The snails eat the decayed matter of the plants; the fish feed on the young snails; and the plant absorbs the impure gas generated by its companions, returning in a stream of bubbles the supply of pure air necessary for their consumption."

Amidst the various properties of water let us not, before dismissing the subject, forget to notice how it acts as the medium through which the temperature of the atmosphere is regulated. In melting platina, a heat of nearly twenty thousand degrees is raised; and by the galvanic deflagrator and the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, we may produce a temperature immeasurably higher even than this. In a chemical process for the solidification of carbonic acid, chemists reach a degree of cold equal to a hundred and seventy-four degrees below zero. So immense is the range of temperature of which heat is susceptible. Yet Providence most studiously confines the heat of the surface of the globe within the narrow limits of two hundred degrees, from the lowest to the highest temperature ever exhibited by the atmosphere. Water is the agent by which this arrangement, so necessary for the preservation of life, is carried out. As soon as the cold in winter begins to grow severe and threatening, water instantly changes its state from a fluid to a solid; giving out its hidden heat to the atmosphere, and thus preventing the further increase of cold. On the other hand, when heat approaches a dangerous excess, water evaporates, and withdraws,

in the shape of vapour, a large quantity of heat, which would otherwise have accumulated to a dangerous degree. Water, therefore, stands as a sentinel on either hand, to guard all living things from the region of death that lies on each side of the narrow range to which the temperature of the atmosphere is confined.

Such are some of the wonders of water. How graciously has our heavenly Father consulted our happiness in the manifold operations to which he has made it subservient! How thankful ought we, too, who reside in temperate climates, to be for the abundance with which it is supplied to us! How awful, on the other hand, to contemplate a state of existence in which one drop of this element, now so profusely distributed, shall in vain be solicited by the impenitent sinner, to cool his tongue! W.

#### SPRING AND ITS ANALOGIES.

Yes, "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come;" and spring, with its ten thousand beauties, is here. Stern, frowning, freezing, barren winter has departed, and given place to a season of sunshine and odours. What a mercy to the poor, who have but few clothes and little firing; and what a gratification to the rich, who have their gardens and orchards, and who are in circumstances to sojourn where nature spreads her richest carpet, and scatters her most precious treasures! To the other classes of the great family of man, these early months of the year are also pregnant with sweets, and fruitful with influences that must, if tasted and felt, awaken emotions of pleasure and songs of praise. Patriarchs and prophets—bards and historians—poets and philosophers—husbandmen and artisans—have alike hailed this season as a gift, and adored the bounteous Giver. And shall not *we* welcome it? Shall we be unmindful of *His* goodness whose paths drop fatness, and who causes the little hills to rejoice on every side? Rather let us contemplate the character, consider the cause, and profit by the lessons of spring.

#### ITS CHARACTER.

It has a character of its own. How unlike the season that precedes it, and those that follow it!

1. It is pre-eminently the season of *life*. Not dormant, drowsy, declining

life; but waking, expanding life. The tree, the shrub, the flower, the soil, all indicate and express the vitality of nature. The buddings—the outbursts of vegetable life—are everywhere observable. The seed grain germinates; roots strike and extend their fibres; the ground yields sustenance; light, air, and moisture contribute their separate and combined measure of influence; and chemical actions subordinate the whole to the various yet uniform objects which nature exhibits in such lovely dresses, and in forms so smilingly attractive. But the works of God in the natural world symbolize his deeds in the spiritual. Let us therefore pause to inquire into the state of our hearts, and ascertain how far their condition will allow us to trace the moral analogies of spring.

Is this the season of life with our souls? Is heavenly, Divine life implanted within us? Are we God's husbandry? Are we under the culture of the Holy Spirit? Has the good seed of the kingdom been sown in our hearts? Is the root of the matter within us? Are we plants of the Lord's own right-hand planting? Are we his vineyard—his garden, into which he comes, and through which he walks with delight? Then, supposing that we have life, is it visible?—can those about us take knowledge of it? Are we unlike the world? Does Christ, who is our life, appear in us? Do we resemble Jesus—the meek, the lowly, the self-denying, the loving Saviour? Oh for life, and the evidences and proofs of it, so that our friends and neighbours may be constrained to acknowledge that there is a reality in spiritual religion! Oh for the zeal and energy that ought to characterize the living—those who were dead in trespasses and sins, but whom the Lord hath quickened to spiritual and eternal life.

2. Spring is the season of *gladness, hilarity, and joy*. The heavens and the earth smile. The trees of the field clap their hands, woods and forests sport with glee, and send forth their echoings in *Æolian* strains. Breezes play around. The outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice. Birds carol on their wings, and from "morn to dewy eve" charm us with their music. Lambs gambol on the hillock. Fish are playful in the lake. The neighing of the horse, the repose of the ox, the bleating of the sheep, all add to the joyousness of the season. The ploughman, the sower, the hedge-dresser,

the woodman, the shepherd, go forth to their work and labour with a measure of instinctive delight such as they could not call up when wintry storms darkened the day and disquieted the night; and if they are true Christians—Jesus' loving, confiding disciples—almost every object in nature suggests to them a song of praise. A joyous air seems to be thrown over the entire creation.

May it not now be well to ask—Are we glad?—glad at heart—glad in the Lord—glad with the gladness of his chosen people? His eye [is upon us, his heart is toward us, his arm maintains us, and his hand feeds us. Are we sensible, then, of his kindness, and grateful for it? Are his mercies received as gifts, enjoyed as favours, and employed as talents? Is his word prayerfully read? Are his sabbaths devoutly observed? Is the place where he is worshipped reverently and conscientiously frequented? Above all, do we repent of sin? exercise faith in the Lord Jesus? and has the Holy Spirit taken possession of our hearts? Are we reconciled to God, through the death of his dear Son? If so, then we may—we ought to be glad. In such facts and prospects as these, there is more to make us sing than in all the cares and sorrows of life to make us sad.

3. Spring is the season of *hope* :—it is introductory to summer, which, again, leads on to autumn. The farmer, the florist, and the horticulturist are now full of expectation, and by hope are stimulated in their several pursuits. The delicate child, the youthful invalid, the consumptive sufferer, and the aged pilgrim are cheered also by the sunshine anticipations of spring. The breezes become soft, the showers are fertilizing, the meadows are green, and the feathered tribes are vocal.

To the Christian, also, this season presents its analogies. The Bible to the believer's inner life is like nature to his outer one; and as he walks through this spiritual garden, by meditation and prayer, he sees objects of surpassing loveliness, and inhales odours of refreshing sweetness. When he goes forth, too, to the moral deserts around him, to labour in the name of the Lord Jesus, hope still sustains and animates him. He has to clear the soil of its thorns, to break up the ground, to sow the good seed of the word of the Lord, to water plants, to prop up the bending shrub, to manure the root, to prune and train the fruit-bearing branches.

The blessing he cannot command,—it lies beyond his reach; but he can use means which God hath promised to make effectual. He sows, plants, and waters in hope. Nor can the hope that the Bible sanctions fail: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it," Isa. lv. 10, 11.

#### ITS NATURAL CAUSES.

1. Much of the effects of spring is attributable to the *sun*. But for the increasing warmth and strength of his beams, we should have no spring. Leaves would want brightness, blossoms would lack fullness, flowers would have neither beauty nor odour, and fruit would want bloom and flavour. Oh! the blessing of sunshine—of light in combination with heat! Were this to be withdrawn altogether, or even partially, the consequences to the earth and its produce, and thereby to us, the children of men, to whom the earth is given, would be serious indeed! The farmer would till his field, and the gardener tend his beds, in vain. And what should we do in the moral and spiritual world without the Sun of Righteousness? Could we live, grow, flourish, and bear fruit without its attractive and cheering beams? Impossible. The more directly and powerfully these beams fall upon us, the more prosperous shall we be. "The Lord God is a Sun," Ps. lxxxiv. 11. Jesus is "the Light of the world," John viii. 12; Without him, it is night; and that night a cold, wintry one. Oh for the light of life to shine upon our hearts without an intervening cloud! Oh for the presence of Christ without a separating veil! This will turn night into day, and north into south:

"Light of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death!  
Come, and sin's deep gloom dispelling,  
Shine upon the realms beneath.  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
On our deepest darkness rise,  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring daylight on our eyes."

2. At this season the *influence of rain* is great and most propitious. Without moisture, heat would be rather injurious than otherwise to the vegetable world; for as water enters into the composition

of every plant and flower, unless a measure of this vital fluid be supplied, the other component parts would cease to act, or act too powerfully, and the chemical machinery becomes deranged, and, for all practical purposes, destroyed. The great God has distributed and arranged the vegetable kingdom in wisdom, and has provided for its preservation and extension with profuse liberality. By combining light and heat with rains and dews, and by their united action on soils and substances, he excites the root, impels the juices, expands the leaf, and exhales the odours of trees, shrubs, and flowers. He gives rain, and, thereby, fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness, Acts xiv. 17. From the value and importance of rain in the natural world, it has become an emblem of Divine influence in the spiritual—of *that* influence which is essential to the life and growth of pure religion in the soul, as the Scriptures abundantly testify. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth," Psa. lxxii. 6, 7. "After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight; . . . and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth," Hos. vi. 2, 3.

In these, and promises of a similar import, we are encouraged to seek the grace of the Holy Spirit, which, when communicated, will refresh and make us fruitful.

#### ITS LESSONS.

Thankfulness, humiliation, and active service are all lessons suggested by this season. To the last alone, however, we shall allude.

All nature is at work. Birds are building their nests. Bees are preparing together their honey. The little ants are waking up from their wintry slumbers. Fish are leaving their grassy beds. The farmer, the gardener, the shepherd, are now more than usually active. Even commerce and trade are not contented with their ordinary measure of toils and returns. And shall we allow the golden hours of God's love to pass away, without special efforts to be richer in faith, more energetic in hope, and warmer in zeal? Shall we deprive our souls of the benefit of those Divine influences which are falling from sabbaths, from sermons, and

from ordinances? Shall we not be anxious to profit by those heavenly visitations of life and love which bless our country, which sanctify our sanctuaries, and which await us in our closets? Shall the slug-gard's dishonour and deprivations be ours? Shall we, who profess to be children of light, grope in darkness? Shall we, to whom the Holy Spirit is promised, and who is shed forth so copiously, wither, or even remain in our present state? O God, thou who art acting out the designs of thy goodness in the natural world, fulfil in the hearts of thy people all the good pleasure of thy grace; and the work of faith with power; array us in the beauties of holiness; let the fruits of the Spirit abound in our hearts and lives; and, as thy husbandry, may we all show forth thy praise. Draw forth our hearts to Jesus; bid us to glorify him in purpose and deed. May our souls bud; bloom, and be fragrant for him; and having honoured him on earth, may we serve him in heaven:

Oh may I be a lowly flower,  
Well watered by the dews of love;  
Protected by Thy saving power,  
And bloom in paradise above.  
Great God of grace! descend and bless  
The garden of thy care below;  
The soil enrich—each fruit-tree dress,  
And heavenly influence bestow.  
Prop on its stem the blushing rose,  
Guard the fair lily of the vale;  
Sustain the feeblest plant that grows,  
And bless thy vineyard with a gale.

Z.

#### OLD HUMPHREY ON THE FIVE SENSES.

WERE we to sit down to write out a catalogue of our benefits and blessings, the undertaking, to say the least of it, would occupy much time, and involve much difficulty. Though I could soon specify five hundred of our commonplace mercies; on the present occasion I will content myself with five; seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling.

There is as much difference between the mere acknowledgment that we have five senses, and the grateful and thrilling consciousness of our possessing them, as there is between reading in a book of the rising sun, and walking on a summer's morn amid the glowing beauties of the natural creation. It is one of the fundamental errors of humanity, and even of the Christian world, to prize too lowly the common gifts of our heavenly Father. We are too often coveting the possessions of others, instead of enjoying our own; and we are continually praying to God

for fresh mercies, when we ought to be praising him for what he has already so abundantly bestowed. Try to accompany me while I speak with animation of our five senses.

What a blessing is the sense of sight, even if regarded only as a source of gratification! The glowing sun and silvery moon; the snowy clouds and kindling skies; the beauty of trees, plants, flowers, and the vegetable world; the lustre of precious stones, the diamond sparkle, and the ruby flame; the plumage of birds, the swan, the peacock, the humming bird, and bird of Paradise; with the endless variety in fish, and shells, and reptiles, and the insect world, all yield delight to the beholder. While, then, you think of sunbeams, beautiful colours, and forms of grace and loveliness, contrast them with more than Egyptian darkness; with blackness, with incurable blindness, and then you will be in a position to thank God for the sense of seeing. Pity the poor blind!

It would hardly be possible to extol too highly the enjoyment we derive from sweet, harmonious, and influential sounds. We can all remember seasons in which our hearts have been made happy through our ears. At home and abroad; in-doors and out, our sense of hearing is a source of joy. The winds of heaven are vocal, and the earth has unnumbered voices that minister to our pleasure. Call to mind the whisperings of the wind, the murmuring of waters, the warbling of birds, the melody of music, the soft voice of affection, the heart-affecting language of prayer, and the entrancing influences of song and psalmody. What if our ears, in these cases the avenues to our hearts, were closed up for ever! The thought is fearful, and is quite enough to wring from us an acknowledgment of gratitude to the Giver of all good for the sense of hearing. Do you know any who are deaf and dumb? If so, let them be the objects of your tenderest sympathy.

Who among us, when smelling at a rose, pauses amid the conscious enjoyment imparted by its odorous perfume to thank God for the sense of smell? Why were this not a common every-day gratification, we should be half wild with joy every time the grateful aroma, arising from field or flower, gladdened our hearts. We have all lingered in gardens of sweet smelling flowers, wandered over meadows of new-mown hay, roamed in fields of

blossoming vetches and clover, and revelled with delight amid hills of heather and wild thyme, greedy of selfish pleasure, and guiltily unmindful of our heavenly Father's goodness, when our eyes ought to have sparkled with thankfulness, and our tongues should have been eloquent with praise. Some are fearfully deficient in these respects. To your knees, ye callous, obdurate and unthankful possessors of benefits of which you are equally unmindful and unworthy; to your knees, to thank God with unfeigned emotion for the sense of smelling.

The gourmands of the world, whose pampered palates receive from dainty meats their highest enjoyments are many; but their thank-offerings for these enjoyments, alas! I fear are few. It were well if this want of thankfulness extended no further; but though a blessing may be asked on the food we eat, and thanks returned after we have partaken of it, this is too often the tribute of custom rather than the incense of the heart. Who among us can honestly declare that the sense of tasting has ever awakened within him a gratitude at all apportioned to the value of the gift? We are all delinquents, all forward to receive favours from our Almighty friend, and backward to acknowledge our obligations. Not only should the venison and turtle-eaters among us, but the partakers of common food, made savoury by appetite, the drinkers of pure water, and the inhalers of fresh air, take themselves to task in this matter, and offer to God a more hearty thanksgiving than has ever yet emanated from their lips for the sense of tasting.

Though our five senses are doubtless of different degrees of value to us, yet it sometimes pleases our heavenly Father to make one, and that by no means the most important one, a substitute for all the rest. An instance of this, by-and-by, will be given, but, in the meantime, what account have we to render of our grateful emotions, for that exquisite susceptibility, that sense of feeling from which we derive so large an amount of gratification. What do we not owe for the refreshing coolness of the breeze, the invigorating warmth of the fire, the gentle pressure of the hand of friendship and affection, and the soft pillow of the bed of sickness! I feel ashamed, not so much of others, as of myself, for my indifference, my apathy, my torpitude, and my unthankfulness, in not more

gratefully acknowledging the sense of feeling. Let us stir up one another to a more lively consciousness of our abundant benefits.

I have been led to make these remarks by the perusal of a narrative, of "Laura Bridgman, or the Child with only One Sense;" a narrative that has, by exciting my sensibilities, more than once blinded my eyes with my tears. How mysteriously is the soul enshrined in the temple of the body with its five portals—the five senses! In the case of Laura Bridgman, four of these, seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting appear to be closed up for ever; and yet, wonderful! the fifth, the sense of feeling, has been found sufficient to become a means of receiving on her part that instruction and knowledge which have enabled her to conceive the all-important truths of Christianity, and to hold pleasurable communion with those around her. I do not often indulge in a lengthy quotation, and shall therefore be the more readily pardoned in doing so now:—

"It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and, when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group. When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with the fingers of her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, she pats

herself on the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment, and laughs; and then, with the right hand, strikes the left, as if to correct it. During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast, and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a turning of arms—a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers—exchanges of joy or sorrow,—there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses."

What a lesson is here set before us! A child, blind, deaf, dumb, and deprived of the senses of smelling and tasting, but yet happy! If such a one can wear a smile, and be thankful for her one talent, where are our hosannas and hallelujahs for the five committed to our care? those five senses, with their five hundred inlets of gratification, that we have so long uninterruptedly enjoyed!

We should regard it as an extreme case of folly were a rich man, led by his abundance, to look on rubies as beads of glass, and diamonds as pebble stones; and yet do we not, through thankless selfishness or thoughtless indifference, too often regard the more precious gifts of God—our common mercies and our five senses—with apathy and unconcern? Let us arise from our torpor, and by kindness, according to our ability, to the blind, to the deaf and dumb, yes, to all and every one less favoured than ourselves, practically praise God for our abounding benefits. Thus shall we put our senses to their noblest use, while at the same time we are hearing of the grace of our Redeemer—seeing, feeling, and tasting that "the Lord is good," and devoting ourselves more to his glory who "has given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour."

# LOO-CHOO: ITS MISSION AND ITS MISSIONARY.

SOME thirty years ago, captain Basil Hall, an intelligent naval writer, astonished the English public not a little by his description of the refined and courteous treatment which had been shown to the crews of two British men-of-war which had touched at the island of Loo-choo, in the Chinese seas. All was hospitality and kindness. More than this, too, the natives seemed patterns of honesty and gentleness. No species of arms, or any traces of the inhabitants being acquainted with their use, could be discovered. The place looked like some fairy-land spot, exempted from the taint of sin and sorrow that had blighted the rest of creation. On his passage homewards, captain Hall touched at St. Helena, and was admitted to an interview with its illustrious captive, Napoleon Bonaparte, to whom the marvels of Loo-choo were narrated. "Impossible!" the latter exclaimed, when he heard it stated that its people had no warlike implements; "you must have been mistaken." Captain Hall, however, published his narrative; exceedingly interesting it was, and probably not a few sentimental readers sighed for a more intimate acquaintance with the unsophisticated children of nature who inhabited the sunny clime of Loo-choo.

A few years ago, some benevolent Christians pitied the state of this region. Too wise to believe the fable which had been recorded of its inhabitants, they knew, that however fair their exterior, beneath it lurked the carnal heart unrenewed by the Holy Spirit, at enmity with God, and incapable, in that condition, of eternal happiness. They resolved accordingly to send the gospel to it, disbelieving the finely coloured pictures. A Dr. Bettelheim was selected, his medical skill being considered as likely to aid materially his spiritual labours. The result of his mission is given in the "Chinese Repository of Canton," in a letter to Dr. Parker. It will interest our readers to learn the peculiar difficulties which he has had to encounter: difficult as are all mission-fields, Loo-choo seems to have had some of a perfectly unique kind.

On the 2nd of May, 1846, Loo-choo—or Lew Chew as it is sometimes spelt—came within sight of Dr. Bettelheim. The missionary's heart beat high. Cap-

tain Basil Hall's land of sentiment and poetry was before him, and everything looked truly picturesque; the hills were crowned with trees; verdant slopes ran down to the sea. It seemed to him, in short, as the garden of the Lord. Retiring to his cabin, he poured out his soul to God: "Oh that the Lewchewans may know the day of their visitation! Oh, Lord Jesus, it is time for thee now to work; thy church has found out this distant spot in thy creation, where to plant a new abode for thy truth. Prayer, and gold, and silver have been offered upon thine altar for this cause. O Lord, disappoint not thy praying, longing, wishing servants. Let us be received—let thy word find a place—let thy truth be valued. Give us prudence and wisdom to know the way in which best to gain the confidence of thy sheep in Lew Chew." If, in the sequel, this prayer does not appear to have been answered, let us not judge precipitately. True prayer may often seem to find no return, yet it never can be offered in vain, though the reply may appear to disappoint our short-sighted expectations.

The missionary's difficulties began at landing; his infant-school teacher grew faint-hearted, and turned back; his interpreter proved to know little or nothing of the language; the captain of the vessel interposed difficulties to his going on shore; and, when he did get to land, he found himself with all his trunks and luggage on the beach, none offering him shelter, or a place where to deposit his stores. The polite and courteous Loo-chooans seemed to have lost their hospitable qualities, and it was only after considerable exertion that he got temporary accommodation. Forthwith there commenced a new series of annoyances. Jealous of the visit of a stranger, and totally ignorant, of course, of the motives of love which had transported him thither, the authorities of Loo-choo, like the inhabitants of Decapolis of old, begged him "to depart from their coasts." They hinted, that so great had been the dearth of provisions, that he was not unlikely to starve: wild pine-apples would, not improbably, be his breakfast, dinner, and supper. In conclusion, they came to coaxing: "I humbly beg of you, sir,"—so ended the official despatch—"to have some consideration for this distressed, worn-out country; look down on us with magnanimity—be humane and compassionate; wait till wind and weather

be favourable, then sail back to your own country."

A present of aromatic oils, English coins, and fancy work, together with a showy American clock, were sent by Dr. Bettelheim to the authorities. A residence was conceded to him at last—rather a characteristic one, too. It was a heathen temple, pleasantly situated, but rotten with age and full of idols, with a bonze, or priest, to take care of them. What a sight to stir up a missionary's zeal! The constant spectacle of the bonze offering sacrifices, and boys bringing fresh flowers, was accompanied with another annoyance. A swarm of rats waited to devour the meats that were presented; and, one night, the missionary and his family were kept awake by the movements of what was feared to be a serpent among the idols. Gradually they succeeded in shutting up the images in cages, much to the mortification of the priest, who informed them that their inherent god-head would die without a true supply of light. "Oh, how great," exclaims the missionary, "is that darkness that has need of daylight to keep its gods alive."

Our missionary now determined to try the effect of imparting to the natives some of the advantages of European skill. He offered to the authorities to give gratuitous instruction in medicine, in the English language, and in geography and astronomy. A very characteristic reply was received—it is worth reading:

"Without spending time upon compliments, your letter can be answered. In this country we have usually gone to China to learn the medical art, and to purchase medicines; we are now well skilled in healing and bestowing aid, so that we are afflicted neither with ignorance nor with want of medicines.

"With regard to studying and writing English, as our country is small and the people stupid, they cannot be aroused sufficiently to receive instruction, and become qualified to attend to important matters.

"With regard to studying geography and astronomy, the captains of our vessels have usually gone to China to learn them; they are able to observe the state of the weather, they are skilled in the use of the compass, and acquainted with all the channels between here and China. There is, therefore, no need of their receiving instruction from you."

What was the discouraged missionary to do? He resolved to abandon the

baits by which he had tried to allure them, and to fall back upon purely mission work—to try preaching the simple gospel to them. In his medical labours, however, he had met with some traces of gratitude. On taking a box of ointment and presenting it to a poor leprous woman; who had been accustomed to the exorbitant charges of native physicians, she burst into tears as she saw it, exclaiming, "Oh, sir! this will take much money!"

Five literary natives, or spies, as they might with equal propriety have been termed, were quartered on Dr. Bettelheim. Among these he distributed some prayers, translated into Loo-chooan from the Chinese of Dr. Morrison. As he gradually acquired the language, he resorted to open-air preaching, and proclaimed in the great thoroughfares the marvellous works of God, the glad tidings of salvation through faith in the blood of Christ, freely offered to a lost world. Attention was immediately excited. "All the passers by," he says, "men, women, and children, stopped; sellers and buyers forgot their trade. I have seen coolies lay down their burdens, and quietly listen; labourers lean their heads on the handle of their rural tools, and rest in pensive attention; roads were rendered impassable from the masses of people crowded on the space around me." The inward ear, however was shut: as John Bunyan would have expressed it, "Diabolus had still possession of Ear-gate." Matters, however, looked promising; even the native authorities (not the high-minded individuals captain Hall has described, but selfish and tyrannical oppressors) were constrained to admit that the missionary "did not come to seek his own, seeing he had much and to spare." A change was rapidly, however, to come over this encouraging state of things.

The nominal king of Loo-choo (he seems to have been a sort of puppet under the influence of the Japanese) having died, on the very day of his supposed funeral an alteration of feeling on the part of the people towards the missionary took place. He was assaulted with stones and sticks on the open road, and was thankful to come off with bruises and sores only. Not discouraged, he still persevered in preaching: the difficulty was now, however, to find an audience. The crowds which had formerly waited on him were nowhere to be seen. When he appeared in the streets, an immediate



clearance of them took place. "First," he writes, "there was a bustle, a running here and there, a rattling and clapping of shutting doors and windows; green-grocers deserted their stalls; labourers ceased their work; crews left their boats; women dragged their children in doors with such haste and fright as to make them scream out when they saw me again afar off." The missionary remonstrated to the authorities, but his communications were often returned on the ground that they contained the name of Jesus. How touching! how melancholy! The Saviour rejected in his messenger!—his hands of love stretched out, but no man regarding his accents of tender compassion.

To add to the perplexities and troubles of the missionary at this time, by far the greater portion of his available money, amounting to 600 dollars, was stolen from him. He suspected his attendants; but, on writing to the authorities, all knowledge of the theft was not only denied, but its impossibility in a house watched by guards was triumphantly argued in two long despatches. "Perfectly cured," he adds, "as I now was of the deluding influences captain Hall's narrative had inflicted on my good-natured disposition, I insisted on the removal of those whom I had reason to consider in-door thieves."

On going out, he next found that spies had been posted to give notice to the people of his approach. On reaching the main-streets, he would find them a complete wilderness; a grave-like silence reigned, as if not a living being dwelt in any of the houses. "I was wonderfully sustained," he adds, "under these trials. I had never before known a case where a man, in his sound senses, was made a scarecrow, before whom his fellow-men flew off in all directions like terror-stricken birds. I might, for hours, walk up and down a lane by myself; and I once tried for a whole week, besieging a row of shops from morning to night in vain—not a door would open. What shall I do unto thee, Ephraim? What shall I do unto thee, Lew Chew? Thus I asked myself with the prophet. I knew nothing but the gospel would remedy the evil. Faith cometh, however, by hearing; and how should they hear, when thus driven beyond the reach of the joyful sound?"

Many men would now have given over in despair; not so, however, the individual

before us. He adopted a new plan of attack, and resolved, as it were, to bombard this citadel of Satan. Rolls of portions of Scripture and Chinese tracts, addresses of a friendly nature—written with great labour by himself and his wife—were the only missiles he employed. These he threw into the open courts of the houses. Well—a short time elapses; he is congratulating himself on the success of this scheme, when one day a large trunk is brought to him by the government emissaries. He opens it, and finds it, to his astonishment, full of his tracts and appeals. They had been carefully gathered up, and returned to him. A portion of the good seed, however, doubtless remained behind.

In March, 1848, a large ship approached very closely to the island, as if it would cast anchor. The crafty authorities now began to change their tactics, and a polite communication came from government, having a verse of poetry at the commencement of it, to soothe Dr. Bettelheim's tortured feelings:

The balmy zephyrs, soft and rustling,  
Proclaim the coming of the spring;  
So may your good self be brisk and happy,  
Fearing no limits to your felicity.

With the disappearance of the ship, however, the poetry and the good-will of the Loo-chooans disappeared also. Still undaunted in his work, Dr. Bettelheim had recourse to new efforts. A body of guards, about forty in number, had been appointed to watch him, and these, at least, he determined should hear the gospel. Seeing their superstitious attachment to slips of written paper, pasted on the walls of their apartments, he affixed to their rooms passages of Scripture, which he knew would not be pulled down—the Loo-chooans, like the Chinese, venerating paper impressed with characters. In order, also, to give them an idea of the power of England, and to convince them that China and Japan did not compose the whole world, he circulated copies of maps of the two hemispheres of the globe, colouring all the British possessions a bright yellow. The Loo-chooans, he knew, would not be insensible to a representation of the two countries, so different from what their own vanity had hitherto pictured.

Not contented yet, Dr. Bettelheim had recourse to a new plan of catching the attention of the people, by an appeal to their palates. His ingenious efforts must,

however, be described in his own words: "To the roll of tracts which I colported through the streets, I added a good bagful of cakes, baked in an oven constructed with my own hands (these people cannot construct an arch of bricks); and those who refused a tract were frequently less rigorous towards my cakes, and, perhaps, were attracted a little by the gorgeous flowered-chintz bags which held them. Even after my stratagems had been out-manceuvred by the vigilance of the enemy, who countermined all my efforts, and nobody cared either for my tracts, or my bag, or my cakes, a few naked sun-browned little ones still remained my customers; and observing that the dark of the evening gave the spies less playground, I chose this time to go out into the byways and hedges, where tawny children presently hopped to and fro in considerable numbers, of course with the natural desire of getting a cake or some cash, but now and then they got something better—a grain of sweet heavenly manna or a shekel out of the sanctuary. These children, I hope, felt attached to me, and I am sure I patted and fondled them with paternal affection. Even long after our intercourse must have been betrayed and declared illicit, as I easily inferred from stones pelting me occasionally in the dark, I saw them still slinking around me till they could safely approach and get their sweet trifles: but this likewise had to be given up."

Here the narrative of the missionary pauses; a continuation of it, however, is promised in the "Chinese Repository." Our readers will agree with us, that it presents a series of most remarkable and unwonted trials bravely grappled with and contended against.

We trust, however, that the kind friends who projected this mission will not feel discouraged by these disappointments. Let them remember the long night of toil at Tahiti, New Zealand, and other places. Do not give up Loo-choo, we would earnestly exclaim. It is the key to Japan; and the gospel, introduced into the one country, would doubtless penetrate the other. Meanwhile, what a spectacle is presented in one man alone being found to grapple with such masses of idolaters. Is there not here a call for our young men to devote themselves to the help of the Lord? Should not Christians, too, who eat the fat and drink the sweet of gospel privileges at home, be stirred up by such a narrative as the

above, to throw into the Lord's mission treasury their offerings of gold and silver; and where that cannot be done, to pour out earnest and persevering prayer for Loo-choo? W.

#### MINERALS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### NITRE—SOAP.

"Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord."—Jas. ii. 22.

THE nitre or natron (Heb. *netherborith*) of Scripture materially differs from that which the reader will recognise under the same name. It was an earthy alkaline salt, or impure carbonate of soda—the saltpetre of commerce of modern usage—found in great quantities on the surface and shores of the lakes of the Natron Valley bordering on Lower Egypt.

Natron is of two kinds—mineral and vegetable. The former is produced by evaporation. The lakes are a natural bed in the desert, supplied by water oozing through the earth during the winter. The heat of summer evaporates this water, leaving an incrustation of about two feet in thickness, which is broken by iron bars.\* These lakes also furnish common salt.

Natron, when mingled with vinegar or any other acid, produces violent effervescence.† Solomon describes ill-timed joyfulness as putting natron upon vinegar; it rather irritates than alleviates the sorrows of another. (See Prov. xxv. 20.)

In many parts of Asia it is used, dissolved in water, for washing, and by mixture with oil is made into soap.‡ The inhabitants of Smyrna call it soap-earth. The ancient Egyptians employed it for preserving dead bodies before embalming them. Hasselquist says it was also "used to put into bread, instead of yeast, and to wash linen with, instead of soap." Soda is still applied to these purposes.

The word *borith* is rendered in the Septuagint "herb of the washers," in the Vulgate, "herb of the fullers." "With respect to the herb borith," says M. Goguet, "I imagine it is sal-worth (sal-wort.) This plant is very common in Judæa, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia. They burn it, and pour water upon the ashes. The water becomes impregnated with a strong lixi-

\* "Pictorial Bible."

† Nitre, it is well known, would produce no fermentation; hence it should be translated *natron*.

‡ For full information concerning the manufacture of soap, see the monthly *Visitor* for January, 1849.

vial salt, proper for taking stains or impurities out of wool or cloth." The prophet Malachi may refer (iii. 2) to the use of the alkali in purifying metals, which causes the dross to vitrify. Christ will try our faith of what sort it is by his gospel.

"From time immemorial soap has been made in large quantities in Syria and Palestine, and forms a main article of the trading exports. Russell and others mention the profusion of ashes brought into the cities by the Arabs of the desert; and the moors about Joppa furnish a quantity of an inferior kind from the burning of the heath which covers them. The vegetable oils which are procured from the olives, nuts, and seeds which abound in Syria, are very valuable in the soap manufacture. Most of the soap used in Greece and Egypt is the produce of Palestine."\*

Robinson met with a plant near Sinai, "from which the Arabs obtain a substitute for soap, by pounding it when dry between stones, and mixing it with the water in which they wash their linen."†

"A species of *salsola* or salt-wort grew here in great abundance, with very minute fleshy leaves surrounding the woody branches. It is well known to the country people by the Hottentot name of *canna*, and is that plant from the ashes of which almost all the soap that is used in the colony is made. These ashes, when carefully burnt and collected, are a pure white caustic alkali, a solution of which, mixed up with the oily fat of the large broad tails of the sheep of the colony, and boiled slowly for five or six days, takes the consistency and the quality of an excellent white soap."‡

Washings were very many among the Jews. They held to them with great pertinacity. And they added superstitions to the washings prescribed by the law, inasmuch that our Saviour condemned the extent to which the Pharisees carried these practices. The passage in Jeremiah seems to refer to such "divers washings," and to point out the only way of a sinner's acceptance with God, even through a living faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin.

"My soul, no more attempt to draw  
Thy life and comfort from the law;  
Flee to the hope the gospel gives,  
The man that trusts the promise lives."

H. H.

\* "Scripture Herbal." † "Researches,"  
‡ Barrow's "Africa."

#### ENGLAND'S SUBMISSION TO ROMISH SUPREMACY IN 668.

LEARNING now concealed herself from mankind, and the few studious men that might here and there be found in the cloisters, confined their researches to the writings of Augustine or Gregory, and their compositions to homilies badly compiled from these works, or the still more unprofitable relation of absurd stories about relics and miracles. Religion was burdened with a multitude of ceremonies and forms, pilgrimages and penances, from which it never escaped till the Reformation; and a popular substitute for even that debased kind of religion was a superstitious reverence for the priesthood, who carefully inculcated that their prayers for the sinner were of much greater consequence than the sinner's prayer for himself. The dense ignorance of the clergy themselves may be imagined from the fact, that at the councils of bishops it was no unusual thing for the signatures appended to the canons to be written by one bishop for many, the formula in each case running thus:—"A. B., bishop of —, having affirmed that he is unable to write, I, whose name is underwritten, have subscribed for him."

Gloomy, however, as this period is, an occurrence took place in it of deep interest to the people of England. This was nothing less than the commencement of a practice which paved the way for the supremacy of the Roman see over the bishops and clergy of Britain. In 668, the pontiff Vitalian consecrated to the archbishopric of Canterbury one Theodore, a native of Tarsus, in Cilicia, but in other respects little more like the apostle Paul than the rest of his brethren. Theodore was a man of considerable learning, and brought with him into England a valuable library of Greek and Latin authors, among which were the poems of Homer. He soon established schools for the education of both clergy and laity, and thus gave a slight impulse to learning, though so slight that Alfred the Great, at his accession, could find very few priests north of the Humber who were able to translate the Latin service into the vulgar tongue, and south of the Thames not one. Theodore was also a devoted servant of the pope, and it took him not long to discover that however rapid, almost to a miracle, the success of Augustine and his followers had been, there were still many

irregularities, chiefly in forms and discipline, which a faithful son of Rome must seek to rectify. Foremost of these was the form of the tonsure. Whilst the Roman priests wore their hair round the temples, in imitation of a crown of thorns, they were horror-struck at the clergy of Britain, who, according to the custom of the eastern church, shaved it from their foreheads in the form of a crescent; and Theodore himself, who wore the eastern tonsure at the time of his being called to the primacy, was obliged to wait for four months before entering on his functions, that his hair might grow so as to be shaven in the orthodox, that is, the Roman mode. He now endeavoured to induce the British clergy to conform in this and other respects to the ritual of Rome; and in a council convened at Hertford in the year 673, he so effectually urged his cause, that the bishops consented to the canons he had brought from Rome, and a complete agreement was established with the papal see, both in worship and faith.

Triumphant in obtaining conformity, Theodore's next object was to secure entire subjection to Rome. He therefore asserted his right to the primacy of all England, and proceeded to re-arrange the dioceses of the north, which belonged to Wilfred, archbishop of York. The latter, no less servile to the pope, and equally bent on personal aggrandizement, immediately appealed to Rome, and the pontiff, perhaps as a reward for setting so loyal an example, pronounced Wilfred's claim to be just. This practice of appealing to the pope as supreme arbiter in ecclesiastical disputes became more and more common, till the papal authority was as paramount in Britain as in other parts of the west.—"*Lives of the Popes*," published by the Religious Tract Society.

#### HOW MEN DIE WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

THE Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, at the late anniversary of the American Bible Society, stated, with thrilling interest, a private conversation he had with a gentleman of renown (whose name he would not mention), just before going to his account: "As for the Bible," said the sage, "it may be true; I do not know." "What, then," it was asked, "are your prospects?" He replied in whispers, which, in-

deed, were thunders, "Very dark—very dark!"

"But have you no light from the Sun of righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible?"

"Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late—too late!"

#### LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world,—and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. They will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

#### THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

THE rights of woman—what are they?

The right to labour and to pray;

The right to watch while others sleep;

The right o'er others woes to weep;

The right to succour in reverse;

The right to bless while others curse;

The right to love whom others scorn;

The right to comfort all that mourn;

The right to shed new joy on earth;

The right to feel the soul's high worth;

The right to lead the soul to God,

Along the path her Saviour trod—

The path of meekness and of love,

The path of faith that leads above,

The path in which the weak grow

strong,

Such woman's rights—and God will

bless

And crown their champions with suc-

cess.

## CERRO DE PASCO, THE SILVER CITY.

SOME weeks ago, I had occasion to return to town by rail from Liverpool, after the transaction of business which had called me to the provinces. My only companion in the carriage was a gentleman of middle age, active in his movements, with a sharp, intelligent expression of countenance. His style of dress was rather foreign than otherwise; but his speech showed that he was an Englishman, though evidently one who had spent so much of his time abroad as to have lost a little of his native accent.

Two large boxes, made of thick boards carefully fastened with strong nails, and bound down with iron hoops, formed part of his baggage. The labour of more than one porter had been required to lift them into the luggage-van; and the special injunctions as to carefulness in stowing them away, showed that their contents were, in the owner's eyes, of more than usual value.

Nor was it only on starting that the traveller's anxiety respecting them was shown; at each stage or so, he availed himself of the stoppage of the train, to look out of the window in the direction of the van where his boxes had been placed.

We were alone in the carriage, and my curiosity was excited by my companion's movements. After a stage or two had passed, I ventured to break the ice:—

"Your boxes, sir," I observed, "seem to give you some uneasiness. You may depend upon it that, on this line of railway, there is no cause for anxiety respecting them."

"Why, sir," said the traveller, politely, "my anxiety must appear to you somewhat exaggerated; but if you knew the long way these boxes had travelled—on mules' backs, over precipices, among robbers and wild Indians—you would not wonder at my wish that they should get safe to their destination, when now so near it. These boxes, sir, have come from one of the most extraordinary places in South America—Cerro de Pasco—the highest and the bleakest city in the world."

"Specie, of course?" I added, on hearing South America named.

"You have conjectured rightly," added the traveller; "pure silver, with the genuine mark; and heartily glad shall I be when I am released from the burden."

My companion I found communicative and intelligent. He proved to be a mer-

chant returning from abroad after a long absence, and had much curious information to detail respecting the silver district of Peru. The time glided swiftly away in his company, and I was sorry when the last station was reached and our parting followed. A few notes of the information I received from him, aided by access to other sources of information, I have now strung together for my reader's entertainment.

Cerro de Pasco is situated in one of the wildest districts of Peru, at a point where the scenery, from being rich and tropical, passes into barrenness and desolation. It is 13,673 feet above the level of the sea—emphatically the highest city in the world. Placed on the confines of perpetual snow, the traveller is startled when, in the midst of an Alpine wilderness, he descries a populous town, numbering 18,000 inhabitants. Silver is the magnet which has drawn these masses together; for, amid the rude rocks, lie extensive veins of that precious ore, and mines to the number of some thousands have been opened, perforating the ground like a rabbit warren.

In many cases these mines are private property, and the communications with them open into dwelling houses in the town itself. As may be imagined, from the want of any uniform system of management, to work in them, or even to visit them, is often attended with great danger; and a traveller may congratulate himself if he returns from an inspection of one of them uninjured. Down a perpendicular shaft, a rusty chain and rope form the medium of descent, unless the risk is varied by the substitution of rotten blocks of wood and loose stones. Sleep to a stranger in Cerro de Pasco is no easy matter—the clattering of hammers on all sides is pretty sure to disturb him.

The discovery of these mines, more than two hundred years ago, is attributed to an Indian having kindled a fire on a rock to protect himself from cold. In the morning, he was surprised to find the stone beneath the ashes melted and turned to silver. Communicating the information to his master, further investigation brought to light the treasures which lay hid below.

Various circumstances would seem to prove that the despised race of Indians is in the present day acquainted with valuable mines of silver, the position of which is known only to themselves. "In Huancayo there dwell," we are told by

that pleasant traveller Von Tschudi, "a Franciscan monk. He was an inveterate gambler, and involved in pecuniary embarrassments. The Indians in the neighbourhood were much attached to him, and frequently sent him presents of cheese, poultry, butter, etc. One day, after he had been a loser at the gaming-table, he complained bitterly of his misfortunes to an Indian, who was his particular friend. After some deliberation, the Indian observed, that possibly he could render him assistance; and accordingly on the following evening he brought him a large bag full of rich silver ore. This present was several times repeated; but the monk, not satisfied, pressed the Indian to show him the mine from whence the treasure was drawn. The Indian consented, and on an appointed night he came, accompanied by two of his comrades, to the dwelling of the Franciscan. They blindfolded him, and each in turn carried him on his shoulders to a distance of several leagues into the mountain passes. At length they set him down, and the bandage being removed from his eyes, he discovered that he was in a small and narrow shaft, and surrounded by bright masses of silver. He was allowed to take as much as he could carry, and, when laden with the rich prize, was again blindfolded and conveyed home in the same manner as he had been brought to the mine. While the Indians were conducting him home, he hit on the following stratagem. He unfastened his rosary, and here and there dropped one of the beads, hoping by this means to be enabled to trace his way back on the following day; but in the course of a couple of hours, his Indian friend again knocked at his door, and, presenting to him a handful of beads, said—"Father, you dropped your rosary on the way, and I have picked it up."

The wealth yielded by these mines may be estimated by some of the anecdotes respecting their produce which are still current. In honour of a viceroy who was to be godfather to his child, a mine proprietor laid the whole of the road from his house to where the church was situated with silver bars, for the nobleman to walk over, and afterwards presented this valuable road to his excellency's lady. Another mine-owner, having been condemned to death, offered, if the sentence were delayed execution for sixteen months, to pay a daily tribute to the governor of a bar of silver.

Many articles of manufacture, in other countries usually worked in meaner metals, are in Peru formed of silver. This is especially the case in all that relates to the trapping of horses. Spurs often contain a pound and a half of this precious metal, and a saddle and stirrups will sometimes cost 400*l*.

The labours of the Indians who toil in these mines are of the most exhausting character. A dollar a week is what, on an average, each man can earn. Brandy, or some strong spirit, forms his principal enjoyment; and if he succeeds in earning a larger sum, it is foolishly lavished. We are told of an Indian who purchased a gold watch for 50*l*. Scarcely had he had the glittering trinket in his possession a few minutes than, tired of it, he threw it away, and dashed it to the ground. The Peruvian Indian has no desire to provide for the future. Habits of improvidence are rooted in him. The bottle constitutes his *sumum bonum* of existence.

The silver, we may observe, is separated from the dross by amalgamation with quicksilver, which is commonly effected by the trampling of horses. The quicksilver soon destroys the hoofs of the poor animals. In other mines Indians, barefooted, perform this operation; and paralysis and other diseases are the consequence.

Many of the Indian labourers, when not at work, betake themselves to the roads for plunder. Concealed amid rocks, they wound, and often kill the unsuspecting passenger, by stones hurled from their slings. Woe betide the traveller, possessed of property, who ventures to seek refuge within some of the native huts near Cerro de Pasco. His life would probably pay the forfeit of his rashness.

The silver, when made into bars, is committed to the charge of mule-drivers, who convey it to Lima, where it is either coined or shipped to other countries. As no mint exists at Cerro de Pasco, a supply of dollars has to be sent back to that city. These supplies are often attacked by bands of robbers, with which the country abounds. Occasionally they are so numerous, that government finds it a matter of policy to form them into a regiment of soldiers. Nothing can be more repulsive than the appearance of such a regiment. "A troop of them," we are told, "is a picturesque, but at the same time a very fearful sight. Their black,

yellow, and olive-coloured faces, seared by scars, and expressive of every evil passion and savage feeling—their motley and tattered garments—present a picture bold and disorderly in the extreme. On their entrance into a city, the terrified inhabitants close their doors; the passer-by gallops into the first open one he can find, and in a few minutes the streets are cleared, and no sound is heard but the galloping of robbers' horses."

John Bunyan has introduced Demas as pressing Christian to turn aside from his course, and look at his silver mine. In our own day, a thirst for mining operations is taking with some the place of a recent railway mania. A glance at Cerro de Pasco would, therefore, not be without its use, if it convinced any how far more certainly, both with nations and individuals, industry and God's blessing tend to prosperity than speculative pursuits. This lesson we think it *does* teach.

A proverb exists in Spain, that a copper mine may enrich a man; that a silver one may enable him to get a living; but that a gold one will beggar him. In Cerro de Pasco the mine proprietors live, we are told, in an almost continued state of embarrassment,—raising money by loans from capitalists at the rate of one hundred per cent. They are speculative and idle,—going on in extravagance,—hoping for a lucky hit by falling on a lode of silver more than usually productive. Closely connected, too, with this spirit of speculation, is their taste for gambling;—cards and dice are ever in demand amongst them. E. V.

#### A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

COTTON MATHER, giving an account of the war which the Indians commenced against New England, in the year 1675, thus relates what took place in Hadley, 1676:—"On June 12th, seven hundred Indians made an assault upon Hadley; but they were driven off with much loss to them, and very small to ourselves." Seven hundred Indians were an immense force against a small infant town, such as Hadley then was. But the people had extraordinary help.

I will relate the circumstances, as my recollection of what I have read some years since will enable me to do.

The people of Hadley were assembled in their meeting-house, when an unknown, venerable-looking man pre-

sented himself, gave warning that the Indians were coming upon them, and then disappeared.

The people did what they could to repel their savage assailants, but they were overpowered by numbers, and began to give way. At this most critical moment their venerable friend appeared again, and, with a commanding air and authority, rallied them, and directed their movements, until their savage foe was repulsed. He then vanished from their sight.

The people were, of course, greatly affected by the seasonable interposition of such a helper. But who was he? Where did he come from? Where did he go to? What did the minister, Mr. Russell, think about it? They obtained no satisfactory information on the subject; and they piously concluded that God had sent an angel from heaven to deliver them. In this conclusion they long rested.

But Mr. Russell knew all about the matter. He had received secretly into his family, and had harboured there, Goffe and Whalley, two men who had sat as judges in the court in England which condemned Charles I. to be beheaded. One of these men had been a colonel under Cromwell; and now discovering the Indians from Mr. Russell's house, he had given the alarm; and seeing the people giving way, he came forth to rally them, and as soon as possible retired to his covert.

There was as much wisdom, power, and goodness in this interposition, as though an angel had actually come from heaven to save God's people.

#### THE MOTHER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

POOR Hortense! most wonderful were the vicissitudes of her chequered and joyless life. We first meet her, almost an infant, in poverty and obscurity, on ship-board, passing from France to the West Indies, with her mother and her little brother. Josephine is but little over twenty years of age, broken-hearted and hopeless, abandoned by her husband, who, embracing the doctrines of French infidelity, had plunged into all the depths of licentiousness. At length, the husband and father relents, and entreats his wife to return, and we meet Josephine again upon the ocean with her two children. She is poor and scantily clad. Little

Hortense is barefooted, and a kind sailor charitably cuts down a pair of his old shoes to fit her tiny feet—"a present," said Josephine, when seated upon the throne of France, "which gave me more pleasure than any other I ever received." They arrived in Paris in the morning of that reign of terror, the story of which has made the ear of humanity to tingle. The father of Hortense bled under the guillotine; her mother was plunged into a dungeon; and this poor child, with her brother Eugene, was left in friendlessness and beggary in the streets of Paris. A charitable neighbour sheltered and fed them. Her mother was liberated, became the wife of Napoleon, and was surrounded with dazzling splendour, such as the Cæsars never rivalled. We now meet Hortense, radiant in youthful beauty, one of the most admired and courted in the midst of the glittering throng, which, like a fairy vision, dazzles all eyes in the gorgeous apartment of Versailles and St. Cloud. Her person is adorned with the most costly fabrics, and the most brilliant gems which Europe can afford. The nobles and princes of the proudest courts vie with each other for the honour of her hand. She is led to her sumptuous bridal by the brother of the emperor; becomes the spouse of a king, and takes her seat upon the throne of Holland. But in the midst of all this external splendour, she is wretched at heart. Not one congenial feeling unites her with the companion to whom she is bound. Louis, weary of regal pomp and constraint, abdicates the throne; and Hortense, weary of her pen- sive and unambitious spouse, abandons him. They agree to separate, each to journey along, unattended by the other, the remainder of life's pilgrimage. Hortense seeks a joyless refuge in a Swiss valley. The tornado of a counter-revolution sweeps over Europe, and all her exalted friends and towering hopes are prostrated in the dust. Lingering years of disappointment and sadness pass over her, and old age, with its infirmities, deposits her upon a dying bed. One only child (now the President of the French Republic), the victim of corroding ambition, and of ceaselessly-gnawing discontent, stands at her bed-side to close her eyes, and to follow her, a solitary and lonely mourner, to the grave. The dream of life has passed. The shadow has vanished away. Who can fathom the mystery of the creation of such a drama?

## LOSE NOTHING FOR WANT OF ASKING.

MEN seldom lose anything for want of asking here on earth, although they often ask and get nothing. I invite young men to remember this in the matter of their souls. I invite them to ask of Him who giveth to all liberally. I invite them, wherever they are, to pray.

Prayer is the life-breath of a man's soul. Without it we may have a name to live, and be counted Christians; but we are dead in the sight of God. The feeling that we must cry to God for mercy and peace is a mark of grace, and the habit of spreading before Him our soul's wants is an evidence that we have the Spirit of adoption. And prayer is the appointed way to obtain the relief of our spiritual necessities,—it opens the treasury, and sets the fountain flowing,—and if we have not, it is because we ask not.

Prayer is the way to procure the out-pouring of the Spirit upon our hearts. Jesus has promised the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. He is ready to come down with all his precious gifts, renewing, sanctifying, purifying, strengthening, cheering, encouraging, enlightening, teaching, directing, guiding into all truth. But then He waits to be entreated.

And here it is—I say it with sorrow—here it is, that men fall short so miserably. Few indeed are to be found who pray,—many who go down on their knees, and say a form perhaps,—but few who pray;—few who cry unto God,—few who call upon the Lord,—few who seek as if they wanted to find,—few who knock as if they hungered and thirsted,—few who wrestle,—few who strive with God earnestly for an answer,—few who give Him no rest,—few who continue in prayer,—few who watch unto prayer,—few who pray always without ceasing, and faint not. Yes! few pray. It is just one of the things assumed as a matter of course, but seldom practised;—a thing which is everybody's business, but in fact hardly anybody performs.

Young men, believe me, if your soul is to be saved, you must pray. God has no dumb children. If you are to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil, you must pray:—it is vain to look for strength in the hour of trial, if it has not been sought for. You may be thrown with those who never do it,—you may have to sleep in the same room with some one who never asks anything of God,—still, mark my words, you must pray.



I can quite believe you find great difficulties about it,—difficulties about opportunities, and seasons, and places. I dare not lay down too positive rules on such points as these. I leave them to your own conscience. You must be guided by circumstances. Our Lord Jesus Christ prayed on a mountain; Isaac prayed in the fields; Hezekiah turned his face to the wall as he lay upon his bed; Daniel prayed by a river side; Peter, the apostle, on the housetop. I have heard of young men praying in stables and hay-lofts. All that I contend for is this, you must know what it is to “enter into your closet,” Matt. vi. 6. There must be stated times when you must speak with God, face to face,—you must every day have your seasons for prayer. *You must pray.*

Without this all advice and counsel is useless. This is that piece of spiritual armour which Paul names last in his catalogue, in Ephesians vi., but it is in truth first in value and importance. This is that meat which you must daily eat, if you would travel safely through the wilderness of this life. It is only in the strength of this that you will get onward towards the mount of God. I have heard it said that the needle-grinders of Sheffield sometimes wear a magnetic mouth-piece at their work, which catches all the fine dust that flies around them, prevents it entering their lungs, and so saves their lives. Prayer is the mouth-piece that you must wear continually, or else you will never work on uninjured by the unhealthy atmosphere of this sinful world. *You must pray.*

Young men, be sure no time is so well spent as that which a man spends upon his knees. Make time for this, whatever your employment may be. Think of David, king of all Israel: what does he say?—“Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and He shall hear my voice,” Psal. lv. 17. Think of Daniel. He had all the business of a kingdom on his hands;—yet he prayed three times a day. See there the secret of his safety in wicked Babylon. Think of Solomon. He begins his reign with prayer for help and assistance, and hence his wonderful prosperity. Think of Nehemiah. He could find time to pray to the God of heaven, even when standing in the presence of his master, Artaxerxes. Think of the example these godly men have left you, and go and do likewise.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

#### THE BIBLE DISTRIBUTOR AMONG ROBBERS.\*

DURING the revolutionary troubles of the year 1848, a band of robbers had established themselves in the great manufacturing town of Lyons, in the south of France. They were rough fellows, with faces that looked fit only for the gallows, and hearts hard as the street paving of the town. To judge from their appearance, they would think no more of taking away a man's life than of blowing out a rushlight. But nothing prospers in this world without some sort of government, and these robbers knew it; so they chose one of their number for a captain, and in this case it was the one most accomplished in all kinds of robbery and murder. And then they raised their hands to heaven and swore, that none of them would ever leave or betray the band, and that if any should nevertheless break the oath, the rest would pursue and kill him. And now they went forth to plunder and murder, and all the people of the neighbourhood, who besides their heads had temporal goods to lose, were full of terror and dismay.

At this time there was assembled in Lyons another band, which, like these robbers in the forest, sent out their messengers in every direction, and so hunted after all sorts of people. And where these messengers appeared, many a one has trembled. It is true they were not armed like the robbers with pistols, and such murderous weapons, but out of their wallets peeped large and small books; and when the messengers read out of them, it was to many a listener as if a two-edged sword pierced through his soul. For in the books was much written about the holy God, who brings sinners before his tribunal, and about the Saviour Jesus Christ, who so mercifully takes upon himself the sins of those who heartily repent and seek forgiveness from him.

One of the missionaries of this society resolved one day to go into the forest to the robbers; not, indeed, that he might become one of them, but, with the help of God, to put an end to their unrighteous profession. It was truly a dangerous thing to do, and I really begin to tremble when I think how the lawless fellows in the forest yonder will handle the poor man. He might well think about it too; but God had given him a brave heart, so

\* From the Berlin “*Neueste Nachrichten aus dem Reiche Gottes*,” December, 1850.

that he didn't trouble himself about it further than to say to himself that at most they could only destroy his body, but were not able to kill his soul. "If I fall," he thought, "I shall go straight to heaven, and there it is far better than in this poor world, especially in France. And would not my life be amply repaid if, by the word of God, the soul of one of these robbers should be saved?" So he filled his wallet with Bibles, and stepped away bravely into the wood. Soon he was lost in the thicket, and, after a few miles, he came upon the outposts of the camp.

"Who goes there?" cried a rough voice, which seemed to pierce our Bible distributor through bone and marrow. Soon several horrible-looking forms came out of the thicket, surrounded the adventurous intruder, and scrutinized him with curious looks. He had, meanwhile, recovered courage to meet their wild, scornful faces.

"What brings you here, fellow?" cried the robbers.

"I come," replied he, with a firm voice, "to bring you the word of God, and to warn you from the path of ruin, before the judgment of God breaks over you."

A wild, fiendish laugh interrupted the address. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried the comrades, "this is a capital fellow, and a good roast for our captain! There you can finish your sermon. It's just what he likes, and he'll reward you for it. Pack up your books; over yonder you'll do more business! March! On with you!"

With these words they thrust him forward, and brought him to their captain. At the sight of such a body of ruffians, playing with their muskets as if they were toy guns, the stoutest heart might have quailed; but our man of God stood calm.

"What do you want, fellow?" asked the captain, haughtily.

"I come to bring you the word of God," replied the missionary, firmly.

"Do you know who we are? Do you know us?" he asked again.

"Certainly, I know you," was the answer. "You are the wickedest of the wicked, the most daring of sinners. You are the terror of the neighbourhood; but the anger of God will burst over you, and destroy you before you think it. He is a righteous God, and will not leave the wicked unpunished."

As before, the fearless speaker was now interrupted by a burst of laughter. A flood of sneers and curses was poured on him, but he did not allow himself to be disturbed, and only raised his voice the louder.

"Repent!" he cried; "even for you there is mercy and forgiveness; even for you is the Saviour, the Son of God, come, if you repent, and be converted. Now is the time. His love has sent me here; the arms of his love are opened to you." The wild laughter was stilled, but instead of it a low murmur was heard. The wild eyes glared with rage; involuntarily they pointed their muskets at the daring missionary; but a glance from the captain, and he would have paid for his boldness with his life. But the eye of God watched over him, and his courage was undisturbed.

"Do you know," shouted the captain, "that your life is in our hands?"

"Without God's permission you cannot touch a hair of my head," replied the missionary, raising his warning and exhorting voice still louder, and distributing his Bibles right and left. By degrees the murmur was hushed. The robbers began even to show respect to the courageous man. Many a heart might have trembled at that moment, but the devil had bound their chains too firmly. They had taken that fearful oath, never to leave the band. It could be broken only by death. Presently the captain exclaimed, "Take the man away, but do him no harm!" He was obeyed, and, with oaths and curses, they led him out of the wood; and he, praising God in his heart, made the best of his way back to Lyons.

Now many of my readers may think the Bible distributor might have spared himself his troublesome journey, for the robbers will be robbers still. Have patience! The word of God never returns empty, but will accomplish whatever he pleases. But to proceed.

The captain had himself received a New Testament, and, as he was one day strolling through the wood, he took the book out of his pocket and read it, to pass away the time. He was astonished at what he saw there, and he read on and on. He had never heard such things before. His conscience was awakened, and the life he had led appeared darker and darker to his mind. He became uneasy. Every day he separated from his comrades, and wandered about the wood. To them such conduct appeared

somewhat suspicious, and they began to whisper among themselves. But he became every day more alive to the misery of his sins; the judgment of God was to him fearful, and the love of Christ burned in his hard heart: he could no longer belong to the band. But how could he leave it? Should he run away? Now we should not think it wrong, but our captain would not break his oath, even with robbers. For a long time he struggled thus with himself; but at last he assembled the band. They hastened together, in the hope that he was going to lead them out again on some profitable expedition. But they were not a little astonished when the captain addressed them as follows:—

"Comrades!" he cried, "hitherto I have been your leader: henceforth I am so no more. This book here has shown me that we are on the way to ruin. A fearful oath bound me to you; but my resolution is taken. I am in your hands. If you wish to kill me, you can do it; but never again can I bring myself to lead the cursed life of a robber!"

In mute astonishment the comrades listened to their leader. A murmur of rage ran through the company, but soon anger gave place to sympathy. After long consultation, they came to the determination of letting the captain go quietly away. Once more he raised his warning voice to his old companions, reminded them of the wrath of God, whose commandments they had broken, and of the great love of the Redeemer if they repented, and urged them earnestly to quit with him their life of sin. The heaven worked. Soon afterwards the band broke up. Many of its members followed their captain, and were converted; and the society which first sent their missionary into the wood has received several of them into its office, as companions of its labours.

S. W. B.

#### A POWDER MAGAZINE AT SEA.

THE distribution, during a heavy action, of gunpowder throughout—say a 120-gun ship—requires so many precautions, that it would be impracticable even briefly to enumerate them. As soon as the drum beats to action, there is hastily rigged up in the middle of each deck—and consequently between decks—what, at first sight, appears to be a large flannel phantom, with two short arms or fins, one

drawn inwards and the other projecting outwards. Within this shapeless "screen"—concealed from view, and consequently from sparks of fire—there are stationed one or two trusty men, whose duty it is to deliver to the running powder-men, through the flannel sleeve which is turned outwards, a series of cartridges as fast as they are handed up from below, and, *per contra*, to receive through the flannel sleeve which is turned inwards the leathern buckets which require to be replenished; and certainly it is impossible, even for a moment, to contemplate this operation without reflecting what a strange position it is for any human being to occupy; for, although he can see nothing whatever of what is going on, he is as much exposed to be shot as those who, within a few feet of him, are fighting the guns.

The two magazines (one fore and the other aft) from which the powder, under the direction of a mate or midshipman, is, with innumerable precautions, handed up, and then, through the phantom, delivered on deck, are lighted by external powerful lamps, which, glaring through two thick glass bulls'-eyes, cast a sort of pale moonlight on him whose duty it is, amidst the roar of cannon vomiting forth fire and fury, calmly at intervals to watch the black hands of a white dial by his side, upon which are inscribed the words "distant," "full," "reduced," "stop," and, in obedience thereto, to select and hand out *seriatim* the different descriptions of cartridges required for the three ranges above indicated; and thus, although far below the surface of the ocean—out of the reach of all shot, and secluded from his thousand messmates—he can guess probably more accurately than most of them his distance from the enemy. The various cartridges over which he presides are respectively taken from zinc boxes, which, arranged in tiers separated by passages like those in a wine-cellar, are so hermetically closed that if, in case of fire, it should suddenly be deemed necessary to drown the magazine, the water, it is *said*, would flood them without wetting the powder, which would be again fit for action as soon as, through another stop-cock, the fluid had been turned off into the hold.

The cost for powder alone, of a single discharge of the armament of a line-of-battle ship of 120 guns, is upwards of 20*l*. The cost for powder alone of the firing of a morning and evening

gun exceeds 100*l.* a year.—*Sir F. B. Head.*

#### EFFECTS OF POPEY ON A NATION'S INTELLECT.

A *supine* indolence, and a profound ignorance upon all subjects most dear to man in his social state, are the necessary results of Popery. Agriculture, and every branch of rural economy, sink into a state of deplorable degradation. Such is yet nearly the condition of the most beautiful provinces of Naples, Rome, Spain, and Portugal, where misery, fanaticism, immorality, and all the kindred vices which naturally spring up amongst people in such circumstances, are deeply engendered.

On the contrary, what activity, what perfection in ruraleconomy and management strikes the observation of the beholder, amidst the cold and inhospitable fields of Scotland, in Great Britain, and in Holland! There a new creation seems to have sprung up under the hand of man; because they labour for themselves, industry is powerful, because it is free, and directed by an education suitable to the condition of the people.

The contrast between the indubitable effects of the two religions is most evident throughout Germany and in Switzerland, where the territorial lines of the respective states, crossing each other frequently, cause the traveller to pass in a moment from a Catholic to a Protestant country. Who has not been struck with the unthriftiness which almost universally prevails in Roman Catholic countries, contrasting so strongly with the great prosperity of countries in the North; with Holland and with England? No one can be ignorant to what an odious and revolting excess mendicity exists in most papal communities; how sensibly it increases as you approach the centre of catholicity, until finally it reaches its acme in Rome itself. In short, whoever has seen many Catholic and Protestant cities, must have remarked the immense difference between them in this respect. When the traveller meets with miserable hamlets, covered with straw, the peasants dejected, debased, and almost forced to beggary, he runs little risk of being deceived in concluding that he is in a Catholic state: if, on the contrary, he beholds neat and smiling dwellings, affording the appearance of ease and industry, fields well cultivated, and the cultivation widely

extended, it is highly probable that he is amongst Protestants.

If we pass from the culture of the earth to that of the mind, Switzerland presents the same contrariety between the two religions. How many men of science and literature do we claim who have been turned out from the schools of Geneva! Berne, Lucerne, Basle, Zurich, and Schaffhausen, have their literary annals filled with names deservedly known to fame; whilst Catholic Switzerland has not produced one single man eminent in any department of science.

We may remark further, that the journals and periodicals of Protestant countries are much more grave and intellectual than similar publications in Spain or Italy, or those of France previous to 1789.

Compare, too, the universities of England, Holland, Scotland, and Germany, with those of Italy and Spain, and we advance no paradox when we assert, that there is more real learning in one such university as Gottenburg, Helmstadt, Halle or Jena, than in all the universities of Spain united. The difference between the Catholic and the Protestant universities in Germany is so striking, that a stranger travelling in that country, and passing from the former into the latter, would think that he had in one hour passed over four hundred leagues, or lived through a space of four hundred years. He who passes from Salamanca to Cambridge, passes at once from the era of Scotus to that of Newton. Appropriately does a writer, once a Roman Catholic, remark, "The spirit which made Galileo recant upon his knees his discoveries in astronomy, still compels popish professors to teach the Copernican system as an hypothesis. Astronomy must ask the inquisitor's leave to see with her own eyes. Geography was long compelled to shrink before them. Divines were made the judges of Columbus' plan of discovery, as well as appointed to allot a species to the Americans. A spectre monk haunts the geologist in the lowest cavities of the earth; and one of flesh and blood watches the philosopher on its surface. Anatomy is suspected and watched closely whenever it takes up the scalpel; and medicine has many a pang to endure, while endeavouring to expunge inoculation and the use of bark from the catalogue of mortal sins." Popery, in short, chains down the human mind wherever it gains an ascendant influence. R.



Temple of Isis, Pompeii.

## THE DISENTOMBED CITY.

HAVING travelled some ten miles from Naples, we leave the sea on the right, and find ourselves in a tract of country bearing quite a rural aspect. "Here and there," says a tourist, "we pass the cottage of a humble vine-dresser or farmer; now we turn round a cluster of mulberry-trees; and finally, in the midst of as great a degree of solitude as one meets with in the heart of the country, and without any kind of warning, we find ourselves all at once walking on the pavement of a city—a city of the dead—Pompeii."

Buried for a considerable period, its site was only traditionally known to be in Campania, till, in 1748, while some excavations were going on, its remains were accidentally discovered. The circumstances which brought about so great a disaster as the destruction of the city are too well known to require detailed description. It may be observed, however,

MAY, 1851.

that Pompeii, originally on the sea-shore, is now one mile distant; this striking change being the result of volcanic action. In the reign of Titus, A.D. 79, Vesuvius, which had been sleeping for ages, burst forth in great fury, spreading desolation around. For eight days and nights this mountain poured forth showers of mud and ashes, mingled with streams of mud and hot water, burying the cities of Stabiae, Herculaneum, and Pompeii beneath beds of tuff and lapilli, and shutting up in darkness their works of art.

Thus for eighteen centuries Pompeii was entombed. Its disentanglement began in 1755. There has been brought to light an ample fund of entertainment for the curious investigator. Here the antiquarian rambler may perambulate, and behold the ruins of works of art, shops and houses, the forum, temples, a bathing-establishment, courts of justice, with the vaulted prison beneath them. From these he learns much with reference to Roman social life.

Some remarkable facts are related with reference to some who perished in the ruins. There was found in the villa called the House of Diomedes, the skeleton of a female, with the remains of bracelets, rings, and jewels on her person. This person was evidently a lady, and probably mistress of the establishment; and "near to this villa, it is said, the body of a man had been found, grasping bags of money and keys in his hands, as if struck down in the effort to escape with these valuables."

One individual, with her son, perished on this occasion, the mention of whose name excites in the Christian's heart some feelings of interest—the Jewess Drusilla, wife of Felix, of whom it is said that "he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ. And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee," Acts xxiv. 24, 25. May the sudden destruction which removed his wife from the world, prove a salutary warning to us to receive the message of mercy through faith in a crucified Redeemer while it is presented to us, seeing no man knoweth the day or manner of his death!

The engraving at the head of our article represents the Temple of Isis, which is thus described by a visitor to the excavated city:—"One group of ruins, in good preservation, was pointed out to us as being all that remained of the Temple of Isis—a building in the Roman Doric order, possessing some fine mosaics. At the further extremity of the interior stood the altar, from which a statue of Isis had been removed when the building was uncovered. We were conducted into some apartments behind, and were here shown a recess, where the priests of the temple were concealed when they uttered the oracular responses supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The accommodations for the priests had been on an extensive scale, and included cooking, dining, and sleeping apartments. When the kitchen was explored, it was found well provided with cooking utensils and different articles of food. The skeleton of a man, supposed to have been the cook, was found in the kitchen, with an axe in his hand, near a hole in the wall, which he had made in order to effect his escape. In the temple, the skeleton of a priest had been also found, with a bag of

money in his hand. His avarice or carelessness, in remaining to secure the treasures of the temple, had been the cause of his destruction."

And as at Pompeii, so shall it be one day with a sinful world. The numbered hour is on the wing, when the trumpet of the archangel shall proclaim the termination of man's abused period of probation. That solemn blast will penetrate the haunts of commerce and of busy enterprise. The merchant, the speculator, the student, the statesman, the monarch, and the peasant must alike listen to it. Nor will there be any place for retreat. Oh how wise, then—now, while the Saviour invites—to flee to him, as the appointed refuge, so as to be sheltered within his robe of righteousness, when the terrors of the Lord are revealed to a guilty world!

H.

#### THE LOGGAN STONE.

THIS far-famed rock arises on the top of a bold promontory of granite, jutting far out into the sea, split into the wildest forms, and towering precipitously to a height of a hundred feet. When you reach the Loggan Stone, after some little climbing up perilous-looking places, you see a solid irregular mass of granite, which is computed to weigh eighty-five tons, resting by its centre only, on a flat broad rock, which, in its turn, rests on several others stretching out around it on all sides. You are told by the guide to turn your back to the uppermost stone; to place your shoulders under one particular part of its lower edge, which is entirely disconnected, all round, with the supporting rock below; and in this position to push upwards slowly and steadily, then to leave off again for an instant, then to push once more, and so on, until after a few moments of exertion, you feel the whole immense mass above you moving as you press against it. You redouble your efforts, then turn round and see the massy Loggan Stone, set in motion by nothing but your own pair of shoulders, slowly rocking backwards and forwards with an alternate ascension and declension, at the outer edges, of at least three inches! You have treated eighty-five tons of granite like a child's cradle; and, like a child's cradle, those eighty-five tons have rocked at your will!

The pivot on which the Loggan Stone is thus easily moved is a small protrusion at its base, on all sides of which the

whole surrounding weight of rock is, by an accident of nature, so exactly equalized as to keep its poise in the nicest balance on the one little point in its lower surface, which rests on the flat granite slab beneath. But perfect as this balance appears at present, it has lost something, the merest hair's-breadth, of its original faultlessness of adjustment. The rock is not to be moved now, either so easily or so much as it could once be moved. Six-and-twenty years since, it was overthrown by artificial means, and was then lifted again into its former position. This is the story of the affair, as it was related to me by a man who was an eye-witness of the process of restoring the stone to its proper place.

In the year 1824, a certain lieutenant in the royal navy, then in command of a cutter stationed off the southern coast of Cornwall, was told of an ancient Cornish prophecy, that no human power should ever succeed in overturning the Loggan Stone. No sooner was the prediction communicated to him, than he conceived a morbid and mischievous ambition to falsify practically an assertion which the commonest common sense might have informed him had sprung from nothing but popular error and popular superstition. Accompanied by a body of picked men from his crew, he ascended to the Loggan Stone, ordered several levers to be placed under it at one point, gave the word to "heave," and the next moment had the miserable satisfaction of seeing one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the world utterly destroyed, for aught he could foresee to the contrary, under his own directions!

But fortune befriended the Loggan Stone. One edge of it, as it rolled over, became fixed by a lucky chance in a crevice in the rocks immediately below the granite slab from which it had been started. Had this not happened, it must have fallen over a sheer precipice, and been lost in the sea. By another accident, equally fortunate, two labouring men, at work in the neighbourhood, were led by curiosity secretly to follow the lieutenant and his myrmidons up to the stone. Having witnessed, from a secure hiding-place, all that occurred, the two workmen, with great propriety, immediately hurried off to inform the lord of the manor of the wanton act of destruction they had seen perpetrated.

The news was soon communicated throughout the district, and thence

throughout all Cornwall. The indignation of the whole country was aroused. Antiquaries, who believed the Loggan Stone to have been balanced by the Druids; philosophers, who held that it was produced by an eccentricity of natural formation; ignorant people, who cared nothing about Druids, or natural formations, but who liked to climb up and rock the stone whenever they passed near it; tribes of guides, who lived by showing it; inn-keepers in the neighbourhood, to whom it had brought customers by hundreds; tourists of every degree, who were on their way to see it—all joined in one general clamour of execration against the overthrower of the rock. A full report of the affair was forwarded to the Admiralty; and the Admiralty, for once, acted vigorously for the public advantage, and mercifully spared the public purse.

The lieutenant was officially informed that his commission was in danger, unless he set up the Loggan Stone again in its proper place. The materials for compassing this achievement were offered to him, gratis, from the dockyards; but he was left to his own resources to defray the expense of employing workmen to help him. Being by this time awakened to a proper sense of the mischief he had done, and to a tolerably strong conviction of the disagreeable position in which he was placed with the Admiralty, he addressed himself vigorously to the task of repairing his fault. Strong bearers were planted about the Loggan Stone, chains were passed round it, pulleys were rigged, and capstans were manned. After a week's hard work and brave perseverance on the part of every one employed in the labour, the rock was pulled back into its former position, but not into its former perfection of balance; it has never moved since as freely as it moved before.

As for the lieutenant, he paid dearly for his freak;—he was a poor man; the expenses attendant on the work of replacing the rock were so heavy as almost to ruin him; and at the day of his death he had not succeeded, it is said, in defraying them all. — *Rambles beyond Railways.*

#### RISE EARLY.

THE following hints, at this season of the year especially, may be useful to some of our readers. May is a good month in which to commence the practice of early rising.

Every man who desires to be intelligent and happy, should learn to rise early in the morning. He should do this for various and strong reasons; among which are the following:

1. *It is healthy to rise early.*—It is scarcely possible to find a healthy person, very old, who has not been habitually an early riser. Sickly and infirm old people I know there may be, who have been in the habit, through life, of late rising; but not many healthy ones. The following are the names and ages of several men, most of whom were eminent and remarkably healthy, who were distinguished for early rising. Some of them rose as early as four o'clock in winter and summer; and one or two of them as early as three in summer.

Dr. Franklin, eighty-four; John Wesley, eighty-eight; Buffon, the naturalist, eighty-one; Stanislaus, king of Poland, eighty-nine; lord Coke, eighty-five; Fuseli, the painter, eighty-one; Washington, sixty-eight; Matthew Hale, sixty-eight; bishop Burnett, seventy-two; James Mason, one hundred; Lewis Cornaro, over one hundred.

2. *It is delightful to rise early.*—Can any one entertain a doubt on this point? None can, I am sure, who have tried it. All the early risers I have ever seen, find early rising agreeable.

3. *It is good for the mental or thinking powers to rise early.*—Solomon says, "Let us get up early to the vineyard; let us see if the vines flourish; if the tender grape appears; if the pomegranates bud forth." The wise man takes it for granted here that the mind is active at this hour in observation, as it truly is. There is not a little reason to believe that Solomon devoted this sacred season, as some have called it, to the study of "the hyssop," the "cedar," and other plants and trees; and that it was his morning studies that enabled him to become a teacher of all the kings of the then known world.

4. *It is economical to rise early.*—The old proverb says,

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes men healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Exercise of the body, whether in recreation or at labour, is worth a great deal more in the morning than at any other time of the day. An early walk is much more agreeable, as well as more useful, than a later one. The labour of the farmer and the mechanic is also more agreeable in the morning than at any

other time, to say nothing of its usefulness. The lesson of the school or of the family is easier studied, better understood, and more readily retained than at any other time. Devotion, too, is more spiritual at this hour than at any other part of the day.

5. *It is rational to rise early.*—To lie snoring in the morning after the sun is up, or even after early dawn, not only renders us like animals, but like animals of the most stupid sort—the woodchuck, the bear, the marmot, and the swine! P.

#### THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

"FINISHED in France," thought Mrs. M—, as she gazed with deep interest upon the daughters of a departed friend, and welcomed them to England, after three years' residence in the school of a French convent. "My old-fashioned English Protestantism is suspicious of finish."

"Well, dear Mrs. M.," cried Georgina, the younger of the two, "I guess the meaning of that long anxious gaze. You are not gratifying our vanity by admiration at our improvement; but you are wondering how far we have advanced in the religion of Rome."

"Your guess was suggested by the tone of my letters, I suspect," said Mrs. M., smiling; "but if I confess to the correctness of it, I hope you can afford me a satisfactory answer."

"I will only answer for myself, for Annette would make a charming nun; she is too good for this naughty world, and I do believe there was some hope that she would have professed, and been canonized, and then her works of supererogation would have been useful to me."

Annette looked distressed, but answered Mrs. M.'s inquiring glance. "I am glad Georgina does not undertake to answer for me, for you might imagine that I had disregarded your instructions, dear madam. I have not forgotten the prayer of Christ for his people, not that they might be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil."

"Then you are not ensnared by the pretence of the holy seclusion of a convent, notwithstanding Georgina's assurance of canonization?"

"Oh, no! I examined carefully before I formed my opinions, and am satisfied that this religion of superstitions and ceremonies, with its supreme priesthood, is not the religion of the gospel of Christ.



I think my residence in the midst of idolatry and superstition has not been productive of harm; but I am certain that only the grace of God has shielded me."

"Do you hear the same testimony, dear Georgina?" asked their friend.

"I could not for a moment imagine there was danger," replied she. "I admired Popery's splendid outside, for it consists of most beautiful things. Processions grand and solemn; music most enchanting; cathedrals most gorgeous; good works most self-denying; but I could not find real religion in any of these. And inside, it is only revolting to common sense and Scripture, with its masses, and confessions, and penances, all alike unworthy of man to offer, or of God to accept. And as for the poor nuns, their 'death to the world,' as they are cheated into calling it, is a most extraordinary drill for the tomb. The private history of their *hades* would be very edifying to the world they have renounced, if we could be favoured with it. I shall never hear that expression, 'dead to the world,' without thinking of the corpse-like apparitions of St. C——."

"It is an unhappy association, indeed," said Mrs. M., "for the expression is Scriptural, and the state of mind it describes is right and desirable. Rome has in that, as in all her chief abominations, carnalized and caricatured a spiritual truth. But did you treat error with ridicule and levity, Georgina?"

"With ridicule! certainly," she replied; "some of their conceits are too absurd for serious argument; and when an opponent got angry, I passed her on to Annette, who had to save me from being fed on bread and water, or sent home as a heretic, too incorrigible to be tolerated on any terms."

"A Scriptural creed is good, but a renewed heart is the safest Protestantism. You must seek the latter, my dear young friend, or the former will avail you nothing. You have escaped one danger,—take heed of another; for the Scylla of infidelity is not less fatal than the Charybdis of Popery."

"Popery must make more infidels than converts, I think; but do not fear that we shall be wrecked on either side."

Mrs. M. did not fear for Annette, but for the high-minded, intellectual, and self-complacent Georgina she had many fears.

The two sisters, with a still younger

one, who had joined them on their return to England, sat together one evening, after the duties of the day were over. Georgina held an open letter in her hand, and her eyes were intent upon the fantastic changes of the fire. Annette was watching her with fond affection, and Clara having stationed herself on a low stool at their feet, looked as if she were longing to fathom the minds of both. With gentle violence she sought to draw the letter from her sister's hand.

"Dear Georgina, may I not see what has made you both so solemn and so thoughtful? Something troubles you, and Annette is sad because you are so."

"Annette need not be sad," said Georgina, affectionately endeavouring to caress away the anxious expression on her sister's countenance. "I shall do nothing hastily. You may read the letter, Clara, and give us your opinion on its contents."

Clara seized the paper, and turned eagerly to the signature.

"From Mrs. M.! What can she have to say, that need make you both look so miserable?"

"She loves us, Clara. She was our mother's friend," said Annette, reprovingly.

"Oh, she is such a quaint old-fashioned person! If we were to follow her rules in everything——"

"We should perhaps, do wiser and better than by following our own," interrupted Georgina; "so pray read the letter aloud, and spare us your saucy comments, at least until the end."

"It is no good report that I hear of you, my dear Georgina; and if an earnest and affectionate remonstrance should happily induce you to reconsider, and at last avoid the fatal step you meditate, the intrusion of an unsought and, perhaps, unwelcome opinion will stand acquitted before your mind, as it does at this moment before my own. Forgive me for apparent harshness, for what the world may call bigotry or intolerance, when I speak the solemn truth, in all plainness and simplicity, for I covet not the art of so concealing it in some flattering disguise, as to render it pointless and inoperative. I do not say, 'perhaps this,' or 'possibly the other;' nay, for in my soul I am convinced that no marriage contracted between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic can be a marriage 'in the Lord.' It has no sanction, no bless-

ing, from Heaven, and is the source of wretchedness and self-reproach in life and in death. Can you venture your earthly happiness on this godless foundation? Dare you look with peace and confidence to eternal happiness, while associating yourself by the dearest of all human ties with a religious system that dishonours God, and with persons living in disobedience to his commands? How would the proud and high-spirited Georgina spurn the idea of an alliance with a thief or a blasphemer! And why? Because the one injures, the other shocks society. Yet it is God's commands that originated the tone in society which rejects such fellowship. And because disobedience to another command, 'Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them,' does not visibly injure nor shock society, but only insults the most high God and defies his authority, therefore will she choose to have fellowship and concord and unity with open and professed idolaters? Dearest Georgina, think of the holy truth of God's word and gospel, in contrast with what you have seen and known of the church of Rome, both in principle and practice.

"But there is other, though lower ground whence this marriage must be viewed. You will give your whole heart, full of warm confiding affection, to the husband of your choice; no ear, no eye, no voice presuming to come between on your part. But he cannot, he dares not reciprocate that confidence, for you will neither be first in consideration, nor chief in influence. His head and heart are in the keeping of his priest, with whom the first object in life is the good of his church; and if you are now imposed on by promises that your husband will not interfere with your religious opinions, you will find, too late, that he is himself subject to the interference of a superior power, by which both conscience and conduct must be ruled. If you waver in your present views, you will be indulged, courted, met by all the appliances which unsanctified wisdom holds ready selected for each peculiar turn of mind. If you stand firm, you will be made to suffer by every channel through which a proud, sensitive heart like yours may be continually assailed; for when Rome fails to convert, she is bound to persecute; and there are martyrdoms in private life, in the secret experience of heretic wives and mothers, which if known (as they ought to be known), would deter many a

thoughtless or confiding victim from such an unholy union.

"One word more, in brief allusion to a solemn consideration. In proportion to the value you set on God's eternal truth, must be your abhorrence of error, and your concern to witness its power over one to whom you are tenderly attached. Each advance you make in spirituality must bring into stronger contrast his heartless routine of useless formality; and if removed from you in the darkness of his unauthorized reliance upon any name, or any merit substituted for, or mixed up with, that of Christ alone, how will you sustain the thought of eternal separation, or endure without despair the frightful contemplation of a death bereft of the only hope that could cheer your widowhood?"

"Georgina!" exclaimed Clara, with flushed cheek and angry voice, "I can read no more. This is outrageous bigotry and fanaticism, worthy the days of bold Martin Luther or fierce John Knox; but I will read some of it to Harrington himself, and ask if he recognises any resemblance between the faith of his fathers and this description of it."

"Not for the world, Clara! It could do no good to show him what we think of his religion."

"We, Annette! Do you think thus of any one's religion? But leaving such uncharitable notions, do you not see that Mrs. M. has entirely forgotten Georgina's powers, as well as underrated her influence? Why, is it not far less rational to expect that the heretic can be converted or persecuted, than that my spirited, accomplished, fascinating sister will convert the idolater?"

"Idolater, Clara! it sounds frightful."

"Oh!" she replied, laughingly, "the idolatry to which I allude will be no impediment to Georgina's happiness; but come, Georgina, tell us, has Harrington ever asked you to change your religion?"

"No; on the contrary, he assures me that he will never interfere with it in any way, and that there is no objection on the part of his church to such marriages."

Mrs. M.'s remonstrances, Annette's apprehensions, her own misgivings were disregarded, and in a few months the young Roman Catholic received the hand of his Protestant bride.

From the parish church and the Protestant minister, the bridal party passed

on to the Romish chapel, where the popish priest was waiting to renew the ceremony and ratify the marriage. It was scarcely possible for the spiritual guide and director of Harrington to look with indifference upon the influence now brought to bear upon the character of his friend. Georgina's graceful appearance, her bright intelligent face, her manner slightly tinged with condescension to prejudice in standing before him to receive his blessing, all warned the wary priest that it would be necessary to maintain careful oversight of the domestic life of his worldly devotee, lest, instead of gaining a daughter, "the church" should lose a son.

As to the correctness or otherwise of his anticipations, however, our readers must reserve their conclusions until the next chapter.

#### THE GREAT TANKS OF CEYLON.

No monuments of antiquity in the island are calculated to impress the traveller with such a conception of the former power and civilization of Ceylon, as the gigantic ruins of the tanks and reservoirs, in which the water, during the rains, was collected and preserved for the irrigation of their rice-lands.

The number of these structures throughout vast districts now comparatively solitary, is quite incredible, and their individual extent far surpasses any works of the kind with which I am acquainted elsewhere. Some of these enormous reservoirs, constructed across the gorges of valleys, in order to throw back the streams that thence issue from the hills, cover an area equal to fifteen miles long by four or five in breadth; and there are hundreds of a minor construction.

These are almost universally in ruins; and some idea of their magnitude and importance may be derived from the following extract from my diary, of a visit made to one of them in the year 1848.

"The tank to which I rode was that of Pathariacoloru, in the Wanny, about seventy miles to the north of Trincomalie, and about twenty-five miles distant from the sea.

"The direction of the pathway had never been chosen with a view to the convenience of horsemen, and it ran along the embankments of neglected tanks, and over rocks of gneiss which occasionally diversify the monotonous

level of the forest, and on the sloping sides of which it was difficult to keep a secure footing. So little is the country known or frequented by Europeans, that the oedar, or native headman, who acted as our guide to the great tank, told me I was the third white man who had visited it in thirty years.

"About seven o'clock we reached the point of our destination, near the great breach in the embankment, having first, with difficulty, effected a passage over the wide stream which was flowing towards it from the basin of the tank. The huge tank itself was concealed from us by the trees with which it is overgrown, till we suddenly found ourselves at its foot. It is a prodigious work, nearly seven miles in length, at least three hundred feet broad at the base, upwards of sixty feet high, and faced throughout its whole extent by layers of squared stone. The whole aspect of the place, its magnitude, its loneliness, its gigantic strength even in its decay, reminded me forcibly of ruins of a similar class described by recent travellers at Uxmal and Palenke, in the solitudes of Yucatan and Mexico.

"The fatal breach through which the waters escape is an ugly chasm in the bank, about two hundred feet broad and half as many deep, with the river running slowly away below.

"This breach affords a good idea of the immense magnitude of the work, as it presents a perfect section of the embankment from summit to base.

"As we stood upon the verge of it above, we looked down on the tops of the highest trees, and a pelican's nest, with three young birds, was resting on a branch a considerable way below us.

"We walked about two miles along the embankment, to see one of the sluices, which remains so far entire as to permit its original construction to be clearly understood, with the exception that the principal courses of stones have sunk lower towards the centre.

"From its relative position, I am of opinion that the breach through which the water now escapes was originally the other sluice, which has been carried away by the pressure at some remote period. The existing sluice is a very remarkable work, not merely from its dimensions, but from its ingenuity and excellent workmanship. It is built of layers of hewn stones, varying from six to twelve feet in length, and still exhibiting a sharp edge,

and every mark of the chisel. These rise into a ponderous wall immediately above the vents which regulated the escape of the water; and each layer of the work is kept in its place by the frequent insertion, endways, of long plinths of stone, whose extremities project from the surface, with a flange to prevent the several courses from being forced out of their places. The ends of these retaining stones are carved with elephants' heads and other devices, like the extremities of Gothic corbels; and numbers of similarly sculptured blocks are lying about in all directions, though the precise nature of the original ornaments is no longer apparent.

"About the centre of the great embankment, advantage has been taken out of a rock about two hundred feet high, which has been built in to give strength to the work. We climbed to the top of it; the sun was now high and the heat intense; for in addition to the warmth of the day, the rock itself was still glowing from the accumulated heat of many previous days. It was covered with vegetation, which sprung vigorously from every handful of earth that had lodged in the interstices of the stone; and amongst a variety of curious plants, we found the screwed euphorbia, the only place in which I have seen it in the island. But the view from this height was something very wonderful; it was, in fact, one of the most memorable scenes I remember in Ceylon. Towards the west, the mountains near Anarajapoor were dimly visible in the extremest distance; but between us and the sea, and for miles on all sides, there was scarcely a single eminence, and none half so high as the rock on which we stood. To the furthest verge of the horizon there extended one vast unbroken ocean of verdure, varied only by the tints of the forest, and with no object for the eye to rest on, except here and there a tree, a little loftier than the rest, which served to undulate the otherwise unbroken surface.

"Turning to the side next the tank, its prodigious area lay stretched below us, broken into frequent reservoirs of water, and diversified with scattered groups of trees. About half a mile from where we stood, a herd of wild buffaloes were lumbering through the long grass and rolling in the fresh mud. These and a deer, which came to drink from the water-course, were the only living animals to be seen in any direction.

"As to human habitation, the nearest was the village where we had passed the preceding night; but we were told that a troop of unsettled Veddahs had lately sown some rice on the verge of the reservoir, and taken their departure after securing their little crop. And this is now the only use to which this gigantic undertaking is subservient—it feeds a few wandering outcasts; and yet, such are its prodigious capabilities, that it might be made to fertilize a district equal in extent to an English county."

And who were the constructors of this mighty monument? It is said, that some one of the sacred books of Ceylon records the name of the king who built it; but it has perished from the living memory of man. On the top of the great embankment itself, and close by the beach, there stands a tall sculptured stone, with two engraved compartments, that no doubt record its history; but the odear informed us that the characters were "Nagari, and the language Pali, or some unknown tongue which no one now can read."

What, too, must have been the advancement of engineering power at the time when this immense work was undertaken. It is true that it exhibits no traces of science or superior ingenuity; and, in fact, the absence is one of the causes to which the destruction of the tanks of Ceylon has been very reasonably ascribed, as there had been no arrangement for regulating their own contents, and no provision for allowing the superfluous water to escape during violent inundations. But irrespective of this, what must have been the command of labour at the time when such a construction was achieved? The government engineer calculates that, taking the length of the bank at six miles, its height at sixty feet, and its breadth at two hundred at the base, tapering to twenty at the top, it would contain 7,744,000 cubic yards, and at 1s. 6d. per yard, with the addition of one-half that sum for facing it with stone, and constructing the sluices and other works, it would cost 870,000*l.* sterling to construct the front embankment alone!

But inquiry does not terminate here. What must have been the numbers of the population employed upon a work of such surprising magnitude? and what the population to be fed, and for whose use not only this gigantic reservoir was designed, but some thirty others of nearly

similar magnitude, which are still in existence, but more or less in ruin, throughout a district of a hundred and fifty miles in length from north to south, and about ninety from sea to sea? Another mysterious question is still behind, and unanswered. What was the calamity, or series of calamities, which succeeded in exterminating this multitude? which reduced their noble monuments to ruin, which silenced their peaceful industry, and converted their beautiful and fertile region into an unproductive wilderness, tenanted by the buffalo and the elephant, and only now and then visited by the unclad savage, who raises a little rice in its deserted solitudes, or disturbs its silent jungles to chase the deer, or rob the wild bee of its honey?—*Tennent's "Christianity in Ceylon."*

#### PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON THINGS.

##### THE TINDER-BOX.

THE little round tin box, with its mysterious cover pressed down by a sharp flint and curiously-formed steel, was as common an ornament, twenty years ago, to the end of the kitchen mantelpiece as the bright copper kettle to its hob. Who that is old enough does not recollect the strong odour of burning rags which now and then filled the house about bed-time? causing numerous inquiries, "What is burning in the kitchen?" and satisfactorily answered by the housemaid, "It is only tinder, ma'am." The very voices that asked the question and gave the answer ring in our ears as well-known sounds, familiar to our minds as the haunts of our childhood. But the modest little tinder-box, and the quiet scenes in which it played its part, like the dashing stage-coach and the bustling scenes that attended its progress, is a thing of by-gone times. The serving-maid would disdain now to put her finger in danger by a false stroke of the hard flint, or to blow teasingly at the damp tinder, to get a light for her kitchen-fire, even in the broad daylight of a summer morning. By the master and mistress it is not less heartily abandoned for its more honoured competitor the lucifer match. But though neglected and unused, it must not be forgotten. It can teach some good scientific lessons, if properly questioned, and what it teaches we may attempt to explain.

How often has the reader heard from the ruddy laughing lips of a child, "Look! look! see how the fire is struck out of the flint!" and that exclamation contained all his philosophy of the tinder-box, and of many much older, and in their estimation, much wiser than he.

Let us examine the simple phrase—fire out of a flint! What is fire? It is not a principle in nature, it is not even a thing existing in itself, but simply a name given to any substance when burning in mass, or as men of science say, in combustion. Hence it is necessary, when speaking of a fire, to describe of what it consists; and it is customary to say, a wood, a peat, or a coal fire. The combustion, too, must be in mass, for we cannot call a burning cinder or a flying spark a fire. The term is also limited in its application, being generally confined to those substances which are used for the purposes of fuel. It is therefore incorrect to say that fire is struck out of a flint; but if it be not fire, what is it? There must be heat in the flint, everybody will say, or it could not be struck out. Heat there is, for heat is a component part of every substance in nature. There is heat in ice, as well as in water and steam, and all these states of the same matter retain their distinct conditions, in consequence of the relative quantities of heat they contain. All the solid substances that can be liquified by heat do not require the same quantity of heat to produce that effect: lead has less component heat than tin, and tin less than copper. But whether the quantity be large or small, it is not sensible; and hence the distinction commonly made in scientific writings between specific heat and sensible heat, generally called temperature. Water may be as cold to the touch as ice, though in their composition they contain very different quantities of heat. This is mysterious, but it is no less so to the philosopher than to the man who hears the fact for the first time. Heat, then, there is in the flint and steel; and it may even be said to be struck out, for under certain circumstances the specific heat may cease to be a component part, and become sensible.

The temperature of many substances is raised by percussion, that is, by striking one substance against another. The process may be tolerably explained in some instances, but in others the effect is not so clearly traced to its cause. In science, as well as other studies, it is not

uncommon to generalize too widely, and to wrongly apply an acknowledged principle; and when this is done, it is more difficult to acknowledge the error than it was before to confess ignorance.

A piece of iron may be raised to a red heat by continued hammering. The effect of the hammering is a condensation of the particles, or in other words, the driving of them into a smaller space; the effect of the condensation is an increased temperature. But why the condensation produces or develops sensible heat, I cannot explain. The fact itself is proved by numerous observations, but the cause remains hidden.

In the act of striking a flint against a piece of steel, which is a true instance of percussion, a small portion is knocked off, and it is red-hot. Friction, too, raises the temperature of bodies; as when an Indian rubs together two pieces of hard dry wood, and when the wheels of a carriage "heat" from the rapidity of their rotation. In all machinery, too, the heating effect of friction is so great that unless carefully watched, and by proper precautions prevented, derangement and unnecessarily rapid destruction soon follow. The common turning-lathe, one of the most simple of all mechanical contrivances, is an instance of this. To diminish the friction produced by the rapid rotation of the spindle against its bearings, oil should be frequently introduced; and if this precaution be neglected, or if the bearings be unequal or irregular to even a small degree, the temperature is rapidly raised, and if unattended to, the machine will become so hot that the metal will expand, and the mischief will be still further increased by an unequal expansion of the parts, arising from their unequal temperatures. Every one at all acquainted with machinery must have seen many instances in which the heat produced by friction has been so great in a working tool, that it has been necessary to reduce the temperature by placing wet cloths upon it, and even by pouring water upon the heated parts.

From what has been stated, then, it appears that the temperature of bodies is raised by percussion and friction, an effect probably resulting from a derangement in the order and relations of their particles; but in what way the heat becomes sensible as a consequence of this derangement, no one has yet satisfactorily explained. There is, in all inquiries, a limit to our knowledge. This limit is

sometimes established by the incapacity of our minds for deeper thought, and sometimes by the hidden action of causes. The wisdom of God can be only superficially understood by man; but the causes which are unseen are not the least surprising evidences of his omnipotence impressed on the material world.

The heated particle struck off by the contact of flint and steel is supposed to fall on tinder. The questions now, to be answered are, what is tinder, and why is it used. Tinder is charred rag, a substance peculiarly adapted for combustion. The ignition is immediate, but the combustion is comparatively slow. The use of the tinder is as an intermediate substance between the production of a heated or incandescent particle of matter and the flame which is required. If the fragment could be kept at a red heat long enough to inflame a match, there would be no necessity for tinder; but as its heat is dissipated almost as rapidly as it is generated, some intermediate substance, like tinder, fit to receive and retain the heat, by its slow combustion, is absolutely necessary.

Having obtained the necessary heat, it is not difficult to produce flame from it in another body. The temperature of the burning tinder is not sufficient to inflame wood and many other combustible substances; but there are others, and among them sulphur, which catch fire readily. Potassium, as is well known, burns with an intense flame immediately it is brought into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere; phosphorus is inflamed by the heat generated by a slight friction, and sulphur, on contact with any body in slow combustion. This is the reason why the end of the match is tipped with sulphur. By blowing upon the tinder, the ignition is facilitated, for the rapidity with which a substance burns depends on the quantity of oxygen with which it is supplied. When the lid of the tinder-box is put over the smouldering rags, the combustion ceases; not because of the pressure upon the burning body, but because the air is excluded. In every case of combustion there must be a combustible body, a temperature sufficient for ignition, and a supporter of combustion; any of these being absent, the phenomenon called burning cannot exist. There are some gases which destroy combustion, there are others which support it, with greater or less intensity; but the absence of a supporter without the pre-

sence of a non-supporter is an effectual bar to combustion, although the other conditions may be perfect.

Without straining truth for a comparison, or misapplying the subject of these few remarks, there is an analogy in the mode of investigating this, and almost all other subjects which strikes the mind, and is worthy of notice. In almost all questions, great as well as small, there are three things to be considered,—the exciting cause, the transmitting agency, and the ultimate effect. The vibrating body, as an example, is the exciting cause; the air is the communicating medium; and the effect upon man is the sensation of sound. We may even extend this process of inquiry to moral and Divine truths. Take, for example, the natural condition of the human race: the exciting cause is the innate depravity of the heart; the aiding influences are the enticements of the world, offering base gratification to the senses, and the possession of wealth, its most glittering bait; the effect is death. The doctrine of man's redemption might be explained by the same process. The exciting cause is God's infinite and unmerited love; the means of communication is the eternal word; the end is life. This process of investigation may be recommended to all learners, as a simple mode of classifying facts, and presenting them without confusion to the mind; and if the reader adopts it, he will not have mispent a few minutes in the study of a tinder-box.

W. H.

#### BERNARD PALISSY; OR, THE PORCELAIN MANUFACTURER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

In a gloomy but tranquil chamber, looking out upon the streets of Paris, about two hundred and sixty years ago, there sat an aged man, leaning his head on his hand. His hair was hoary, and his brow was deeply wrinkled with traces of thought and care. He stooped, as if the activity of his past life had laid a heavy burden on his shoulders, yet his eyes sparkled with the glow of animation. On the table before him stood sundry specimens of earthenware, adorned with figures copied from ancient masters of painting. One was a pitcher, which contained a fine representation of the marriage feast at Cana, in bas relief; another a dish, with the figures of Peter and John healing the lame man, at the beau-

tiful gate of the temple. There were shelves loaded with plates, dishes, bowls, cups, and jugs, in the shapes of quadrupeds and birds, reptiles and fishes, all painted in their natural colours. An enamelled porcelain vase, from Italy, stood also in the centre of the table, and on this vase the aged man had fixed his eyes, as he sat before it, apparently lost in thought.

A knock being heard at the door, another person entered. This guest was no stranger to the worthy old man, who sat in the arm-chair, and whom he thus addressed:—"My good brother, master Bernard, I rejoice to find you undisturbed, for, as you know, when you dwelt in the Tuileries I could not visit you without endangering my own life; but now we can meet, and talk together of those concerns in which our hearts are most interested."

"You are right," answered the estimable Bernard Palissy; "I am very glad to see you at this time. I was just employed in calling to mind the goodness of God which has attended me through my whole life. I am an old man, and I have seen many changes, which ought to be to me as so many calls for gratitude. When I was but a boy, I had good opportunities for learning, so that I was able to acquire something of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. My father was poor, so that I was accustomed to eat my bread in the sweat of my brow. My heavenly Father, however, gave me a quick and attentive eye, and a ready mind, to profit by instruction, which I gained not so much from books as from his works in heaven and earth. My time has been taken up with the study of the land and water, of earths and metals; and many are the wonderful truths which these have brought to my mind. It was always a delight to me to explore the wonders of creation; and if my researches have unfolded to me the wisdom and goodness of God, as shown in his works, I shall always have cause to praise him for them."

Here some other persons entered, namely, Peter Sauxay the poet, and Andronet du Cereay the builder. The stranger who had already spoken was Merlin, who had been chaplain to the admiral Coligny, before his death, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, or about fourteen years before the date of the conversation we are supposing to have taken place.

"What is that Italian vase?" asked Merlin, fixing his eyes upon it.

"It was that," resumed Palissy, "which led me into the train of thought I just now mentioned to you. This vase came into my possession forty-seven years ago, and the hour when I first received it in my hands was an epoch in my life. When I first beheld that beautiful specimen of workmanship, I resolved to find out the secret of its manufacture; but I was as a blind man groping in the dark. Sometimes my oven was too cool, sometimes too hot for my purpose. At that time I earned my daily bread by making panes of coloured glass. After many years, during which I had spent in vain much labour and money, so that poverty and hunger now threatened me, I determined to put my favourite vase into a glass-house, and in four hours it was turned perfectly white. At least I had accomplished one step of my progress. My joy was great; but other trials of patience still awaited me. I began to prepare for sale small vessels of earthenware, in an oven made expressly for the purpose, where for six days and nights I kept up an incessant fire, until wood became scarce with me. I had used all that my garden afforded, and was ready next to take some of the furniture of my house, while my neighbours regarded me as a fool. In order to pay my debts, I parted with the clothes that I wore. Still, by degrees, I gained ground, and felt more and more desirous to go on, in spite of difficulties. But God had prepared better things for me; and while I was pursuing these researches in the province of Saintange, the sound of gospel truth first reached my ears. Some German monks, who had cast aside the errors of Rome, came and settled near us in the year 1559. They lived in retirement, but taught their neighbours the truths of the gospel. We purchased Bibles, and met together to hear them read and explained. Those were happy days! But times of persecution were at hand. Our little society was broken up, and we were scattered in all directions. But, oh, the loving-kindness of the Lord! When I suffered distress, in pursuing my discoveries, he comforted me by sending to me his own precious word; and afterwards, when I suffered persecution for the sake of that word, my discoveries supplied me with the means of support. Although my enemies hated me, on account of my religion, they did not injure me, because

no one else could manufacture this sort of porcelain. I have seen many of the friends whom I dearly loved perish beside me; but God has preserved me, though in the midst of lions."

This is no fiction, but a true narrative. In the year 1562, or twenty-four years before the time of this supposed conversation, the porcelain manufactory of Saintes, which belonged to Palissy, was broken into; and his life would have been in peril, had not Charles ix., then king of France, who admired his ingenuity, interposed to save him from the hands of his enemies. The queen-mother, Catherine of Medici, made him governor of the palace of the Tuileries, which she was anxious to have repaired and decorated, and she knew no one who possessed the abilities and good taste of Bernard Palissy. She saw, moreover, that he was a Protestant; yet she would not relinquish his assistance for the completion of her designs. Thus the good old man remained in peace, under the shadow of that throne which was the cause of ruin and destruction to the other followers of Jesus. Even among the attendants on the person of the queen-mother were numbered a few other devoted Protestants, with whom he could join in singing:

"Why do the heathen rage,  
And the people imagine a vain thing?  
The kings of the earth set themselves,  
And the rulers take counsel together,  
Against the Lord, and against his anointed.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;  
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel," PSALM ii. 1, 2, 9.

Palissy once said, "I could write to our brethren of the saints in Nero's household. The Lord has prepared a shelter for us within those very walls which were intended for our overthrow."

Nor was it wonderful that even the perverse Charles ix. should admire the genius of Palissy, who was indeed a benefactor and an ornament to his native land. He had made some discoveries in chemistry and geology, which had set him far above most of his contemporaries. His museum of natural history in Paris, which was contained in a small chamber in rue St. Jacques (St. James's-street), was the first of the kind in which the curiosities were scientifically arranged; and when he exhibited them, he was visited by most of the learned men in the French nation. All the nobility, and even the monarch, prized the specimens



of porcelain manufactured by him. On these accounts he was sheltered during the three dreadful days of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. That slaughter began on the night of August 23rd, 1572. The sound of the bell in the church of St. Germain was the signal for the Romanist citizens to go forth to the murder of their Protestant neighbours. The murderers broke into every house where they knew the followers of the Reformation to exist, and sent troops abroad, who killed hundreds in their own apartments. Not less than 50,000 Protestants then fell victims to their cruelty. Yet Bernard Palissy was allowed to remain unhurt.

And where was he at the date of 1586, when he had removed from the Tuileries? The answer is soon given. His royal mistress was a slave to superstitious terror. Although her palace had highly delighted her, she forsook it as soon as she heard that it was in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, because an astrologer had foretold that she would die in a place called St. Germain. She chose a site for a new palace in the parish of St. Eustatius, whither she removed, with her suite, even before the building was complete. But Palissy was not there; he longed for repose in his old age, and preferred a humble dwelling in the rue St. Jacques, where the remainder of his life was spent in the study of the Holy Scriptures, in prayer, and devout meditation. Nine years had passed since he had left the palace, and during this space of time he had been engaged in his last public work, the perfecting of his art of porcelain painting. He also valued his Bible more and more as he advanced in years. Persecution had not ceased, though France resounded with the sounds of civil discord; but a little flock of true disciples had gathered around Palissy, whose study was to them a house of prayer, a gate of heaven.

The blood-thirsty prince, Charles ix., had finished his short career. His brother, Henry iii., succeeded him, a weak and contemptible character. He had not even the resolution to protect the aged Palissy from the enemies who hated and persecuted him for righteousness' sake. Early one morning, in March, 1588, the venerable man was summoned before his prince, and threatened with death, if he continued obstinate in adherence to the faith which he professed. Palissy was ninety years old, but he had lost nothing of his mental vigour and greatness. The

weight of years had not subdued his courage, nor could the fear of death diminish his confidence in God. He rose up before his prince, looked steadfastly upon Henry, and declared, "Sire, you have repeatedly stated that you would have pity on me; but I pity you, if you can now say that you are compelled to persecute me. Such a word is not fit for a king to use. But, sire, neither yourself nor those who have compelled you thus to speak, nor the whole people of France, can compel a potter to bow before the images which he fabricates. I can die!" Henry retired, without attempting to utter another word!

In the course of the following year, the chief enemies of this good man were removed by death; Catherine of Medici also expired, and a few months afterwards, king Henry himself fell by the hand of a Dominican monk. The aged Palissy was, during this interval, a prisoner; but the time of his deliverance was not far off. Early in the year 1590, one of his friends came to the Bastille to inquire after him, and heard that he had died only the day before, at the age of ninety. His prison gates, though fast barred, could not hinder the approach of angels, when his heavenly King summoned him to a home in the mansions above.

E. S.

#### MINERALS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### PEARLS.

"No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies."—*Job xxviii. 18.*

THE pearl is a hard shiny substance, found in a shellfish resembling an oyster, and is the result of a disease in this fish. Pearls have a fine polish,—some are of a pure and others of a reddish hue. They vary in size; the large ones are most valued. The most celebrated fisheries are the coasts of Persia and Ceylon. The divers, who are generally trained to the practice from their youth, go down in all depths, from five to fifteen fathoms, remaining about two minutes, and bringing up from eight to twelve oysters in both hands. On reaching the surface, they merely take time to recover breath, and then dive again immediately. This produces serious injury to the divers, who seldom live long. They are also exposed in India to the shark; but ignorant of the God of the sea as well as of the dry land, they foolishly employ shark-binders to charm them away.

The pearl of Bahrein is considered very superior to that of Ceylon, both in quality and in colour. Before sending them off from the island, they are carefully assorted as to size, shape, and tint; then being drilled through, are strung on threads, and made up into round bundles of about three inches diameter, sealed and directed, and sent in that form to their various destinations. They are then called "pomegranates of the sea," to which these bundles have a pretty exact resemblance.\*

The word "pearl" occurs only once in the Old Testament, Job xxviii., answering to the word translated "hailstones," in Ezekiel. It is doubtful, however, that pearls are mentioned in the Old Testament. The word *gabish* (Job xxviii. 18) appears to mean crystal, and the word *beninim*, which our version translates by "rubies," is now supposed to mean coral.† The pearl (*Margarites*) is frequently alluded to in the New Testament.

Pearls were very highly esteemed by the ancient Jews, Medes, Romans, Persians, and Indians. The rabbins called the precepts of wisdom pearls. Hence the allusion in the caution of our Lord to his disciples, "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine," Matt. vii. 6. Similar language is used in India to those who speak on subjects of a highly sacred nature before people of gross minds:—"What! are silk tassels to be tied to the broom? Will you give a beautiful flower to a monkey? Who would cast rubies into a heap of rubbish? What! are you giving ambrosia to a dog?"‡

The gospel is compared (Matt. xiii. 46) to a "pearl of great price." In the parable it is evidently implied that all the merchant possessed was no more than enough to purchase the pearl. Had he offered to part with half his possessions, or even with the whole, a small part excepted, he would not have gained his object. How many, it is to be feared, there are who would part with some things, yea, with many things, if, by so doing, they could gain heaven, and yet retain some favourite earthly good!

On holidays, the Barbary Jewesses wear a splendid tiara of pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, besides being decked with splendid costumes. In Chaldaea the men wore turbans, richly ornamented with gold and pearls. Charadin says, that in almost all the east the

women wear rings in the left nostril. These rings are of gold, and have commonly two pearls and one ruby placed in each ring. Tippoo Saib was adorned with pearls when he fell before the gates of Seringapatam. "The fondness of the daughters of Zion for a fine head-dress still lingers in the hearts of the Jewesses at Brody, in Austrian Poland. They wear a black velvet coronet, adorned with strings of precious stones, or imitation pearls; and though this piece of finery costs several pounds, yet so devotedly attached are they to their 'round tires like the moon,' that scarcely can an old woman be found seated at her stall who does not wear one, as if they were queens even in their captivity."\*

H. H.

#### "I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

On the death of old Mr. Jeffries, his two nephews and niece, Thomas Jeffries, and Samuel and Eleanor Langley, each came into possession of a house in Marlborough-terrace. The houses, standing at a rent of 40*l.* each, were all in the occupation of respectable tenants. The legatees, it may be imagined, were not at all displeased at this accession to their income. There is generally some good reason for such accessions being acceptable. In this case each had a reason of their own. Miss Langley was on the point of being married, and she was pleased to have this little unexpected portion to confer, together with her hand, on a worthy, disinterested young man, who had sought her for her own sake. Her brother was glad to feel himself enabled to do more for the education of his children than his limited resources had hitherto permitted. Their cousin, Mr. Jeffries, was glad, because he loved money.

On payment of the first half-year's rent, the tenants applied for some needful repairs, and expressed a wish that, as spring advanced, the outside of their houses should be painted. It was three years since that improvement had been last effected, and old Mr. Jeffries used to have it done once in three years. The application was reasonable, and, on the part of Mr. and Miss Langley, was readily acceded to. On examination of the roofs, it was found that the repairs required were not very extensive; though,

\* "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews."

\* Crichton's "Arabia." † Kitto's "Cyclop."

‡ Roberts's "Oriental Illustrations."

if neglected, they would expose the tenants to inconvenience, and the property to dilapidation. They were immediately attended to. On coming from inspecting the workmen, Mr. Langley was accosted by his cousin:

"What are you doing up there?"

"Not much—only making good a few slates in the roof, and doing a little to the chimneys. I am glad to have met you, for I observe one of your chimney-pots is loose; and now the ladders are up, the expense would be a mere trifle, if you like the men to do what is needful to your house as well as ours."

"No, thank you; I dare say there is nothing much amiss, and I am not going to spend money upon the house almost before I have received it."

"As you please; but a few shillings, timely spent, may spare the expense of pounds."

"Yes; and humouring tenants, at the expense of a few shillings, may set them upon wanting us to spend pounds. A few shillings will not paint a house; and my tenant assures me that you and Eleanor have both promised that yours shall be painted."

"We have so. Uncle was accustomed to do it, and the tenants have a right to expect it. As we have good tenants, it is our wish to keep them. Besides, you know the Dutch proverb, that 'Paint costs nothing.'"

"Well, if it costs nothing, let the tenants lay it on at their own expense, if they please. For my part, I cannot afford it."

Not many weeks had elapsed, when the loose chimney was blown down. Happily no person was injured; but a great part of the roof was broken in, and the bill for repairs, which could no longer be averted, was such as might have convinced Mr. Jeffries that he had been "penny wise and pound foolish." But,

"He that complies against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still."

Mr. Jeffries still adhered to his narrow-minded policy, until he completely disgusted a good tenant, who, the first opportunity that occurred, removed to another house in the same terrace. That of Mr. Jeffries' stood empty so long as to consume at least five times the amount of property that would have been required to meet the utmost wishes of a reasonable tenant. He could not afford it.

It was a great pity—and everybody said so—that those two grandsons of old

Trichett, the rich farmer and grazier, at Long Marsh, were not better trained and better instructed, considering that when the old man should die—and he could not live for ever—they would come in for the largest property in the country. But old Trichett was so intent on amassing money, that he never could afford to enjoy it himself, or to lay out any part of it on the common comforts or suitable education of those who were to possess it all. During his lifetime, there was nothing in the outward appearance of the lads—nothing in the cultivation of their minds, or the refinement of their manners, to distinguish them from the sons of the ploughman. Their grandfather delighted to keep them employed on the most menial drudgery, to accustom them, not merely to plain living, but to a want of the ordinary decencies of civilized life, and in destitution of the means of personal indulgence, however innocent. It may be questioned if on either of them he ever bestowed a shilling of pocket-money, to spend as they pleased. When the old man died, his elder grandson was just come of age, and the younger not more than a year short of it. They soon came into uncontrolled possession of the property, and speedily found instructors to supply the deficiencies of their education, and teach them how to become fine gentlemen by extravagance and dissipation. In a quarter of the time that had been spent in accumulating the property, it was all squandered away in gambling, intemperance, and other concomitant vices. The heir to a miser generally becomes a prodigal; and among many exemplifications of that "sore evil under the sun,—riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt," Eccles. v. 13, few are more striking than those in which eagerness to accumulate withholds the means of cultivating a preparedness to enjoy and improve. A few hundreds bestowed upon giving their boys a good and proper education might have prevented the waste of many thousands, and even been the means of causing the whole to be employed in doing good instead of evil.

"I cannot afford it," was the constant reply of poor Miller, a worthy, over-worked artisan, when urged by his friends to undertake less, or to engage subordinate assistance. His motives were good, but his calculations were erroneous. A tedious and expensive illness convinced him that it would have been much

cheaper, setting aside every other consideration, to have moderated his exertions, rather than overstrain the bow, and render it, for a long time, altogether useless.

"I cannot afford it" is the reply of many when pressed to lay aside their secular occupations, and improve the rest of the holy sabbath of the Lord. "I should be glad to have a day of rest, I should like constantly to attend a place of worship; but while others keep open their shops, I cannot afford to close mine; when work comes in, I cannot afford to turn it away." This may seem good economy for a little while, but never answers in the long run. The impartial evidence of persons in every rank of life, who have fairly tried the experiment, and that of medical men, who have carefully observed its effects on others, concur in proving that, even setting aside the claims of religion, it is more profitable and advantageous in every point of view, to labour six days, and rest on the seventh; and to extend that rest to the man-servant and the maid-servant and the cattle. But when, in addition to worldly considerations, it is taken into account that the sabbath is the soul's market-day, who can afford to lose it? The sabbath is the soul's harvest; and "he that sleepeth in harvest," or employs the hours of harvest on any foreign and inferior pursuit, "is a son that causeth shame:" and "what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"I cannot afford it," say many, who call themselves Christians, and would think it very uncharitable in others to doubt their claim to the title; when called upon to make some exertions or some sacrifices for the promotion of the Redeemer's cause in the world. Alas! for such Christians! What other thing is it that they cannot afford? It is not on food or raiment, house or furniture, displays or pleasure-taking of any kind, that self-denial is to be practised, or retrenchments to be made. These things they do and will afford; they cannot dispense with them. But when the claims of piety or benevolence are brought forward, then they become frugal; their ability to spend shrinks almost into invisibility. The love of Christ does not constrain them; they can spend everything from Christ, but nothing for him. How dwelleth the love of God in them?

"I cannot afford it." So say some in

reference to confessing Christ before men; humbly yet firmly taking a decided part, and steadily acting out the convictions of conscience. This is what the command of Christ renders an imperative duty on all who would be his disciples; but many say they cannot afford to do it. They cannot run the risk of disobliging friends, or offending customers; they cannot venture to encounter persecution, or even to bear the sneer of ungodly men. And can they afford to be ashamed of Jesus and of his words? And can they venture the tremendous risk of having the Saviour Judge ashamed of them in the last great day? A realizing thought of that solemn scene would transfer the emotion of fear and desire from imaginary terrors and empty delights to such as are real and infinite, would be a preservative against yielding to this temptation, and turning aside from the path of duty, through either cowardice or self-interest. By keeping in view the judgment-day, we may learn to dread nothing but sin, and to desire nothing so ardently as to be found in Christ, and not ashamed before him at his coming. S.

#### WORK, IF YOU WOULD RISE.

RICHARD being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament, by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Do not trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise; but work, work!

#### TIME FOR SLEEP.

WHEN the Jesuits settled the plan of education in the College of Clermont, the physicians were consulted on the portion of time which the students should be allowed for sleep. They declared that five hours were sufficient, six an abundant allowance, and seven as much as a youthful constitution could bear without injury.—*Butler's Reminiscences.*



Ancient Armour.

## THE ARMOURY OF GOODRICH COURT.

THE extended collection of arms at Goodrich Court\* begins with the rude weapons of savage life. Some of these are made of simple wood, and others shaped out of flint, stone, or slate. A part of these has been supplied from the isles of the Pacific Ocean, and some are the manufacture of the ancient Britons, before their intercourse with the Phœnicians had improved their knowledge. After these come arms and armour of copper, alloyed with tin, Greek, Etruscan, or Celtic; and then, in the regular order of chronology, such as are formed

of steel. We cannot gaze on these without conjuring up in our imagination the warriors of different countries who used them. Here stands an ancient Briton, wielding a massive club of hard wood, and there a savage from the Pacific, throwing his javelin pointed with stone. Greeks and Etruscans wage their war with sword and buckler, and knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, rush forwards on fiery steeds, to the deadly strife, with couched spears.

"Thus man, from virtue wand'ring wide,  
Miled by passion, lust, and pride,  
Of every nation, tribe, and clan,  
Will rise against his fellow-man."

In olden time, a high value was set on a good sword, and astonishing feats were

\* See "Curiosities of Ancient Armour," in our January number.

effected with them. Coucy, earl of Ulster, was a knight of great strength; so much so, that on one occasion, when king John of England and Philippe Auguste of France were present, he cut through a helmet of steel with one blow of his sword, and buried his weapon so deeply in the wooden post on which the helmet was placed, that no other person beside himself was able to withdraw it.

It is an assertion of sir Gbte Ouseley, that the naib, or deputy of the vizier of the Nawaub of Oude, refused 10,000*l.* for an Andrea Ferrara straight blade; because it had cut off the heads of several buffaloes. He also asserts, that in the year 1794, the Nawaub of Oude paid for a scimitar the enormous and almost incredible sum of 24,000*l.* Probably it was set with precious stones.

The Turks greatly surpass others in the use of the scimitar, which weapon is finely formed and tempered. A cut made by one of the spahis, of Turkish cavalry, will penetrate through armour and pass into the body, whereas a strike awkwardly made would shiver the weapon to pieces. What slaughter must ensue when thousands of these scimitars are wielded in deadly combat by those who know how to use them! It is a spectacle too terrible to dwell upon. Highly-tempered scimitars, though not of the finest metal, will now fetch from ten to a hundred ducats, which plainly shows the high estimation in which they are held.

When Elphi Bey was in England, he, as a matter of course, went to examine what was curious in the various collections of antiquities in the metropolis and other places, among which was the king's extensive and valuable Asiatic armoury, where were laid before him two costly scimitars. Elphi Bey lifted one of them to his forehead, with profound reverence, and then pressing it to his lips, pronounced the name of Mourad Bey. He then took up the other, in the same respectful manner, paying to it the same homage, and exclaiming aloud, "Osman Bey Tambourgil!" Now, as the words spoken by Elphi Bey were the names of the sometime owners of the scimitars, the king, who was present, was surprised, and much puzzled to conceive how he could tell to whom the weapons had belonged. This was, however, afterwards explained. Whenever a Mohammedan of high rank had a weapon made for him, he selected some favourite passage from the Koran, which was engraven upon it;

this passage designated its owner, in the same manner as the motto on a coat of arms declares the family to which it belongs. Elphi Bey, therefore, found no difficulty in discovering the original owners of the scimitars by the inscriptions he saw engraven.

In Goodrich Court an apartment has been fitted up representing an ancient tournaient. Two knights, armed cap à pte, are sparring in fiery haste at each other; while around are mail-clad warriors, and a tree, from whose branches hang the emblazoned shields of the combatants. A word on this ancient entertainment may interest our readers. It has been revived more than once in modern times. The officers of the British army, during the revolutionary war in North America, found leisure to entertain themselves with this sport. Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated queen of France, also had a tournament revived for her gratification by her courtiers. The Eglinton tilting-match, in Scotland, also, about ten years ago, will be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

The rewards given in tournaments were often very splendid, and sometimes consisted of silver helmets. Every combatant was required to be worthy of the privilege of contending; and if any one presented himself to fight under false proofs of nobility, he was condemned to ride on the tail of the barrier, bare-headed; he was degraded by having his shield and helmet reversed and trodden under foot, his horse given to the officer at arms, and himself sent back upon a mare.

Though tournaments were considered as pastime, they were so dangerous that the powers of church and state were exerted to check them. The knights, however, of that period were so infatuated with the splendour and pageantry of tournaments, that the urgent ordinances of councils, the eloquent harangues of pulpits, and the forcible wrappings of the clergy were alike disregarded; they checked not the enthusiastic passion for this martial sport.

It not unfrequently occurs that excess does more to arrest the progress of a mania than the most violent opposition; and this was, in a great degree, the case with jousting. Henry II. forbade the practice altogether, while Richard I. endeavoured to compromise by allowing it to take place in particular places, and at stated seasons. Different monarchs thus

adopted a different policy; Henry III. overlooked jousting, and Edward I., on the contrary, afforded it his royal countenance. In following out this courtly amusement, many precautions were from time to time taken to render it less dangerous. Spears were used with blunted points; swords formed of whalebone were introduced, as well as protections of thick tough leather; but while these were resorted to in jousts of peaceable combat, the accustomed warlike weapons and habiliments were still in requisition for encounters of a more desperate character, or "to the utterance," as they were termed in tournament phraseology. In the same manner as a sham fight among soldiers is considered necessary to prepare them for actual warfare, so the diversified exercises in jousting were thought fit practice to train the young knight to feats of deadly enterprise; and for this reason, among others, the armour used in tournaments was stronger and heavier than that worn in the battle-field.

When a tournament took place, the space railed out for the occasion was called "the lists," and the horses of the jousts were kept apart by a paling called "the barrier." And as great multitudes usually attended, double lists were frequently formed, that no accident might arise from the pressure of the crowd. The fleetest and the strongest horses were selected for the tourney; for when the knights were not unhorsed, nor their lances broken, their steeds, one or both, were usually thrown down. It must have been a fearful spectacle to gaze on, when the knight, armed *cap-à-pie*, was seen to

"Stoop his head and couch his spear,  
And spur his steed in full career."

And well it is that such cruel pageants are passed away.

It would be a difficult task to give even a slight sketch of the arms and armour of Goodrich Court, the one and the other being so numerous. The great variety, too, gives the collection an added charm, for the wandering eye sees one suit of armour of black, or of russet brown, another of bright steel; a third is ribbed, a fourth fluted, a fifth chased, a sixth puffed and engraved, a seventh embossed, and an eighth inlaid. Then there is armour for so many different sorts of men; knights, cavaliers, pikemen, cuirassiers, harquebusiers, and carabineers; and of such diversified kinds, Asiatic,

Turkish, Persian, and Mahratta; chain armour, plate armour, Tartar, Indian, and Albanian.

But if the armour is varied, the arms are still more so; Burmese, Japanese, Malay, and African meet the eye, with maces, battle-axes, halberds and hammers, swords, spears, cross-bows, and splendid targets of embossed leather and steel. The target of Francis I. of France is, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of art in the whole collection. Roman and British arms are contrasted with Danish, Saxon, and German. Two-handed swords lie between morning stars and military forks; and sabres, poniards, and stilettoes are mingled with muskets, matchlocks, petronels, and pistols.

As we gaze on these relics of past ages, even amid the strange and undefinable interest they excite, a mournful regret steals over the mind, to think what pains have been taken, what ingenuity has been exerted by mankind to plague, to injure, and destroy each other. The horrors of war have in all ages been hidden or disguised by pomp and splendour. The panoply, the emblazoned arms and gorgeous equipage of knights, with the high renown they acquired, gave a false glory to the profession of arms; as the scarlet dress, the flaunting flag, the drum, and the trumpet still invest with an imposing *éclat* the life of the soldier. What a contrast, however, is there between the ungodly warrior, clad in steel, rushing ruthlessly on his kind, and the Christian warrior fighting against every unhallowed affection under the banner of the cross. The one, stained with blood and crime, seeks only a perishing renown; the other, wielding the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, begirt with truth, having the helmet of salvation on his head, the breastplate of righteousness over his heart, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel, strives for a crown of unfading glory. H. O.

#### THE FLOWER ON THE ROCK.

In the autumn of 1848, the writer left London in search of health. Continuous work in the service of his Great Master had somewhat enfeebled his strength, and it was deemed desirable that he should have two or three weeks entire rest. Arrangements were accordingly made for leaving home; and he, with his family,

were safely conveyed, through God's good providence, to one of the quiet villages in the West of England noted for health, and for richness and variety of scenery. The waters of the Bristol Channel washed its shores, breezes of ocean fanned its hills, flocks covered its surrounding meadows, and bare fields told the tale of the husbandman's labour and reward. The plenteous weeks of harvest had been, and were passed; the sickle had been used, the corn was gathered in; and the thresher, with his heavy-sounding flail, was doing his part towards supplying the miller with grain, and the eater with bread. The hedge berry was ripe, and little groups of children were seen in all directions attempting to pluck this field fruit which the God of nature had at that season so plentifully sent. The shepherd was tending his flock, the ploughman was turning up the soil, and the woodman went merrily to his occupations. All nature seemed to be vocal with the Divine goodness, and to speak the Creator's praise. The bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, the songs of birds, all testified of the greatness and of the kindness of the Almighty. Sunshine and clouds, dews and showers, departing summer and approaching winter, were all pregnant with important lessons; and it was scarcely possible for the mind to be otherwise than calm, devout, and thankful. The contrast of this pleasant retreat to the noisy walks which the writer had for many previous months been treading, was striking and instructive; and the change of air and pursuit having, after a few days, been greatly blessed, there were awakened in his mind pleasant and useful emotions, some of which still survive to cheer him in his pilgrimage, and to spur him on his work, the great work of endeavouring to win souls to Christ. There was one train of reflections which at that time was peculiarly refreshing. As he thought of nature, with its beauties, laws, resources, and productions, the words of John and of Paul came to his mind. "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." "By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him"—John i. 3, 4; Col. i. 16; so that, by the help of these, and of similar texts of Scripture, he was enabled to

trace nature to nature's God, and to connect all created objects with Him, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," Phil. ii. 6—8. This was delightful. It brought before the mind the Saviour's essential Godhead, and his infinite condescension and grace. The sun appeared to shine with brighter beams, and all earth seemed arrayed in beauties more striking and attractive than ever; and never had the ninety-fifth Psalm been read with more interest and pleasure than it was perused then. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are all the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land. O come, let us worship, and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand."

But the narrative must be proceeded with. It was known that, within a short distance, there were hills of commanding height, and of various forms, so it was agreed to visit them; and one morning of surpassing splendour and serenity they were ascended. The road leading to them was circuitous and uneven, but this only added interest to the ride. Several cottages were passed, at the doors of which mothers were nursing, children were playing, and neighbours were freely conversing. This afforded an opportunity for scattering abroad the good word of the Lord; and tracts and little books, published by the Religious Tract Society, were distributed, and thankfully received. The seed was sown with prayer, and may it not be hoped that some of it fell into good ground? "My word," says God, "shall not return unto me void." At length we came to the village, which lies at the bottom, or just on the lower edge, of the hills that we were now to climb. A foot-path had been made, in staircase form, to one of the elevations on which



we wished to place our feet; and the question arose whether we should tread its steps, or wind our way along the carriage road. We determined on the latter, and we were afterwards most thankful for our choice. The road being new to us, we were not aware of its character. It lay through the hills, rather rocks, which, by some mighty convulsions of nature, must have been rent in twain. On the right, almost in a perpendicular form, of course rugged and angular, they rose to the height of several hundred feet; whereas on the left, they were scattered in immense masses, just as they had fallen off from the other side, ages and ages ago. The whole scene was impressive; and meditation, rather than conversation, was induced. Silence was frequently broken by poor and half-clothed children, and their mothers, who either wished to sell specimens of fragmentary organic remains, or offered to conduct us to some points of interest, which they said would escape our notice, unless our attention were specially drawn to them. Be this as it might, whether by our own curiosity, or by their importunity, in one or two instances we yielded, and were amply recompensed for the outlay of a few pence.

And now for the flower on the rock, one of the most suggestive objects that caught the eye. In glancing at these wonderful formations of nature, and while encouraging, rather than suppressing, the thoughts which a sight of them was so well calculated to awaken, I happened to look in a certain direction, and there I saw, springing out of the rock, a beautiful, delicate little flower. Had I seen it in the field, or in the garden, it would not, I dare say, have attracted my attention. But as it grew on a small ledge of rock, and as it was there alone, as this was the only sign of vegetation on that particular spot, and as its form and colours, for such a place, were graceful and beautiful, it did strike me, and, for a time, riveted my attention. A flower on a rock, thought I, how could it grow without soil? how could the soil have been formed there? who could have planted, or sown the seed of it there? The soil might have been deposited there by the wind, and a bird might have dropped the seed. How wonderful are the works of the Most High, and in how many ways does he display his power and glory! The rocks praise him, and a solitary flower reads lectures of wisdom to his creatures. Let

me just state some of the thoughts and feelings which this rock flower called up in my mind; and which this brief notice of it is calculated to awaken in yours.

As to God, this flower on the rock reminds us of his power and goodness. He only could have made it, and have caused it to grow. And he who did this is worthy of your love and confidence. He is all-wise, and almighty, and all-gracious. He can do what he will in heaven above, and on the earth beneath; but he always does what is right. And what has he not done that his sinful creatures might be blessed in time and in eternity? He gave his well-beloved Son to die for them. He has given the Holy Scriptures to enlighten them. He has promised the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify them. And he is providing a glorious kingdom for all his believing, loving, and obedient children, in another world. "Behold," exclaimed John, "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" 1 John iii. 1. He finds us enemies, and he makes us friends. We are under condemnation, and he delivers us from it. The human heart is like a rock—hard, barren, without soil, and incapable, in its natural state, of yielding fruit; but God can change it and render it productive of the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to his own praise and glory. And here is the sinner's encouragement to trust his grace, and to obey his will.

Then this flower on the rock rebukes man for his rebellion against God. Oh, impenitent sinner, think of this little blooming creature, and be humbled—for grows there in your heart a single flower for God? Alas! not one. God cared for you in infancy, watched you in childhood, protected you in youth, and guided you up to manhood, and yet you have made no suitable returns to him for his continued kindness. He has fed, clothed, and nourished you, from day to day, and from year to year—preserving you from dangers, supporting you in afflictions, and yet you have not been truly grateful; on the contrary, you have, perhaps, murmured against him, neglected his word, broken his sabbaths, set at nought his counsels, and spurned the gracious offers of his saving mercy. But though you have done this, and are still doing it, God has not cut you down in your folly, and consigned you to everlasting despair. He allows you still to live. Still he waits

to be gracious. Again and again does he call you to repentance, and to faith in his dear Son. He bears with your provocations. He holds out to you the sceptre of his grace. He commands you to forsake the foolish, and to go in the way of understanding. He speaks by poverty, by affliction, by the loss of business, by success in business, by death, by his word, by his sabbaths, by his ministers, by his Spirit, and yet you will not hear. The rock bears a flower to gratify the passing traveller, but your heart is without love to God, you have no faith in Christ, you have never yielded to the Holy Spirit; you are carnal, worldly, sensual, devilish; you have not lived to the Lord; you have withheld from him the glory which is his due. You have preferred the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, to the joys of his salvation, which last for ever. Throughout the whole of your past life, you have never formed a purpose, or performed a deed, with the direct object of pleasing God, your best Friend, and your kind Benefactor. Oh, sinner, what a heart yours must be! One upward glance of the traveller was enough to enable him to discern the flower on the rock. Though small, it was fresh and blooming, and formed a striking contrast to the barrenness around it; it caught the eye when the eye looked not for it. But though God has looked on you, and *within* you, if happily there might be some stirrings of thought about him, and some indications of sorrow for having so long forgotten him, yet to this day he has not seen what he might have expected to find. After all that he has done for you, and said to you, your heart is a rock without one sweet flower growing upon it. Oh, is it not high time that you cast off the love of sin, that you ceased to pursue the vanities of the world, and that you earnestly sought the grace of God, which alone can save you? The rock was not the worse for the flower, and your heart, if Christ be formed in it, the hope of glory, will be far happier than it can possibly be if it be deceived by sin and Satan. Listen, therefore, to the entreaties of a friend, who, for your own sake, for the sake of your connexions, and, above all, for the Lord's sake, beseeches you to be reconciled to God, through the death of his Son. While the flower on the rock rebukes you, may the grace of Christ sanctify and save you.

There are other persons to whom the

flower on the rock appeals, and who are hereby entreated to attend. Our Lord Jesus told his doubting disciples to consider the lilies of the field, for the purpose of learning the confidence to which he was entitled, and the hope which it was their privilege to cherish. See Matt. vi. 25—34. And the individuals now exhorted to consider the flower on the rock are these who have been favoured with the means of grace, and yet have not profited by them. The children of godly parents, apprentices and servants in Christian families, sabbath-school children, those to whom the gospel of Christ is faithfully and constantly preached, those at whose houses the agents of District-Visiting and Christian Instruction Societies leave religious tracts, those families of which city and town missionaries have charge; and who, week after week and day after day, teach the Lord Jesus and the resurrection from house to house, warning every man and teaching every man, that they may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. Some of these individuals, and of these classes, have more advantages than others, and if they perish in their sins their condemnation will be proportionally great; but to all of them the word of salvation is sent, so that none are without excuse. Reader, are you among them? Then on you the lessons of the rock flower may with propriety be urged. For does it not chide you for your misimprovement of privileges, and for your Christian fruitlessness? The flower can and does grow on a rock, contrary to the natural order of things. But though you are placed where true religion is originated, and where it flourishes, and where circumstances and influences are favourable to growth in grace, yet what has your heart produced? The flowers or fruits of the Spirit? No—not one has yet appeared. The heart is still a barren, a flowerless rock; and unless a great change take place in you, such it will remain; and after having been spared, by God's mercy, for thirty, forty, fifty, and even seventy years, you will die without bringing any glory to Christ, and without any hope of receiving the kingdom which he has promised to all who love him. Think, oh think of this, and think seriously. A fruitless soul cannot enter heaven when it dies, nor can it have the approbation of the Judge in the last great day. You must be born again, or you cannot be saved. If justified, it must be

by faith alone, without works: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. iii. 11. But though good works cannot, either in whole or in part, save you, yet they are the evidences of a saved state, which cannot be dispensed with. Those that believe in Christ to the salvation of their souls, love his commandments and do them. So that where there is no spiritual obedience, there is neither faith nor love. Godly fruits prove the existence of a godly life; and the more healthful the life is, the more abundant the fruit will be. And there are Christians who, though once as barren as a rock without a flower, are now like a garden in a high state of cultivation. Having experienced an internal radical change—the stony heart having been taken away, and the heart of flesh having been given—the entire surface of their character is changed; whereas others, with just *their* outward advantages, are unchanged and unblest. Not a solitary flower do they bear, upon which either Christ or his people can cast a complacent eye. Dew, sunbeams, and showers have fallen around them, but all in vain. They were cold and dead years ago, and they are so still. Labour and culture upon them has been thrown away. Parental counsels have been unheeded. Pastoral appeals have not been responded to. The affectionate and faithful missionary has prayed and exhorted, but neither tears nor entreaties have prevailed. The tract distributor has often urged attention to the wants and claims of the soul, but often and often has his kind advice been treated with indifference. "O Lord, what is man!" and what are the means employed for his benefit, without thine effectual blessing!

Reader, whether old or young, master or servant, rich or poor, will you not learn of the rock that bears a flower, and profit by the reflections which it has suggested? And as all are dependent on the Holy Spirit for light and life, strength and wisdom, will you not seek grace of him to enable you to practise the lessons which he has now been teaching you? Do not fail to do this, and do it earnestly and sincerely. Hear the words of Christ to his disciples, who had requested him to teach them how to pray: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—If ye, then, being evil,

know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," Luke xi. 9—13.

Z.

#### THE SEARCH AFTER SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

##### II.—SUPPOSED TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS PARTY.

ONE circumstance that has particularly struck us in connexion with this noble enterprise, is the spirit of reverential reliance on the superintending care of God with which some, at least, of the adventurers have pursued their mission. The necessity for the interpositions and guidance of Providence has been recognised in the midst of their most arduous and intrepid labours. It is gratifying to meet with passages similar to the following, in the recent work of Mr. Snow, one of the voluntary officers on board the "Prince Albert." After describing, with a sailor's doting enthusiasm, the capabilities of his barque, and the numerous presentations made to it by warm-hearted friends, he adds:—"One great essential among the preliminaries must not be forgotten. No man, who is himself a sailor, but must feel convinced that there is nothing to equal true, earnest, unaffected, and heartfelt religion. Prayer—*honest* prayer—is, beyond everything, valuable to a seaman, especially to one engaged in the dangerous duties which he has to perform in the Arctic Seas. That we should go out with a due regard to this important obligation to prayer and humble dependence upon God, was what every one might consider as a matter of course; but I am pleased to say that, in our case, the 'of course' was never needed. Spontaneously our men called for prayer and a proper service. Educated in the Scotch church, they were all, more or less, Presbyterians; but their particular persuasion was no hindrance to the feeling which prompted them always to unite in Divine worship according to whatever form the commander considered necessary to adopt."

Before the final embarkation of the seamen of the "Prince Albert," upon whose fidelity and courage so many fond hopes were built, lady Franklin condescendingly sought an interview with these brave fellows,—a privilege by them half dreaded, half coveted, from the affecting associations it was calculated to awaken

and intensify. Still such a step, on the part of her ladyship, was characterized at once by gracefulness and wisdom. It afforded her an opportunity to testify her warm and grateful appreciation of their prospective services, whilst the memory of that parting scene would be sure to haunt them ever after, and would prove both an inspiration and a solace to their minds. "She called them severally," says Mr. Snow, "into the cabin on the evening prior to our departure, and talked to them earnestly concerning the object of the voyage, and their conduct; and this they never afterwards forgot, frequently saying to me, in the homely Scotch I cannot literally give, 'Ah, bless her heart! dear lady. I only hope we shall find sir John for her sake. I'll do my best towards it!' and occasionally adding, 'Well, I was completely taken aback when her ladyship talked to me. I felt salt water in my eyes before I had gone a dozen words with her, and wasn't a bit sorry when it was all over. I'd like to talk with her, but I couldn't stand it!'"

On Wednesday, June 5th, this gallant little schooner, freighted with a rich cargo of human hopes and blessings, was declared ready for sea. But it was not destined to leave amid the indifference of the citizens of the old Scottish capital. From early morning, crowds of persons, either friends and kindred of the outward-bound seamen, or of those already far away on board absent whalers and other discovery ships, besides a mixed multitude interested solely in the object of the prospective voyage, congregated on the quay. As the day wore on the throng grew more dense and excited. All manner of opinions were expressed, and difficult problems connected with the expedition discussed. Many ventured on board, some of them to scrutinize the equipments of the ship, and others—the wives and friends of those then in the Arctic Seas—to deliver, with their own hands, into the custody of the responsible officers, those epistolary remembrancers which so affectionately record the unceasing devotion of the loved ones left lonely at home. As the tide flowed in, and the vessel slowly moved off, friendly shoutings and benedictions filled the vernal air. "That is lady Franklin's own vessel, which she is sending out to search for her husband!" exclaimed some;—"Success to the 'Prince Albert!'" vociferated many; and "May you return

safe and prosperous!" was the blessing pronounced by others, whose hearts bounded with gratitude and gladness for the mission thus undertaken.

Following the fortunes of the "Prince Albert," we meet with nothing of special interest until after Cape Farewell had been rounded. Beyond this, keeping near to the Greenland coast, the indications of arctic rigours thickened around the adventurers from day to day. Their clothing had to be increased. Huge icebergs, sometimes solitarily, but often in menacing groups, came sailing southwards, as if in quest of more propitious skies. The elements grew more stormy, and the scenery, both on land and sea, assumed an aspect of greater austerity.

On nearing the first great stream of ice, the "crow's-nest"—a kind of nautical observatory—was installed at the mast-head of the schooner. This curious object, so indispensable in arctic navigation, consisted of a light cask, of sufficient capacity to contain and shelter the lookout mariner. At the lower part of it was a trap, acting like a valve, through which any one could enter. Its length was about four feet, whilst the interior of it was provided with a small seat, slung to the hinder part, and a spy-glass well secured. This elevation was reached by means of a rope-ladder affixed to the bottom of it, usually designated "Jacob's ladder." The "crow's-nest" is a favorite place with many whaling captains, who are rarely out of it for days when among the ice. On this dizzy and incommodious pinnacle Mr. Snow spent much of his time, especially the hours of his midnight watch, when the atmosphere was clear, being richly recompensed by the glimpses he thus caught of the passing panorama of arctic scenery, as exhibited in all its wild beauty and massive monotonous grandeur.

After being entangled for some time in the fearful labyrinth of icebergs and icehummocks which render Melville Bay so terrible to the arctic navigator, the "Prince Albert" at length overtook the "Felix," and, at a subsequent period, the splendid outfit of government under captain Austin. By the steamers belonging to the latter, the smaller vessels were towed, through a passage of three hundred miles, to Lancaster Sound. At this stage of the conjoint expedition, information of the most terrible and harrowing interest was imparted by some natives to Adam, the Esquimaux interpreter of sir

John Ross, which threw the whole body of explorers into the utmost consternation and perplexity.

It had been remarked that, after his communication with the natives, Adam appeared extremely restless and disinclined to talk with strangers. He, however, got into earnest conversation with John Smith, the steward of the "Prince Albert," to whom he was somewhat attached, and to whom he unburdened his mind of a dreadful tale concerning some lost vessels that had been imparted to him. The commanders on board were immediately put in possession of the alarming details, so far as they could be understood; and Adam was at once subjected by them to an anxious re-examination, from which the following exciting particulars were gathered. Taking a piece of chalk, he wrote upon the gun-whale of the ship, in a clear hand, the figures "1846," next tracing beside them "1850"—at the same time intimating, in broken English, that the latter was the then present year, and that 1846 was the year to which his story referred. He then went on to state, that in that year two vessels, with officers having gold bands on their caps, and other insignia of the naval uniform, had been in some way or other destroyed in that neighbourhood; that the crews were ultimately much enfeebled, and, after much hardship and suffering, encamping by themselves in tents, and not communicating with the unfriendly natives, were all brutally massacred. This was the horrible substance of the tedious statement elicited, the seeming truth of which was confirmed by many corroborating circumstances. Several fresh examinations were made, but no deviation from the former details was detected.

As the dire intelligence extended from vessel to vessel, the intense excitement it created may be well conceived. Every one wished it false, yet secretly, from the apparent clearness of the evidence, feared it was too true. It obviously could not refer to whalers, since officers' insignia were expressly mentioned; besides, it was not known that any whale ships had been missing. Measures were immediately set on foot by the commanders to investigate the circumstances by opening a fresh communication with the natives through Petersen, a Danish interpreter. The inquiry happily ended in the disproof of the more formidable parts of the story. The only foundation for it appears to

have consisted in the circumstance that the exploring vessel called the "North Star" had wintered at Wolstenholme Sound during the past winter, and that one man had been killed by a fall from the cliffs. Thus, on tracing it to its source, the whole of this marvellous and exciting legend dissolved into thin air, leaving but a small residuum of fact behind.

The correctness of this result, affording so much negative satisfaction to all parties, was subsequently corroborated by the discovery of supposed traces of the missing expedition farther westward. As the "Prince Albert" neared Cape Riley, in Wellington Straits, a signal-post was discerned on the point. An examination-party, directed by Mr. Snow, was immediately despatched ashore. A flag was found flying on the post, and a cylinder, containing a despatch, was attached to it. With hands trembling with eagerness Mr. Snow extracted the document, which contained a certificate of the visit of her majesty's searching expedition on the 23rd of August, and mentioned the discovery of traces of an encampment, both there and on Beechey Island. Captain Omanney had also collected the remains of materials which evidently proved that some party belonging to her majesty's ships had been detained on the spot. Stimulated and guided by this ray of hope, a rigid search was at once instituted, to see if any undiscovered token had escaped the scrutiny of their predecessors. In a short time, a small, square piece of canvass, well bleached; a piece of rope, which was found to bear the Chatham Dockyard navy mark; a piece of bone, with a hole bored through, together with beef bones, and other unmistakable indications of the place having been used within some very few years by a party of Europeans, were picked up or observed. "The ground," says Mr. Snow, "presented very much the appearance of having been turned into an encampment; for certain stones were so placed as to lead to the inference that tents had been erected within some of their inclosures. Four of these circular parcels of stones I counted, and observed another, which might or might not have been a fifth. It was clear that a party belonging to some of her majesty's ships had been there; and as there was no one from any vessel who had landed there since the time when sir E. Parry sent an officer on shore to make observations, in 1819, it

could not but reasonably be inferred that it was sir J. Franklin's expedition that had encamped here and on Beechey Island." Since the public announcement of these facts, the conviction expressed by those most competent to form an opinion is, that the lost navigators landed there to make magnetic observations—the circumstance of no written record of their visit having been left of them being strong evidence that the expedition was then in a prosperous condition, and that sir John purposed proceeding on his mission towards Cape Walker. This was evidently captain Omanney's impression, for that officer's ship was last seen by the retreating "Albert" pushing onwards through a lane of water towards Cape Hotham.

The precious relics to which reference has been made, and to which so much importance attaches, have, since their arrival in England, been subjected to scientific examination, the result of which is perfectly coincident with the opinions just expressed.

It was excessively vexatious and tantalizing, on discovering these vestiges of their fugitive countrymen, to be compelled, just when their hopes were excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, to relinquish the search and return. We can well understand the bitterness of the disappointment bewailed by Mr. Snow. But navigation was every day becoming more difficult, which rendered it necessary to hasten their departure, leaving to the government expedition the honour of completing that chain of discovery the first link of which was already in their hands. The reason that the "Prince Albert" did not winter in Regent Inlet, as was originally intended, was to be found in the unhappy state of discipline which prevailed among some of the officers, and that rendered captain Forsyth's position very unpleasant. Favoured with a succession of propitious winds, the vessel had a rapid run from Wellington Channel to Cape Farewell, and on the 1st of October arrived at Aberdeen, without having, during a period of five months, so much as once cast anchor. On approaching the coast of Scotland, two dangers presented themselves—the one, the *Nun Rock*, about fifteen miles off *Cape Wrath*, and the other, some rocks close in to the cape itself. These perilous circumstances were suggestive of pious reflections to the author's mind. "To avoid the danger of the *Nun Rock*," he says, "it was only necessary to keep close in

with *Cape Wrath*; but until we could perceive the *LIGHT* upon it, we could hardly determine how to do so with a nicety. At seven, P.M., however, it was descried, shining amidst the darkness around like a beautiful star of the night, set in the bleak heavens to guide the weary mariner home to his haven of rest—emblem of that more glorious Star which points to the burdened and signal-laden voyager of life's stormy seas—that peaceful harbour where neither the rocks of error nor the shoals of adversity exist to endanger the worn-out bark that has trustingly taken shelter there."

Meanwhile, of the lost voyagers nothing certain has been traced. The relics just alluded to clearly indicate that, at the point where they were found, a party from sir John Franklin's expedition had landed. It is greatly to be regretted that no written notice, as is ordered, we believe, by the Admiralty to be done in such cases, was left behind by the voyagers to indicate their future route. We shall watch, however, with deep interest the next communications from the Arctic Seas, trusting that the link of evidence now gained, feeble as it is, may lead to results which shall terminate the painful uncertainty that prevails as to the fate of our gallant countrymen.

J. A. Q.

#### A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD.

It is not so much the money that drunkenness wastes as the misery it produces—the domestic, temporal, and eternal misery—which most of all appeals us. As to the expense of this vice, great as it is, that we least deplore; for the loss of money, we hate it least. On the contrary, we should be content were the money and the vice to perish together. We should be content to pay that hundred million as yearly tribute, would this enemy to God and man, this foe to our peace and piety, leave these shores. We wish to keep, and were it possible to get back, something far more precious than money. Give that mother back her son, as he was on the day when he returned from his father's grave, and in all the affliction of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God with a widowed weeping woman leaning on his arm. Give that grieved man back his brother as innocent and happy as in those days when the boys, twined in each other's arms, returned from school, bent

over the same Bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother should blush for brother. Give this weeping wife, who sits before us wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jewelled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn on her beautiful brow, give her back the man she loved, such as he was when her young heart was won, when they stood side by side on the nuptial day, and receiving her from a fond father's hands, he promised his love to one whose heart he has broken, and whose once graceful form now bends with sorrow to the ground. Give me back, as a man, the friends of my youthful days, whose wrecks now lie thick on this wreck-strewn shore. Give me back, as a minister, the brethren whom I have seen dragged from the pulpits which they adorned, and driven from the sweet manse where we have closed in the happy evening with praise and prayer, to stand pale and haggard at a public bar. Give me back as a pastor, the lambs which I have lost—give me her, who in the days of unsullied innocence, waited on our ministry to be told the way to heaven, and warned from that of hell, and whose unblushing forehead we now shrink to see as she prowls through the streets for her prey. Give me back the life of this youth who died the drunkard's death—and dread his doom—and who now, while his mother by the body, rocks on her chair in speechless agony, lies laid out in a chamber where we dare not speak of comfort, but are left to weep with those who weep, "dumb opening not the mouth." Relieve us of the fears that lie heavy on our hearts for the character and the souls of some who hold parley with the devil by this forbidden tree, and are floating on the outer edge of that great gulf-stream, which sweeps its victims onwards to most woful ruin. Could this be done, we would not talk of money. The hundred millions which drink costs this land is not to be weighed or even mentioned with this. Hearts are broken which no money can heal. Rachel is "weeping for her children," refusing to be comforted.—*Guthrie's Plea on behalf of Drunkards and against Drunkenness.*

#### THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

It not only points *up* to the mysterious heights of Divine love, but *down* to the depths of sin in the human heart.

#### A HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

SELDOM has any subject awakened so much curiosity, or excited so general an interest, as that of the Great Exhibition. Ever since it became a great reality, it has been winning its way in public estimation. Many, who at one time regarded it with dislike and fear, now see that it is wiser to turn it to good account than to indulge in useless, if not unreasonable forebodings. Having a choice, we think there is an advantage in walking on the sunny side of the Crystal Palace:

A bright and joyous hope in every sphere,  
Is better than a dark foreboding fear.

In a preceding paper, we endeavoured to set forth the energetic influence which this great national enterprise has called into being; we will now attempt to show that another of its effects will be a considerable increase of knowledge of different kinds. A greater mistake could hardly be made than that of regarding the Crystal Palace as a huge show, to be gazed upon and forgotten. The temporary pleasure it may afford may possibly prove one of its least advantages.

A great accession of knowledge has, even now, been attained with respect to the suitability of iron and glass in the erection of edifices of an extended kind. Never before has so much experience on this subject been attained in so limited a space—experience that is likely to be of the most practical kind.

The great advantage of uniformity has been rendered very conspicuous. Had the columns, the girders, the bearers, and the panes of glass of the Crystal Palace been diverse from each other, and of different dimensions, the edifice could never have been raised with that rapidity which has distinguished its erection.

Additional knowledge has been gained with regard to the strength of iron girders, bearers, trusses, and cylindrical pillars, when applied to buildings. Already has science won the confidence of the public by testing the strength of the galleries of the Crystal Palace. Some fears having been expressed on this head, the following interesting trial took place, in the presence of her majesty, prince Albert, and the youthful members of the royal family.

From experiments made by Mr. Brunel and other engineers, it has been ascertained that, even by picking heavy men,

and squeezing them into the smallest compass on a platform, a pressure of a hundred weight per square foot cannot be obtained. The galleries of the Crystal Palace will endure a very much greater load. A temporary platform having been erected, of the same strength as the galleries, that it might be thoroughly tried; three hundred workmen stood upon it, ran over it, and jumped upon it together, without doing it the slightest injury. After this, the whole of the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners on the ground marched over it in close column, marking time with their feet in the most trying manner. Notwithstanding this severe test, the vibration of the platform did not exceed that of an ordinary London house when an evening party is assembled. After this trial, another, still more severe, took place, with 252 cannon-balls—68-pounders—but the flooring well endured the test.

Both the dimensions of the Crystal Palace, and the extent of business its existence has occasioned, are of the most colossal character. The size of the edifice is three times that of the far-famed Coliseum at Rome, and five times that of the building used some years ago for the industrial exhibition of France. On the day when the intending exhibitors sent in their specifications of what they purposed to show, for the catalogue, the executive committee received in the forenoon no less than "four bushels of letters."

Much knowledge will be derived from the erection of so large and splendid a building as the Crystal Palace respecting the strength of glass and iron in resisting the wind and heat of the sun, as well as in regard to expansion, contraction, damp, ventilation, temperature, decoration, adjustment of light, safety from fire, and other things; and this knowledge will be in active operation in different parts of the world long after the edifice in Hyde-park shall cease to be.

But see how the crowds are thickening westward. Pleasure, in her flaunting dress; Haste, with his winged feet; and Curiosity, with her eager eye. Rosy Health, laughing Joy, and happy-faced Holiday are all together. Lightheartedness, as he moves onward, hums a tune; Reflection knits his brow; Style dashes up to the Crystal Palace in his curriole and pair; Rank descends from her coroneted carriage; and even old Mammon has treated himself with a cab all the way

from the Stock Exchange to the Great Exhibition.

Most people have felt, on visiting an exhibition of a novel character, the irksomeness of being ignorant. In such a case, we lose not only our confidence, but our self-esteem. We have an impression that those around us are better informed than ourselves, and we inwardly resolve, by increasing assiduity in obtaining knowledge, to protect ourselves from being again placed in so painful a situation. Something of this kind will doubtless take place in the minds of thousands on visiting the Crystal Palace. Ignorance will be found to be a burden, not only when inspecting the raw materials, machinery, manufactures, and fine arts collected together, but also when afterwards conversing upon them.

Speaking generally, we are most of us sadly ignorant of the different products of the earth, the sea, the mine, and the mountain that contribute to our use, our comfort, and our pleasure. We know but little of those implements, instruments, and machines on which our manufactures, our philosophical knowledge, and our success in agriculture much depend. Not one in ten of us can say, with truth, that we are well acquainted with cotton, woollen, silk, and velvet stuffs—hardware, jewellery, and ornamental work; nor one in a hundred justly lay claim to a correct taste and correct judgment in sculpture, carvings, models, mosaics, and enamels. In all these departments of knowledge, the little we know may be considerably increased by the exciting influences of the Great Exhibition.

An addition to knowledge in regard to languages is sure to take place; foreigners will increase what they know of English, and impart, wherever they reside, somewhat of their own tongues. These germs of information, in many cases, will spread and fructify, and the wish to acquire languages will increase. The very inscriptions at the Great Exhibition will have a tendency to promote this desire. A prohibition against smoking in the Crystal Palace is thus announced in German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and English:—

"Das rauchen wird nicht erlaubt.  
Il n'est pas permis de fumer.  
Non é permesso di fumares.  
No es permitido fumar.  
Não he permitido fumar.  
No smoking allowed."

The very sight of human beings whose



dress, language, customs, manners, and religion are different to our own, will awaken within us a desire to know more about them, and we shall find ourselves collecting information from "men and books" that will extend our acquaintance with our fellow man. If the love of mankind is not increased—if the bond of brotherhood is not strengthened by the great gathering of all nations, one of its principal advantages will be lost.

Knowledge will not only be increased with us, but also with those who come among us from distant lands; for though many may be thoughtless, some will be thoughtful, and profit by a visit to our religious and benevolent institutions. And then, again, to say nothing of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Thames Tunnel, the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, the Dioramas, Panoramas, National Gallery, Royal Academy, Polytechnic Institution, and other sources of interest and information, the following, among other museums, will amplify the knowledge of their numberless visitants:—The British Museum, East India Museum, Soane Museum, London Missionary Museum, London Antiquities, Asiatic Society, London Geological Society, Entomological, College of Surgeons, Medical Museum and Anatomical. To inspect these with any degree of interest, and not feel a thirst after knowledge, appears to be impossible. With many foreigners, their visits to the Great Exhibition will be important eras in their lives; and it may be as a seed sown in their hearts, springing up into knowledge, usefulness, and brotherly love.

But there is a still more important way in which the great gathering may extend knowledge abroad in the earth. It may be,—for though our hearts and households are not so right with God as they ought to be, nor our sabbaths and sanctuaries kept free from worldly-mindedness and grievous errors, yet "to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses,"—it may be that, when the stranger shall be within our gates, a witness of our superior spiritual privileges, and a partaker of our purer worship, that his heart may be opened by the Holy Spirit, savingly to understand the Scriptures of truth. He may come among us a prayerless scoffer, and return to his native land a praying believer, so that the Great Exhibition may be one among those many things which shall work together for

good in bringing about that day when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," Isa. xi. 9. That eventful day will come, for the word of the Lord has proclaimed it, and faith already realizes its arrival.

Let us try to persuade ourselves that the Great Exhibition will be a good thing, and as "the wish" is often the "father to the thought," and the desire the handmaid of its fulfilment, we shall be the more likely to perform creditably our own part in the undertaking. The product of single grains of corn makes up the harvest, and the great product of individual behaviour will constitute the sum total of the influence of the Great Exhibition. Let our motto then be—

Kind neighbours set, apart from selfish ends,  
A good example to our foreign friends;  
In this good cause, whoe'er may praise or blame,  
Do all you can, and we will do the same.

#### ST. FRANCISCO, OR THE GOLDEN CITY.

As a companion to our article on Cerro de Pasco, or the Silver City, we subjoin Mr. Bernard Taylor's interesting description of life in the capital of California.

A better idea of San Francisco in the beginning of September, 1849, cannot be given than by the description of a single day.

By nine o'clock the town is in the full flow of business. The streets running down to the water, and Montgomery-street, which fronts the bay, are crowded with people, all in hurried motion. The variety of characters and costumes is remarkable. Persons seem to lose their local peculiarities in such a crowd, and it is by chance epithets rather than by manner, that the New Yorker is distinguished from the Kentuckian, the Carolinian from the Down Easter, the Virginian from the Texian. The German and Frenchman are more easily recognised. Peruvians and Chilians go by in their brown ponchos; and the sober Chinese, cool and impassive in the midst of excitement, look out of the oblique corners of their long eyes at the bustle, but are never tempted to venture from their own line of business. The eastern side of the plaza, in front of the Parker-house, and a canvass gaming-stall, called the "El Dorado," are the general rendezvous of business and amusement—combining 'change, park, club-room, and promenade all in one. There, every body, not con-

stantly employed in one spot, may be seen at some time of the day. The character of the groups scattered along the plaza is oftentimes very interesting. In one place are three or four speculators bargaining for lots, buying and selling "fifty varas square" in town, some of which are canvass and some only paper; in another, a company of miners, brown as leather, and rugged in features as in dress; in a third, perhaps, three or four naval officers speculating on the next cruise, or a knot of genteel gamblers talking over the last night's operations.

The day advances. The mist, which after sunrise hung low and heavy for an hour or two, has risen above the hills, and there will be two hours of pleasant sunshine before the wind sets in from the sea. The crowd in the streets is now wholly alive. Men dart hither and thither, as if possessed with a never-resting spirit. You speak to an acquaintance—a merchant, perhaps. He utters a few hurried words of greeting, while his eyes send keen glances on all sides of you; suddenly he catches sight of somebody in the crowd, he is off; and in the next five minutes has bought up half a cargo, sold a town lot at treble the sum he gave, and taken a share in some new and imposing speculation. It is impossible to witness this excess and dissipation of business, without feeling something of its influence. The air is pregnant with the magnetism of bold, spirited, unwearied action, and he who but ventures into the outer circle of the whirlpool, is spinning, ere he has time for thought, in the dizzy vortex.

About twelve o'clock, a wind begins to blow from the north-west, sweeping with great violence through a gap between the hills, opening towards the Golden Gate. The bells and gongs begin to sound for dinner, and these two causes tend to lessen the crowd in the streets for an hour or two. Two o'clock is the usual dinner time for business men, but some of the old and successful merchants have adopted the fashionable hour of five. Where shall we dine to day? the restaurants display their signs invitingly on all sides; we have choice of the "United States," "Tortoni's," the "Alhambra," and many other equally classic resorts, but "Delmonico's," like its distinguished original in New York, has the highest prices, and the greatest variety of dishes. We go down Kearny-street to a two-story wooden house on the corner of Jackson-street.

The lower story is a market; the walls are garnished with quarters of beef and mutton; a huge pile of Sandwich Island squashes fills one corner, and several cabbage-heads, valued at 9s. 6d. each, show themselves in the window. We enter a little door at the end of the building, ascend a dark, narrow, flight of steps, and find ourselves in a long, low, room, with ceiling and walls of white muslin, and a floor covered with oil-cloth.

There are about twenty tables, disposed in two rows, all of them so well filled that we have some difficulty in finding places. Taking up the written bill of fare, we find such items as the following:—

SOUPS.		Dol.	Ct.*
Mock turtle .....		0	75
St. Julien .....		1	00
FISH.			
Boiled salmon trout, anchovy sauce ...		1	75
BOILED.			
Leg mutton, caper sauce .....		1	00
Corned beef, cabbage .....		1	00
Ham and tongues .....		0	75
ENTREES.			
Fillet of beef, mushroom sauce .....		1	75
Veal cutlets, breaded .....		1	00
Mutton chop .....		1	00
Lobster salad .....		2	00
Sirloin of venison .....		1	50
Baked macaroni .....		0	75
Beef tongue, sauce piquant .....		1	00

So that, with but a moderate appetite, the dinner will cost us five dollars, if we are at all epicurean in our tastes. There are cries of "steward!" from all parts of the room; the word "waiter" is not considered sufficiently respectful, seeing that the waiter may have been a lawyer or merchant's clerk a few months before. The dishes look very small as they are placed on the table, but they are skilfully cooked, and very palatable to men who have ridden in from the diggings. The appetite one acquires in California is something remarkable. For two months after my arrival, my sensations were like those of a famished wolf.

The appearance of San Francisco at night, from the water, is unlike anything I ever beheld. The houses are mostly of canvass, which is made transparent by lamps within, and transforms them, in the darkness, to dwellings of solid light. Seated on the slopes of its three hills, the tents pitched among the chaparral† to the very summits, it gleams like an amphitheatre of fire. Here and there shine

\* The dollar is equal to about 4s. 6d. of English money; a cent, to one halfpenny.

† Plantation of evergreen oak-trees.

opt brilliant points, from the decoy lamps of the gaming houses; and through the indistinct murmur of the streets comes by fits the sound of music from their hot and crowded precincts. The picture has in it something unreal and fantastic; it impresses one like the cities of the magic lantern, which a motion of the hand can build or annihilate.

The only objects left for us to visit are the gaming tables, whose day has just fairly dawned. We shall not be deterred from entering by the heat and smoke, or the motley characters into whose company we shall be thrown. There are rare chances here for seeing human nature in one of its most dark and exciting phases. Note the variety of expression in the faces gathered around the table! They are playing monte, the favourite game in California, since the chances are considered more equal and the opportunity of false play very slight.—The dealer throws out his cards with a cool, nonchalant air; indeed, the gradual increase of the hollow square of dollars at his left hand is not calculated to disturb his equanimity. The two Mexicans in front, muffled in their dirty sarapes, put down their half-dollars and dollars and see them lost, without changing a muscle. Gambling is a born habit with them; and they would lose thousands with the same indifference. Very different is the demeanour of the Americans who are playing; their good or ill luck is betrayed at once by involuntary exclamations and changes of countenance, unless the stake should be very large and absorbing, when their anxiety, though silent, may be read with no less certainty. They have no power to resist the fascination of the game. Now counting their winnings by thousands, now dependent on the kindness of a friend for a few dollars to commence anew, they pass hour after hour in those hot, unwholesome dens. There is no appearance of arms, but let one of the players, impatient with his losses and maddened by the poisonous fluids he has drunk, threaten one of the profession, and there will be no scarcity of knives and revolvers.

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#### THE GOLD HUNTER'S GRAVE.

EVERY road from the settled states to California, the region of gold, is dotted with the graves of emigrants, who, at the commencement of their journey, were

buoyant with hope, and absorbed in the one thought of filling their coffers with the golden riches. Little did they dream, when leaving home and friends, that their journey would be so suddenly interrupted, and that instead of a rapid acquisition of wealth, their slow-moving trains should move on, and leave them all solitary and alone in the prairie grave, over which the night-prowling wolves should dismally howl.

Thousands, however, have succeeded in escaping the dangers of the way, and have been permitted to mingle in the mad excitement of speculation in the California towns, or the more intense excitement of search for gold at the mines. For a few weeks or months their minds and hands are fully employed, and everything else is forgotten, even their souls, in the one prevailing passion. They calculate their future wealth by tens of thousands, and their night visions receive their colouring from the busy thoughts of the day. One thing has been strangely forgotten—that they were mortal—and one after another, struck by disease, retires from the noisy crowd to die. Yes, to die! with little sympathy to soothe their last hours, and with few near to care whether they die or live. Their best and tenderest friends, who would have watched by their side with solicitude and ministered to their every want, are far, far away. Behold that cemetery! A few months, comparatively, since, and that field was covered with its green sward and its wild flowers; now it has the appearance of having been torn up by the plough. The graves are many, and have been made in rapid succession. Thousands lie there, unthinking now of gold, and unmindful of the busy hum around them. Alas! and most of those graves have received the bodies of men who have died in their prime, in their youth. The probability of dying was a thought that entered not their minds. To have suggested such a thought would have been regarded by them as an impertinent intrusion. Yet it has been realized—they have died before gray hairs had come upon them; and the region of gold, which had filled so large a place in their hearts, has withheld its treasures from them, and afforded them only a grave. The mammon god has befooled them. He held out as a lure his bags of shining gold, and as they reached forth to grasp them, tripped them into a grave.—*American Paper.*

## TRUTH MORE WONDERFUL THAN FICTION.

## THE JOYFUL SURPRISE.

IN the "Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton," we are informed, that it was his custom to purchase for his children a picture or toy; and in order to give them a *joyful surprise*, to hide it in some place to which they had access, and which they were sure to visit. A shout of ecstasy would ring through the nursery when the discovery was made, and the father was richly repaid by witnessing their delight. The pleasure of a *joyful surprise* in more important matters has, doubtless, also been known to our readers in the course of their lives; some event, perhaps, coming at a moment when it was peculiarly acceptable and totally unexpected, has made the heart overflow with delight and rapture. In the dealings of his providence, God often orders events for his children, so as to give them a *joyful surprise*; when faith languishes, and the promise seems to tarry, then at a moment all unlooked-for, the answer comes with a sweetness and an unexpectedness that make it all the more precious. How must Jacob of old have felt his *joyful surprise* when it was announced to him that Joseph yet lived, and was viceroy of Egypt? or, to borrow an example from the thick field of modern instances, how must the heart of the late Legh Richmond have bounded with joy when, after mourning the death of his eldest son,—in consequence, as was reported, of the loss of the vessel in which he had sailed, with all its crew,—news came that the young man was alive and well, having providentially remained behind, and escaped the disaster which had overwhelmed his comrades?

The incident which I am now about to narrate will illustrate, perhaps, even more pointedly than the preceding examples, the nature of a *joyful surprise*. It is founded on a fact which actually occurred in the manner here stated. May it serve to cheer the heart of some fainting labourer in the Lord's vineyard:—

In an English village, the name of which it is unnecessary for me to give, there dwelt, till lately, an old man, whom I will call John Roberts. Although poor, he was rich in faith, and had acquired an influence which gold could not have bought. He was unwearied in doing good, and particularly in that kind of it which consists in visiting and ministering

to the sick. However infectious the disorder, John Roberts shrunk not from his errand of mercy. Where others quailed, he went boldly forward, giving consolation to the dying believer, leading the penitent sinner away from dependence upon himself, to a trust on the crucified One.

Flesh and blood will sometimes shrink, however, and murmuringly imagine that no good is done, when no fruit is seen. After a course of usefulness, John Roberts was at one time disposed to grow weary and faint in his mind. How often does such a temptation beset the Christian! How often does he think the precious seed lost, when it is but hid in the ground, ready to spring forth and fructify.

One evening, when betrayed into this state of mind, our hero (for does not such a man deserve the title?) was invited by a friend to call upon a sick man, in a neighbouring village. John half doubted the utility of his errand, but at last shook off the temptation. "I will go," he said to himself; "let us not be weary in well-doing; in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Arrived at the village, he was not long in finding the place of his destination. It was an ordinary cottage, with a neat plot of garden-ground before it. On knocking, the door was opened by a respectable-looking woman, to whom John explained his errand.

"Come in, sir; he will be so happy to see you, I am sure. The doctor has just left, and has said that he cannot live out the night."

The sick man was found reclining on a bed, which, like the other furniture of the apartment, was plain, but at the same time scrupulously clean.

"My friend," said John, after a few kind inquiries of a general nature, "it is a solemn thing to lie as you now do, with the prospect of so soon going before a holy God, to give in an account of the deeds done in the body."

"Ay, ay, sir, it is a solemn thing," replied the dying man; "but 'I know in whom I have believed.'"

It was cheering to have such an answer; but John Roberts was not one to take things easily for granted. He knew that an apparently strong confidence sometimes rests on a sandy foundation, and that not every one that calls Christ "Lord, Lord" shall enter the kingdom of heaven. The weakest faith that leans

on the Saviour is preferable, it has been well said, to the strongest that leans on self. A few other questions, however, brought forth replies which showed that in this case, at least, the work was a genuine one. The poor invalid, convinced of sin, had fled as a penitent to the Saviour, and yielded himself up, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to his light and easy yoke.

"And how long," said the gratified visitor, "is it since you first knew the Lord?"

"About twenty years ago. Ah, sir!" continued the sick man, turning his eyes full on the visitor, "my conversion was a wonderful one. It was wrought, do you know, by a miracle."

"A miracle!" said John; "all true conversions are miracles. It is as great a wonder for a man dead in trespasses and sins to be born again, by the Holy Ghost, as for a corpse to be brought to life."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the dying man, "that is very true; I don't mean that mine was a real miracle; as much so as any in the Old or New Testament."

"Impossible, impossible, my friend," said John, incredulously; for he was now afraid that, after all, the invalid must have been resting on some delusion.

"You may think so, at first, I dare say; but you won't, I am sure, when you have heard me out," rejoined the invalid. "About twenty years ago, I was living a very ungodly life; I had no fear of God before my eyes. I was a burden to myself and others. I drank, I swore, I profaned the sabbath. It happened, however, that I was one day sent into a field to mow some hay. I had made an engagement in the evening to meet some companions in the ale-house, and have a night of folly. Well, as I was saying, I went into the field, and I took my dinner with me, for it was some distance to walk home again. It was only some bread and cheese, for I was kept too poor by drinking to buy anything better. When I got to the field, I looked about for some place to put it in, and taking my handkerchief, I wrapped it up, and hid it in a hole in the hedge. There was nobody in the field but myself; of that I am quite sure. Well, dinner-time came, and I went away to get out my bread and cheese. There was the bundle as I had left it. I opened it, all unconcerned,—and inside, to my astonishment, lay a little tract. I could not believe my eyes at first; but there it

was. I opened it and read it, trembling all over as I did so. I knew that no one else had been in the field, or I must have seen him. God himself must have sent some angel with it, I thought. So I read, and as I began to read it, it told me of my lost and sinful condition, and warned me to flee from the wrath to come. I fell down on my knees then and there, and prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I resolved that as He had sent down this tract to me, I would henceforth give myself to my Saviour, and lead a new life. I did not go to the ale-house that night, you may be sure. It was long before I got any peace or hope; but at last I was able to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was filled with joy and peace and love. Ever since then, I have been, I trust, a new creature; and soon I hope to be with him and praise him for all his mercies to me. Now, sir, was I not right in saying that my conversion was caused by a real miracle?"

As he concluded, the old man looked at John Roberts. The countenance of the latter seemed strangely agitated by the narrative. "How long ago did you say it was since this happened?" he inquired.

"Twenty years ago, come Michaelmas next," said the old man.

"Was not the field called Ponder's Bush, and did it not belong to farmer Jones?" continued Roberts, in an eager voice. "Praised be God! I can explain your miracle. That morning I myself had gone out to walk along the footpath next that field, when I happened to see through the hedge a man in the neighbouring field, looking about, as if he wanted to hide something. I was curious to know what it could be, thinking at first he had been doing something wrong; and standing still, I watched till I saw where he put his bundle. On getting nearer, I found it was only his dinner, and had a mind to leave it, and walk on. Having some tracts in my pocket, however, I said, 'It can do no harm to leave him one.' So I slipped the tract, and left it; for, thought I, who knows but God may bless it to the man when he comes to read it?"

We must leave our readers to imagine the scene that followed; the tears of pleasure that ran down John's cheeks as he thus found the good seed returned to him after many days; the wondering and yet grateful feelings of the poor man as the mystery that so long had puzzled his

simple intellect, was thus cleared up. He died shortly afterwards, filled with joy and peace in believing. John Roberts returned home, reanimated and encouraged in his work and labour of love, for he had indeed had a joyful surprise.

What I have written is substantially true. The facts, as I have said, actually occurred almost as here stated. How encouraging to those who are engaged in works and labours of love! Go on steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. No service for God is lost. Tarry ye the Lord's leisure. Be strong, and he will comfort your hearts.

The poor man's miracle was proved to be a matter of human agency; but one real miracle remained behind—that was his conversion. As his visitor observed, "For a man dead in trespasses and sins to be born again, is as great a miracle as for a corpse to be raised from the dead."

Reader! has this change passed upon you? If not, oh read, pray, and ponder over the Saviour's words, — "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." E. V.

#### OLD HUMPHREY ON SUNNY MUSINGS.

SOMETIMES the aged breast is visited with sunny gleams and joyous emotions that recall the remembrance of youth. The heart glows and the fancy puts forth its springtide leaves of freshness and verdure. This remark is a kind of counterpart of my present sensations. Let me, then, be indulged in the free expression of my thoughts, even though I dip my pen in poeay a little more frequently and freely than is my wont. In my sunny musings I usually turn to the country.

To the Christian lover of nature, the beautiful earth and the expanded heavens present a mighty temple, filled with the glory of the Lord :

"A vast cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamp the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the winds and waves; its organ thunder;  
Its mighty dome the wide extended sky."

Few have revelled more freely than myself in country scenes, or with more lively joy and thankfulness than mine; whatever may have been the hour of the

day, or the season of the year. Some of these scenes return upon me now :

Oh I have seen the red deer run  
In fair Glentilt, what time the sun  
Has hung upon the fairy ground  
A sweet and mellow radiance round;—  
And climb'd the heights of Ben y Gloe;  
And heard the eagle scream below;  
And mark'd, mid summer's burning view,  
The snowy plaid of Ben Mac Dhu.—  
But neither glen, nor fairy ground;  
Nor yet the red deer's lithesome bound;  
Nor Ben y Gloe, with healthy breast;  
Nor Ben Mac Dhu's more lofty crest;  
Nor eagle, with his pinion strong,  
And rapid flight, demand my song.

Some of my readers may remember a striking sunset described by me; and as it will furnish a kind of contrast with the scene that will follow it, I shall make no apology for again referring to it.

The setting sun, gorgeous in glory, was mirrored in a glassy lake, partly surrounded with peaked mountains. The western end of the lake having no visible boundary, seemed to mingle with the skies. The glittering heavens above were brightly reflected, and the sun that was setting was confronted with the sun that was rising. There they were, like two proud conquerors in their triumphal cars, glorious in majesty and might, hastening to wage war one with another. It was hard to say which was the more gorgeous in apparel, for each was clad in robes of living light, and glowing yellow, and purple, and crimson: the one above rode on a dark cloud, and the one beneath had a dark cloud for his canopy. As the one, flashing with intolerable brightness, descended, the other, with equal radiance, advanced to meet him, mocking his pomp and splendour, and giving him hue for hue, light for light, gloom for gloom, and glare for glare. And now they were near each other, and the mighty collision was at hand; but no hostile shock was visible, no contending crash of thunder broke on the ear. When they met on the confines of the skies, each entering his dark cloud, the glowing effulgency, the living light, the glittering hues of yellow, purple, and crimson were silently withdrawn, and the ethereal pageantry passed away, leaving me a grateful reveller, bewildered with the spectacle on which I had been privileged to gaze.

Go with me now in my sunny musings to the river's side, even to the high bank, where the spreading oak, gorgeous in its autumnal foliage, is mirrored in the clear and placid waters. A sudden gust of wind has smitten the laden boughs, and a fall of leaves, lit up by the sunbeam, is

seen descending in a golden shower. But look below, for there a corresponding flight of ruddy foliage is hastening upwards. The falling and descending leaves approach; they meet, and fancy, regarding them as mutual friends, already sees them together on the surface of the water, locked in each others arms.

It may be that such a scene as this, striking and beautiful, may be familiar to you; at all events, you will not object to my dwelling upon it and applying it, as best I may, to such occurrences as present themselves to my mind.

In the days of my youth I have indulged in dreams of hostile glory; for as yet I had not learned to look on war in the hateful light in which I now regard it.

In the days of my boyhood I had a school-fellow that I loved, and we were knit together as though we had but one heart between us. In after-years, our friendship was unbroken. He went abroad, and I mourned his absence; for at that time grim-visaged war was stalking about the world, and my friend was cast into the prison-house of an enemy. After a season, he succeeded in making his escape, and our meeting was like that of the golden leaves in the stream, for our eyes brightened, and heart sprang to heart and soul to soul.

If you have ever seen the arrival of an emigrant ship in a foreign land, where beating bosoms were awaiting her approach; or a homeward-bound Indianman come into a British port, while the throng on the deck, and the throng on the pier, with eyes of intensity regarded each other; if you have witnessed the eager haste with which, when the landing has taken place, they have "cut short all intermission," and hurried into each others arms, you will admit that the golden leaves are no unapt illustration of the scene.

That must needs have been a touching meeting set forth in the parable of the poor prodigal. It matters but little whether we look at the son or the father, for in either we see enough to melt our hearts with sympathy. True it is that the young man has sadly sinned, but then he has also sadly sorrowed, and is now in the very spirit of repentance, returning home, with a load of sorrow; to take on himself, if such a favour may be granted him, the part of a hired servant. You may see his ragged raiment, and his pale careworn face; but

you cannot see the agony of his heart, and the depth of his humiliation. But the quick eye of an affectionate father has descried at a distance his repentant child. He hastens towards him; and here again the union of the golden leaves occurs to me, for the offending offspring and the forgiving parent are soon clasped together in each others arms.

And now I see, in my sunny musings, the meeting of joyous hearts. The human leaves, in many a golden flight, are fluttering. School-boys and girls, half wild with hope and holiday and joy, are hastening home, where smiling welcome awaits them. Bridal parties are gathering; christening bands are collecting; and family groups of fond parents and affectionate children; loving friends and friendly neighbours, with beaming faces and kindling bosoms, are freely mingling. How vividly the past comes upon me! Again I see the river and the spreading tree, and again the sun-lit flight of leaves spring forward to lose themselves in one another, on the surface of the crystal waters.

But are there no springings towards each other, no minglings of renewed hearts in seasons of prayer and praise? Oh, yes! for never are human beings more closely drawn together than when engaged in holy exercises. "Did not our heart burn within us," said the two disciples, "while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" Luke xxiv. 32. What mysterious links of hallowed love bind together the followers of the Redeemer, when their souls magnify the Lord, and their spirits rejoice in God their Saviour! Luke i. 46, 47; and what communion of spirit takes place amid a throng of worshippers, when heart and tongue pour forth the strain of thanksgiving,—

"All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice."

Do you never, Christian reader, look up to the bright blue sky, and think of the brighter world beyond? And do you never fancy the forms of Christian friends now habitants of glory, as ready to welcome you to their blissful abode? Let me take an upward glance for you:

I see within a temple bright  
The shining ones appear,  
In sparkling robes of living light,  
And crystal raiment clear;  
And some upon the threshold stand,  
With looks of love and outstretch'd hand.

They seem as when on earth awhile,  
 Except their shining dress;  
 And then they wear a beaming smile  
 Of heavenly tenderness:  
 Their love-lit eyes are plain to view,  
 Their eager hands are stretch'd to you.

As yet you may not wing your way  
 To that eternal zone;  
 Your earthly joys are not complete,  
 Nor yet your duties done.  
 Perform your Saviour's kind commands,  
 Be patient in his holy hands.

And wait awhile, and you shall soar  
 To that celestial crowd,  
 With songs in your Redeemer's praise,  
 And hallelujahs loud;  
 And meet where sorrow never grieves,  
 E'en like those flying golden leaves.

It may be that in my sunny musings I have awakened in you some kindred emotions, and that after gazing on my fall of sun-lit leaves, you will be indulging in some golden showers of your own: the subject placed before you may be variously applied, and is equally suited to prose and poetry. Whether I have succeeded, or failed in my attempts to impart pleasure and profit, you will agree with me that we should not altogether regard the fall of a leaf with unconcern, when we remember that we are indebted for our theory and system of the universe to the fall of an acorn.

#### DR. DODDRIDGE AND HIS VISITORS.

THE family physician was Dr. Stonehouse. He had come to Northampton an infidel, and had written an attack on the Christian evidence, which was sufficiently clever to run through three editions, when the perusal of Dr. Doddridge's "Christianity Founded on Argument," revolutionized all his opinions. He not only retracted his sceptical publication, but became an ornament to the faith which once he destroyed. To the liberal mind of Doddridge it was no mortification—at least he never showed it—that his son preferred the church of England, and waited on another ministry. The pious and accomplished physician became more and more the bosom friend of the maganimous and unselfish divine, and in conjunction they planned and executed many works of usefulness, of which the greatest was the Northampton Infirmary. At last, Dr. Stonehouse exchanged his profession for the Christian ministry, and became the rector of Great and Little Cheverell in Wiltshire. Belonging to a good family, and possessing superior powers, his preaching attracted many hearers in his own domain of Bath and

Bristol, and like his once popular publications, was productive of much good. He used to tell two lessons of elocution which he had one day received from Garrick at the close of the service: "What particular business had you to do to-day, when the duty was over?" "None." "Why," said Garrick, "I thought you must from the hurry in which you entered the desk. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred service, as if he were a tradesman, and wanted to get through it as soon as possible. But what books might those be which you had in the desk before you?" "Only the Bible and Prayer-book," replied the preacher. "Only the Bible and Prayer-book!" rejoined the player, "why, you tossed them about, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were a day-book and ledger." And by the reproof of the British Roscius the doctor greatly profited; for when among the Pump-room exquisites he was admired for the perfect grace and propriety of his pulpit manner. Perhaps he studied it too carefully; at least he studied it till he became aware of it, and talked too much about it.

His old age was rather egotistical. He had become rich, and a baronet; and, as a friend of Hannah More, a star in the constellation of "Virgo." And he loved to transcribe the laudatory notes in which dignitaries acknowledged presentation copies of his threepenny tracts. And he gave forth oracles which would be more impressive had they been less querulous. But with all these foibles sir James was a man of undoubted piety, and it may well excuse a little communicativeness when we remember that of the generation he had served so well, few survived to speak his praise. At all events, there was one benefactor whom he never forgot; and the chirrup of the old cicada softened into something very soft and tender every time he mentioned the name of Doddridge.

Amongst the visitors of their father's house, at first to the children more formidable than the doctor, and by-and-by the more revered of all, was a Scotch cavalry officer. With his Hessian boots, and their tremendous spurs, sustaining the grandeur of his scarlet coat and powdered queue, there was something to youthful imaginations very awful in the tall and stately hussar; and that awe was nowise abated when they got courage to look on his high forehead, which over-



hung grey eyes and weather-beaten cheeks, and when they marked his firm and dauntless air. And then it was terrible to think how many battles he had fought; and how in one of them a bullet had gone quite through his neck, and he had lain a whole night among the slain. But there was a deeper mystery still. He had been a very bad man once, it would appear, and now he was very good; and he had seen a vision; and altogether, with his Scotch voice, and his sword, and his wonderful story, the most solemn visitant was this grave and lofty soldier. But they saw how their father loved him, and they saw how he loved their father. As he sat so erect in the square corner seat of the chapel, they could notice how his stern look would soften, and how his firm lip would quiver, and how a happy tear would roll down his deep-lined face; and they heard him as he sang so joyfully the closing hymn, and they came to feel that the colonel must indeed be very good. At last, after a long absence, he came to see their father, and stayed three days, and he was looking very sick and very old. And the last night, before he went away, their father preached a sermon in the house, and his text was, "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him." And the colonel went away, and their father went with him, and gave him a long convoy; and many letters went and came. But at last there was war in Scotland. There was a rebellion, and there were battles; and then the gloomy news arrived. There had been a battle close to the very house of Bankton, and the king's soldiers had run away, and the brave colonel Gardiner would not run, but fought to the very last, and—alas for the lady Frances!—he was stricken down, and slain scarce a mile from his own mansion door.—*North British Review.*

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FIRST SCOTTISH MARTYR.

THE first person who was honoured to carry the tidings of the Reformation to Scotland, and to seal them with his blood, was Patrick Hamilton. This amiable and accomplished young gentleman was of noble extraction, and nearly allied to the royal family, being nephew to the earl of Arran and of the duke of Albany. He was destined for the church, but, while pursuing his studies, he acquired some knowledge of the reformed doctrine,

and, with the view of obtaining better information, he went abroad, and paid a visit to Luther and other reformers in Germany. The result was a deeper persuasion of the truth, accompanied with a strong and unconquerable desire to impart to his benighted countrymen the beams of that saving knowledge by which his own soul had been enlightened. His friends, aware of the danger to which he would expose himself by so doing, used every argument to dissuade him from making the attempt. But the motion was from God, and could not be resisted. On arriving in Scotland, about the commencement of the year 1528, his spirit, like that of Paul, was stirred within him when he beheld the ignorance and superstition which prevailed; and wherever he came he denounced, in the plainest terms, the corruptions of the church. His clear arguments, aided by his fervent piety, mild manners, and exalted rank, could not fail to produce a powerful sensation, and the clergy took the alarm. James Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, was at that time primate of the church and chancellor of the kingdom,—a cruel and crafty man, who scrupled at no means, however flagitious, for effecting his purposes. Afraid to proceed openly against Hamilton, he advised that he should be decoyed to St. Andrew's on the pretext of a friendly conference with him about his doctrine. The open-hearted young man eagerly embraced the proposal, and fell into the snare. It is needless to dwell on the revolting consequences. He was easily induced by some insidious priests to declare his sentiments. At the dead hour of night he was dragged from his bed, taken to the castle, and, after confessing his faith before the archbishop, was condemned to be burned at the stake as an obstinate heretic. On the afternoon of Friday, February 28th, 1528, this gentle and gracious youth was led to the place of execution, where a stake was fastened, with wood, coals, powder, and other inflammable materials piled around it. When he came to the place, he stripped himself of his gown, coat, and bonnet, and, giving them to a favourite servant, "These," he said, "will not profit in the fire; they will profit thee. After this, of me thou canst receive no commodity, except the example of my death, which I pray thee to bear in mind; for albeit it be bitter to the flesh, yet is it the entrance into eternal life, which none shall possess that

deny Christ before this wicked generation." When bound to the stake he exhibited no symptom of fear, but commended his soul to God, and kept his eyes steadfastly directed towards heaven. The executioner set fire to the train of powder, which, however, did not kindle the pile, but severely scorched the side of the martyr. In this situation he remained unmoved till a new supply of powder was brought from the castle. Meanwhile the friars who stood around him cruelly molested him, crying out, "Convert, heretic; call upon our lady; say *salve regina*." "Depart, and trouble me not," he said, "ye messengers of Satan." One of them in particular, called friar Campbell, rendered himself conspicuous for his rudeness in disturbing the last moments of the martyr. "Thou wicked man," said Hamilton, addressing him, "thou knowest that I am not an heretic, and that it is for the truth of God which I now suffer; so much didst thou confess unto me in private, and thereupon I appeal thee to answer before the judgment-seat of Christ." At length the fire was kindled, and, amidst the noise and fury of the flames, he was distinctly heard pronouncing these last words:—"How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" —*McCrie's "Sketches of Scottish Church History."*

#### DISHONESTY BAFFLED.

ROBERT was not the only nightly occupant of the shop. A small terrier dog was accustomed to sleep there, and it was part of Robert's duty regularly to admit him the last thing at night, and let him out early in the morning. One night, as Robert was proceeding in the usual routine, he was stopped by one of the young men who had been but a short time in Mr. Vincent's employ. "I say, you sir, I am going to take the dog into my room to-night; I am almost devoured by rats."

"If you please, sir," said Robert, respectfully, yet firmly, "have you got leave from master or Mr. Thomson?"

"How dare you ask me such a question? What business is it of yours whose leave I have got?"

"Sir, I cannot let the dog go without orders. But if you please, I will go and ask Mr. Thomson; he is but just gone upstairs."

"You may just please to let it alone, and take that for your insolence," replied the young man, at the same time striking Robert in the face; "and depend upon it I'll pay you out some time, you beggarly workhouse apprentice!"

Robert did not resent either the blow or the insult; but finding that the young man had given up his point, he shut the door and retired to rest. In the course of the night, he was disturbed by a low growl from the dog, and on listening a while, he distinctly heard some one outside working at one of the side shutters. He quickly arose and dressed himself; but before he could call any assistance, the barking of the dog alarmed the assailants outside, and the noise ceased. Robert stayed up on the watch the remainder of the night, but no further noise was heard. In the morning, before opening the shop, he called Mr. Thomson, the foreman, and told him what had happened during the night; and Mr. Thomson, on looking about, found sufficiently clear indications that the premises had been attempted, and there could be no doubt that the attempt was defeated by the vigilance of the dog. Robert ventured to say to the young man who had been so angry with him the night before, "What a good thing, sir, you did not take the dog away last night."

"Yes," he replied, "it was a good thing, I am very glad of it; it would have been awkward for him to be away that night of all nights in the year."

The shutter fastenings were made firm, the watchman received orders to be more attentive, and the affair passed over. The part that Robert had taken in answer to the request of the young man, was not then known or inquired into. If he had connived at the removal of the dog, and the robbers had effected an entrance, he would, in all probability, have been regarded as an accomplice, and dealt with accordingly.

Some weeks after this transaction, Mr. Thomson had gone out to spend the evening. The shop, as usual, was locked for the night, and would not again be opened, excepting at the little side-door by which Robert entered, and that he was not allowed to open till bedtime. Things were in this position, when the same young man who before had wanted the dog ran hastily to Robert, and demanded the front shop-door key, saying he had accidentally left his hat.

"I am sorry for it, sir," replied Robert; "but you know I cannot give up the key."

"I know no such thing. Because it happened as it did the other night, you think you may set yourself up above everybody. I insist on your giving me the key."

"I dare not do it, sir; I am put in trust, and I must be faithful."

Again Robert stood firm against persuasions, threats, cruel mockings, and blows, and the bully again retired, saying it was of no consequence at all—he could take his hat in the morning.

As Mr. Thomson happened to return earlier than was expected, Robert, good-naturedly wishing to oblige as far as he could with propriety, asked permission to fetch the hat in question. Mr. Thomson went with him into the shop, and looked about in vain for a hat; but found a parcel of valuable goods, apparently laid ready for removal. He of course took the alarm; the young man's room was searched, and concealed property, to a large amount, was found there. He was dismissed from the employment.—*From "The Workhouse Apprentice," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### GOD IN ASTRONOMY.

INFIDELS and atheists have objected, that the worlds were not originally made by God; but that there is a sort of world-genesis going on in the realms of infinitude, in which worlds are spun by a kind of spontaneous action. The author of "The Vestiges of Creation" said, that he discovered in the heavens something which he called fire-mist, and that this fire-mist was gradually condensing itself into little orbs, which little orbs became greater ones, which greater ones became the greatest ones: something after the mode of the Irishman's pistol, which, kept long enough, became a gun, and that kept long enough, became a cannon. Lord Rosse, on hearing of this, resolved to test it. He therefore turned his telescope to that very place in the heavens where the author of "The Vestiges of Creation" had pointed out the fire-mist that was gradually being formed into worlds; and that telescope discovered, that instead of being fire-mist, it was clusters of stars or worlds, each perfect in form, revolving in their orbits, and

"Ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is Divine."

It is not a very ancient discovery of astronomers, that the sun is the centre of the solar system. But just conceive this, that our sun, with his solar system, is only a little group round another central sun, who has a thousand solar systems round him; and this central sun, with his thousand solar systems, is only another group round another central sun, in that vast starry host that shines in the expanse above. We see but the sentinels and the outposts of that mighty army, that glorious host, the creation and the government of God; and it needs only Imagination to spread her wing, and to avail herself of her foothold on the facts of science, to rise, and soar, and form a conception of the vastness, the magnificence, and the glory of Him, of whose grandeur these are but minute and microscopic specimens.

I notice other instances of what atheism calls accidents. Mercury is forty millions of miles from the sun; he does not want a moon, and by a very "lucky accident," he has not got one. Venus is sixty millions of miles from the sun, and does not need a moon; and by a very lucky accident, she has not got one. The earth, however, is ninety-five millions of miles from the sun; and by a lucky accident, the earth has got a moon exactly at the point at which she could not do well without one. These are very like acts of Deity. So, again: Jupiter is five hundred millions of miles from the sun; by a lucky accident, he has got four moons, exactly proportionate to his immense distance from the sun. Now, is all this chance—that the moons should just come when they are wanted, should not be given when they are not wanted, and that the moons should grow in number somewhat in the ratio of the distance of these worlds from the sun? The atheist says, All this is accident; I say—you say—the Christian glories in saying, It is the wise and beneficent creation of God.

Let us notice a few more accidents—very lucky, I must say. If the moon were much nearer our earth, she would shine much more dimly, because the angle of the reflection of the sun's rays would be more obtuse. If the moon were larger, she would pull the earth out of her orbit, as the tides are moved by the moon already. Were the moon nearer or larger than she is, our tides would be raised till they overflowed the whole earth. If the moon were smaller, or

more remote than she is, the tides would be so insignificant that they would be utterly worthless for our purposes. Are not these very lucky chances? Again: if the motion of the earth on its axis were more rapid than it is, our days and our nights would be shortened, and the equatorial regions would be covered with perpetual sea. If the motion were slower than it is, the sea would cover the temperate and polar regions, and London, and all in the same latitude, would soon disappear. Now, is not this very lucky, that the moon is just of that size and just at that distance that makes our tides useful, lets our earth pursue its course, does its duty to the earth, and does not interfere with the enjoyments of the earth? Is not this very lucky? If there be no God, it is to me most wonderful—most incredible; if there be a God, as there is, what evidence of his wisdom and his goodness towards the children of men!

And hence, in teaching science—in teaching all science—let us never leave out its ultimate end—the existence and the glory of God. A catechism that I have been taught from my infancy contains the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The answer is, "To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever." That question is not the monopoly of a theological catechism—it is a question that we may ask of every object of the whole universe. What is the end of that star that shines in its orbit? What is the end of that gold that is dragged from the bowels of the earth? What is the end of the bird on its wing, of the cattle upon a thousand hills? What is the end of the flower and the grass? To glorify God, and reflect the splendour of Him whose breath gave every flower its aroma; whose smiles gave every blossom its tint: who is the Creator of all, the middle of all, the end of all, the object that they all serve to glorify and honour.—*Dr. Cumming; Lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association.*

#### THE BLOODHOUND OF CUBA.

WHILE I was once staying at the place I am now describing, two most formidable additions were made to its residents,—a new overseer from Matanzas, and his dog. I need not say of what breed was the latter; and the former was, I think, the most active man and the best horse-

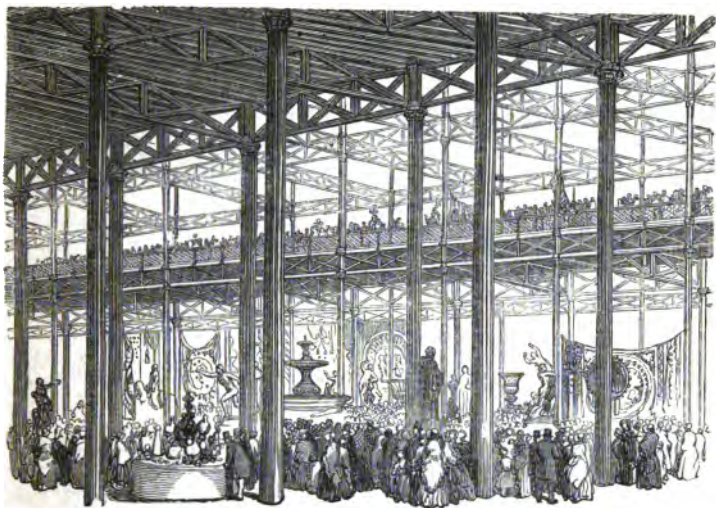
man I ever could have believed in the existence of. I was the cause myself once of both of these visitors' powers being called on, though innocently. Sitting one evening in the front verandah, I looked up momentarily from my book, and my eye rested on a favourite clump of palms, a long way off, which I had many a time admired. At that instant, the tallest of these suddenly disappeared. Struck by such a strange circumstance, I called to the overseer, who was quietly walking his horse up the avenue, and told him. Quick as lightning, without giving an answer, he struck his spurs into the flanks of his horse, and quicker than I can write it was on the spot. A noble palm, of eighty feet, lay indeed prostrate, cut through with an axe, and already minus its glory (crown), cut off for the cabbage. In vain, however, did he look for the culprit, and shout; but less than two minutes after, behold him back! "White or black, I have him now!" shouted he, as he and the dog scampered off again. One sniff at the tree was enough for the bloodhound; and in five minutes more the negro (for it was one belonging to the estate) was in custody, uninjured by the dog, for his master was close on his track. He was punished, but I believe not very severely.—*Taylor's "United States and Cuba."*

#### SCHWARTZ.

SCHWARTZ appears not to have been a man of bright genius, or of what the world deems uncommon talent. Yet a greater man, so far as we have records to show it, has not lived since the apostolic age. Tippoo, though an enemy to the British and a hater of Christians, yet gave in war-time to Schwartz a passport through his dominions, with an unqualified approbation of his character. It hence appears that sagacity and the greatest utility may exist in a man not raised by the powers or attainments of the mind much above the ordinary level, when God effectually stamps his image there.

#### THE MEEK.

A MISSIONARY in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."



Interior of the Crystal Palace.

#### MR. MERTON'S VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MR. MERTON is a pleasant, lively, and intelligent old gentleman, who lives a little distance from town, in one of those half-urban, half-rural villages which still linger on the outskirts of the great metropolis. A moderate competency, secured by a life of industry, gives him, in a great measure, the command of his own time; while a fund of intelligence, the fruit of extensive reading and keen observation of men and manners, makes him an agreeable companion. Not the least estimable quality of my excellent friend is, his spirit of sound but cheerful piety, which diffuses itself like some sweet odour over all the occupations of his life, as well as the relaxations in which he engages.

It was on a pleasant spring morning that, true to my appointment, I met the old gentleman at his little cottage, and partook of an early breakfast with him. Our object in view for the day was the Great Exhibition—the point to which so many minds in England, in Europe, nay, all the world over, have of late been turned. Mr. Merton, after his usual custom, takes rather a sunny view of the subject. “Evils accompanying it,” he says, “there will no doubt be. We cannot have brightness without shadow;

instead, however, of meeting it with forebodings half way, let us rather try, as Christians, how we can make it accomplish as much good as possible.” As he spoke this, Mr. Merton, as if to put his words into practice, took from his neatly arranged library-table a small bundle of tracts, English and foreign—seed to sow by the way—in order that he might change a holiday into something more than a mere relaxation.

A brisk drive found us, ere long, with light steps, treading the sod of the park. Multitudes, in gay dresses, added to the lively appearance of the scene. The grass was of a deep green, the sun shone brilliantly, and the Palace of Glass, as seen at particular points, glittered like some magical erection bestudded with gems.

“How curiously,” said Mr. Merton, “things return in a circle. It is nearly forty years since, on a somewhat similar errand, I took a journey to this park. My step was then as firm as yours, and my eye had not gathered dimness.”

“And what, may I ask,” said I, somewhat surprised, “was the occasion?”

“To visit a remarkable building which was then constructed here, not of glass and iron, to be sure, but in a great part of the latter metal. The allied sovereigns were visiting this country, rejoicing at

the downfall of Napoleon; and the building I have named was erected to receive them. Long as the interval of time is that separates them, I cannot help feeling that there is a sort of connecting link between the building we are visiting and that I have just alluded to. The one marked the commencement of a period of peace, and the other denotes the results which have flowed from that peace. The one is an industrial exhibition of the peaceful arts—the other now serves as a museum of the warlike arts. Around its walls, at Woolwich, to which it has been removed, are hung specimens of military implements, of every form, from the rude arrow of the savage to the cannon, the rocket, and the shell of civilized man."

I had not time to make any observations on the parallel which my friend had drawn, for just as he concluded it, we arrived at the doors of the Great Exhibition itself. After some little trouble and squeezing, we found ourselves in its interior.

"So this, then," said Merton, "is the mighty Exhibition—the place which so many pens have described, and so many pencils delineated. I must wipe my spectacles to-day, and sharpen up my wits; if ever there was an occasion for their use, it is the present one, I am sure."

The scene was, indeed, calculated to stimulate thought in an extraordinary manner. Above us soared the glass transept, in all its light grandeur. On either hand, like two immense parallelograms, extended the sides of the building. Down its avenues and along its galleries streamed a living mass of eager, busy, inquiring spectators, while the eye was bewildered at the forest of articles which met its glance in every direction. At the moment, too, we entered, the ear had its gratification; for bright and clear, over all the minor sounds, rolled the notes of the large organ, filling the vast space with melody.

"Beautiful! is it not?" said I to my friend, who stood in a sort of intellectual trance.

"Wonderful! amazing! solemnizing!" he replied. "I know not when I have felt such emotions. The building, its contents, the spectators, the mingled associations, all crowd upon me and overpower me."

It is not my intention to narrate the contents of the Exhibition; that, possibly,

would not interest my readers, who, ere this paper reaches them, must have learned all from the newspapers of the day. On we glided amidst articles, little and stupendous, coarse and delicate, cheap and costly, homely and luxurious, natural and artificial. Now we passed the products of the mine; here was an avenue of silk and cotton manufactures; now came a street of painted glass; here was Birmingham with its hardwares, and Manchester with its hissing steam-engines, cylinders, and clashing wheels; a little further on, and in the foreign departments, novelties, delicacies, and luxuries, in new combinations, crowded on our view. It was genius in its most widely diversified manifestations. After hours of fresh and increasing wonder, Mr. Merton and myself sat down on a spot from which we commanded a view of the whole building and its floating multitudes.

"This is indeed," said the old gentleman, "an era in one's intellectual history—a sight which forces the dullest and most commonplace minds to indulge in reflections of an abstract nature. What, may I ask, is the first thought which strikes you on contemplating this scene of marvels?"

"I am almost too confused to think clearly," I replied; "if, however, I were to single out the reflection that lies uppermost, it would be the deep impression forced upon me of the powers of industry. All we have been looking at seems a commentary on the great law of Providence, 'Toil and be glad.' What years, nay, what centuries of ingenuity, what sleepless nights, what throbbing brains have all combined to produce the objects before us. If it were possible for a Saxon forefather, who roamed over this park in Boadicea's days, to wake and take a glance at the Crystal Palace, what would his feelings be?"

"Curious enough, no doubt," rejoined Merton. "If admiration at the feats of industry, however, strikes your mind, I am scarcely less struck with the example which this scene furnishes of the infinite range of man's faculties. Place the Crystal Palace beside the rude wigwam of the Saxon you have named, and how vast is the range of distance between the two objects! The dog and the sheep which wandered over these fields, when Cæsar's legions leaped on the shores of Kent, still present in their descendants the same defined and circumscribed re-

gion of faculties; but man, as seen to-day, has gone on in a long line of intellectual progression, subjugating each realm of nature to his sway."

"And still," I observed, "the path opens before him, inviting him to new triumphs."

"I hate," said Mr. Merton, "the cold philosophy which stops at second causes. I love to see our heavenly Father's hand in everything. If these productions of man's faculties are so beautiful, what must be the loveliness of that Divine mind of which these faculties are but dim and distant reflections? What, too, must be the privilege of communion face to face with Him who is the perfection of beauty? How sweet to join in the anthem of old Sternhold and Hopkins's version:

"O praise the Lord in that blest place  
From whence his goodness largely flows,  
Praise him above, where he his face  
Unveiled in perfect beauty shows."

"Have you speculated at all," I inquired, "as to the probable results of this Exhibition?"

"That it will stimulate," Mr. Merton replied, "the arts and manufactures, and multiply the conveniences of life, there is good reason to hope. Such consequences, at all events, have more or less followed all exhibitions of a similar character."

"But do you agree with those who look upon this gathering of the nations, as it is termed, as the grand harbinger of peace and unity among mankind?"

"That it ought to have the effect of breaking down prejudice, of showing nations the wisdom and the happiness of cultivating the arts of peace, I admit. On the other hand, when we consider the selfishness of human nature, and the prophetic passages in Scripture which seem to point to scenes of desolation yet to take place, it becomes us to be moderate and cautious in our expectations. I cannot forget, as an old man, what glowing anticipations of peaceful times, and declarations of universal brotherhood, preceded the outbreak of the first French Revolution. St. Pierre, in his 'Studies of Nature,' just before that event, had some flattering anticipations of this kind; and Dr. Price, too, in England, about the same time, preached a sermon, in which he stated that he had lived to see such a blissful prospect for humanity, that he was ready to exclaim, with Simeon of old, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy ser-

vant depart in peace.' A few months afterwards these glowing visions were quenched in blood."

At this moment, while we spoke, there rolled through the hall the grave solemn notes of the organ, which once more played a majestic piece of melody. The sounds seemed to touch a chord in Mr. Merton's memory, which vibrated. The hour had come for the visitors to retire, and slowly the immense masses left the building. The old gentleman wiped his spectacles, and a tear was trembling in his eye.

"Forgive me," said he, as we followed the gathering throng. "I am an old man, and my feelings are moved within me as I see the multitude before me. I ask myself, of all those masses who are pacing these walls, thrilling with excitement, how many are prepared for the great gathering before the Saviour that surely awaits them? The words of a good and great man, which I once heard, and which imprinted themselves, from their eloquence, on my memory, seem to ring in my ears as I contemplate this spectacle. 'There are scenes,' he said, 'in nature that fill the soul with sublimity and awe. The majesty of the ocean—the sublimity of the midnight sky, studded with its countless stars—the everlasting mountains, hiding their crests amid the clouds of heaven—these overpower the mind with a sense of grandeur; but the scene on which it is my solemn privilege to look abroad at present is immeasurably grander than all of them. For I gaze on a mighty mass of immortality, a multitudinous gathering of mortal immortals, finite infinities. When every star shall have been swept from the firmament—when the sun shall have set to rise no more—when the elements of the visible creation shall have melted with fervent heat—then each soul now thrilling with attention will be existing in full consciousness and imperishable being; in depths of torment, or in heights of bliss!'"

"An apt quotation, indeed," I said. "You have given me," I continued, when we reached the exterior of the building, and shook hands at parting, for our routes lay in opposite directions—"You have given me matter for solemn reflection. To-day has indeed been something more than an idle relaxation."

E. V.

## JOHN WESLEY AND HIS BUST.

Few men have more strictly devoted themselves to the work of doing good than John Wesley. His great study seemed to be how he could do the most to promote his Master's cause. This led him to institute a strict economy in the management of his finances, that he might be able to save something to aid the cause of benevolence and charity. The following anecdote illustrates his character in this respect. It is transferred from the pages of an American journal. No data are given to enable us to test its authenticity, but the incidents of the story are quite in harmony with the character of the illustrious man to whom it relates:

Mr. Dudley was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr. D. answering in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither; and after admiring the busts of the several great men of the day, he came to one which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiry, found it was the likeness of the rev. John Wesley. "This bust," said Mr. C., "struck lord Shelburne in the same manner it does you; and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which, as I know you are fond of anecdotes, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him." On returning to the parlour, Mr. C. commenced accordingly:—"I am a very old man; you must excuse my little failings, and, as I before observed, hear in the very words I repeated to his lordship. My lord, said I, perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists. 'Oh, yes!' he replied; 'he—that race of fanatics.' Well, my lord, Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken; but he always refused, alleging as a reason that he thought it nothing but vanity; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point, that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called on me, on the business of the church. I began the old subject, of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. 'Well,' said I, 'knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant me my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for

every minute that exceeds that time you shall receive a guinea.' 'What,' said Mr. Wesley, 'do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well, I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat and lay on the sofa; and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster-bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman, crying bitterly, with three children hanging around her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by 18s., which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy! They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother.

"On Mr. Wesley inquiring of Mr. Barton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied, he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur-street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither; and on asking the turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered, if they were come in search of poverty, they need not go far. In the first ward they entered, they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by casual alms of compassionate strangers, for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half-a-guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude; and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated, with half-a-guinea in his pocket! The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said, 'Gentlemen, as you come here in search of poverty, pray go up-stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back towards them, sat a



man, or rather a skeleton,—for he was nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay stretched out on a pallet of straw, a young woman, in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance; but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards, from starvation, as the doctor declared. You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such a distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer; but so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared that he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until by failure of a speculation, in which his whole property was embarked, he was entirely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called his creditors together, and laid before them the state of his affairs; showed them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant. The sum was 250*l.*, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his respectability. That feeling was a stranger to his breast, and in spite of all their remonstrances, he was hurried away to the prison, followed by his weeping wife.

"As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use of her pencil, in painting small ornaments on cards. And thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event, that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had

just expired from want, and the helpless mother was about to follow it to the grave, when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered; and, as I said before, the husband was so reduced from the same cause, that without the utmost care he must have fallen a sacrifice; and as Mr. Wesley, who was not for doing things by halves, had acquainted himself with this case of extreme misery, he went to the creditors and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished to learn what he had told them; for so long a time had elapsed without hearing anything of the merchant or his family, that some supposed him to be dead, and others that he had quitted the country. Among the rest, he called upon the lawyer, and painted to him, in the most glowing colours, the wretchedness he had witnessed, and which he (the lawyer) had been instrumental in causing; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying every farthing. Mr. Wesley repeated his visit to the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to take measures to release him. The affairs of the merchant afterwards took a different turn, God seemed to prosper him; and in the second year he called the creditors together. He was enabled to pay all his debts, and afterwards realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression on his mind, that he determined to remove a possibility of others suffering from the same cause; and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors; and the very first person who partook of the same was the inexorable lawyer!

"This remarkable fact so entirely convinced lord Shelburne of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Mr. Wesley, that he immediately ordered some busts to embellish the ground of his beautiful residence."

#### LONDON DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

CROMWELL's state residence in London was Whitehall. With much less of splendour and show than had been exhibited by the former occupants of that palace, the protector maintained a degree of magnificence and dignity befitting the chief ruler of a great country. He had around him his court, composed of his family, some leading officers of the army,

and a slight sprinkling of the nobility; but what interests posterity the most, it included Milton, Marvel, Waller, and Dryden. Foreign ambassadors and other distinguished personages were entertained at his table in sober state, the dinner being brought in by the gentlemen of his guard, clothed in gray coats, with black velvet collars and silver lace trimmings. "His own diet was spare and not curious, except in public treatments, which were constantly given the Monday in every week to all the officers in the army not below a captain, when he used to dine with them. A table was likewise spread every day of the week for such officers as should casually come to court. Sometimes he would, for a frolic, before he had half dined, give order for the drum to beat, and call in his foot-guards, who were permitted to make booty of all they found on the table. Sometimes he would be jocund with some of the nobility, and would tell them what company they had kept, when and where they had drunk the king's health and the royal family's, bidding them, when they did it again, to do it more privately; and this without any passion, and as festive droll discourse."\* In the neighbouring parks, the protector was often seen taking the air in his sedan, on horseback, and in his coach. On one occasion he turned coachman, with a rather disastrous result, which is amusingly told by Ludlow, whose genuine republicanism prejudiced him against Cromwell after he had assumed the supreme power. "The duke of Holstein made Cromwell a present of a set of gray Friesland coach-horses, with which, taking the air in the park, attended only by his secretary Thurloe and a guard of janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman; not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and, therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously; but they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself; by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." In connexion with these anecdotes of Cromwell may be introduced

an extract from the "Moderate Intelligencer," illustrative of the public amusements in London at that time:

"Hyde-park, May 1, 1654.—This day there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of the one side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, and the other in white. There were present, his highness the lord protector, many of his privy council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with another, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies, than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and was designed for that party which did win the goal." Coach-racing was another amusement of the period, perhaps something of an imitation of the old chariot-races; races on foot were also run.

The author of a book entitled, "A Character of England, as it was lately presented to a Nobleman of France," published in 1659, further describes Hyde-park in the manner following:—"I did frequently in the spring accompany my lord N—— into a field near the town, which they call Hide-park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our course, but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour, being such an assembly of wretched jades and hackney coaches, as next a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. The park was, it seems, used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air and the goodly prospect; but it is that which now (besides all other exercises) they pay for here, in England, though it be free in all the world besides, every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."

During the commonwealth, what may be called a drab-coloured tint pervaded London life, absorbing the rich many-coloured hues which sparkle in the early picturesque history of the old metropolis. The pageantries of the Tudors and Stuarts were at an end; civic processions lost much of their glory; maskings and mummings were expelled from the inns of court; May-day became as prosaic as other days; Christmas was stripped of its holly decorations, and shorn

\* "Perfect Politician," quoted in "London," vol. 1. p. 360.

of its holiday revels. The companies' halls were divested of royal arms, and the churches purified from images and popish adornments. But the preceding particulars show that the tinge of the times was not quite so drab as it seems on the pages of some partial and prejudiced writers. London had not the sepulchral look, and commonwealthmen had not the funeral-like aspect commonly attributed to them. They had, as we have seen, their cheerfulness and festivity, their banquets, recreations, and amusements; and, no doubt, in the mansions and houses of the city folk, both Presbyterian and Independent, there were comfort, and taste, and pleasure, far different from what would be inferred from the accounts of them given by some, as if they were all starched precisians, a formal and woe-begone race. There was a dash of humour in Cromwell, to many about him quite inconsistent with that lugubriousness so often described as the characteristic of the times. With the suppression of the rude, boisterous, profligate, and vicious amusements of earlier times, there was certainly an improvement of the morals of the people. London was purified from a good deal of pollution by the change. The order, sobriety, and good behaviour of the London citizens, during the period that regular government existed under Cromwell, appear in pleasing contrast to the confusion and riots of earlier times. There was a general diffusion of religious instruction, an earnestness in preaching, and an example of reverence for religion, exhibited by those in authority, which could not but operate beneficially. No doubt in London, as elsewhere, there were formalism and hypocrisy; the length of religious services had sometimes an unfavourable influence upon the young; severity and force, too, were unjustifiably employed in controlling public manners; but when all these drawbacks are made, and every other which historical impartiality may demand, there remains in the condition of London in those times a large amount of genuine virtue and religion.

The night of the 2nd of September, 1658, was one of the stormiest ever known. The wind blew a hurricane, and swept with resistless violence over city and country; many a house that night was damaged, chimneys being thrown down, tiles torn off, and even roofs carried away. Old trees in Hyde-park and elsewhere were wrenched from

the soil. Cromwell was lying that night on his death-bed, and the Londoner's attention was divided between the phenomena of the weather, and the great event impending in the history of the commonwealth. The royalists said that evil angels were gathering in the storm round Whitehall, to seize on the departing spirit of the usurper; his friends interpreted it as a warning in Providence of the loss the country was about to sustain. Amidst the storm and the two interpretations of it, both equally presumptuous, Cromwell lay in the arms of death, breathing out a prayer, which, whatever men may think of the character of him who uttered it, will be read with deep interest by all:—"Lord, though a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee, through thy grace, and may and will come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service. Many of them set too high a value upon me, though others would be glad of my death. Lord, however thou disposest of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Teach those who look too much upon thy instruments to depend more upon thyself, and pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too."

Cromwell was not by any means given to excessive state and ceremony, but after his death his friends evinced their fondness for it by the singularly pompous funeral which they appointed for him. Somerset-house was selected as the scene of the lying-in-state, and thither the whole city flocked to witness the spectacle of gorgeous gloom. They passed through three ante-chambers, hung with mourning, to the funeral apartment. A bed of state covered the coffin, upon which, surrounded by wax lights, lay Cromwell's effigy, attired in royal robes. Pieces of his armour were arranged on each side, together with the symbols of majesty, the globe and sceptre. Behind the head an imperial crown was exhibited on a chair of state. Strikingly did the whole portray the fleeting and evanescent character of earthly pomp and power. It being found necessary to inter the body before the conclusion of the public funeral pageant, the effigy was removed to another room, and placed in an erect instead of a recumbent position, with the emblems of kingship in its hands, and the crown royal on its head. This exhibition continued for eight days, at the conclusion of

which period there was a solemn procession to Westminster Abbey. The streets were lined with military, and the principal functionaries of the city of London, the officers of the army, the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and some members of Cromwell's family, composed the *cortège*, which conducted the funeral car, bearing the effigy to the place where the body was interred.

The city of London acknowledged Richard Cromwell as lord high protector on his father's death. Probably an address of congratulation from the metropolis, on the event of his accession, was included among the contents of the old trunks, filled with such documents, to which Richard humourously referred when his short career of rulership reached its close. "Take particular care of these trunks," he said to his servant, when giving some directions about them; "they contain no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England."—"*Modern London*," published by the Religious Tract Society.

#### THE NATURALIST AT MARGATE.

##### A CHAPTER FOR READERS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THERE is, as is well known to thousands, a low reef of chalk rocks on the shore at Margate, below the Eastern Cliff, and opposite the Preventive Service Station. This low range, bare when the tide has retired, is intersected by numerous gullies and winding pools, retaining seawater, varying from the depth of a few inches to two feet. Over these gullies, and often obscuring them, hang masses of sea-weeds; under the dense shelter of which numerous fishes lie quietly in concealment, together with various kinds of shell-fish, some of which burrow, while others tenant deep holes in the chalk rock, or crouch beneath its ledges. Generally speaking, the bed of these gullies consists of sand, several inches in depth, resting on the subjacent chalk, and affording a nest for burrowing to sea anemonies, of which one species (*actinia sentis*), is rather abundant, its tentacles only appearing above the sand, spread out like the petals of some stemless flower, courting the warm beams of the sun.

This spot I visited at the close of August, 1850, accompanied by two active young relatives, and furnished with a simple net, made of muslin, threaded on a stout wire ring at the end of a stick. The

object in view proposed by the two lads was eel-catching; but I reserved to myself the privilege of appropriating any of the products of our mimic expedition, considering that other fishes besides eels might be captured. To it we went, and were soon up to our knees in the gullies, and wet to our shoulders, by tearing up or turning back the overhanging ponds of dripping and slimy sea-weed.

Numerous eels were dislodged and captured, varying from about six inches to two feet in length. These eels (apparently the *anguilla acutirostris* of Yarrell) were all of a yellowish tinge underneath. I was told that they are to be found in these gullies during the whole year, and that some of considerable magnitude are occasionally taken. I saw many exposed for sale in the market, but none of large size. Their flavour I found to be very inferior; repeated washing did not remove a saline flavour, reminding me of that of a fresh-boiled periwinkle; neither had the flesh the firmness of that of a river-eel. Do these eels reside permanently on the coast, or do they advance at any period of the year up the Thames, and seek the fresh water? Probably they all abide in the salt water during the winter,—some migrating up the river on the approach of spring; others, on the contrary, remaining stationary in saline gullies, or under the shelter of reefs, and there depositing their eggs. It is certain that eels breed in fresh waters, as lakes, ponds, etc., there being no possibility of access to the sea; and it is very probable also that numbers never quit the seas around our coasts, but lead a marine life exclusively, and there reproduce their species. I was told that eels abound in the fen-dykes intersecting the marsh lands, stretching widely to the south of the Reculvers; but I did not obtain any specimens. These dykes are filled with fresh water, and in winter are visited by hosts of water-fowl. The marshes are noted for the feeding of cattle, namely, horses, oxen, and sheep (the latter almost universally white-faced Kents).

Passing from eels, a few words may be devoted to some other fishes, which we captured, and of the habits of which I was enabled to obtain personal information.

Very common in the gullies alluded to was the father-lasher (*cottus scorpius*), le *chaboisseau* of the French, or *scorpion de mer*. Though elegantly marked and

marbled, this fish, from its cheek spines, large white gills, and toad-like head, is somewhat repulsive in appearance; and to this appearance its mode of puffing out, or expanding its gill-covers, when taken out of the water, not a little contributes. Notwithstanding the disproportionate size of head to that of the body, the father-lasher is very active, and darts rapidly along, striking the tail (furnished with a large caudal fin) from side to side with great energy. From this action, most probably, the term "lasher" is deduced.

The specimens which we caught, as well as numbers which we suffered to escape, were all, or nearly all, disturbed while lying quietly under bowers of seaweed. The instant their disclosure took place, away they darted, and doubled and redoubled with great alertness; none, however, as far as was observed, attempted to leap above the surface of the water.

Wide as is the mouth, and large as are the gill openings, these fishes live long when removed from their own element. They keep their gill-covers on the stretch, and their ample pectoral fins on the full expanse, and seem to gulp air, that is, transmit it from the mouth through the bronchiæ; in this manner, as I observed, they will lie still for half an hour, and when touched, flounder about with extraordinary vigour. Surely the necessity for oxygen in these fishes cannot be at a very high ratio. Some, which were wrapped up in wet sea-weed, continued lively for hours. On the contrary, they die soon after being wounded. For instance, two specimens, while wriggling about, were slightly stabbed with a small sharp pen-knife, on the top of the back; a little blood flowed—they were (as were several others, unwounded) wrapped in wet fucus; but they soon began to sink, and died long before the others exhibited symptoms of collapse.

The general colour of the specimens captured was pale brown, passing into orange brown along the sides, with a band of the same colour, more or less mottled over the back between the two dorsal fins. The whole irregularly mottled and marbled with dusky brown, and the fins barred with the same; the belly was white, refulgent with glittering tints of blue and pink; length from five to six or seven inches. It is said to attain to a larger size in the northern seas, being esteemed as food in Greenland. It is thus noticed by Crautz,

in his "History of Greenland:—"Next to *augmarsett* (capelin), the Greenlanders eat most of the ulkes, *scorpius marinus*, what we call *toad-fish*, or, in Newfoundland, *scoloping*; it lives all the year round in the little and large bays near the land, yet in deep water. It is caught, especially in winter, by poor women and children, with a line of whalebone, or bird's feathers, thirty or forty fathoms long. At the end a blue longish stone is fastened, to sink it. Instead of a bait, they put on the hook a white bone, a glass bead, or a bit of red cloth. The fish is commonly a foot long, and full of bones. The skin is quite smooth, and spotted with yellow, green, red, and black spots, like a lizard. It has a very large, thick, round head and a wide mouth, and its fins, especially on its back, are broad and prickly (he alludes to the spines on the head, and not to the dorsal fins). Though this fish hath a very ugly look, yet its flesh and the soup that is made of it, tastes extremely agreeable, and is very wholesome, and the sick may eat of it."—Trans. Edin., 1767.

Toad-fish is a very appropriate name for the *collus*. "How like a toad!" was the exclamation of a party to whom we exhibited our captive specimens; nor are its habits (activity, when molested, being excepted) dissimilar from those of its lurking and close-lying reptile namesake. Of another fish, the shanny (*blennius pholis*) we captured one specimen. While groping for eatable crabs, provincially termed pungas on that portion of the Kentish coast, one of my young companions poked his finger into a small round hole in the chalk rock, and felt something which suddenly drew itself back, as if alarmed at the intrusion. On breaking away the edge of the aperture by means of a hammer of flint, a beautifully marbled shanny, of about five and a half inches in length, was dragged from its concealment. The hole was about a foot above the surface of the gully-water, and seemed as if artificially made; but by what agent, it is not very easy to say. The chamber descended obliquely, and a little water remained at the bottom of it. Here the fish lodged; and made it, as may be not unreasonably surmised, its habitual retreat,—a retreat, however, which proved insufficient to protect it from the hands of the spoiler.

We may observe, that the head of this fish was turned to the aperture of its recess; and that this part, beyond the

gills, was not submerged: moreover, when touched, it retreated backwards, without turning itself round, which it could not have done, had it wished, so closely did it fit the chamber in which it was lodged, and into which it must have entered tail foremost.

We carried our prisoner home, wrapped in sea-weed, and then transferred it to a basin of sea-water, as lively as when first captured. We then left it. Returning to look at it, after the lapse of a few hours, we found that it had escaped; but we heard frequent querulous short croaks, like the voice of a young frog; and searching around, discovered the poor shanny, on a bed of soft earth, puffing away most vigorously, and ever and anon uttering a subdued but shrill cry. It was again restored to the water, but again escaped, and as night came on, was not to be found, although its croak was now and then audible. The next morning, about ten o'clock, it was found on a shady flower-bed, lying very still, apparently dead; but on being touched, it floundered about, with the utmost liveliness, and croaked louder, as it seemed, than before. Its gill-covers, of considerable expanse, heaved and collapsed alternately, as if it were panting for air; but its small mouth remained closed. It spread out its large pectoral fins, and raised those of the back, underpart, and tail; and, in short, displayed no signs of exhaustion or suffering. Desirous of putting a rapid end to its life, I removed it to the influence of the rays of a hot sun, reflected from a wall, with a south aspect, in the hope that the drying of the branchiæ would soon destroy existence. I waited for two hours; still it struggled and gasped. Compassionating the poor animal, and undecided as to what I should do, I returned it to the basin of salt water, and attended for a few minutes to some other specimens which I had collected. I then returned to my shanny, determined to separate the vertebral column by means of a sharp pen-knife; but, to my surprise, the fish was quite dead. Such was the fact; but I cannot give any satisfactory explanation of it. Had I put it into fresh water, instead of sea-water (that in which it had been placed originally, and in which were numerous *actinæ*, all expanding their tentacles), I should not have been surprised. I can only suppose that the stimulus was too great for its then exhausted system, or for its failing bron-

chiæ; while it is probable that a damp place at first, and then a gradual supply of sea-water, might have proved restoratives.

I had no opportunity of seeing this fish swimming about at large; in the basin it dashed around, and from side to side, very energetically; but while I watched, it did not attempt to leap; and I strongly suspect that it must have crawled over the edge of the basin, using its large pectoral fins as a seal does its flippers. It is said to creep in this manner over stones and low rocks, when the tide is out, in quest of fissures or holes in which to await the tidal influx. I am, however, inclined to believe that, having comfortably domiciliated itself, it rarely ventures far abroad at any time, and retires to its stronghold upon the ebbing of the water.

This specimen was beautifully mottled and freckled with dusky brown on a yellowish brown ground; length about four and a quarter inches. Base of the lower part of the dorsal fin, and of the caudal fin, tinged with gamboge yellow; teeth small and closely set. This is *la bavence commune* of the French. It constitutes the type of the genus *pholis*, of Artédi, the Greek name of a fish constantly enveloped in mucus. M.

## THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

### CHAPTER SECOND.

SUNDAY morning—the first Sunday morning after the establishment of the young couple in their new home—arrived. Georgina had endeavoured to dismiss an uneasy thought which intruded while preparing to attend public worship, and in silence left the house with her husband. She paused at the gate of the parish church.

"Must we part now, dear Georgina?" he asked.

"Unless you will come here with me," she replied. "Do so this once;" and she gently attempted to detain him.

"I may not, you know;" and he added, in a tone of half-reproachful entreaty, "I thought, perhaps, to-day—this once—I might induce you to come with me."

"No," she hastily replied; "it is equally impossible;" and abruptly turning away, entered alone the church and pew, and kneeling down, not to pray, but to conceal the tumult of feeling that agitated her, she burst into tears of mingled disappointment, vexation, and

regret; while he who was dearer to her than all the world beside, walked on, to bow down before an image, to confess to a fellow-sinner, and to be applauded for quitting the side of his heretic wife, in obedience to the rule of his mother church.

"This is folly," thought Georgina, as she strove to repress her emotion. "I knew it all before—I knew it must be so."

True, she had *known* it, as a distant possibility; but now she *felt* it, as a present reality. She felt that there was a bond upon her husband's heart, closer and stronger than love for her; that there was one to whom his heart must be open, from whom no secret must be hid; and it was not the God who knows what is in man, neither was it she who was now "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh;" and her proud spirit rose with indignation more ardent, and opposition more decided than ever, against the whole system of the church of Rome. But, alas! it was not with that holy indignation which is "angry, and sins not." It was not zeal for the honour, nor love for the truth of God. It was too full of pride and selfishness; and perhaps had Romanism appeared divested of the grossness she despised, the beginning of the controversy, the root of the matter, the difference between a sinner's justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his justification by works or human merit, would have seemed a matter of small moment to her unrenewed mind.

Among the friends who came with calls and congratulations, appeared the Roman Catholic priest, whose bland agreeable manners contrasted strongly with the cold *hauteur* of his reception. Georgina had resolved to afford him no pretext for supposing that his visits could be acceptable to her. The Protestant clergyman was received with pleasure and respect, and invited to become a frequent guest.

"Georgina," said her husband shortly afterwards, "I am quite sure that you wish us to enjoy equal privileges in our respective religions; and I hope you will make father Austin as welcome to our fireside as I am willing to make your Protestant minister."

Georgina was startled. "I would rather give up the society of the Protestant clergyman," she said.

"As you please, my dear. Only, you

would find father Austin a very pleasant, well-informed companion; and I may sometimes wish to see him here."

"Whenever you think proper, of course," said Georgina; "but perhaps my presence will not be required, and I will decline any further intimacy with my own pastor's family."

She kept her word; but she guessed rightly that the worthy father had given the benefit of his priestly wisdom in this little matter, and resented it in her heart, where many a sting was yet to rankle from the same meddling source.

Harrington was proud of his accomplished wife, and for a time Georgina endeavoured to forget, in worldly amusements abroad, that anything was wanting to render her happy at home. Several years passed away, and Georgina's appearance was the only token to her friends that the sanguine hopes of early life had been disappointed. Her countenance had lost all trace of its once bright and happy expression, and she looked wan and wasted. But no murmur, no complaint ever escaped her lips, and she ever spoke of her husband with affection and apparent respect.

"She is greatly altered," said Mrs. M. "I should scarcely have recognised my animated, high-spirited Georgina; you must try to be useful to her," she added to her daughter, who, at Georgina's request, was about to pay her a visit. "I am persuaded she is not happy, and I fear her state of mind is very unsatisfactory."

"She is still a Protestant though, mamma," remarked Margaret. "You feared she might change for her husband's sake."

"Yes; but her Protestantism was not that of vital peace-giving religion, and her mind, unable to bend to the superstitions and formalities of Romanism, may have sought the opposite extreme. It is only the grace of God that can impart the spiritual wisdom to discern the line of truth between the two errors, of believing too much with the Romanist, and too little with the infidel."

Margaret knew and loved her Saviour, and it was only with the hope that her simple unreserved faith and affectionate heart might win upon the isolated Georgina, that her mother consented to the trial of a short visit.

Mrs. Harrington gave her sister a kind reception; but it was easy to observe that beneath a placid exterior there

lurked some hidden causes for uneasiness. On Mr. Harrington himself Margaret noticed that a great external change had passed. He was not the sprightly individual of former years; but had at times a haggard look.

Margaret further noticed that he often absented himself from home in an evening, and that the spirits of her hostess were declining. Apologetic messages arrived, instead of his presence, according to promise or arrangement; and Georgina's marked disappointment claimed her young friend's affectionate sympathy. She was always entreated to retire before his return; and as he seldom rose to breakfast, and usually went out while they were walking, or engaged with visitors, she frequently did not see him for several successive days.

The cause of all this might have been still concealed, but for a loud noise which one night roused Margaret from sleep. Trembling with terror, she listened from her chamber-door, and heard a violent tumbling and knocking about the hall, mingled with the angry tones of Mr. Harrington's voice, and the half-whispered expostulations of his wife. Presently there was a slight struggle, a blow, a faint cry of pain, and an eloquent denunciation of Protestants and Protestantism, ending with the wish that all heretics might be burned alive. Margaret drew back in horror and distress at this discovery of the cause of her friend's unhappiness. From the drawing-room in which Georgina had taken refuge, came long loud sobs of anguish all the night, while from the lips of her husband blasphemies and threats poured forth in furious abundance. Margaret spent the remainder of that sad night in prayer. She longed to go and soothe the sorrowing wife with words of sympathy and tenderness; but delicacy forbade,—she feared to add to misery the knowledge that its cause was discovered.

Morning found Georgina busy at her domestic duties, vainly endeavouring to conceal the traces of her night of tears and pain. Mr. Harrington disappeared as usual, and his wife again excused his absence to Margaret in the evening.

"May I not wait with you to-night until he returns, dear Mrs. Harrington? I will promise to retire as soon as we hear his arrival."

"Oh no! your night's rest must not be so curtailed," replied Georgina. "Do

not think of me,—I do very well,—I can read, you know." But the effort to speak cheerfully was too much for her burdened heart; the recollections of the previous night rushed with overwhelming anguish upon her mind, the broken spirit gave way, and resting her head upon the bosom of the distressed Margaret, she wept as a weary suffering child.

At length somewhat relieved, she said, "It is not often, dear Margaret, that I yield to such weakness as this; but I am not strong to-day, nor very happy—all will be well to-morrow."

"Dear Mrs. Harrington," cried Margaret, "do not refuse my sympathy, nor be angry that, through a little alarm last night, I became aware of your sorrow. Suffer me at least to weep with you."

"Margaret," said Georgina, looking sternly and steadily upon her, "rather use your discovery as a solemn warning against the path I chose to walk in. I suffer deservedly, and the bitterest portion I have to bear is the reproach of my own conscience."

"Perhaps you did not know. You did it ignorantly," pleaded Margaret.

"No, I did know; but I would not heed. I was warned, but I would not listen. I loved him more than God and truth, and having 'sown to the wind,' I must 'reap the whirlwind.' I would marry an idolater in defiance of God, thinking that an erroneous creed need not affect my happiness; and I have found that sins which must affect it may screen behind the penances of Rome. Gambling and intemperance, Margaret, are as much weapons of the priest as they are my husband's vices."

"Are you sure that the priest cannot assist you in checking the open indulgence of such sins? I thought that was pretended as an excuse for the confessional."

"Ah! you know little of popery, then, child. The effect of the confessional is not to restrain sin, but to obtain power. It prostrates a man at the feet of his fellow-man, and places all that he has at his disposal. Penitents who have no means of paying a fine, must do a hard penance for their sin; but penitents who can purchase an indulgence, or get a sentence remitted by a gift or a fine, must not be terrified into the too hasty abandonment of the darling sin. It is a mean by which the church is enriched, and the slave held captive still. I speak what I know by wretched experience,



Margaret; and I have learned that the degradation of my husband is deemed a suitable chastisement for the obstinate heresy of his wife; but that if I would join his church, it is possible, nay, probable, that the virgin Mary would be propitious to his reformation."

"But," asked Margaret, "have you endeavoured to show him the source of your own faith, and the impossibility of believing what you know is contrary to the word of God?"

"He will not tolerate a word; but, in truth, Margaret, I have lost the little amount of religious feeling I once possessed, and have long dismissed the subject, in resignation to the wretched fate before me. I know that there is no hope for us in this world, or in the world to come!"

"Hush, dear friend," said Margaret. "Have you ever prayed earnestly for light and help in such dreadful need?"

"Prayed! Ah! I have sometimes tried; but how dare I approach an offended God? I am not saved myself; how can I plead for another? No; we must perish together!"

In vain did Margaret strive to combat this wretched state of mind. She was shocked to discover that Georgina had adopted views of gloomy fatalism, which shut out the light and hope which the pure and beautiful gospel of Christ would have beamed upon a humbled heart. She could not adopt her husband's creed, and found no consolation in her own.

To all this mental anguish and darkness was added the dread of approaching poverty. Mr. Harrington had squandered in dissipation, and spent in fines and offerings to the church as propitiations for his sins, the whole of his once ample property. In time, his excesses broke up a constitution not naturally strong; and as his health declined, his superstition deepened, and his temper became more morose and intolerant, while the fear that masses for his soul in purgatory could not be procured without much difficulty, disturbed his mind.

As Georgina watched by his death-bed, all her early affection revived, and all the wretchedness she had endured was forgotten. She was the tender and devoted nurse, anticipating every want, and sympathizing in every pain. But in vain she attempted to speak of the love of God in Christ, the only Saviour of sinners, in a fond hope that a resting-place on the Rock of Ages might yet be

found; the dying man would not, dared not listen to religion from heretic lips, and rested solely upon his priest and the rites of his church. And when at last he died, calling upon Mary as the "refuge of sinners," and the "gate of heaven," the distracted wife was removed from the lifeless clay, without a ray of hope for his immortal soul, or of consolation for her own.

Henceforth she steeled her heart, and closed her ear against the subject of religion. Annette, the loving, gentle Annette, came to reside with her, and to assist in the charge of pupils, now necessary to Georgina's livelihood. But this beloved sister was not long spared to the widow. An incurable malady settled upon her, and after a trial of "faith that worketh patience," she fell asleep in Jesus, having afforded to Georgina a lovely example of Christian character and sustaining grace. Whether it were blessed to the bereaved mourner, will be only known in the mysterious future. Strong is the bondage of a hardened heart and a stubborn will; but the grace of God is omnipotent: All that the Father hath given to Jesus shall come, and whosoever cometh shall not be cast out.

#### MINERALS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### PITCH—SLIME.

"Rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch."—GEN. vi. 14.

"Slime had they for mortar."—GEN. xi. 3.

THERE are two kinds of pitch, mineral and vegetable. It is our intention here to notice only the former, as being that to which the Scriptures refer under the designations of "slime" and "pitch." It is brittle, of a black or resinous colour, and a little harder than that in common use among us. "The vale of Siddim was full of slime-pits," or sources of bitumen. These pits were of considerable extent, and it is probable that from them the vale derived its name.\* It was a fertile region; its fruitful character led Lot to choose it for an inheritance, notwithstanding the wickedness of the inhabitants. The Dead Sea now occupies the site of the Cities of the Plain. "Probably," says a writer there, "here existed pits similar to those of Haabeyia, on the north of the sea, at the remoter source of the Jordan. The mine of

\* Kitto's Cyclopædia.

asphaltum is at the distance of a league west-south-west of Hasbeiya. It is situate in the declivity of a chalky hill, and the bitumen is found in large veins at about twenty feet below the surface. The pits are from six to twelve feet in diameter. . . . There are upwards of twenty-five of these pits, but the greater part of them are abandoned and overgrown with shrubs. . . . The people of the neighbourhood employ the bitumen to secure their vines from insects; but the greater part is sold to the merchants.\* Josephus informs us, that in his day black masses of asphaltum, "having the form and size of headless oxen," floated on the surface of the Dead Sea. The Arab guides told Dr. Robinson that, after the earthquakes of 1831 and 1837, large masses of this same mineral floated on the surface of the lake, or were cast ashore. There is everything, therefore, to confirm the opinion, that where now only sterility prevails, there once existed a fruitful plain.

"Bitumen," says Paxton, "abounds in the richest soils; for in the vale of Shinar, whose soil, by the agreement of all writers, is fertile in the highest degree, the builders of the Tower of Babel used it for mortar. This was most probably brought from Is (the modern Hit), on the Euphrates. Hit has been celebrated from remotest antiquity for its never-failing fountains of bitumen, which furnished the imperishable mortar of the Babylonian structures, and is still used as a coating for the boats of the Euphrates and the coracles of the Tigris, to repel the attacks of worms, and to exclude the waters." It is interesting to remember that the ark of bulrushes, in which Moses was embarked on the waters of the Nile, was coated with pitch. Doubtless this ark was similar to the basket-boats of the present day, in common use on the Euphrates, which are coated with bitumen. Vessels of bulrushes are mentioned by the prophet Isaiah, in connexion with the rivers of Ethiopia.† "The mother of Moses, considering the poverty of her house, cannot be supposed to have procured the bitumen with which she coated the little ark from a distance; she must have found it in Egypt, near the Nile, on whose borders she lived. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that bitumen abounded in Goshen, a region

famed for the richness of its pastures. Hence it may fairly be considered that the vale of Siddim, before its destruction, in respect of natural fertility, resembled the plain of Shinar, and the land of Egypt along the Nile."\* Indeed, the words, "like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar" (Gen. xiii. 10), confirm this idea.

Three kinds of cement are noticed in the remains of the ancient city of Babylon—bitumen, common clay, and lime-mortar. Herodotus informs us, that "the walls were cemented with bitumen." And more recent visitors have discovered among its ruins bricks cemented with this substance. This substance, however, was not used so extensively as is ordinarily supposed. But it was most probably chiefly employed in the construction of foundations and basements, where its power of resisting wet rendered it valuable.† Yet vain were all the attempts of that wicked people to make themselves secure. The prophecies of Isaiah and of Jeremiah have been fulfilled—"Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. I will make it a possession of the bittern, and pools of water; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts." "The river is come up upon Babylon, her walls are broken down; every one that passeth by is astonished!" "How hath the golden city ceased!"

Another Scripture reference to pitch is found in the prophecy of Isaiah against Edom (xxxiv. 9), "The streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch." In the words of an enterprising traveller, who visited Mount Sinai, and surveyed the lands and mountains around—"It would seem as if Arabia Petrea had been a mountain of lava, and that, while its waves were running literally mountains high, it was commanded suddenly to stand still."‡ And, like Sodom—"It is at once a grave and a monument; a grave in which slumber the thousands whose daring ungodliness cut them off from mercy—a grave whose chambers lead down to hell. It is a monument, on every hair-breadth of which is recorded, in characters of fiery desolation, the irre-

\* Dr. Kitto.

† "Monthly Volume;"—Babylon.

\* Paxton's "Scripture Illustrations."

† "Monthly Volume;"—Babylon. ‡ Henniker.

sistible terrors of a just, a tempted, an avenging God."\*  
H. H.

—♦—  
ANTHONY CANOVA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MASSON.

BY YAIDA.

ANTHONY CANOVA was born in the year 1747, in the little village of Possayno, situated within the old Venetian republic. The senator, John Falière, who was lord of the village, gave one day a splendid entertainment to his friends; and amongst the various designs in confectionary, which ornamented the table, the figure of a lion, exquisitely moulded in butter, attracted the attention of the guests, who were so enthusiastic in their admiration of it, that lord Falière desired that his cook should appear, in order that in their presence he might express his wonder and astonishment at the extraordinary dish. His command was obeyed, and the cook was introduced into the festive circle, and was so overwhelmed by congratulations and praise, that tears actually rolled down his face.

"Do you weep for joy?" said lord Falière.

"No, my lord," replied he; "I weep for sorrow, that I was not the maker of the dish which has elicited such applause."

"Who was it, then?" said lord Falière; "I would like to see him."

The cook retired, saying that his lordship should be obeyed. In a few minutes he returned, bringing the artist with him. But who was he? A little peasant boy, about ten years old, and dressed almost in rags, for his parents were very poor. They had, however, struggled hard to get him a few drawing lessons from a professor, who had kindly consented to instruct him at a very moderate charge. From early infancy he had shown a decided taste for sculpture; he used to make models of clay, with exquisite taste; and constantly carved little wooden figures, without any instrument but his pen-knife. His parents happened to be acquainted with lord Falière's cook, who came to tell them, on the day of the great entertainment, of the dilemma he was in, about completing the symmetry of the table; he had exhausted all the resources of his art

and his imagination; but, alas! he still wanted one effective dish, which would establish his reputation as cook on so firm a basis that he need not fear a rival.

"Is that all you want?" said young Canova, who had apparently been absorbed in thought whilst the conversation had been going on. "Is that all you want? Don't be in such a fuss about it; take me back with you, and I'll engage I'll make a dish that will answer your purpose."

The offer was gladly accepted, and the child followed the cook; and in a few minutes showed him a model of the design which he intended to execute. He then cut a block of butter in the form of a lion, with the same purity of imagination and perfect taste of which he afterwards gave so many proofs in marble. Amazed as all the guests had been at the dish itself, they were still more so when they saw the youthful artist; they caressed and congratulated him, and lord Falière declared that from thenceforth he would take him under his special patronage, and that he would place him immediately in the workshop of Lorreti, the most eminent sculptor of the day. Thus we see that this happy attempt of Canova to extricate lord Falière's cook from his perplexity, was the means of making his name known throughout the world, and opened to him the path of fame and glory.

About two years after this event, that is, when Canova was about twelve years old, he sent his Mæcenas, two baskets of fruit in marble, which still ornament the high steps of the palace of the Falière at Rome.

Every one knows the claims of this great sculptor to the admiration of posterity. Suffice it, then, to mention here, that all the learned academies in the world solicited the honour of having his name enrolled amongst their members. All the crowned heads of Europe contended for the glory of enriching their museums with his statues. Pius VII. had his name inscribed in the golden book at the capital. He was elected "prince perpetual," by the academy of St. Luke's, at Rome; and since his death, the title has not been conferred on any artist. To conclude, the funeral ceremonies with which his remains were honoured, were the most pompous and magnificent that had been granted to any professor of the fine arts since the death of Raphaël.

## THE FAMILY ALTAR.

At no time does the family below present to my mind so faithful and striking a type of the family above, as when with one accord they have met in one place, to offer united praise to the Father of mercies. True it is with this, as every illustration of life in that better country, much imperfection is mingled. A large share of our devotional exercises consists of confession of sin, and supplication for strength against the time of temptation; besides which, wandering thoughts and the fatigue of jaded spirits too often mar our worship, and render our solemn service vain. Yet, nevertheless, the family has been repeatedly used by God himself as an emblem of his triumphant church; and scarcely could one have been selected which would appeal so forcibly, because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men in all ages.

I have been led to these remarks by reviewing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and contemplating the vast power the domestic altar retained over me in my youth, even when far removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland, and remote from facilities for acquiring a commercial education. After mature reflection, my parents consented that I should follow the bent of my own inclination, and seek such advantages in a distant city.

The history of my first year was similar to that of many other ambitious youths. I was acquiring a knowledge of men and manners, but the narration *how* is not material.

About this time, a fit of sickness rendered it necessary for me to seek a maternal care, under whose blessed influences health soon returned. The day before I again left home, to plunge more extensively than I had hitherto done into the whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother, and pouring into her willing ear some account of my cares and annoyances. She heard me patiently, and when I had concluded my story, put her arm around my neck, and kissing my forehead, said, "My son—my dear son, never think yourself forgotten by us. Your father mentions your name night and morning."

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest infancy I had heard fervent petitions offered at such times, for the temporarily absent one; and now, as I was

going out into the world—perhaps never to return—the remembrance of this circumstance was a comfort to me. I knew the paths of youth were slippery, for I had seen sufficient of the world, even in a year, to be well aware of the fact, and in some degree realized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed the whole of my secular time; but I never forgot my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally, anxiety would prevent me from offering more than the merest form of prayer myself; then would I think of my father's earnest petition, offered for me that morning, and in strength granted, in answer to it, rise beside the trial, if not immediately victorious over it! Sometimes pleasures would lure, by her siren voice, to a participation in unholy amusements; but the charm was powerless when I thought of my father's prayer.

I have been young, and now am old; yet those words still ring in my ears, and influence my conduct. The lips which then supplicated for me have exchanged supplications for everlasting praises; yet, in times of sorrow and perplexity, I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and her words are cordial to my heart. In times of joy and prosperity I remember them, and they act as a moderating agency to the sanguine restlessness of ambition.

Parents! throw around the hearts of your children a similar indestructible chain. At the family altar, teach them, by suitable petitions, that you sympathize with them in their feeble attempts to do right; there let confession be made for family sins, and grateful praise returned for family mercies; then may you hope for a reunion of your dispersed families in a better country, even a heavenly.—*American Paper.*

## EFFECT OF TRUE RELIGION.

THE religion of the gospel is always glorious—it is a pure spiritual essence, which nothing can deteriorate. If it force its way into a narrow heart, it struggles to expand it. If it dwell in a vulgar mind, its tendency is to refine it; and when associated with error, and a spirit foreign to its own, it labours to subdue the power of the one, and to soften the asperities of the other.—*Dr. Styles.*



Cowper and his Hares.

## COWPER AND HIS HARES.

COWPER was an individual of extreme sensibility. At six years of age he was deprived of his excellent mother. How deeply he felt the loss thus sustained may be gathered from those well-known lines, penned fifty years afterwards, on the receipt of her portrait, commencing—

"Oh that those lips had language! life has past  
With me but *roughly*, since I saw thee last."

*Roughly* indeed; for much of his life was passed under a cloud of mental depression, which visited him at different times and under different symptoms. His timid, meek, and inoffensive spirit unfitted him for the hardships of school life, as well as subsequent difficulties. "What nature expressly designed me for," said he, in a letter to Mr. Unwin, May, 1781, "I have never been able to conjecture; I seem to myself so universally disqualified for the common and customary occupations and amusements of mankind."

There was something singularly impressive in the mechanism of his mind. His gentle heart at no time of life needed the admonition,—

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

This may be fully gathered from those well-known lines, in which he has given vent to his indignation against such as indulge in cruelty to animals, and which at the same time evidence the tender susceptibilities of his own heart:

"I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine  
sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

The mind of Cowper "presents the most wonderful combinations of the grave and the gay, the social and the retired; ministering to the spiritual joys of others, yet enveloped in the gloom of darkness; enchained with fetters, yet vigorous and free; soaring to the heights of Zion, yet

precipitated to the depths below. It resembles a beautiful landscape, overshadowed by a dark impending cloud. Every moment we expect the cloud to burst upon the head of the devoted sufferer; but that Divine hand which guides every event, and without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground, interposes and arrests the shock.\* More than once, in fits of melancholy, Cowper attempted self-destruction; but was prevented by the good hand of Providence.

When at Olney, he laboured under a severe and continuous attack of mental depression; but he understood his own case well enough to know that anything engaging his attention without tiring it, must prove salutary. Accordingly, when signs of amendment took place, he was found gardening and pruning the fruit-trees, or feeding the chickens of the rev. John Newton. He was long incapable of receiving pleasure either from company or books; but he amused himself with some leverets which his friends presented to him, and to which he showed great kindness. "They grew up under his care, and continued to interest him nearly twelve years, when the last survivor died quietly of mere old age. He has immortalized them in Latin and in English, in verse and in prose; they have been represented in prints and cuts on seals; and his account of them, which in most editions of his poems is now appended to their epitaph, contains more observations than had ever before been contributed towards the natural history of this inoffensive race. He found in them as much difference of temper and character as is observable in all domestic animals, and in men themselves; and this might have been expected. . . . To one of these hares that had never seen a spaniel, Cowper introduced a spaniel that had never seen a hare; and because the one discovered no token of fear, and the other no symptom of hostility, he inferred that there is no natural antipathy between dog and hare: a fallacious inference, for the dog in its wild, which is its natural state, is a beast of prey. . . . One of them was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions. Cowper twice nursed this creature in sickness, and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. 'No creature,' he says, 'could be more grateful than

\* Grimshaw's "Life of Cowper."

my patient after his recovery, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand; first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar occasion.' It is very remarkable, that this peculiar expression of attachment should only have been shown twice, and each time for the same peculiar reason."\* H.

#### BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."—GAL. vi. 2.

"Every man shall bear his own burden."—GAL. vi. 5.

THIS precept, seeming to oppose the assertion, is found not far from it, in the letter of the apostle Paul to the churches of Galatia; but it appears from the context, that while the same word "burden" is used in each verse, in the precept it relates to affliction and weight of trouble, and in the assertion it refers to individual responsibility, and concerns burdens which our fellow-creatures have no power to relieve. Both precept and assertion are worthy of patient thought; and taking them in their order, we will endeavour to enforce them.

"Bear ye one another's burdens" is a well-understood precept; for we have all burdens, small or great,—some crook in the lot, some thorn in the flesh; and we all like sympathy under their pressure. How cold and weary is a life without sympathy! If there be a man who, by his position, is deprived, or who, by his temper, has deprived himself of a friend with whom to share his troubles—he is a miserable creature, at the close of the loftiest career. If we have ever watched the course of a proud and independent mind, we shall have seen that it is not happy, with all its greatness, unless it finds fellowship with some one of its kind; not so much in intellectual community, as in loving and being loved again. This is the final necessity of human nature. God made it so in its first estate of innocence, and he has left it so, even in its present guilt and degradation by sin. We need friends with whom to dwell upon the lights of life, and these are readily found to rejoice when we rejoice. We draw yet more closely to them amidst its shadows,

\* Southey's "Cowper."

that they may weep with us when we weep; and if they then become fewer, they are dearer. Afflictions show us our friends, as prosperity finds us our flatterers.

Now, it is not, perhaps, enough remembered, that the sympathy we desire to receive, we must be found willing to bestow. We must do and feel unto others as we would that they should do and feel unto us; and if we are ready to bear the burdens of our friends—to identify ourselves cordially with their anxieties, difficulties, sufferings, losses, and crosses, we shall find our own burdens lifted from our shoulders, as far as may be, in the hour of need.

It strikes us, as the sum of our experience, that every man receives in this way about as much as he really deserves. The selfish person claims more than he deserves, demands to receive that which he has never accorded to others; and always complains, in most bitter terms, of want of sympathy, and of the world's ingratitude.

When therefore we feel ourselves disposed to murmur at a lack of fellowship, let us look around us, and endeavour to exhibit more of it towards others. If we complain, and with some reason, that a person whom we might expect to assist us in bearing our burdens, looks coldly upon us; let us first examine if he has any burdens to bear, and if we have sought to bear them. Let us watch whether we have been willing to approve his plans, to pass leniently over his failures, to congratulate him on his successes, and to view all that he does in a favourable light; for this is what we like to be done to us, and such sympathy is tolerably sure to meet with its return.

It is a duty in those who have to bear the burden of life together, in husband and wife especially, and, indeed, in all the other near relations of society, to bear each other's burdens of a minor kind, as well as those of greater magnitude. And this also is much neglected. If there be found among the members of our circle some of sickly body and weak mind, or of fretful and complaining temper, we must bear with them; and this does not mean that we should coldly tolerate them, but that we should soothe and conceal their infirmities as much as may be; yet how often do we act as if deformity of temper and deficiency of sense had absolved us from all tender consideration, and thereby increase rather

than bear the burden of the sufferers. If we love persons truly, we shall, of course, endeavour rather to cover than expose their weak points, and not talk of the burdens we have to bear on their account. Our Redeemer sees these burdens, and notes our behaviour under them; he measures out to us our everyday weight of small crosses, and observes whether, through self-denial and crucifixion of the flesh with its affections and lusts, we are being led towards the crown which he has prepared for those who love him—who take up their cross and follow him. Have we not all somewhat to confess in this particular?

But it is also written, that "Every man shall bear his own burden"—shall endure the weight of his own responsibility. No one mortal being can answer for another at the bar of God; and if we have not in this life found the burden of sin roll off at the foot of the cross, as in Bunyan's beautiful allegory; if our Saviour has not borne the weight of the curse for us, heavy will be the burden which must crush us into hell. If, however, we have sought and found this Saviour, and if we are so happy as to possess in our relative earthly connexions all that can be expected of kindly sympathy, still each heart knoweth its own bitterness; and there is some burden, secret, if not visible, that we must separately bear. The husband cannot bear it for the wife, nor the wife for the husband. The tender mother, great as is her faculty of sympathy, cannot bear it for the child; and she feels this when she sees her little one tortured by personal pain, beyond her power of relief. Some have much more strength than others to strive against the outward manifestations of these personal burdens. The children of this world have their burdens—their losses, crosses, and cares, under which many of them are irritated to exasperation and self-destruction; but which those of a more placid temperament often bear with a stoicism which astonishes us. When bereaved, ill, and disappointed in their dearest schemes, their demeanour will often read a lesson to the fretful and irritable Christian (strange anomaly in terms!) who ought to know, and does know, that all things are working together for his good; and thus the men of this world are said to be "wiser in their generation than the children of light." They are taught that it is unmanly to be disturbed about trifles—undignified to con-

less; that they have any burden to bear; and while they often maintain a hollow repose, and mere outside show of peace, they shame, by comparison, those who really possess "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"—one who, when the heart knoweth its own bitterness, knoweth even the heart also, and can either "remove the shoulder from the burden," Psa. lxxxi. 6, or ease its pressure with the mighty words, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness," 2 Cor. xii. 9. Yes, every man must bear his own burden till he has faith to cast it upon the Lord, knowing that he will sustain it.

In this life the written communication of thoughts and facts takes up so much time and power, that when the friends who were brought up by our side become distant, if we and they are much occupied, they lose communion with our daily identity, and we with theirs. Each one of us "bears his own burden," and each one is so filled with his own affairs (for our minds are naturally self-occupied) that when the long-parted meet again, from different spheres, neither one cares to communicate or to hear, as in olden time, the peculiar troubles of the other. There are, of course, exceptions to this statement; but we think that the prevalence of its truth makes up the heartlessness of society. People in general are far more interested in speaking of their own affairs than in listening to those of others: Every man bears his own burden; and it is the few who bear others' burdens, and in so doing, forget their own.

But though unto every one born into the world is appointed his share of the burden of life, there are burdens which we take to ourselves when we need not do so; which Satan places as temptations in our youth, to see if we will pick them up, and load ourselves with them, to our hindrance in the heavenward way. The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden is light; but we often get weary and heavy laden with burdens which we have no occasion to court. For instance, we go out of a straightforward course of duty to secure that which we think will be an advantage, or to avert what seems to us an impending loss, and we attain our end, being determined to do so; and we afterwards find that we had been wiser had we suffered the event to pass as it would have done, without our care; and that God would have judged better for us

in the addition or subtraction, had we permitted his guidance.

The things which are accomplished for us, without our own intervention, are mostly the right things, and done in the right time; and those which we are resolved to have and to do for ourselves, without looking to providential guidance, prove after all our burdens, under the weight of which we must reflect that they were taken up of our own accord, and whose pressure we have to feel perhaps for a life-time.

Some take unto themselves the burden of riches, and so "fall into temptation and a snare." They rise early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness; but it is only to obtain the gold that perisheth, and sometimes by unlawful means. Whether by such trade as ruins the souls of others, or by a tissue of small secret dishonesties in word and deed, to which they yielded first in hours of temptation;—sins of committal or of omission, never perhaps known to a fellow-creature, never forgotten by themselves and the recording angel; and which must one day, if pardon through the blood of Christ prevent not,

"Be all exposed before the sun,  
While men and angels hear."

Confession, contrition, and restitution are necessary to the falling off of this burden.

Those who launch out in trade and speculation upon fictitious capital, thereby making to themselves an excess of business, pick up a burden which they need not have done; and find it a great spiritual hindrance, whether it tend to cumbrous riches, or to loss and poverty; for riches themselves, when attained, are often a burden; they bring with them the supposed necessity of doing as others do, and presently in their train come the fatigue and anxiety of a large establishment, which many complain of and groan under, who yet would be far from willing to renounce their burden and descend to a life without pomp or show. The taking of this burden upon us mostly depends upon ourselves, as does the converse,—the burden of poverty; whether brought on by vice, by carelessness, by imprudence, or by want of foresight. How bitterly must each of these be afterwards regretted! There is a melancholy history in the words, "He brought himself to poverty;" and the sufferer in such circumstances must recall its details more bitterly than one who can trace his losses clearly and truly to the misconduct of others.



The same must be said of unchristian marriages: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," is the decided command; and if the children of God are tempted to transgress it, they take a burden to themselves that is sure to gall them somewhere, and constantly to prove a hindrance in their way to heaven. So of reading bad or doubtful books: ideas may, by our own act, be introduced into our minds, which may make our days and nights restless, and destroy the peace of our consciences. They are not less seductive than bad companions; and should be resolutely put from us, as we would avoid the plague. Yet, alas! of what character is the mental food generally provided to suit the public taste of travellers on our railroads? The foul French novel, the book of supernatural horrors; and the more foul, and the more horrible, according to the testimony of the vendors, the better is the sale. Let us avoid taking to ourselves such burdens for the amusement of the hour,—for it is hard to disinfect the memory, when once tainted with evil; and "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Every parent shall bear his own burden as children grow up, who does not, while young, hold them under restraint from that which is bad, and guide them towards that which is good. The seed-time being lost, where is the harvest?

In his early days, in his thoughtless youth, what an age of repentance, what a burden for life has many a young man brought upon himself by half an hour of mischievous frolic! The loss of limb or sense, perhaps, is caused by him. He inflicts irreparable injury on the mind or body of his companion.

We should be concerned not to bring our burdens on ourselves, by allowing small offences and jealousies to rankle in our minds, and there to grow into greater importance than they deserve. Inocuity is a fruitful ground, on which this sin may grow. "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" but the reciprocation or repetition to another of the cross look and hard word adds to our own burden, if we have any such to bear; neither do we "suffer with Christ," unless, when reviled, we revile not again.

It is of no use to seek for perfect communion of feeling in this world: "Every man shall bear his own burden;" and it is a pity to get offended with people because they do not identify themselves

with our interests and concerns as much as we may expect. Friends change, and die; and those are the most secure of happiness who depend upon God and themselves for it. And then, however transplanted and however isolated, they are not habitually sighing for the want of sympathy; and are the more thankful when it occasionally crosses them.

We must conclude with the wise advice of Fenelon:—"Never allow yourself to be irritated, and so take up a burden, from the discourse of your fellow-creatures. Let them talk, and do you try to do the will of God. As to that of man, you will never accomplish doing it; it is not even worth the trouble of trying. A little silence, peace, and union with God ought easily to console you for anything that men may unjustly say. We ought to love them without depending on their friendship; they abandon and they return to us. Let them go and come; they resemble the feather which the wind carries away. Look to God alone in them. He alone comforts or afflicts us by their instrumentality, according as our need is."

Finally: it is well for every one to bear his own burden patiently and cheerfully, for he might probably be less able to bear either the good or the ill allotted to another person; and it is not always wise to pray for the removal of our burdens, but always for their sanctification. May they urge us daily towards a throne of grace, and quicken our progress towards that world where—

"From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and fear, released,  
All the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

L. N. R.

#### OLD HUMPHREY ON THE WONDERS OF OUR OWN TIMES.

A WORD or two on a few of the many wonders of our own times, for I cannot but think that they call forth too little of our regard. We cannot always keep up an excited emotion of astonishment or delight, but we may indulge in profitable reflection.

There is nothing around us, however extraordinary, that does not soon become comparatively common place. The very sun, moon, and stars, hung up in the heavens and sustained there without visible agency for thousands of years, awake not our wonder. When we take up the

pen, it is true, we sometimes write about them very eloquently; and when called on to make speeches before our fellow-men, we go on sky-scraping, as though we were wondrously affected by these things; but who among us is ever found really gazing up at midday, or midnight, at the clear blue arch of heaven, with an admiring eye, and loving and grateful heart, constrained, whether he will or not, to exclaim, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?—O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! *Psa. viii. 3—9.* Such a thing is unknown among us. These wonders are so common to us, that they cease to seem wonderful in our regard:

God writes his mighty name on every spot;  
Man, thoughtless man, goes by and heeds it not.

An attempt to sum up either our spiritual or temporal mercies would, indeed, be undertaking an impossibility; their amount exceeds that of the stars of heaven: if we would number them, they are more than the hairs of our head. Let us speak a little of the discoveries of mankind. Many of the wonderful occurrences that have affected the world have taken place long ago. The invention of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, the printing-press, and the Newtonian system are among them: we will not dwell upon them, but refer to such only as belong to our own times.

In the days of my youth, for a man to fondle with wild beasts, to endure a baking heat, or to leap from the mast-head of a ship head-foremost into the water, was altogether out of the question; and yet, of late years, thousands have seen Van Amburgh playing with his lions as though they were lambs. The human salamander, Chabert, shutting himself up in an oven, seemingly without hurt; and Scott, the diver, throwing himself, head-foremost, from a ladder erected on a lofty platform. Scott killed himself in the act. None of these feats are to be commended, but rather to be severely censured; yet still, they are too extraordinary to be regarded with indifference. They set forth the wondrous powers of achievement and endurance with which man is endowed.

Some time ago a speaking automaton was exhibited, articulating syllables,

words, and sentences in different languages, sufficiently distinct to be understood. I conversed with it myself many times; and though I did not see what advantages were likely to be derived from the invention, yet it did seem to me to be wonderful that a painted figure, a mere piece of mechanism, could be made to pronounce words, and talk in any degree intelligible to a human being.

In the days of our fathers before us many bold enterprises were undertaken and achieved on the earth, above the earth, and under the earth; but it was not until our times that a Brunel bored a tunnel under the Thames, and a Stephenson erected a tubular bridge over the Menai Straits.

Though the power of steam has been in exercise for ages and ages, yet the practical purposes to which it was applied before our times were few. The steam-engine is our own, with all its wonder-working achievements, toiling on our mountains, draining our mines, drawing up our coal, forging our iron, whirling round our spindles, printing our newspapers, and urging onward our railroad carriages and our ships. Equally on land and water it puts forth its wondrous power, and does that with ease which five hundred horses could not with an effort perform:

When thus we see machines of power  
By toil and genius wrought,  
The product of a thousand years  
Of ever-waking thought;—

When proofs of art around us rise,  
That England calls her own,  
Conceived and done by master minds,  
And master hands alone;

we cannot but admit, that in our day we have advantages that never before were enjoyed. Are our gifts equalled by our gratitude?

Before our times there were lions in the Tower, and in travelling-caravans the huge elephant might, now and then, be seen, with a few other wild animals; but now almost all kinds of savage creatures are congregated together. In our Zoological Gardens, amid trees and flowers, and gravelled walks, and lakes and fountains, not only men, but women and children move about at their ease and in safety, surrounded by the savage animals of the earth. To gratify our curiosity and afford us pleasure, not only are the lion, the tiger, the spotted leopard, and the untameable hyæna forced from their lairs, but the giraffe is over-

taken in the desert, the horned rhinoceros overcome in the forest, the polar bear dragged from his icebergs, the hippopotamus caught in the river, and scaly alligators and shiny serpents, of an enormous size, are made captive in the sedgy swamp. Wondrous is the power that God has delegated to man: how seldom is it dedicated to his glory!

Doubtless the sun for nearly sixty centuries has been gilding the skies, painting the flowers, and beautifying, in all sorts of ways, the glowing creation; but never till now have his beams been systematically exercised in painting the likenesses of mankind. By other processes miniatures may be like their originals; but by the Daguerreotype process they must be. Strengthened with knowledge and science, man says to the lightning of heaven, "Come," and it cometh; and to the sunbeam, "Do this," and it doeth it.

Well may a mighty cry of thankfulness, a mingled shout of hallelujahs mount upward to the skies from the afflicted sons and daughters of humanity, on the discovery that by the administration of chloroform, surgical operations may be performed without pain. What a heavy load has been taken from the agonizing heart! What an enfranchisement has been effected of the foreboding spirit held captive by the continual fear of coming trial! Lift up your languid heads, ye dejected endurers of increasing affliction; the evil ye so much dreaded may be avoided, the good ye so much desired may be secured. No longer weary yourselves with groaning, nor water your couch with your tears, anticipating a season of suffering and sorrow; but give thanks to God for the great deliverance he has wrought. Bless the Lord for his goodness, and praise him, and magnify him for ever!

We have been accustomed, until latterly, to look to Mexico and Peru for our gold; but not so now. All at once a part of the world, hitherto lightly valued, is found to possess mines of wealth apparently inexhaustible. California, a rugged coast, washed by the rolling billows of the Pacific Ocean, has bared its bosom, and that bosom is found to be glowing with gold. There is gold in the hills, gold in the valleys, and gold in the running streams. Thousands with headlong haste have hurried from all countries to the spot, and thousands more are meditating a visit to that far-off land. It has

been said, nay, the Book of Truth has said it, "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith," Prov. xv. 16. But come what will, these Californian gold-hunters will have wealth:

What power have riches o'er the mind,  
To brighter hopes and prospects blind.

Let such as have been blown about at the Cape of Good Hope for weeks together, without rounding it; such as have endured six weary months in an East India voyage, speak their opinion about the overland passage which is now so rapidly accomplished. To me it appears one of those national advantages which can hardly be too highly estimated. How much valuable time is hereby saved! How much weariness and sea-sickness avoided! It is true that the lowest price at which a gentleman can secure a passage is 127*l.*, and that a lady must pay 136*l.*,—an inconvenient price for many; but when I think of people going from Southampton to Calcutta in forty-eight days, it makes me feel as if I were talking about crows and carrier-pigeons, rather than about men and women. What may we not yet live to see!

Nor ought the Crystal Palace to be forgotten, when enumerating our modern wonders:

A princely structure towering high,  
Where wondering thousands run;  
A meet and matchless edifice,  
A perfect paragon.

The Great Exhibition, calling forth hopes and fears somewhat extravagant, has a claim on our best attention; and the Crystal Palace, regarded in respect to its peculiar construction of iron and glass, its unrivalled amplitude, its rapidity of erection, its accumulated treasures, and the national end it is intended to serve, will, no doubt, be handed down to posterity in the records of future times. With a world-wide object, it will have a world-wide reputation.

But among the many extraordinary things that wake our wonder, none urges its claim on our unfeigned admiration more successfully than the electric telegraph. The swiftest race-horse is a lag-gard, the steam-engine a tardy machine, the pinion of the eagle a slow mode of progression, and the very wings of the wind are unwieldy, compared with the matchless speed of this new ethereal agent, so recently enlisted in the service

of man. With a velocity, incredible as it may appear, that would belt the round world eight times in a second, it hurries on to deliver the message committed to its care. What manner of men ought we to be, who have entrusted to us such mighty energies and incalculable advantages! Truly the rising sun should witness our praise, and its setting beams bear testimony to our thankfulness.

Ages have rolled away, and thousands of years sped their silent flight to an eternal world since the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of old were laid in their mausoleums, and had cenotaphs erected to their memory. Some things we know of ancient Egypt from the records of Holy Writ; but how much more has been shrouded in unintelligible hieroglyphics, and buried in the silent resting-places of the departed. Yet in this our distant day a key has been found to unlock the treasure-houses of knowledge. Hieroglyphics are now understood; the graves are giving up their dead, and pronouncing the hitherto unknown names of their inmates. Ancient Egypt, and Greece, and Assyria are become tributary to us, and the enlightened visitor of the British Museum sees spread before him, in its inscriptions, an authentic record, plain and explicit enough to blanch the face of an infidel with fear, and to deepen in a Christian's heart the conviction of the truthfulness of God's holy word.

It may be that my reader may think but little of these things, but they ought to call up within him deep emotion. I cannot fix my eyes on the sarcophagi and mummy-cases from Thebes and Gournah without a thrill of awe; for the past comes over my spirit, when "Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt," Gen. l. 26. Nor can I look upon the bull and lion from Nineveh, without holding strange communion with that "great city," wherein were more than six score thousand persons that could not "discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle," Jonah iv. 11.

Such are some of those wonders of our times, which are well entitled to our most thoughtful reflection. By grouping them together before my reader, I may haply induce him to pay to them a more particular attention. The knowledge that man in his most wonderful works is depending for power on his almighty

Maker, should lead us more continually with thankfulness and praise to the great Fountain of wisdom and might, the God of gods, and Lord of lords, "who alone doeth great wonders; for his mercy endureth for ever," Psa. cxxxvi. 4.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON THINGS.

##### THE LUCIFER MATCH.

THE lucifer match is one of the many pretty applications of scientific discovery to the purposes of social life made in our own day, and within our own recollection. The experiments which led to the invention of the match were among the most dangerous of the many uncertain and hazardous adventures of the chemist under the guidance of analogies at best little worthy of confidence, and yet the produce of his thought and fearless inquisitiveness is now put into the hand of the most ignorant servant-maid, and even of a child, without explanation and without danger. Thus it is that the greatest forces of nature, when discovered and explained by the man of science, are brought under control and made subservient to the wishes and wants of the poorest and weakest of mankind, for every-day household purposes. Yoked to the car of social progress they become the willing servants of man, and when guided by him under the ordinances of nature and the higher principles of religion, their course is one of benevolence, peace, and order; but when a presumptuous spirit dares to employ them for evil purposes and destructive ends, their first victim is often the man who attempts to turn them from their ordained mission of mercy.

Lucifer matches are things which people use and destroy by hundreds without knowing anything about them, and as little caring to inquire. They know the purpose for which they are made, and they expect that purpose to be answered, but the why and the wherefore which they are so anxious about in all matters not requiring thought never troubles them, and still less are they conscious of the prodigious power they are using in minute quantities to supply the place of the discarded tinder-box. If asked why the match is ignited when the end of it is rubbed against a rough surface, they would probably reply, "There is phosphorus at the end of it;" or to be less explicit, and so cover ignorance, they

might attribute the effect to some substance that catches fire with rubbing. But if told that it was inflamed by a fulminating compound of intense and dangerous power, they would perhaps take the liberty of thinking for themselves on the matter, or reply with a smile which might be read as expressive of either incredulity or assumed wisdom. But my readers, whether they do or do not know how a lucifer match is made, will give me credit for a desire to inform those who are ignorant, and wish for information; and if I am as successful in my attempt as I desire to be, the explanation of one household instrument will excite inquiry about many others.

That phosphorus alone would not produce the effect obtained by the lucifer match must be evident to all who have been taught the cause of the luminous appearance of this substance at common temperatures. Figures and words are sometimes traced on walls with phosphorus, which become luminous in the dark. The reason of this is, that when exposed to the air it oxydizes and gives off a white luminous vapour called phosphoric acid. This slow combustion is attended with a sensible evolution of heat, and experiments should therefore be made with caution, for the slow combustion sometimes terminates in complete fusion and a rapid combustion at a high temperature. At a temperature below the freezing point of water phosphorus is luminous in the air, that is to say it has a slow combustion even when water is freezing. For this reason it is always kept in water, being perfectly insoluble in that liquid; and to protect it from the action of light, which gives it a red tinge, an opaque bottle is preferred. Now a substance which almost at the lowest temperature of our atmosphere has a slow combustion, and is under many circumstances liable to complete fusion, is evidently unfit for use alone in the manufacture of lucifer matches. The ignition, as already hinted, is produced by the explosion of a fulminating compound. The noise attending the ignition of a match is literally a detonation, and is feeble only because a very small quantity is employed. This, like all other detonations, is produced by a rapid chemical combination or decomposition. Two gases may produce an explosive compound, as is the case with oxygen and hydrogen mixed in certain proportions, which explodes with great violence when

a spark or flame is introduced, producing water. Many solids might be mentioned as forming detonating compounds, but in all cases there is chemical action, as in the explosion of ammoniuret of gold, in which case there is a decomposition, the ammonia being decomposed, leaving metallic gold as a residuum. But a caution is here necessary;—the fulminating powders of which we are to speak are not things to be played with by the novice. Chemists themselves make and treat them with caution, and in exceedingly small quantities, so that where the learned and experienced cannot experiment without fear, ignorance must not try his unpractised hand.

Some years ago Bezzelius proposed the following substances and proportions as forming a good lucifer compound; and although others have since been suggested, and are now more commonly employed, it is suitable for the purpose of a general explanation: chloride of potass thirty parts, sugar eight parts, and gum arabic five parts, are first rubbed into a paste with water, and when mixed, ten parts of sulphur are added. Into this brimstone matches are dipped, and when dry are fit for use. It will be observed that these substances are mixed in water, for there is no compound which requires more careful manipulation than the chlorate of potass when in contact with sulphur, phosphorus, or charcoal; and that it may not be rashly meddled with, a few of its characteristics, and the effect produced by its admixture with other bodies, may be mentioned.

The chlorate of potass when mixed with sulphur in the proportion of three parts of one, to one part of the other, detonates loudly, sometimes spontaneously, and always when struck. Mixed with phosphorus, the detonations are still more violent and dangerous. Some years since, Berthollet, a celebrated French chemist, recommended its use for the manufacture of gunpowder in the place of nitre; the experiment was tried, but the compound exploded in the admixture, and several persons were killed. The effect in all these cases is occasioned by the rapid decomposition of chloric acid. Chlorate of potass, combined with a combustible body, is instantly exploded by the addition of sulphuric acid. Lucifer matches were some time ago made upon this principle, a bottle containing the acid dropped on asbestos being sold with the box of matches; but this plan was too trouble-

some for general use, and had no advantage over the match ignited by friction.

Sulphur, the other principal component of the detonating paste of Berzelius, is one of the most curious substances in nature. The sulphur of commerce is chiefly obtained from volcanoes, where it is found condensed in fissures forming sulphur veins, either in a pure state or combined with hydrogen. Several of the metals—as lead, iron, and tin—in their natural state contain sulphur, and it is also found in gypsum and in all other minerals of which sulphuric acid is a component part. We find it again in albumen, and curiously enough in fibrin, the other constituent part of blood, as well as in casein, the principal ingredient of milk. The offensive smell of the white of eggs, which is albumen, when in a state of decomposition, results from the revolution of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and the same gas is given off during the putrefaction of the albumen and fibrin of the blood.

The properties of sulphur make it a substance peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of matches. It takes fire below its boiling point,  $601^{\circ}$  Fah., and burns with a pale blue flame, giving off, during combustion, sulphurous acid gas; that suffocating fume always detected in lighting a match. But it is not this only that makes it useful in the manufacture of lucifer matches, it is employed because it forms a detonating substance with the chlorate of potass; and it must be borne in mind that the lighting of a match is as perfect an explosion as the discharge of artillery.

An improvement has been made in the manufacture of lucifer matches by the introduction of phosphorus in the place of sulphur, and nitre instead of the chlorate of potass. A French chemist suggested the following proportions: nitre ten parts, phosphorus four, and glue six parts. This paste has been found effective. The glue is first made into a smooth jelly by warm water, in a porcelain vessel, and into this the phosphorus is rubbed at a temperature of from  $130^{\circ}$  to  $140^{\circ}$ . The nitre is then added. The match is prepared to receive the fulminating compound by slightly charring, and then dipping the end into melted white wax. To colour the paste red-lead or ochre is used. A paper match may be made with the same compound. A stiff writing-paper is first moistened on both sides with the tincture of benzoin, then

dried and cut into slips. One end of each slip being touched with the paste, for which purpose a hair pencil is used, the matches are prepared, and when rubbed against a rough surface they take fire, burning with an agreeable odour.

It has been observed that in this last detonating compound the chlorate of potass is omitted, and a new substance, nitre, introduced in its place. Nitre or saltpetre is the nitrate of potass. It is an abundant constituent of mineral masses, and is so important an ingredient in the manufacture of gunpowder that the task of explaining the lucifer match and other detonating compounds would be ill performed if this substance were unmentioned. It is sometimes cast into small balls or cakes, and is called sal-prunella, a name it is said to have derived from its having formerly been strained off a plum colour. It fuses at a temperature of about  $600^{\circ}$ . When mixed with charcoal it is rapidly decomposed with detonation, at a red heat. These two substances are the principal constituents of all kinds of fireworks, the greater or less rapidity of combustion being regulated by their relative proportions, and the colour being obtained by the addition of some third body.

Gunpowder is made of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur, used in different proportions, according to the purposes for which the powder is to be employed. In our lucifer match paste, phosphorus is used instead of sulphur; a compound which produces a very vivid combustion, forming in that change a phosphate of potass.

Now if this subject has been explained with sufficient clearness, it will be understood that fulmination or detonation proceeds from the same cause in all instances—a very rapid chemical change. There are attractions or affinities in nature which in their operations may be compared to our tastes or affections. Some things we do not like at all, others we long for or enjoy when we have them; some persons are pleasant and agreeable to us, we seek their society and love them, while others are disagreeable and repulsive to us, though perhaps admired and respected by our friends. In us there is a positive choice under the control of our will; in inanimate nature there is a power resembling choice, but absolute and uncontrollable, belonging to the very nature of the substance. Every kind of matter has a greater or less attraction for some other kinds; but when two are

united together, having but a small affinity for each other, they will part company when a third is brought in having a greater. Take for example a little lime and magnesia and mix them together, pour on them some dilute nitric acid, and it will dissolve the lime, leaving the magnesia alone. From this experiment it is evident that lime has a greater affinity than magnesia for nitric acid: but to make the fact still clearer, take a solution of the nitrate of magnesia, and pour into it lime water. The magnesia is instantly robbed of its companion, and falls to the bottom of the vessel as a precipitate, while the lime and nitric acid uniting form together a nitrate of lime. Magnesia is in the same manner separated from a combination with sulphuric acid by the addition of lime; but the compound thus made is decomposed by soda, and that union by baryta. It sometimes happens that two substances are brought together, each having a greater affinity for what the other has than what it possesses. Mix, for instance, a solution of the nitrate of baryta with a solution of the sulphate of soda: as baryta has a stronger affinity for sulphuric than nitric acid, and as soda unites with the nitric more readily than with the sulphuric, they each part with what they had and take from the other, effecting a sort of mutual exchange, or double decomposition, for the product of the experiment is nitrate of soda and sulphate of baryta. Carry out this principle, and the action of fulminating or detonating compounds will be understood. In some cases the affinities are unusually strong, and the instant the necessary conditions are present, the combination or decomposition is so violently effected as to be attended with noise, and often with great danger to the manipulator.

It would be easy to find a parallel to this in the moral and intellectual world. There are some men who pass through life uniting with this and separating from that with so much noise and danger, that they seem to have no object in living but explosion. But unfortunately they do not exist and act under the demands of a law but in defiance of it. In the inanimate world all is order, because every substance is in obedience to the law of its being; in the moral and intellectual world all is disorder, because man has free will and his life is a succession of inroads upon the law under which he exists. In every department of nature

the effects of this disobedience are seen; for man not only throws himself out of God's beautiful world of order by breaking the law, but refuses to return to his obedience by the only path offered for his reconciliation.

W. H.

#### LOVE IN THE CHURCH.

*Love is operative.*—It delights in doing good; it does so at a personal sacrifice. If we only perform acts of kindness and sympathy when we can spare the time, means, or opportunity, that is, when it will cost no self-denial, our love is not of the right stamp: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet: for I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." He laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. These greater acts of love, to be performed in times of extremity, of course imply that smaller ones are to be attended to, whenever opportunity serves. We are to be active in all works of charity and kindness. Courtesy, gentleness, and long-suffering should be always exercised. This love must be mutual. It cannot be expected to be long kept up on one side, if it be not reciprocated on the other. Whilst love gives tokens of its regard, it looks for them in return. We must be as careful to pay as to receive them. The manifestations of brotherly affection are to be made by all the family. St. Paul was gentle amongst his converts, as a nurse who cherisheth her children; and would, if possible, have imparted his very soul, because they were dear to him. On the other hand, he bears witness that some of them would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him; for they bore with his infirmities, and received him as an angel of God.

*Love is disinterested.*—It seeketh not its own. In conjunction with its own welfare, it considers the interest and feelings of another. When both cannot be secured at the same time, it yields its own superior claims. Who has not admired the conduct of Abraham towards Lot? Though his nephew was much his inferior in every respect, and had been

protected and treated by him as a son; yet he voluntarily relinquishes his rights as father and chief, and directs the young man to make his choice of the land: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee?—If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." If such a spirit pervaded the church, it would soon exhibit the beauties of holiness.

*Love is sympathetic.*—It shows a fellow-feeling for a friend. It tries to comfort his distress, to lighten his cares, to mingle with his sorrows, and to participate in his joys. St. Paul says, "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Is it so? If a Christian sustain spiritual loss, by becoming careless or worldly, is his care mourned over, like that of a sick member of your family?—Do you all visit him, and endeavour to restore his spiritual health?—If he backslide, do you weep over him as over a loved one that is dead?

*Love has a cementing quality.*—It binds hearts together. It knit the soul of Jonathan to David, so that he loved him as his own soul. St. Paul strove to effect this knitting of hearts in the church. It is this love that joins the stones of the living temple, and makes it strong and comely.

*Love never lays down a stumbling-block.*—On the contrary, it tries to remove every cause of offence. The true Christian is a member of the Grand Peace Society. This society was organized in heaven. Its formation was announced to earth by angels. The rules of the society are, that each member be peaceable and a peacemaker.

The psalmist described Jerusalem as a city that is compact together. Whilst peace was within her walls, prosperity was within her palaces, and all her lovers prospered. We are told that when Titus saw the strength of her fortifications, he was surprised that such a city could ever have been taken. She was invincible till she lost the last blessing of the God of peace. When he finally left the city, discord entered with unbridled fury; and their own internal strifes did more to hasten their ruin than all the resources of hostile Rome, or the prowess of conquering Titus. So when the Prince of peace deserts a church, her downfall is at hand.

Her own members pull her to pieces.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

#### THE STARS OF EARTH AND SKY.

It is delightful, at the close of some warm summer's day, to wander abroad beneath the clear blue sky. To look up at those old stars on which the psalmist gazed with such warm emotions, and from which he learned lessons so sublime of God's power. The moon is going up among the golden stars, as when, in the still earlier ages of the world, Job described her as walking in her brightness; and we watch now the very same constellations which he saw—Orion and the Pleiades—that have their sweet influence for us, too, as well as the patriarch. Here and there a soft cloud is coming near the moon,—

"Only this, so lightly driven,  
Seeming between us and heaven;"

yet all is so still, so calmly beautiful, that the written thoughts of the poets of earth, as well as the sublime images of Scripture poetry, crowd into our minds in the elevation of feeling induced by the scene. Coleridge has well portrayed its effect on the heart:

"Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,  
It might have calm'd the gay amidst their mirth,  
And given the wretched a delight in tears."

And then, too, the stars which come twinkling out one by one in the heavens, have their counterparts on earth beneath. If we walk by the sea-shore, we shall see glittering orbs and sparkles of living light issuing from the waters as the dashing of the oar disturbs the tranquil gliding of thousands of Medusæ; while gems of green and gold shine from the tangling tufts of weed which old ocean has scattered there, and which yield them to our tread. Come away into the green lane or meadow, or on the wide bushy heath, where all is silent save some chirpings of the grasshopper and the faint quiverings of the leaves to the whispering winds, and you shall see stars there, too,

"Flung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dewdrops twinkle round;

and brighter emerald light is found where,

"Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark  
A moving radiance twinkles."



Under hedges, among the bushes, and by the road sides, the glowworms are shining among the moss and sleeping flowers. They are the stars of earth, and, like the orbs of heaven, have a teaching of love and beauty, if we receive it with loving hearts and humble listenings.

How often on a fine summer eve have we seen the peasant-boy decking his hat with the bright insect; and who, that has passed his early life among green lanes and meadows, in such places as they are abundant, has not gathered up the glowworms from the grass, and brought them away home as a goodly treasure? Perhaps we have looked with childish wonder, next day, at the now empty glass or box in which we had enclosed our living lamp, marvelling much how that brown caterpillar-like insect had made its escape. No crevice seemed there by means of which the little animal could have obeyed its instinct of seeking a more congenial home—a home among the green leaves and bells, with their clear silver drops all swinging with them. Yet it had gone, and we did not know then that this insect has the will and the power to withdraw itself through passes which would have seemed from their smallness quite impracticable; for the glowworm has a singular property of flattening and compressing its body, and, inactive as it usually is, can exert itself when necessity demands. If it had, on these occasions, found its way to a more congenial dwelling-place, and again revelled among the grass and flowers, doubtless it was shining more continuously than when we had it as our lamp; for that light, so regular by the road-side, became irregular when the animal was in our keeping.

Our glowworm is the *lampyris noctiluca* of the naturalist, and the popular name of glowworm was given to the species from the worm-like shape of the females, which are many of them without wings, and so different in form from the winged male insect, that one but little used to them would think them quite distinct creatures. Both males and females, however, emit light during darkness—the female glowworm shining brightest. The luminous faculty exists beneath the two or three last rings of the under part of the body, in the form of two yellow spots. Like the light emitted by all phosphorescent animals, it is of a

greenish or bluish white, and can apparently be brightened or dimmed at the will of the insect, so that when the bird hovers over it, it may extinguish the light that would guide him to his prey: it is not diminished by immersion in water, and heat does not increase it, while, if applied to the flame of a candle, it is not inflammable. When much disturbed, these animals will give out sudden gleams of light, and then remain awhile in darkness; but if we place a glowworm on its back, the light proceeds in uninterrupted lustre, as the poor insect, being in an inconvenient position, makes a continual effort to get upon its feet. In places where glowworms are very abundant—as in some of the southern counties of England—we may observe, on some fine nights, the male insects fluttering about like sparkling gems in the air. A great number of eggs are laid by the female glowworm; these are covered with a light thin skin, broken if only touched slightly, but their viscous covering enables them to adhere to blades of grass and other leaves.

Some writers think that the light of the phosphorescent insects is given to enable them to discover their companions—others, that it may be designed chiefly as a means of defence against enemies. In one kind of luminous insect, the lantern-fly, the light is situated on a kind of snout, and thus precedes it and lights it to its prey. Cowper's translation of the Latin poem of Vincent Browne on the glowworm, gives us a beautifully poetic reason why these lamps should shine by our pathways:

"Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestow'd,  
To bid the traveller, as he went,  
Be careful where he trode;  
Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
To show a stumbling-stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.  
Whate'er she meant, this truth Divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain."

Our native hedge-lamp was observed by White, of Selborne, to extinguish its light for the night between eleven and twelve o'clock. The poet says:

"The glowworm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

It shines brightest during the months of May, June, and July, seldom brightening on hedge-banks, with a clear, steady light, after about the middle of

the last-named month. The author of the "Journal of a Naturalist," however, observes that he has noticed, deep in the herbage, a faint evanescent light proceeding from glowworms as late as August or September. He mentions an instance in the year 1826, when, on September 28th, he saw them shining:—"The evening," says this writer, "was warm and dewy, and we observed on the house-bank multitudes of these small evanescent sparks in the grass. The light displayed was very different from that which they exhibit in the warm summer months. Instead of the permanent green glow that illumines all the blades of the surrounding herbage, it was a pale, transient spot, visible for a moment or two, and then so speedily hidden that we were obliged, in order to capture the creatures, to employ the light of a candle. The number of them and their actions—creeping away from our sight, so contrary to the half lifeless dullness observed in summer—suggested the idea that the whole body had availed themselves of the warm, moist evening to migrate to their winter station. A single spark or so was to be seen some evenings after this, but no such large moving parties were to be discovered again." This excellent observer remarked also, that in one of these insects the light did not seem so much to be the result of its will as of its circumstances. Thus when it crawled on the ground, or on the fine grass, its brightness was hidden; but when it mounted a blade of grass or sprig of moss, it turned round and presented the luminous spot, which when it fell, and regained its level, was again invisible.

Several species of *lampyris*, besides our native glowworm, give out light. Every one has read of the beautiful Italian species (*lampyris italica*), called in Italy *lucciola*, and of the eastern lands, where

"Through the soft gloom, yon sacred fanes  
around,  
The radiant fly its mimic lightning throws."

The beautiful *lucciola* is worn by the Italian ladies in their hair; and sir T. E. Smith relates, that the gentlemen adorn their hair with it too; while in the east it glitters with a greater brilliancy than the diamond, on the brow of the olive belle. The eastern poet is as fond of introducing the beautiful fire-fly's "emerald light" into his stanzas as are our poets of celebrating that of our glow-

worm. Forbes, speaking of the *lucciola* in Italy, observes, that those who have seen its nocturnal splendour there, can form some idea of the far more numerous and brilliant fireflies of the torrid zone; and remarks, that he has seen numbers of them produce a fine effect on the dark recesses of the majestic Colosseum, and illumine the gardens of the Villa de Medici, at Rome; while he describes them as adding much to the beauty of the scenery on the banks of the Arno. Sir T. E. Smith relates an amusing circumstance connected with the Italian glowworms, or fireflies, as we may call them, since the females have wings:—Some Moorish ladies, who had been taken prisoners at sea, were residing in a house near Genoa. Several residents of that city were accustomed to visit them, and on calling on them one day were surprised to find the house closely shut up, and their friends in a state of great grief and consternation. It appears that some of the beautiful *lucciola* had gained an entrance into the dwelling, and the Moorish ladies, unaccustomed to these glittering stars of earth, regarded their bright visitors as the troubled spirits of their own departed friends and relatives. It was some time ere their Italian friends could reassure them. Kirby and Spence, who quote this anecdote, remark that there is a popular superstition in Italy that their brilliant insects have a spiritual nature; and that, believing them to have come out of graves, some people among the Italians carefully avoid them. Our travellers in the east, and our poets too, have made us familiar with the aspect of Asiatic scenery, when

"Along the crimson west, through twilight gloom,  
The firefly darts."

This is more frequently seen in the southern than in the northern parts of India, and the countless myriads studded on the foliage of the trees there render the night in that country most exquisitely beautiful. Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," dwells on the loveliness of an eastern night, and tells, too, an interesting incident connected with these fireflies. An English gentleman in India had a ring which he prized very highly. It was not merely that it was a costly gem, but he had lived long enough among the Hindoos to become infected with the belief of charms and talismans, and imagined this ring to contain what our forefathers would have called "a stone of

virtue." He was appointed to some important embassy for the English nation, and had to travel from Bombay to Poonah. A large train of attendants accompanied him, and, like the patriarchs of old, they pitched their tents beneath the tree, and near to the well of water. On the second evening of the journey, the party halted under the shadow of a wide-spread banian-tree; and while here, the ambassador suddenly discovered that he had lost his ring. It is not easy for us to conceive the distress which would be occasioned to one filled with the superstitions of the east, on the loss of a talisman under such circumstances. A large reward was offered for its recovery, but the search proved ineffectual, and with a heart full of gloomy forebodings the traveller went on his way. The party remained thirteen months at Poonah, and doubtless all the misadventures which may have occurred during that long period were ascribed to the loss of the ring. At the end of that time, the ambassador and his suite were returning to Bombay, and coming to the spot where they had formerly rested, the welcome shade and the refreshing stream again invited them to pause. The tents were pitched, and at the close of a rainy day, when evening again shone forth in all its brilliancy, the traveller sat, like Abraham of old, at the door of his tent, after supper. He lingered there, his thoughts naturally reverting to the loss of his ring while he watched the actions of the fire-flies, which hung out millions of bright lamps in the neighbouring grove, and danced up and down, and glittered like gems on all the green leaves, making them brighten with dazzling tints of the emerald, or ruby, or amethyst. He at length observed that one of these sparkling creatures seemed to have settled itself on the grass, and shone there with continued lustre. Wondering why the insect refused to join the mazy dance of its glittering comrades, he advanced to take it up, and found that what he took for a fire-fly was the long-lost ring. When last he had been at the place, a long drought had covered the land with dust. The ring had probably been shaken from the tablecloth, and hidden in the mass; but the rainy day had come and cleared away the dust, and rendered it once more visible.

It is with these fireflies that the bays, or Indian grosbeak, lights up its nest, gathering the gems from the bough, and

hiding them within its inner chambers to delight its sense of beauty.

Besides the *lampyridæ*, there are fireflies of the genus *elater*, which are still more brilliant than even these. The great firefly (*elater noctilucus*) is found in America, and particularly in Jamaica and St. Domingo. It is about an inch long and one-third of an inch broad, and is, like the glowworm,

"The which bath fire in darkness, none in light."

Its chief light proceeds from the transparent tubercles placed upon the corslet. It has also two luminous spots beneath the wing-cases, which can be seen but while it is flying, when it seems as if decked with four brilliant gems of blue and gold. Indeed the whole body is full of light, so that when the insect stretches itself in its airy dance, it is like a mass of flame. Brown, in his "History of Jamaica," says all the internal parts of the insect are luminous, though the light escapes chiefly by the yellow spots on the corslet. He separated the rings at the under part of its body one from the other, when he saw the light through the membrane which connects the ring together. During the day, these insects may be seen in a state of lethargic repose; but who shall picture forth their nightly beauty? The people of America call them *cocuyos*; and baron Humboldt gives, in his "Personal Narrative," a good description of their appearance. "On the road to Cuba," says this writer, "we were singularly struck with a spectacle which our stay of two years in the hottest parts of the tropics might have rendered familiar to us; but I had nowhere seen such an innumerable quantity of phosphorescent insects. The grass that covers the ground,—the branches and foliage of the trees,—all shone with that reddish and movable light, of which the intensity varies according to the will of the animal by which it is produced. It seemed as if the starry firmament reposed on the savannah! In the hut of the poorest inhabitant of the country, fifteen *cocuyos*, placed in a calabash pierced with holes, serve to search for objects during the night. To shake the vase with force is all that is necessary to excite the animal and augment the splendour of the luminous discs placed on each side of his body. The people say, with a simple truth of expression, that calabashes filled with *cocuyos* are lanterns always lighted. They are in fact only extinguished by

the sickness or death of the insects, which are easily fed with a little sugar-cane." Southey describes, in his "Madoc," a lamp of a nature somewhat similar:

"She beckon'd and descended, and drew out  
From underneath her vest a cage, or net  
It rather might be called—so fine the twigs  
Which knit it, where, confined, two fireflies gave  
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first  
Behold the features of his lovely guide."

Brown says, of these insects, that by the light of one only a person may see to read the smallest print, by holding it between the fingers and moving it over the page.

The Indians fasten these fireflies on their shoes to guide them through the dark forests by night, and the women perform their work of evenings by this natural light. They bring the fireflies into their dwellings, too, to extirpate the gnats, which in the low moist grounds are a sad annoyance to the people. Southey extracts a passage from an old author, Pietro Martire, on the subject. "How they are a remedy," says this author, "for so great a mischief, it is a pleasant thing to hear. Hee who understandeth hee has those troublesome guesates (the gnattes) at home, diligently hunteth after the *cucuij*. Whoso watches *cucuij*, goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, carrying a burning brande in his hande, and ascendeth the next hillock, that the *cucuij* may see it, and hee swingeth the firebrande in his hande, and he swingeth the firebrand about, calling '*Cucuis*,' aloud, and beating the ayre with often calling out, '*Cucuis cucuis*.'" The lantern-flies are however, the brightest of all luminous insects. The two most remarkable are the *fulgora lanternaria* of South America, and the *fulgora candelaria* of China. Trees are studded with these living gems, which, with their lanterns in front of them, on a kind of proboscis, move in most brilliant mazes. One of these insects gives light enough to enable one to read a newspaper.

Some other species of insects are luminous: thus a common one of this country, which lives under clods of the earth (*geophilus electricus*), is often visible at night in gardens; and light has been seen in the eyes of some moths. Some shell-fish are phosphorescent, and the beautiful zoophytes, especially those of the tribe *seriularia*, so many of which lie about our sea-shores, emit sparks of light when irritated during darkness. A. P.

#### THAT ONE WORD.

"I NEVER can forget *that word* which was once whispered to me," said a pious man to a friend. "What word was it?" "It was the word ETERNITY! A young Christian friend, who was yearning for my salvation, came up to me and simply whispered 'Eternity,' with great solemnity and tenderness, and then left me. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross."

The sainted McCheyne was once riding by a quarry, and stopped to look in at the engine-house. The fireman had just opened the door to feed the furnace with fresh fuel; when McCheyne, pointing to the bright hot flame, said mildly to the man, "Does that fire remind you of anything?" The man could not get rid of the solemn question. To him it was an effectual arrow of conviction. It led him to the house of God, and will lead him, we trust, to heaven.

A single remark of the rev. Charles Simeon on the blessings which had resulted from the labours of Dr. Carey in India, first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought, and a perusal of the "Life of Brainerd" fixed him in his resolution to give himself to the dying heathen.

It is said that Harlan Page once went through his sabbath-school to get the spiritual census of the school. Coming to one of the teachers he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher replied "No." "Then," said Mr. Page very tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little book and left him. That was enough. God gave that young man's soul no rest till he found a hope beneath the cross.

Fellow disciple!—have you never yet spoken *one word* to an impenitent friend about the most momentous of all questions? Then I fear that you will find no one in heaven that you were the means, under God, of sending there. Though you may reach the "many mansions," yourself, I fear that your crown will glitter with no splendours. It will be a *starless* crown.—*Presbyterian*.

#### THE ANTIDOTE OF SELFISHNESS.

To *think* little about ourselves, and much of others, is the best antidote for selfishness of manners.

## STORIES ABOUT AN OLD CASTLE.

WHAT the Tower is to London, the Castle is to Edinburgh. Both are closely interlinked with the histories of their respective countries; both have lost much of their original warlike character, and both being surrounded by numerous buildings, the results of civilization and improvement, may be compared to some grim feudal chieftains, led captives in the triumphal procession of peace and progress. Edinburgh Castle, however, is a much more picturesque object than the Tower. It is situated on a lofty precipice, its ramparts and half-moon batteries bristle with cannon, while, as a whole, it has a romantic aspect, far more striking to the eye than the plain and simple fortresses erected by modern military engineers.

The origin of this old citadel is to be traced back to the times when authentic history is lost in uncertain tradition. Passing over its earlier annals, therefore, we first pause at the year 1004, and find an interesting narrative connected with the death of one who, amidst the rude and barbarous times in which she lived, was distinguished for her mild and tender qualities.

## QUEEN MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

"Old historians," says the author of "*Memorials of Edinburgh Castle*," whose guidance we propose to follow on the present occasion, "outvie each other in praise of the virtuous Margaret. When health and beauty were hers, she devoted her health and strength to serve the poor uncultivated people whom God had committed to her care; she fed them with her own hand, and smoothed their pillow in sickness. No wonder they regarded her as a guardian angel amongst them. She is said daily to have fed three hundred persons with the tenderness of a mother; parting with her own royal dresses at times to defray the expense of her charities. She died at a time when the fortress was besieged by a wild Highland host from the shores of Argyle. Her body was secretly lowered down the steep precipice, and conveyed to the abbey of Dunfermline, — where a ponderous block of grey marble still covers her grave. 'In the sides of it,' we are told, 'may be seen the sockets for the silver lamps which were kept constantly burning before her shrine.' Her death-bed presented that singular mixture of apparent devoutness and gross superstition which are the common ac-

companiments of Romish piety. She admonished her attendant to teach her children above all things to love and fear God, and to avoid earthly ambition. She showed almost at the same time, however, how much she was tainted with the corrupt errors of her church, by calling for the *black rood* of Scotland. This was a crucifix, of pure gold, an ell long, adorned with curious workmanship, and looked upon as a national relic. With all the imperfections of her character, it is interesting to see the power of kindness and gentleness, as displayed by Margaret. Her name was long embalmed, and still lives in the memory of the Scottish people as a good queen.

Leaping over five hundred years of the history of Edinburgh Castle, we come to memorials of another queen — the unhappy and ill-fated

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In August, 1560, she was conducted in triumphal procession from the palace of Holyrood to the Castle. "The magistrates," says Mr. Grant, "had spared no expense to make the fête a splendid one. The fountains flowed with wine, and tapestry decked the windows. Five black slaves received her at the gate of the city, and twelve of the wealthiest citizens bore above her head a gorgeous canopy fringed with gold, while she rode upon a palfrey of spotless white." Little did she dream of the block and axe, which a few years afterwards awaited her in Fotheringhay Castle! Intoxicated with worldly pleasure, she dreamed not of sorrow or reverses. A minute description of the furniture of her apartments has been preserved. In addition to tapestries of gilded leather, which adorned the walls, 'sixteen Turkie carpets' covered the floor of polished oak, while cloth of gold in profusion decorated the apartments. Here, too, she kept her little library. It consisted of one hundred and fifty-three volumes, including, amongst some of a more frivolous character, the works of Lucan, Sallust, Livy, and other classics, in their original tongue. She had also several volumes of theology, and one inventoried as "ane book of devlry," meaning probably a treatise on magical science. In an adjoining apartment, still carefully preserved, Mary was delivered of her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, on the 19th of June, 1566, a little after nine o'clock at night. It was on this occasion that sir John Melville per-

formed what was considered at the time a most wonderful feat of despatch. Starting at twelve o'clock on the day following the queen's accouchement, he arrived at Greenwich in four days, and announced the intelligence to Elizabeth, who was then at a ball and mask. On hearing the news, her cheerfulness vanished, and, sinking into a chair, she burst into tears, giving utterance to the well-known speech—"The queen of Scotland is the mother of a fair son, while I am yet but a forlorn maiden."

Taking another long historical leap, and passing over many incidents of minor moment, which occurred during the interval, we arrive at the period of

#### CHARLES THE FIRST'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

In May, 1633, accompanied by archbishop Laud, he entered the Scottish metropolis, the principal object of his visit being to receive coronation as king of Scotland, for it had been found incompatible with the national honour to send the regalia to London.

On Monday, the 17th of June, we are told, "Charles went, probably in a coach, to the castle, and partook of a sumptuous banquet, where many of the first nobles of Scotland and England were seated on each side of the king. Next morning, as soon as he had assumed his seat, the whole peers of Scotland entered the hall, wearing their state robes, rich with furring and embroidery, each belted with his sword, and having his jewelled coronet borne before him by a gentleman uncovered. After that, the procession to Holyrood Chapel—a mile distant (where the ceremony of the coronation was to take place)—began. It was long," continues Mr. Grant, "since Edinburgh had witnessed anything so magnificent. The long vista of the broad and stately street to the eastward, so imposing in aspect and quaint in architecture, was alive with people; every window of its lofty houses was crowded with glad faces, and decorated with garlands of summer flowers, with flaunting banners and heavy tapestry. Charles was solemnly crowned king of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, by Spotswood, bishop of St. Andrew's, who placed the crown upon his head in the Chapel Royal, and the bishop of Brechin preached on the conclusion of the ceremony. But the people murmured among themselves, when they 'marked that there was a four-nooked tassel, in manner of an altar, standing

within the kirk, having thereon two books called *blind books*, with two chandeliers and two wax candles, which were on light, and a basin, wherein there was nothing. At the back of the altar there was ane rich tapestry, where the crucifix was curiously wrought; and as the bishops passed by this crucifix, they were seen to bow their knees and back, which bred great fear of inbringing of Popery."

The close of the seventeenth century, with its religious persecutions and attempts at civil war, gave many illustrious captives to the Castle of Edinburgh, among whom must be reckoned,

#### THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLE AND PRINCIPAL CARSTARES.

It was here that Argyle was confined previous to his execution. So calm and tranquil were his slumbers after his condemnation, that one of his enemies, who had come to visit him in prison, retired, conscience-stricken by the spectacle. On the day of execution, he was conducted from the castle gate to the spot where the scaffold had been erected. When he saw the instrument—the same which had beheaded his father ("maiden," it was termed, and was a species of guillotine)—with its ponderous axe glittering in the afternoon sun, he is said to have been "somewhat astonished at its terrible aspect and peculiar construction, but he saluted it with his lips, saying, 'Tis the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed.' He then, with great composure, after a short speech breathing a deep religious feeling, submitted himself to the fatal blow, and died." A scarcely less interesting captive at this time (about 1680) was the celebrated principal Carstares, a Scottish divine, afterwards much honoured by William III. He was tortured by the thumbscrew for an hour, and endured an extremity of torment that drenched him with perspiration, and swelled the veins of his forehead almost to bursting. We subjoin the following interesting anecdote of a humble but unexpected benefactor raised up to him:

"One day," says Mr. Grant, "an engaging boy, about twelve years of age, son of the constable Erskine of Cambo, in the course of his rambles through the castle yard, came to the open iron grating of the vault where the poor and emaciated clergyman was confined. As Carstares always loved children, and felt lonely in his captivity, he gladly began a conversation with the boy, who was com-

pletely won by the gentle and engaging manner in which he was accosted, and, pleased with the first interview, resolved to cultivate this new acquaintance. A few days after, the little Erskine returned at the same hour to the rusty grating of the low dungeon; and in the course of a few such visits, conceived a strong attachment to the prisoner, and was wont to sit there for hours, lamenting his unhappy situation, and endeavouring by a thousand innocent and childish means to divert him.

"Sometimes the boy brought him packages of fruit and provisions (more delicate than the coarse fare of the prison), and what were of more importance, pens, ink, and paper; and when the prisoner wrote letters, carried them to the post. He seemed quite unhappy if Mr. Carstares was without an errand for him to perform. This singular intimacy subsisted till the 13th of September, when Mr. Carstares was removed to the Castle of Dunbarton. At this separation little Erskine wept, and the kind clergyman also shed tears, as he blessed him and was led away by the soldiers."

In after years Carstares was enabled to repay this kindness. Having at the Revolution of 1688 gained great influence with William III., one of the first favours which he asked was the office of lord lyon (a species of garter king-at-arms), for the young heir of Cambo. His request was granted, with the additional boon, that it should become "hereditary in the family." Principal Carstares is said to have shown king William the thumbcrews with which he was tortured, when the monarch insisted on trying the effect of them upon his own royal fingers. "Squeeze harder," he said, on the first application of them; "you are only playing with me." Carstares accordingly gave them a stronger wrench; the king roared out, and begged to be released. "A minute longer," he added, "and you might have got any state secret out of me you pleased."

A few years later, we come upon an interesting period of history,—

#### THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, IN 1706.

This transaction also left its traces on the Castle of Edinburgh. The grant of equivalent money, as it was termed, which was sent down from England as a blind to the people for their full participation in English taxes, was pompously

conveyed to the castle, guarded by a regiment of Scottish cavalry, and heartily reviled by the attendant populace.

Under a salute of cannon, the new Union standard was hoisted on the castle wall, and the old Scottish flag was pulled down, to be displayed no more. "Soon after," says our historian, "its walls witnessed the last act of this national tragedy,—the entombing of the regalia, which, by the Treaty of Union, are never more to be used, but kept constantly in the Castle of Edinburgh. In presence of the constable, colonel David Stewart, David Leslie, grandson of the governor, sir James Mackenzie, clerk of the treasury, and William Wilson, deputy-clerk of session, the imperial crown, which is of pure gold, enriched with many precious jewels, sparkling diamonds, and orient pearls—the sceptre, which is two feet long, double gilt—the magnificent sword of state, six feet long, the gift of pope Julius to the bravest of our kings, elaborate with inlaying, embossage, and enamel—and the beautiful mace of the lord high-treasurer—were all solemnly deposited in their usual receptacle, the crown-room, between the hours of one and two, on the 26th of March.

"A copy of a protest, by the marquis of Bellhaven, beautifully illuminated, was then placed with the regalia; a linen cloth was spread over the whole, and the great oak chest was secured with three ponderous locks: and there, for a hundred and eleven years, amidst silence, obscurity, and dust, lay the circlet that had sparkled on the brows of Bruce, on those of the gallant James, and on Mary's auburn hair. The crown-room, in which they were deposited, is strong and vaulted; its window and chimney are well secured with iron stanchions, and the entrance is by two doors, the first of oak, the second of iron bars, and both were fastened by gigantic bolts of great strength." More than a century afterwards, a royal commission was issued; the room was broken into, and the regalia were taken out of their long resting-place and publicly exhibited. In the apartment, closely locked as it had been, the floor was found overlaid with dust several feet thick.

Many were the sieges which Edinburgh Castle underwent. With a brief notice of one, however, which took place in 1745, in the rebellion under prince Charles Edward, we must content ourselves. It shows the horrors of war, from which our

island has so long been mercifully exempted :

SIEGE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, IN 1745.

"That night two hundred muskets, besides field-pieces, continued to blaze upon the city, in unison with the heavy thirty-two pounders which, from the lofty batteries above, swept the entire length of the High-street with round shot, grape, and canister. The glare of the burning houses, the boom of so many field and battering-guns, the hallooing of the soldiers, the crush of masonry and timber, as chimneys came thundering down on all sides, together with the incessant roar of two hundred muskets, struck the inhabitants with such consternation, that, abandoning their houses, goods, and chattels, they thought only of saving themselves by flight. A miserable band of half-clad and terrified fugitives fled towards Leith (the adjoining seaport), but were met midway by the inhabitants of that place, flying from similar destruction ; for at that time the *Fox* and *Ludlow Castles*,—two frigates, whose captains, from the Roads, had heard the cannonading and seen the blaze of the conflagration, were hauled close in shore, broadside towards Leith, and with villanous cruelty were raking and bombarding the street with the most fatal effect. When the fugitives met, all was perplexity and dismay ; the unhappy citizens stood still, wringing their hands. Fourteen days after, the *Fox* was wrecked on the rocks at Dunbar,—where Edward Beaver, the captain, and all his crew perished !"

Such are some of the memorials of Edinburgh Castle. In now stands in peaceful repose, adding to the romantic beauty of one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. Mr. Grant, the historian of its past fortunes, has certainly contributed a highly interesting addition to antiquarian literature. It is only to be regretted that, in a few incidental remarks, he should, like many other antiquaries (with whom it seems to be a matter of fashion to do so) have thrown out disparaging remarks on some characters, deservedly embalmed in the memories of their countrymen as the benefactors of Scotland.

#### THE EVENING CHAPTER.

##### A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

"I was always fond of reading," said a dear old lady, who liked talking of by-gone days quite as well as those who

knew and revered her loved to sit and listen to such reminiscences ; "I was always fond of reading. I remember once passing with my mother through the vast library of the British Museum, and feeling sad because a lifetime seemed to be too short in the which to read so many books. My mother smiled at some observation I made to this effect.

"It is all very well now," said she ; 'but life has solemn duties. You will have something else to do by-and-bye : instead of reading and dreaming, you will be called upon to think and act.'

"But although my dear mother spoke thus, she rather encouraged than repressed my love of books, taking care at the same time that they should be of the right sort. It is possible, however, to have too much of a good thing. In reading, as in eating, and even with regard to the most wholesome food, it is better to eat sparingly, and allow plenty of time for digestion. Speaking of one who suffered from a mental surfeit, Robert Hall says, 'He laid so many books on his head, that his brains could not move.' I am afraid that is the prevailing epidemic of this book-reading and book-writing age. As I said before, I had it myself in my youth, and am not sure that I have ever entirely got the better of it. *Homo unius libri*—a man of one book, if that book is the Bible—God's book—is often a wiser and happier being than some of our greatest sages and philosophers.

"What with my other studies, not to mention the pleasant interruptions to which every member of a large family must necessarily be continually exposed, I could not always find as much time as I wished for my favourite avocations. In order to make up the deficiency, I took to reading in bed after the household had retired to rest, until my mother, having some suspicion of the truth, and justly considering it both wrong and dangerous, took care that I should have but a very small piece of candle in future. At such times, I not only read for my own pleasure any book I might happen to have by me, but also, from a sense of duty, and because it was the habit of the family, never neglected the evening chapter in my little Bible. But, as I have said, the one was a pleasure and the other a duty. I used to calculate to a nicety how long the inch of candle would last, leave off the interesting book just in time to get through my portion of Scripture—often only just in time—and then close my



eyes, well satisfied with myself and all the world. If I thought or dreamed, what a strange mingling there was of heaven and earth. Everything seemed to be confused and indistinct,—a verse of Scripture and a couplet of sweet poetry flashed across my mind, so blended together that I generally fell asleep before I could manage to separate the one from the other.

"One night—I shall never forget that night—wholly absorbed in the book I was perusing, I only looked up time enough to see the candle burning into the socket. I closed the volume hastily, and, taking up my little Bible, began turning over the leaves with a trembling hand until I came to the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, my evening portion; but just as I began to read, the candle gave a sudden flash and went out, leaving me in darkness. That night I could not sleep. I felt that I had done wrong, and neglected what I had been taught to consider a solemn duty. The perusal of the word of life is a solemn and imperative duty, but it is also a privilege, a consolation, and a joy. But I did not think so then. As I laid awake I tried to remember the chapter of the previous night. The parable of the ten virgins was all I could recollect, and it seemed to be strangely applicable to my own case. Like the foolish virgins, I had slumbered and slept in a world of my own imaginings, and suffered my lamp to go out, so that it was too dark for me to meet my Lord, and listen to him in the inspired volume of his life and doctrines. What if the night of death should come even as the night of sleep had done, and find me unprepared,—occupied and absorbed about other matters—forgetful of God and eternity. I had often prayed with the lips, but now I prayed with the heart—with all my heart—'God forbid! God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Christ's sake!'

"The following day I mentioned what had occurred to a friend, but not a Christian friend; she sympathized with me most affectionately, and recommended me in future to read a chapter first. For a long time I followed her advice. The Bible was never again neglected; the accustomed portion being duly gone through, I turned to my other books, and read on as long as the light lasted. Sometimes it went out suddenly, in the very middle of an interesting passage, and I used to lie awake, wondering what came

next, and how it would end. Even when this was not the case, all recollection of the preceding chapter was sure to be driven away by these after studies. And so I went on reading my Bible every night, and yet growing neither wiser, nor happier, nor better—just as many professing Christians attend a place of worship on the sabbath morning, and go out afterwards for a drive, or to a dinner-party, and forget all about it. Satan is ever ready to catch away the good seed sown in our hearts. The cares of this world, or the deceitfulness of riches, spring up and choke it all too soon. But why should the tares so often be of our own planting?

"About this time I went to stay with an aged relative whom I dearly loved. Many were the questions which she put to me with regard to my inward as well as my outward life since we last met.

"'I hope that you still continue to read your evening chapter,' said she. I answered in the affirmative, but that I was afraid it did not do me much good.

"'Not do you good, child! What can you mean? But perhaps you do not think and pray over it, and so fall asleep, as it were, with the words on your lips and not in your heart?'

"'No,' answered I; 'I cannot say that I do. I read it through, and then the other books drive it out of my head.'

"'What other books?'

"In order to answer this question, I had to confess to the reading in bed; and when I had once begun, I could not resist telling my kind relative all about that eventful night when the Bible was forgotten until too late, and how the light went out suddenly just as I had begun to read, and how I had wept, and prayed, and compared myself to the foolish virgins shut for ever into outer darkness. She did not say much to me; she never said much; but she asked me to promise her that, for one month from that time, I would read nothing but my evening chapter before going to bed, and that carefully, and with prayer. 'You cannot think,' said she, 'what a comfort you will find it.'

"I obeyed her, and I did find it a comfort. It has been my comfort ever since, even to this day. I cannot always fall asleep thinking of what I have read; earthly thoughts and earthly sorrows will intrude; but often—oh! how often—in the midst of perplexing care, some verse of Scripture—some sweet promise—comes

soothingly back to whisper of peace, and hope, and love. It was but last night that this happened. I had been reading the sixteenth chapter of St. John. What a beautiful chapter it is! For a little while I lay pondering over it, and then came a host of sad memories; unbidden, unforgotten, they gathered around me until, old as I am, I could not choose but weep; and then a voice seemed to say—a voice from my evening chapter—'My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' And while the voice spoke, the shadows passed away, one by one, like a dream."

The old lady said no more; the reminiscence of the past was ended. May it not have been remembered and recorded in vain! Sir Thomas Brown calls sleep "Death's younger brother; and so like him," he adds, "that I can never trust him without my prayers. Prayer is the only dormitive I take to bedward, and I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close my eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection." Truly there is no opiate like faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the feeling that our sins are forgiven us for his name's sake.

E. Y.

#### A PEEP THROUGH THE MONSTER TELESCOPE.

A WRITER in one of our periodicals thus describes his visit to Lord Rosse's wonderful telescope:

"The spectator standing in the highest of the galleries, when it is suspended over a chasm sixty feet deep, cannot fail to be struck with the enormous size of the apparatus which meets his eye. The mighty tube which reposes beneath him in its cradle of massive chains might be taken for one of the famous round towers which had sunk down from its ancient foundation. Some idea of the prodigious mass of machinery may be formed from the fact that it contains more than one hundred and fifty tons of iron castings, which have been entirely executed in Lord Rosse's workshop.

"All around is on so colossal a scale, that stranger postillions and coachmen may be pardoned for having on several occasions, when driving visitors to the castle, conducted their horses to the opening of the enormous castellated walls (surrounding the telescope) mistaking them for the portals to the castle itself.

"Our first view through the mighty tube was at one of the most brilliant nebula, known by the name of 'the Dumb-bell.' Never shall we forget the breathless interest with which we entered the lofty gallery, and took our stand before the object-glass. The field of vision was sown with myriads of stars, but as we gazed, there came a dawn of stronger light, which increased in brilliancy as the nebula rose to view, and when it occupied the field, the spectacle which it presented was gorgeous in the extreme. The second nebula which we had the gratification of seeing, was that of Orion. This nebula is peculiarly interesting to astronomers, and to philosophers generally, in its relation to Sir William Herschell's nebular theory. That distinguished observer, from certain peculiarities which he detected in some of the unresolved nebulae, was induced to imagine that many of the milky spots were not remote galaxies, but, on the contrary, accumulations of a shiny fluid akin to the cometic, and probably located at no great remoteness, amid the interstellar intervals of our heavens.

"In some instances, the shining matter was chaotic, and presented no definite structure; but in the midst of other masses there seemed a gradual alteration of this amorphous form, and it was thought that the constitution of nuclei might be detected, around which the matter appeared gathering.

"The nebula of Orion was regarded as a test in some degree of Herschell's hypothesis, and to that remarkable object the large telescope was early directed.

"The night on which it was first observed was far from favourable; and it was found impracticable to use more than half the magnifying power which the speculum bears; yet, even under these disadvantages, it was plainly seen that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars; that the rest of the nebula also abounded with stars, and that it exhibited the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked.

"Subsequent observations, under more favourable circumstances, have confirmed in all respects this first impression: The extraordinary object—the glory and wonder of the starry universe, as it has been styled, has been distinctly resolved; and what was thought to be a mottled region, turns out to be a blaze of stars. Viewing all this glory during the silent night watches, the words of Holy Writ came strongly to mind, 'Gird up now thy

loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.—Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?—Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

#### HINTS TO THE CARELESS.

It is better to be troubled than to be careless. It is the wisdom of inspiration which exclaims, "Be troubled, ye careless ones." You are not uneasy. You have no apprehension of coming evil. Your security makes your danger the more imminent. If you were sensible of your situation, you could not be unconcerned. If you saw that eternity was near, and that to you it can be nothing but an eternity of woe unless you repent—if you saw the sinfulness of sin, and felt the weight of your personal guilt—if you had only a faint conception of the solemn realities of judgment and eternity, you could not be thus unmoved. But you see none of these things in their true light. I fear you do not wish to see them. You will not come to the light, that your deeds may be reprov'd. Your danger is the greater on this account. If your friend's house were wrapped in flames, and you knew that he was asleep, wholly unconscious of his danger, you would feel that that sleep must be disturbed. If, at the peril of your own life, you rush to his bedside and endeavour to arouse him, and he complains that you are breaking his rest, will you desist? No. You know that he is not yet awake. You are assured that he is not yet aware of his real situation. You know that one glance at the truth—one view of the flames and falling roof of his dwelling would fill him with consternation, and there would be no more need to urge him to awake and fly. You stand on the shore of a mighty river, and see its foaming waters rushing with the noise of thunder over rocks, and falling into a chasm an hundred feet below. As you gaze on the scene of wild and terrific grandeur, you perceive a small boat floating from above, and approaching the cataract. As it nears you, you perceive that a friend is in it. His back is towards you, and he seems wholly unconscious of danger. You shout with all your might, but your voice cannot be heard above the roar of those

waters. The ill-fated boat moves more swiftly on. On a sudden, your friend starts. He hears the startling thunders below—shrieks in wild and helpless alarm, and the next moment he takes the fatal plunge, and is lost in the dark waters. What would you not have given, could you have made him hear your voice in season to escape that danger?

And, fellow-sinner, what would we not give could we awake you to the apprehension of danger equally imminent, and unspeakably more fearful than that? Your danger is real. We see you, not on a waste of foaming waters, but, as it were, where a sweeping torrent of burning lava is rushing on, and must soon overwhelm you in a destruction of unutterable, unending woe. And you are slumbering there. We call to you, and urge you to escape for your life. But you will not look at your danger. You do not wish to be disturbed. You say "Peace and safety," but "sudden destruction" is coming upon you. Would that you would believe it. Would that you would listen to a voice of warning that is not uttered to give you needless alarm. Would that you would hear the voice that speaks from heaven. It never speaks anything but the truth: "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Will you hear? What says he in his holy word? "Destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known." This, fellow-sinner, is true of every soul that has not been renewed by the Holy Spirit! Have you been so renewed? N. Y. E.

#### A MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN'S IDEA OF FAITH.

THERE are many principles which can be much more easily illustrated than defined. Among these is faith, in its simplest form, is an assent of the understanding to certain statements,—it is believing; it is confidence. But what is faith in Christ?—saving faith? Any definition of this, in order to present the whole of its character, must necessarily involve circumlocution, and even then sometimes be liable to misconception. To be fully understood, it should be a matter of experience. One of the best illustrations of it, it has ever been my pleasure to hear, is the following:

In a meeting which I attended one evening, an old man arose, who looked as though he had seen no small share of rough service in his day, and in a foreign

accent, said he would explain what he understood faith in Christ to be. "My brethren," he continued, "I once served in the American navy, under captain Porter. He was a severe officer, and, as I thought, ill-treated his men. So, upon a favourable opportunity, I, with several others, ran away. I deserted the navy, and concealed myself in Boston and vicinity for two years. During this time, a reward of two hundred dollars a head was offered for the apprehension of deserters. However, I successfully escaped detection. At the end of two years, the war of 1812 broke out with England. The government was greatly in want of men for the navy. Accordingly they issued proposals of mercy to all deserters. They publicly proclaimed, that if those who had deserted from the navy would return, they would be received, and nothing would be said concerning their desertion; that is, if they would go and deliver themselves up to the government, they would be pardoned. I saw those proposals, and believing them to be offered in good faith, I went down to the navy-office, confessed that I was a deserter, and offered to re-enlist. I was at once received, and nothing was ever said to me about my desertion."

Now, my hearers, we have, all of us, deserted God; we have abandoned his service; justice is after us; a price is set upon our souls: but terms of forgiveness are offered us. If we will return, throw ourselves upon the mercy of God, and enter his service, he will forgive us on account of what Christ has done for us. —*Watchman and Reflector.*

#### UNIVERSALISM: AN ANECDOTE.

WE were personally acquainted with all the individuals referred to in the following anecdote:

A young Universalist preacher of commanding eloquence, and very great popularity, was returning home from some meeting in Niagara county, New York, some years since, in company with his uncle. During the ride, the preacher was more than usually silent; when about half-way home, he suddenly exclaimed, "Uncle, I'll tell you what I am going to do!"

"Well," said his uncle, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going home, and I'm going to burn every sermon that I ever wrote!"

"What are you going to do that for?" asked his uncle, in astonishment.

"I'm going to do it, because it's of no use to preach Universalism. Look at that congregation that we have just left—almost every one of them either drinks or swears—the very worst men in the place; and I have been preaching there now so long, and what good does it do? who has left off drinking or swearing? not one! I don't know whether the doctrine is true or not—I don't believe it is true, and if it is, it ought not to be preached, and I won't preach it!"

The preacher was as good as his word; he never preached another Universalist sermon. Soon after this, the present writer became acquainted with him, and we account it a great favour that it was under our ministry that he was brought into the church, and eventually numbered with true believers. —*Western Episcopatian.*

#### POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent, "Oh that my influence could be gathered up, and buried with me!" It could not be. That man's influence survives him; it still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. He could not, when he came to die, and perceived how sad and deleterious his influence had been, he could not put forth his dying hand and arrest that influence. It was too late; he had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded and confined, and buried out of sight, but not his influence; for that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence—like the angel of death, and will walk till the hand of God arrest and chain it.

Let us be careful what influence we leave behind us. For good or for evil we shall and must live and act, on the earth, after our bodies have returned to dust. The grave, even so far as this world is concerned, is not the end of us. In the nature of things it cannot be. We are, every one of us, doing that, every day, every hour; which will survive us, and which will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after us. There is nothing we are more prone to forget and disregard than our influence upon others; yet there is nothing we should more dread—there is nothing for which we must hereafter give a more solemn account, —*Congregationalist.*



Arab Party resting with their Camels.

## THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

Among the great events, discoveries, and improvements which have rendered the present century memorable, may be reckoned the overland route to India; and whether we regard its facilities in shortening the distance, in adding to the convenience of travellers, or in expediting information between England and India, we cannot but admit that it has conferred great advantages on the mercantile, if not on the Christian world. To such readers as are at present unacquainted with the subject, a familiar account of the overland route will be read with interest and satisfaction. It is called the overland route because one part of it lies across the Isthmus of Suez, a desert of sand between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and this is traversed in omnibuses drawn by horses.

JULY, 1851.

The voyage to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, in a sailing-vessel, usually occupies a period of four months; but a traveller from England by the overland route may now arrive at Calcutta in forty-eight days. The route to India by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, before the present arrangements, was usually attended with many delays; but now it is rapid, and, for the most part, regular. The Peninsular and Oriental Company has twenty-three vessels, the greater number averaging 1,800 tons burden, with engines of 500 horse-power; 100 passengers, at least, are accommodated on each voyage, and the mail-bags and boxes, 200 in number, weigh about four tons.

Let us now take the reader with us on board a steamer, as though we were actually fellow-travellers, bound for Calcutta by the overland route; for by this

means we shall make ourselves more intelligible, and more easily explain to him the interesting particulars we have to relate.

It is the 20th day of the month; we have each of us paid 127*l.* for our passage, we have parted with our friends, we have slept a night at Southampton, we have committed ourselves to His almighty care who has the winds and the waves under his control:

His mercies, great and manifold,  
From age to age endure;  
And all who humbly seek his face,  
And truly trust his sovereign grace,  
Will find his promise sure.

We are on board the packet; we have steamed down Southampton Water, taken a glance at Netley Abbey and Calshot Castle, and are within sight of Cowes, and Osborne House, the residence of her majesty, in the Isle of Wight.

We cannot but go back in our fancy to days gone by; for who that has wandered over the Isle, and visited its hills, its downs, its chimes, its undercliff, and its lighthouses, can ever forget them? Hardly is there sweeter scenery to be found. We are among the many who have been to Brading and Arreton churches; we have mused over the graves of the Young Cottager, and the Dairyman's Daughter, and we have listened to the lips of Legh Richmond, eloquently setting forth the love of God the Father, and the grace and mercy of his Son Jesus Christ.

On goes our steamer; we have left Alum Bay, Freshwater Cliffs, and the Needles behind us. On! on!—we are skirting the Bay of Biscay, where many a good ship has been laid on her beam-ends, and many a mariner has found a watery grave. We have passed the Burling Rocks, sometimes called the Portuguese Needles, and we catch a glimpse of the high ground of Cintra, said to be the fairest spot in Europe. Rocks, cataracts, and precipices, with palaces and gardens, are mingled with convents, and cork-trees, and mountain-moss; and the dark green-tinged orange-trees are contrasted with the pale willow and the luxuriant vine. How abundantly has our heavenly Father beautified the dwelling-place of sinful man!

Yonder is the mouth of the Tagus; but the Portuguese ships that used so proudly to sail there are seen no more. Portugal is not what it was. Truly the Lord is governor among the nations. "He put-

teth down one, and setteth up another," Psa. lxxv. 7. Cape Trafalgar is in sight. Here it was that the French and Spanish fleets were overcome; here it was that Nelson fell. On! on! This is Tarifa, standing on the southernmost part of Spain. Now we are arrived at Gibraltar, one of the strongest fortresses in the world; we must here take in coals. In front is the village of St. Roque, and beyond are the mountains of Grenada. For seven centuries the Moors held Gibraltar, and then the Spaniards had the rule; but the British flag, on the almost inaccessible ramparts, now floats upon the breeze.

Again the steam is up, and we move onward. Algiers is seen from the deck, once notorious as the stronghold of pirates, and now a French colony. Pantelaria and Galeita are passed; we are nearing Malta, with its handsome buildings, castles, churches, and fortifications of all kinds. Here the apostle Paul, when shipwrecked, near eighteen hundred years ago, received great kindness at the hands of the people, and here he shook off the viper which had fastened on his hand, into the fire.

On! on! We have arrived at Alexandria, a place of great renown. It was founded by Alexander the Great, and became the centre of commerce and the abode of learning. Who has not heard of the Alexandrine Library? At Alexandria, the Septuagint translated the Hebrew version of the Scriptures into Greek. Mark, the evangelist, preached the gospel there; and it was there that Anthony is said to have lost the world, and that Abercrombie gained the victories that drove the French from Egypt. The city is now but the shadow of what it was:

Its pride and pomp are gone, its reign is o'er,  
And all its godly glories are no more.

But though Alexandria is not the city so famed of olden time, the re-opening of the Mahmoudie Canal, connecting the city with the Nile, and the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company have greatly increased its consequence. Again we move onward.

We are now on the Mahmoudie Canal, so called because the sultan Mahmoud employed men to clear it out, after it had been choked up under the rule of the Saracens. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons were cruelly set to work to remove the rubbish, without implements,

and with only a month's food. They worked with their hands, and completed the undertaking, though twenty-five thousand of them fell victims to toil and famine. We must now go on board another steamer, bound to Cairo, for here is Atfê on the Nile.

On! on! The sun is gone down, it is night, and here is Boulac, the port of Cairo. We must now leave the steamer, and prepare to cross the desert. What a huzzuh is made by the porters, the dragomans (interpreters), and the donkey-hays. Italian, English, French, and all European languages are being spoken, or rather shouted at once. This is a busy scene. Ladies and gentlemen, merchants, travellers, and Egyptians, heavily-laden porters, camels, horses, donkeys, omnibuses and vans are all in motion. On we go, along the broad and sandy road, through avenues of olives and sycamores. Two miles more will bring us safe to Cairo.

And this is Cairo! or, as it used to be called, Grand Cairo! It is truly an eastern scene. The bold range of the Mokattan mountains skirts the city in a manner highly imposing, the mosques and towers are quite oriental, and the narrow streets, alleys, lanes, and bazaars excite our curiosity, filled as they are with hardware, leather, cloth, and kabob shops. Barbers and oil-merchants, donkeys, gorgeously-trapped horses, tall camels, and the veiled beauties of the harem jostle against us at every step. There are no Regent-streets in Cairo; but we must move on. Passengers by the steamers are here accommodated in spacious hotels, at the expense of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. We could be well content to reside a few days at Cairo, and to visit the Pasha's Palace, the Gardens at Shoubra, the Petrified Forest, and the far-famed Pyramids; but already the semaphoric, or telegraphic signals placed across the desert announce the arrival of the steamer at Suez, which is to convey us to our destination; we must, therefore, hasten across the sultry sands to Suez.

The trading cargo, the mail-bags, and our baggage are all on before us; and now hurrying into our two-wheeled omnibuses, carrying six passengers, and drawn by four swift-footed horses, we proceed on our eccentric journey.

But see, as we sally forth from the gates of Cairo, the Mussulman Cemetery claims our regard. Monuments of dif-

ferent kinds arrest the eye, and many a lonely Arab is seated, here and there, in silence, to receive the offerings of such as would manifest their respect for the dead by acts of charity. Thus it is, go where we will, death has been there before us, speaking, as with a voice from the tomb, "What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. iv. 14.

Look round upon this bed of death,  
And take a word of warning;  
Improve the light, nor leave till night  
The business of the morning.

The fool, through every passing hour,  
Beset with sin and sorrow,  
Puts far away his dying day,  
Though that may be to-morrow.

The wise man dares not waste his time,  
Lest life and health forsake him;  
Where'er he goes, full well he knows  
That death will soon o'ertake him.

Oh, would'st thou from the page of truth  
A useful lesson borrow?  
Go on thy way, improve to-day,  
And bless'd shall be to-morrow.

The very desert itself is a cemetery, where the wandering Arab and his steed, the pilgrim, the camel, and the driver find a grave. As a ship is sometimes called the camel of the sea, so a camel is called the ship of the desert. Day after day this patient drudge, with a burden of a thousand pounds' weight upon his back, traverses the sandy plain, with no other food than a stray thorn, or a ball of paste provided by his owner. Yonder lie the bleached bones of a camel, and a little further removed is the carcass of another. The vultures of the desert are revelling at the banquet. Next them is an Arab party resting with their camels, during the noontide heat.

Post-house after post-house have we passed; these are small buildings erected at intervals of eight or ten miles, and here are relays of horses kept for the vans and omnibuses. We are now at the Central Station, where mutton, roast fowl, pigeons, and pale ale are in great requisition. Omnibuses, horses, donkeys, and camels are huddled together. An Arab sheikh has just arrived, a column of the pasha's cavalry is crossing the desert in the distance at full speed, and yonder stands the solitary acacia-tree, with no other vegetation around it, on which the Mecca pilgrims, on returning to Cairo, hang a rag torn from their own clothes. This is, indeed, the desert! England, how dear, how delightful are thy breezy hills, thy verdant valleys, and thy sheltered glades!

The Arab horses are noble animals, and those in the stables of the pasha, of the Nedj breed, are what he wanted to match against the best horses that England could produce. The tent of the Bedouin Arab is rude and simple. It is formed of felt, and is open in front and at the sides, seldom having any divisions. An encampment by moonlight has a solitary but highly picturesque appearance. The Bedouins are dissolute and daring; their hand is against every one; and though they practise the virtue of hospitality, fraud and violence and pillage are the common-place attendants of their daily career. Children of the desert, ignorance has blinded their eyes, and cruelty has hardened their hearts; nor is it likely that their ferocity will be subdued till, constrained by the mighty power of God, they renounce their faith in the false prophet, who propagated his impostures with fire and sword, and become followers of Jesus Christ.

On we go, ploughing our way through the loose hot sand, and looking over the waste that overawes us with its loneliness. Post-houses are left behind, and now we are approaching Suez. Here is the well of Yusuf, or Joseph, though some call it the well of Moses. The well is the grand gossiping-place of the women, and there are the water-bearers, with their brass, copper, or earthenware vessels, of precisely the same forms as those used in ancient Egypt. Arabs with their steeds, drivers with their camels, and stray travellers are approaching the place. How striking were the words of the Redeemer to the water-drawing woman of Samaria: "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," John iv. 13, 14.

We have left the well of Yusuf, and the guard-house, and we have entered Suez. This seaport is eighty-four miles from Cairo, and we have come from thence in fourteen hours. We have given a glance at the place, and at the heavy-looking house with the large verandah, once the residence of Napoleon Bonaparte; we have embarked in boats, and are now on board a steamer. But are we really navigating the Red Sea? That sea near which the children of Israel encamped? "Before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea over against Baal-

zephon?" Yes! this is that very sea that, obedient to its almighty Maker, drew back to make way for the people of the Lord:

On either side the waves in order stood,  
And Israel pass'd in safety through the flood.

And yonder it was, on the further shore, that Moses and the children of Israel sang, "The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy," Exod. xv. 3—6.

Jeddah, on the eastern coast of the Red Sea, is the port at which thousands of pilgrims land to visit Mecca, the birth-place, and Medina, the burial-place of Mohammed, the founder of the Mussulman faith. The vessels which carry the pilgrims are dirty and crowded; but the owners think only of the profit they obtain, and the fervour of the devotees disposes them to suffer without complaint. We have left Jeddah behind us, we have passed Mocha, famed for its coffee, and having taken a meal of fried fish at Backbay, at a little distance from Aden, we are on our way for Ceylon.

Highly favoured have we been with fine weather, and the glowing glorious sunsets have given us great delight. We have landed at Point de Galle, Ceylon, and while the steamer has been replenishing its exhausted fuel, we have taken a short ride amidst the picturesque and beautiful scenery of the place. How deliciously fragrant is the perfumed air! how varied is the fruit-tree foliage! and how rich the green hue of the gigantic plants! Here coffee and cinnamon are grown; here the cocoa-nut and the bread-fruit trees flourish. Truly this is a grove of vegetable beauty,—a garden of fragrant spices.

Once more we are on board the steamer, and our paddle-wheels are tearing away through the heaving waters. Rapidly have we sped from Ceylon, for already we see the flag flying at Fort St. George, and the Madras surf beating on the coast. Some are preparing to go on shore in the Mussolah boats, attended with catamarans, or rafts, on each of which rides a skilful boatman with a paddle. The Mussolah sailors take the



advantage of a coming wave, and shoot forward to the shore, when they leap out of the boat, and seize hold of the prow to drag it out of the reach of the foaming billows. The catamaran men are ready, in case of accident, to rescue passengers from the raging flood. Again our steam is up, we are moving onward :

Bold are the billows that around us rise,  
And bright the glowing sun and kindling skies.

We have navigated the Bay of Bengal, pushed up the river Hooghley, and rounded a reach in the noble stream. Here we are at last at Calcutta, which truly appears like a city of palaces. The green shady banks and beautiful houses, somewhat removed from the place ; the public buildings of goodly architecture, the natives in their varied oriental costumes, the palankeens and carriages of the Europeans, the body-guard of the governor, with the different boats and pinnaces which ply upon the Hooghley, all demand our attention. The whole scene before us is novel, striking, and impressive.

Since leaving Southampton and the Isle of Wight, we have breasted the waves of the Bay of Biscay ; we have seen Cintra and the Tagus, Cape Trafalgar, Tarifa, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, and Alexandria ; we have traversed the Mahmoudie Canal, visited Boulac and Cairo, crossed the desert to Suez, and passed by Jeddah, Mocha, Aden, Ceylon, and Madras, arriving at Calcutta in safety. Truly our hearts should be filled with thankfulness, and our mouths with praise. This rapid mode of transit, this short cut from England to her eastern possessions, by a holy influence, may greatly extend the good of mankind, and greatly increase the glory of the Redeemer.

Such, reader, is the real overland route to India, which in our imagination we have pursued. We may never in reality cross the desert of Suez ; but we are, even now, traversing the desert of life, and journeying together to an eternal world. Are we as much in earnest, then, to realize our heavenly prospects, as we are to obtain earthly possessions ? If we are forward to cross sea and land for perishable riches, we should not be backward to strive after eternal treasures. It behoves us to put this question to our hearts, not, Are we pursuing pleasure, wealth, or reputation ? but, Are we seekers after eternal life, followers of God, and

humble and hearty disciples of Jesus Christ ? Let us not deceive ourselves by pursuing glittering bubbles, and wasting our precious time, for we have too much at stake to hesitate, and our lives are too short to delay. With godly sincerity let us turn our faces Zionward :

With girded loins set out for heaven,  
Ere earth's enjoyments wither ;  
And give not slumber to our eyes  
Till we are journeying thither.

H. O.

#### NEVER STOP FOR STORMS.

A YOUNG American clergyman once made an appointment to give an address at a distance. Accompanied by a venerable friend, he had accomplished half the distance to the place of meeting, when a severe thunder-storm arose, and obliged them to take shelter in a barn by the roadside. After the rain had abated, the young minister said to his aged companion, "Come, the storm is over, and we had better go on."

His companion's reply was, "I think not. The storm will prevent attendance, and you will find the school-house nearly or quite empty."

"But an appointment was made, and must be kept."

"I think it will be useless."

"Well, my friend, you will do as you think best ; I must fulfil the engagement."

His companion returned home. The preacher proceeded on his way, and found a full assembly met to hear him. Seeing so many gathered around him, and feeling that he might have lost an opportunity of benefiting some soul that was groping in darkness had he yielded to the plausible conclusion of his friend, the young man then formed the resolution never, under any circumstances, to be deterred by a storm from performing his duty.

Another test of principle yet awaited the same minister. An appointment had been made on a week-day evening, six miles distant from his place of residence. The day came, but snow fell in clouds until late in the afternoon. Walking was, in consequence, very difficult, and he had no means for riding. Still, his purpose failed not. "I must go," he said. Two hours' severe toil brought him to the place of meeting. Only five or six individuals had assembled. But they were immortal beings, each having

a soul worth a myriad of worlds. "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," formed the subject of discourse. Wearied, and almost regretting that he came, he left the house, and returned to his home.

Several months after this, a person came to him to converse on the things of the soul. On inquiring when she had been first awakened to a sense of her lost condition, she replied, "On that stormy night, when you, sir, preached at —, from the text, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'"

"Lord, forgive my unbelief!" ejaculated the preacher; and again the resolution filled his mind, "I will never stop for a storm."

Let Christians and Christian ministers never be frightened from duty by storms. God, by these apparent obstacles, often tries our faith and our devotion. Remember, too, that the amount of good done is not measured by the number that may be present at religious appointments. "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

#### HOW MINES HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED.

THE particular sites of metallic and other forms of mineral wealth have been discovered under varied circumstances, frequently in a very accidental manner. A chapter of romantic interest might be written upon this subject. A young florist, in the course of a ramble in South Australia, had his attention arrested by a peculiar appearance on the ground, which might have been mistaken for a plant, from its brownish green hue; but on further examination, it proved to be an outcrop of copper, and brought to light the immense stores of the metal which are now worked in that region. California had been visited by travellers, botanical rangers, and an experienced mineralogist from the United States, without anything being known of its gold, concealed in most places by a layer of vegetable soil, till a settler laid open some glittering grains of the treasure in cutting a trench for a mill-race.

History relates, that in the early part of the sixteenth century, an Indian shepherd tended his flocks on a small pampa, near the lake of Llauricocha, in Peru, one of the sources of the mighty Amazon river. Having one day wandered further from his hut than usual, and being

fatigued, he made a declivity of the Cerro de Santiestevan his resting-place for the night, kindled a fire to protect himself from the cold, and lay down to sleep. On awaking in the morning, he was astonished to find the stone beneath the ashes of his fire melted and turned to silver. The shepherd communicated this intelligence to his master, a Spaniard, who immediately repaired to the spot, found indications of a rich vein of silver ore, and made preparations for working it. New veins were discovered by fresh adventurers on the spot, whose settlements and explorings originated the city and mines of Pasco. The original mine, still yielding silver, bears the name of La Descubridora, "the discoverer."

In a similar incidental way, the knowledge transpired of the great quicksilver mine at Idria, in the Austrian empire. It was not known till the year 1497, when a few coopers inhabited that part of Carniola for the convenience of being near the woods. One of them, having finished a new tub, placed it where some water dripping from the rock might fall into it, in order to prove its soundness. But he was surprised to find it a matter of difficulty to remove the vessel from its site. This was owing to metallic globules, shining, but very heavy, at the bottom of the water. The fact becoming public, surveys took place, which led to the opening of the mines in 1525.

In one of Born's letters to professor Ferber, published in the last century, he gives an account of the discovery of the Nagyag gold mine, in the mountains of Transylvania, near one of the branches of the Theiss. "A Wallachian, whose name was Armenian John, came to my father, then possessed of a rich silver mine at Caertes, telling him, that as he constantly observed a flame issuing from and playing upon a fissure in the Nagyag forest, he was of opinion that rich ores must be hid underground. My father was fortunately adventurous enough to listen to the poor man's tale, and accordingly he drove a gallery in the ground which the Wallachian pointed out. The work went on some years without any success, and was upon the point of being given up. However, he made a last drift towards the fissure, and there hit the rich black and lamellated gold ores, which were first looked upon as iron glimmer, but appeared what really they are as soon as assayed by the fire." The opinion which led to this favourable result is

entirely fallacious, for spontaneously ignited inflammable gases occur quite independently of metallic ores. But it is a persuasion of old standing in mining districts, that flames of light have been seen playing upon the surface, till they have perched upon a vein, resting there for a time, and disappearing—a circumstance not improbably connected with electricity, and referable to the good conducting power of the ore. The Nagyag mine is of interest, as by analysis of its gold ores, the rare metal, tellurium, was first obtained by Klaproth, in 1782.

Formerly, in Cornwall and other places, faith was universal in the divining rod, as a means of detecting mineral veins. This was usually a forked twig of hazel, or other fruit-bearing tree, cut in winter, and kept dry, which, being firmly grasped at one end, and carried along, was believed to indicate the site and direction of a vein by the other end being drawn to it. Price was a firm believer in its efficacy; many surprising discoveries have been quoted in confirmation of it; and it certainly would be extraordinary, if, in a district so loaded with metallic products, and intersected with veins, some accidental instances favourable to it could not be cited. The reputation of the magical wand continued unblemished down to the close of the last century, all failures in practice being placed to the account of the rod being improperly made or held. But extended intelligence has now nearly exploded the superstition, though as late as the year 1830, a professional performer of repute resided in Redruth. In a similar manner, the sites of subterranean springs have been sought, a willow branch being commonly employed. Some suppose that the Phœnicians left the practice in Cornwall, and, however this may be, it is undoubtedly of very ancient date.

In various operations, such as draining land, making roads, and cutting ditches, positive indications of a vein have frequently been met with, though this can only happen where it lies near the surface. Sometimes the tainted and discoloured condition of adjacent springs has led to the discovery, or the sterility of patches of land impregnated with the contaminated waters. At Dolgelly, in Wales, the peat betrayed the existence of copper, not only by its hue, but on being burned it was found so impregnated with sulphate of copper, diffused through it from springs, that the metal was left in

its ashes. The existence of veins, and their actual position, have often been determined from fragments or pebbles of ore in the beds of rivulets, or in the alluvial soil of exhausted water-courses, traced to their origin. This method, of great antiquity in Cornwall, is there called *shoding*, the particles which guide the explorer being termed *shodes*. If, however, the question is confined to the existence of metalliferous veins in a district, the solution of it presents little difficulty to the experienced miner; but it involves the patient consideration of very varied details, the soundest judgment, and the highest skill, to decide the point, whether the produce is likely to repay the cost of bringing it to the surface.

As property in land almost invariably includes everything beneath the surface, the land-owner is lord of the subterranean treasures explored in his fields, except gold and silver, which in this, and most other countries, belong by prerogative to the crown. But their actual production is usually conducted by a company of adventurers (though this applies more to the metalliferous than the coal districts), who agree with the owner of the mine for a certain number of years, paying either a fixed per centage or a certain proportion of the ores raised. The bounds or limits of the mine are commonly marked at the surface, either by stones at intervals, or other indications, within which the ground may be excavated beneath, and the surface used, as far as may be necessary for the effectual carrying on of the works. Perpendicular *shafts* for cutting the vein, raising the ore, or for ventilation, carried to an indefinite depth; *levels* or galleries, driven horizontally on either hand from the principal shaft, and in a descending series along its course, with proper intervals between them, for the further exploration of the mine; and a horizontal excavation, called the *adit level*, by which the drainage is conveyed away to the surface—are the great operations necessary to the working of mines. They involve an immense outlay of capital, present difficulties of construction which require the highest mechanical genius to overcome, and are often executed upon a most gigantic scale.

The expense of sinking a shaft is of course a varying sum, and one that admits of no precise calculation beforehand, as the depth to which it may be

necessary to go, the texture of the masses to be penetrated, and the obstacles which may arise to tax the skill of the engineer, are uncertain elements. It frequently happens that springs are tapped, and a fearful influx of water ensues, which must be reduced, and the works secured from further invasion, before they can be resumed. One of the greatest enterprises of this kind on record was commenced at Wearmouth colliery, near Sunderland, in 1826. At the depth of three hundred feet a spring was reached, which poured water into the shaft at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute. Having conquered this difficulty, and sunk to the depth of one thousand feet, another spring was encountered; but the obstacle being overcome, the sinking was continued several hundred feet lower, when valuable seams of coal were reached, to reward the perseverance of the proprietors. Ten years passed away, and not less than 100,000*l.* were expended before they had any returns.

The consolidated copper mines in Cornwall may be taken as an example of extensive workings. They are situated in the parish of Gwennap, about three miles east of Redruth, along the brow of a range of steep hills, and occupy an area of about eight hundred acres. The total amount of sinking is stated to be more than twelve miles in perpendicular depth, and, including the horizontal galleries, the extent of subterraneous excavation is upwards of sixty miles. Eight very large steam-engines, and about thirty smaller, are employed for drainage and other purposes, which nearly equal the work of four thousand horses, and would be almost equal to that of double the number, if exerted to the full extent. The "great adit," which receives the waters of these mines, and of many others in Gwennap and near Redruth, measures nearly thirty miles in length, including all the ramifications, one branch of it alone extending upwards of five miles, and penetrating ground four hundred feet beneath the surface. The final discharge is through a valley into the sea near Falmouth.

Works of this description evidence the earnestness and indomitable energy of man in the pursuit of wealth. The reflection forces itself upon the mind, that if these qualities are elicited by the riches, which, however they may promote convenience and command luxury, never can confer permanent happiness, and in

a few short years "take to themselves wings and flee away," how ought they to be excited by those treasures of revealed truth, the due apprehension of which is connected with spiritual, heavenly, enduring, and eternal blessedness! It is the evidence of a sound mind to judge of things as they are, to estimate them according to their true character—neither overlooking substantial excellences where they are possessed, nor elevating real insignificance into importance by fictitious advantages—always regarding objects in their relation to the future as well as the present. The line of conduct suggested by this rule is, to labour for the bread that perisheth with honest activity; but at the same time to view the maxims of Divine wisdom as "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold," seeking to be governed by them with an earnestness which may be illustrated, but not surpassed, by that of those who "dig for hidden treasures." A superfluity of worldly means may enable their possessor with facility to supply his temporal wants, and officiate in the service of the destitute; but his higher nature finds no contentment in them, while they often prove a snare, are held at an uncertain tenure, and fail for ever in life's last hour. How different, if taught of God, and realizing the promised help of the Holy Spirit, the "unsearchable riches of Christ" are apprehended by a true faith in him! Then, indeed, is good secured; the soul finds a resting-place, a source and a centre of delight; the great question of its eternal destiny is decided; and the allotment of poverty and sorrow in this life is cheerfully embraced in the prospect of a blessed immortality.—*"Mines and Mining," Monthly Volume, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### LOUIS AND ANNA DEYSTER.

Among the works of art exhibited in the Church of St. Jacques, at Bruges, are two pictures, which the beadle, who acts as *cicerone*, generally reserves as his last claim on the admiration of the visitor. The curtain of green silk, through which only the gilt frames can be seen, is suddenly drawn aside, and a picture is displayed representing "Christ on the cross." At the feet of the Saviour stand the three Marys in the attitude of grief. Few have ever beheld that picture, and not felt themselves moved by the expression of deep anguish and utter desolation

in the faces of the virgin Mary and the Magdalen.

But while the delighted visitor is still standing before this beautiful picture, the beadle is slowly drawing aside the veil that conceals another, hanging close beside it; and the eye is soon riveted upon a painting which, in brilliancy of colouring, in depth, harmony, and force, is scarcely inferior to any of the ancient masters. It represents Christ in the moment when he arises the mighty conqueror over death and the grave. In the nobleness of its poetic conception, the flowing, yet bold and sustained style, it might almost rival the creations of Raphael's pencil.

For a few moments the beadle appears to enjoy the surprise and admiration of the visitor, and then, in that strange, peculiar accent of Bruges, something between the French and the Flemish, he pronounces the names "Louis and Anna Deyster." Further inquiry is useless; he tells no more, for he knows no more, of the artists to whom the Flemish school owes two of its masterpieces. And yet how would it deepen the admiration and interest of the beholder to know the tale connected with the two words so carelessly uttered by the beadle—"Louis and Anna Deyster."

#### I.

Left an orphan at seventeen by the sudden death of his father, a rich citizen of Bruges, Louis Deyster inherited at an early age, if not a large fortune, a competence sufficient for one who, naturally of a timid and pensive character, was likely to be moderate in his desires and expectations. His principal recreation was painting, to which he devoted his leisure hours, though so little value did he set upon the productions of his pencil, that no sooner were they finished than he effaced them to begin a new work on the same canvass.

But even this desultory pursuit of the fine arts was relinquished for the duties and joys of domestic life, when, at the age of twenty, he married his young cousin. The birth of a daughter, to whom was given the name of Anna, crowned the wedded happiness of Deyster.

After five years passed in the calm pleasures of his home, Louis lost his wife, who died in giving birth to a second daughter. Heartstruck by this bereavement, Deyster resolved to leave the city of Bruges, and to retire into the country,

there to give himself up wholly to the sorrow which every day seemed to render more poignant. He sold his paternal mansion, and made arrangements for the removal of his furniture. As the last wagon containing it was passing through the gates of Bruges, one of the pictures, that had been the work of his almost boyish days, dropped from it. The driver perceived the accident, and would have stopped, but was prevented by Deyster, who told him that he was glad to be rid of such lumber, and the picture remained lying in the gutter until two little children caught a glimpse of it. The next moment they had eagerly seized it, had wiped off the mud, and had begun to dispute its possession. The quarrel happened to attract the attention of the burgomaster, Roclof, who was passing by at the time. He saw the picture, and could not repress the expression of his admiration, to which the answers of the children to his inquiry as to how it came into their possession, soon added surprise. They told him that it had dropped from a wagon laden with furniture, and that they were sure they might keep it, for they heard the gentleman say it was not worth picking up; and the burgomaster could not understand such contempt for a sketch so beautiful, and evincing talent of so high an order, that at the moment he attributed it to Van Eyck. He soon, however, perceived that it was the work of a more recent hand, but he did not find it quite so easy to assign it to the right artist; for though the possessor of a rich gallery of pictures, and in communication with all the painters of the day, he could not discover the stamp of any of them in the picture that now interested him so much. A few silver pieces to the boys made them glad to make over their prize to him, and he bore it home in triumph.

In no country in the world is the taste for painting so universal as in the Netherlands—nowhere are so many found either cultivating the art or devoting themselves to forming collections of pictures. A citizen, with an income of five or six thousand livres, will have a picture-gallery worth more than a million; and no gratification of personal luxury, or even comfort, could induce him to turn the capital thus laid up into cash. No: he has received the collection from his ancestors, and he must hand it down to his son. It is his boast and his delight—the only letters patent of nobility upon which

he sets any value. The burgomaster Roclof was one of those devoted amateurs, and therefore the discovery of the unknown artist was to him a matter of deep interest. It was not long before the inquiry he now set on foot procured for him all the information he needed. No sooner did he discover that the person who had removed his furniture from Bruges on the day the picture was found now resided in a country-house at some little distance, than he hastened thither, and was shown into the apartment of Louis Deyster at the very time he was engaged in burning some of his old pieces as lumber for which he had now no room. "What are you about? Stop, sir—oh pray stop!" exclaimed the visitor; and then, in excuse for the abruptness which had made Louis Deyster turn round in astonishment, he related the finding of the picture, and the enthusiastic admiration it had excited throughout the whole city. "You must abandon the solitary life to which you would condemn yourself," he urged;—"return to your fellow-citizens. Fame and fortune will be yours. You are a father; for the sake of this pretty child sporting at your feet, and in the name of your tender infant, I implore you, do not refuse to open to them the brilliant prospects that will be theirs in being yours; and most surely do they await you."

Long did Louis Deyster resist all solicitation again to return into society, from which recent sorrow, added to his natural extreme timidity of disposition, made him shrink. But Roclof's persuasions at length prevailed, and he brought back the artist with him to Bruges. "For the present, my house must be your home," said he; "you will complete a picture for me on a large scale from the sketch that chance threw into my possession. I shall deem it a cheap purchase at ten thousand florins."

Before Deyster had succeeded in convincing himself that he was not the sport of an idle dream, the burgomaster had installed him in a delightful pavilion in his domain, where was a spacious studio, erected by Rubens when painting for the city of Bruges the martyrdom of St. Symphonian. Here, for a whole year, Louis Deyster, declining all visits save those of his friend and patron, and living only with his children and for his art, worked at his picture of his three Marys at the foot of the cross. This solitary life was quite accordant with his taste, and

not even once did it occur to him to go beyond the grounds round the pavilion in which he thus made himself a voluntary prisoner. The year closed, and on its last day the burgomaster invited the principal citizens to a banquet, and when they were all assembled in the picture-gallery, he led them in front of a picture covered with a silk curtain. It was suddenly drawn aside, and gave to view the three Marys. A cry of admiration burst forth on all sides.

"You have now seen the work, gentlemen," said the burgomaster, when the general excitement had a little subsided; "allow me to make known to you the artist;" and he led forward Louis Deyster, who was standing, timidly shrinking from notice, at the lower end of the gallery.

## II.

Fifteen years from that day, a cavalier, mounted on a magnificent horse, and surrounded by eight or ten young men, on horseback also, was galloping through the streets of Bruges. Nothing could exceed the splendour of his attire nor the beauty of his steed. Suddenly the cavalier dismounted, and respectfully saluted an old man who was coming towards him. It was the burgomaster Roclof, and he cast a look of painful regret at the mad luxury of the spendthrift and his retinue.

"Come, come," you must not scold me, as you are wont of late," said Louis Deyster (for the reader, as well as the burgomaster, must resign himself to seeing, in the gay and dashing cavalier, the once pensive and modest artist). "Thanks to you, fortune has smiled upon me, and her smiles have made a man of me. The stagnant waters of my soul have been stirred;—I have at last awoke to life and its joys. It was you who put into my hand the magic wand that supplies my every wish. Can you blame me for using it?"

"I blame you for squandering, in mad folly and luxury, your patrimony and that of your children; and the produce of your art suffices not for your prodigality. What is to become of your children?"

"Time enough to think of the future when I have had two or three years more of my merry life. A hundred thousand florins will be dowry enough for each of my two daughters; eight pictures will bring in this sum, and for eight pictures

two years will more than suffice. Anna is but eighteen, and Theta fifteen. No need for haste. The future is all my own."

The burgomaster gently shook his head. "The future belongs to God," he said, then sadly added, "God grant that your youth may not be cause for mourning and woe in your old age."

"Hush, hush, my good old friend! You, who made an artist of me, must not be croaking like a bird of ill omen because, like a true artist, I live for painting, and throw care and the future to the winds. It will yet be found, after all, that I am the wiser of the two."

While uttering these words, he pressed the hand of his friend, and sprang upon his horse. Before his foot was yet firm in the stirrup, the fiery animal, startled by the noise of a carriage passing at the moment, bounded forward, and the artist was flung with great violence to the ground. He had fallen upon his head, and was taken up senseless, carried home, and committed to the care of the most skilful surgeon in the city, who, after a careful examination of the injury received, declared that he could not answer for his life. The sad announcement was gently conveyed by Roclof to his weeping daughters, as they hung over the pillow of the father, who, unconscious of their presence, was uttering their names in wild delirium, and calling down reproaches upon the head of him whose reckless extravagance had entailed destitution and ruin upon them. Reflection had come too late.

For a whole month they had no hope that his life would be spared, but by degrees the dangerous symptoms lessened; he became convalescent, and recovery was at length declared. But what a recovery! Louis Deyster was never again to know the blessing of sight; he was blind. Long did his daughter Anna conceal from him the fatal truth, by keeping the bandage still over his eyes; and when he asked for its removal, reminded him of the physician's first order. This ingenious device could not, however, avail for ever; and it was at last necessary to reveal the truth to the unhappy man. It was done kindly and cautiously, but yet never was despair like his. Blindness was to him not only the loss of his art, but poverty, destitution, utter ruin. Oh! how did he now mourn his mad extravagance—his senseless prodigality!

The misfortunes of the artist soon

spread through the city; it was soon known that he must quit his splendid hotel, and retire once more into the country; but, this time, not merely to solitude, but to poverty and wretchedness. The report met with the reception that such news always and everywhere meets; and, amid a few empty words of compassion for his blindness, and many and loud reproaches, mingled with self-gratulation on the penetration that had long predicted his inevitable ruin, Louis Deyster prepared to quit Bruges.

He was engaged in calculating how long he could contrive to subsist, with his two daughters, on the small sum raised by the sale of his furniture and a few remaining pictures, when the aged Roclof, who had been for weeks confined by illness, entered his apartment.

"You must have thought I was dead, dear friend, else you never could have formed your plans without any reference to me. Can you, indeed, doubt my friendship to such a degree as to seek an asylum anywhere but with me? My house must be your home, and the pavilion of Rubens is still your own. Would that I could do more for you, dear friend, but you know the claims of my large family."

Deyster was once again installed in the burgomaster's house. That house which he had entered fifteen years before, flushed with hope of fame and fortune, he now entered a dependent upon its master's bounty.

For four or five years Deyster inhabited the pavilion of the burgomaster Roclof, and no one in Bruges troubled himself about the once popular and admired artist. When met by accident, leaning on his daughter, who acted as the blind man's guide through the streets, he was greeted by the most compassionate with a few commonplace expressions of pity, while too often the only notice taken of him was the deserved, but not less bitter reproach—"After all, it is his own fault. He has brought this ruin upon his own head."

One day the burgomaster Roclof announced to the amateurs of the city that he had just obtained possession of a very valuable picture, and invited them to come and see it. The citizens, amongst whom were some distinguished connoisseurs, assembled at the appointed hour in the gallery, where, as on the former occasion, the veil was removed from a painting, which was no sooner beheld

than a murmur of admiration ran through the circle of spectators. The picture was "The Resurrection of the Saviour."

"Louis Deyster has recovered his sight," exclaimed one of the greatest connoisseurs present; "the picture has all his peculiar characteristics. The style of design, so exquisitely accordant with the forms; the striking character of every head; the bright, warm colouring, and that knowledge of the *chiar' oscuro* which no artist has ever possessed in a higher degree;—this picture, I do not hesitate to say, can be from no hand but that of Louis Deyster."

The burgomaster, laying his finger on a fold in the drapery, to show that the colouring was yet quite fresh, merely said—"The picture was finished only last night."

"Then he must have recovered his sight," repeated the amateur, "for none but himself could have produced it. And never before did he produce anything approaching to it—never before did he attain such power of execution—such elevation of conception."

"Then, gentlemen, you would not think ten thousand florins too high a price to name."

"I accept the terms," said one of the parties present.

Roclof opened a door leading from the gallery, and introduced the blind Louis Deyster and his daughter Anna. "It has not been the will of our heavenly Father to restore sight to our friend Deyster," said the burgomaster, "but he has graciously given him abundant consolation in a daughter, as noble in mind as she is fair to look upon. She it is who has painted the picture you so much admire. This young maiden, with her downcast eyes and blushing cheek, shrinking from your applause, has not only with noble fortitude endured the privation of all the luxury in the lap of which she has been brought up, but with still nobler energy exerted herself to avert from her suffering parent the evils of poverty. Continually with him—for never could she be tempted from his side—she entreated him to teach her the secrets of his art. The blind man once more saw with the eyes of his child—the artist once more used his pencil with her fingers. For her father and for her sister she has been labouring, and to-day she obtains the reward of her perseverance and filial devotedness. Love has inspired her labours, and love will find their best

recompense in bestowing their fruits upon its cherished object. Who is there amongst us that can refuse the tribute of his respectful admiration to this noble young creature?"

And, as he spoke, he bowed his head in respectful homage, and with one impulse the assembled citizens bent before Anna, down whose blushing cheeks now flowed fast the tears of happy emotion. Suddenly the blind father stretched out his arms, and drew her to his bosom, then held her at a little distance as if in vain effort to trace once again her features, and again clasped her to his bosom, crying—"Deign, O my God, deign to bless her, and return into her bosom all that she has been of blessing and happiness to me, unworthy as I am."

And the father's prayer was heard. Anna Deyster soon acquired celebrity as an artist and a substantial fortune. The heads of many noble families solicited for their sons the hand of one who was justly regarded as not alone the most celebrated of Flemish maidens, but the "wisest, most virtuous, discreetest, best."

"I must live for my father," was her invariable reply; and that father, who lived but in her presence, sat ever by her side, "listening to her painting," as he said; for the delight of *seeing* her productions was never to be his. It is, however, stated that, from that delicacy of touch which the blind so often acquire, he had the power of judging of his daughter's pictures in lightly passing his fingers over the canvass when the colours were dry; and to the suggestions he was thus enabled to give, Anna Deyster owed much of her perfection in the art.

L.

#### REVIVAL AT THE KIRK OF SHOTTS.

THE impulse given by this revival continued from 1625 to 1630, when it was followed by a similar effusion of the influences of the Spirit in another part of the country. This took place at the Kirk of Shotts. And here also it is observable that the honour of originating the revival was reserved not to the minister of the parish, though a good man, but to one of those faithful servants who suffered for their nonconformity to the innovations of the time; the Lord thus signally accomplishing his word, "Them that honour me, I will honour." The circumstances which led to this revival were the fol-



lowing:—Some ladies of rank who had occasion to travel that way, had received civilities at different times from Mr. Hance, the minister of Shotts; and on one occasion, when their carriage broke down near the manse, he kindly invited them to alight, and remain till it was repaired. During their stay they noticed that the house was much dilapidated, and in return for his attentions, they got a new manse erected for him in a better situation. Mr. Hance, on receiving so substantial a favour, waited on the ladies to thank them, and wished to know if there was anything he could do to testify his gratitude. It is pleasing to know that at this time, as well as afterwards, the noblest of the daughters of Scotland distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of religion. These ladies loved the gospel, and the persecuted ministers who were contending for its purity. They, therefore, gladly seized the opportunity of asking Mr. Hance to invite such of them as they named to assist at the sacrament, that they might enjoy the benefit of their ministrations, and afford to others an opportunity of partaking in a privilege at this time rarely enjoyed. The minister gladly consented; and information of it spreading abroad, an immense concourse of people gathered from all parts to attend the dispensation of the ordinance, which was fixed for sabbath the 20th of June, 1630.

Among the ministers invited on this occasion, at the request of these ladies, were the noble and venerable champion, Robert Bruce, of Kinnaird, who was still able to preach with his wonted majesty and authority, and John Livingstone, chaplain to the countess of Wigton, who was afterwards settled some time in Ireland, but who at present was only a preacher, and about twenty-seven years of age. Much of the spirit of light and love was imparted during the services of the communion sabbath; and so filled were the communicants with the joy and peace which they had experienced, that, instead of retiring to rest, they joined together in small companies, and spent the whole night in devotional exercises.

It had not been usual before this time to have service on the Monday after the dispensation of the Lord's supper; but God had vouchsafed so much of his gracious presence on the preceding days of this solemnity, that they knew not how to part on this Monday without thanksgiving and praise. John Livingstone

was with difficulty prevailed on to preach the sermon. In the memoirs of his life, written by himself, he gives the following memorandum in reference to this discourse: "The one day in all my life wherein I found most of the presence of God in preaching was on a Monday after the communion, preaching in the churchyard of Shotts, June 21, 1630. The night before, I had been with some Christians, who spent the night in prayer and conference. When I was alone in the fields, about eight or nine of the clock in the morning, before we were to go to sermon, there came such a misgiving of spirit upon me, considering my unworthiness and weakness, and the multitude and expectation of the people, that I was consulting with myself to have stolen away somewhere and declined that day's preaching, but that I thought I durst not so far distrust God, and so went to sermon, and got good assistance about an hour and a half upon the points which I had meditated on: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh,' Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26. And in the end, offering to close with some words of exhortation, I was led on about an hour's time, in a strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart, as I never had the like in public all my lifetime."\*

To this sermon, under the blessing of God, no less than five hundred people ascribed their conversion; and in gratitude for such a remarkable token of the Divine countenance on this day, the church of Scotland has ever since devoted a part of the Monday after a communion sabbath to the duty of public thanksgiving.

Some remarkable incidents occurred on that Monday; one of which, as illustrating the striking effect produced by Mr. Livingstone's discourse, may be now related: "Three young gentlemen belonging to Glasgow had made an appointment to go to Edinburgh to attend some public amusements. Having alighted at Shotts to take breakfast, one of their number proposed to go and hear a sermon—probably more from curiosity than any other motive; and for greater expedition, they arranged to come away at the end of the

\* "Life of Mr. John Livingstone," p. 14.

sermon, before the last prayer. But the power of God accompanying the sermon was so felt by them, that they could not go away till all was over. When they returned to take their horses, they called for some refreshment before they mounted; but when it was set upon the table, they all looked to one another, none of them daring to touch it till a blessing was asked; and as they were not accustomed formerly to attend to such things, one of them at last said, 'I think we should ask a blessing to our drink.' The others assented at once to this proposal, and put it on one of their number to do it, to which he readily consented; and when they had done, they could not rise till another had returned thanks. They went on their way more sedately than they used to do, but none of them mentioned their inward concern to the others, only now and then one would say, 'Was it not a great sermon we heard?' another would answer, 'I never heard the like of it.' They went to Edinburgh, but instead of waiting on diversions or company, they kept their rooms the greater part of the time they were there, which was only about two days, when they were all quite weary of Edinburgh, and proposed to return home. Upon the way home they did not discover the state of their minds to one another; and after arriving in Glasgow they kept themselves very much retired, coming seldom out. At last, one of them made a visit to his friend, and declared to him what God had done for him at the Kirk of Shotts. The other frankly owned the concern that he had been brought under at the same time; and both of them proceeding to the third, and finding him in the same state of mind, they all three agreed to have a fellowship-meeting. They continued to maintain a practice suitable to their profession for the remainder of their lives, and became eminently useful in their day and generation.\*

From this, and other well-attested instances, it appears that the revival on this occasion was not characterized by those excesses which have brought discredit on similar scenes in our own country and elsewhere. The word of God sank deep into the hearts of the hearers, forcing them to retire, like the stricken deer, into solitude, there to weep and mourn till the dart was extracted by the hand that had launched it, and the balm of

consolation was poured into the bleeding wound. It was some time before the modesty of the converts would permit them to own the change wrought upon them, till, like the spring of living water, which cannot be controlled or concealed, the grace of God evinced its power by bursting from the once "stony heart," and pouring itself forth in the pure, peaceful, and fruitful stream of a 'holy conversation.—From Mr Crie's *Sketches of Scottish Church History*."

#### THE BEST FRIEND.

CHRIST's knowledge of his people implies the closest and most tender sympathy. "The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." He can truly "have compassion;" he can co-suffer with them, individually and personally, because he was a man, and has our human nature still, glorified indeed, but yet really human. He knows what is in man, not merely from his omniscient faculty, but from the results of actual experience. Great is the comfort, beloved brethren in the Lord, from this sympathy of our risen and ascended Head. He feels for the afflicted members of his mystical body; he knows their every burden; he hears their sighs; he sees their tears; he counts their sorrows; he is present with each. Are they tempted?—so was He. Are they afflicted in body?—so was He. Are they subject to the contradiction of sinners?—so was He. "In all things he was made like unto his brethren (sin only excepted), that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God." Believe this, and take comfort; believe this, and be strong; yea, be strong. You may conceive, brethren, in a moment of desolation, or unbelief, or temptation, that you stand alone, an isolated wanderer in the journey of life; that you fight single-handed the fight of faith; that your case is peculiar, beyond the reach of the compassion and aid of man. Or again, it may be your trying dispensation to meet with the suspicions of your best friends, to have your motives misunderstood, and your behaviour attributed to unworthy designs. But yet the good Shepherd knows his sheep. Their witness is in heaven; their record is on high; he putteth their tears into his bottle. The very hairs of their head are all numbered; their names are written in the

\* Gillie's "Hist. Collections," vol. 1., pp. 303—311.

book of life. He marks his own; and though many a seeming let and hindrance may befall them in their passage through the wilderness; though often what we might call an untoward and most unfortunate circumstance may arise; though the lion may roar, and the wolf seek to scatter the flock; still, while they walk in his ways, they are safe in the Shepherd's keeping; for he has given his faithful word of promise, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Oh, dear brethren! is it nothing to have such an almighty Friend, always sincere, always compassionate, always the same? And having such a refuge and strength, such a very present help in trouble, why are we so prone to run to human sources of consolation, those "broken cisterns which can hold no water?" Are we indeed undone, when we have none but our God to look to? Is our case absolutely desperate, because we are reduced to the simple necessity of entire reliance on the sympathy of Jesus? Can the believer consider himself destitute and friendless, who leans on the single arm of the world's Creator, and has nothing to confide in but God's heart of love? "He hath said, I will never leave thee. nor forsake thee;" and he is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever:" "so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—*John Hamilton Forsyth.*

## METALS OF SCRIPTURE.

## LEAD.

"Oh that my words were now written! Oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"—*Job xix. 23, 24.*

This well-known metal is designated in the Hebrew language *ophreth*, or *ophreth*; and in the Septuagint, *molibdos*. It appears to have been known and in use at a very early period. Though traces of lead have not hitherto "been found within the limits of the land of Palestine," yet "ancient lead-mines, in which the ore has been exhausted by working, have been discovered by Mr. Burton in the mountains between the Red Sea and the Nile; and lead is also said to exist at a small place called Sheff, near Mount Sinai."\* Hence it may easily

\* Dr. Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopedia."

be conceived as probable that Moses was acquainted with the latter, or had witnessed the working of the mines in Egypt. This may have led to the introduction of a metaphor, derived from the weighty character of that metal, to denote the utter destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. "They sank as lead in the mighty waters," *Exod. xv. 10.* The weights of the Hebrews were called "stones," and were probably usually such. There is, however, in *Amos vii. 7, 8*, an allusion to a plummet (in the Arabic, *anach*, lead), and also in *Acts xxvii. 28.*

Lead is more abundant than any other metal excepting iron; and is found in the ore state mixed with other minerals. It is soft, and easily reduced to powder or a liquid state. The Hebrew denomination, *ophreth*, is derived from a word signifying to reduce to dust or powder. "A quantity of lead set over the fire in an iron ladle, no sooner begins to run, than its surface appears exceedingly bright, and shines like mercury; but its face soon alters, and you discover a cloud thereon, which gradually increases till the whole surface appears darkened with a dusty scoria (or scum)." If this be blown away, another cloud covers the surface, as before, and so on till the lead is entirely calcined. A hotter fire will convert this dust into glass, and it will vitrify other metals, excepting true gold and silver. It is used in the manufacture of flint glass, and is also employed for testing gold and silver. "It vitrifies," says Boerhaave, "with the baser metals, and carries them along with it from the cavity of the test, thus leaving only gold and silver separate from the rest." Before the discovery of quicksilver, it was used for the purpose above referred to. Agatharcides alludes to this subject very forcibly:—"With the gold particles they mix lead in a certain proportion, lumps of salt, a little tin and barley-bran, and putting a cover on the jar that fits tight, and smearing it all over, they burn it in a furnace five days and nights. On the sixth, they cool the vessel, and take out the gold, which they find somewhat diminished in quantity (the alloys being dissipated): all the other substances entirely disappear." How beautifully does this language illustrate the word of the Lord by the prophet Jeremiah:

"The lead is consumed of the fire;  
The founder melteth in vain:

For the wicked are not plucked away.  
Reprobate (or refuse) silver shall men call them,  
Because the Lord hath rejected them."—

JER. vi. 29, 30.

In 2 Kings ix. 30, and Jer. iv. 30, a powder called *pouk* is referred to, which is made of lead ore, or the plumbago of thick lead. *Keren-happuch*, the name which Job gave to his youngest daughter, which signifies the horn of pouk, or lead ore, seems to relate to the practice which obtained among females of painting the eyelids. Dr. Shaw says, "it is a rich lead ore pounded into an impalpable powder, that imparted a jetty blackness to the eyelid, and set off the whiteness of the eye to great advantage. This singular and hazardous operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye." From this statement we may form some conception of what the prophets intended by "renting the eyes" (not as we render it, with *painting*, but) with lead ore. "The sooty colour which is thus communicated to the eyes, is thought to add a wonderful gracefulness to persons of all complexions. The Egyptians practised this tinging the eyelids." Dr. Shaw saw, "among other curiosities taken out of the catacombs relating to the Egyptian women, a joint of the common reed, or *donax*, which contained one of these bodkins, and an ounce or more of this powder, agreeably to the fashion and practice of modern times. The Greeks and Persians also adopted this custom."

The frequent allusions in the book of Job to the metals indicate an acquaintance with their particular uses. The passage quoted at the commencement of this article has given rise to much discussion, and various interpretations have been given. Some consider that it should be read "with an iron pen and with the stone of *ophreth* in the rock." Others suppose that if lead be intended, its use might have been for a mallet to drive the iron chisel, so as to make an inscription on the rock. Roberts is of opinion that the fact of lead being used may allude to the fixing of the stone by means of that metal. "In all parts of the east are to be found records thus written, many of which cannot now be deciphered, being in languages not now understood. It is proverbial to say, 'The words of the wise are written on stone.' 'Learning for the young is like writing on stone.'"

Rosenmüller "supposes that the molten lead was to be poured into letters sculptured on stone with an iron chisel, in order to raise the inscription." This seems to be the idea entertained by our translators. Barnes renders the passage—"Oh that my words were now written! Oh that they were engraved on a tablet! That, with an iron graver, and with lead, they were engraven on a rock for ever." "The translator of Rosenmüller (in Bib. Cab. xxvii. 64) considers that the poetical force of the passage has been overlooked by interpreters." Job seems not to have drawn his image from anything he had actually seen executed: he only wishes to express in the strongest possible language the durability due to his words; and accordingly he says—"May the pen be iron, and the ink be lead, with which they are written on an everlasting rock;" that is, "Let them not be written with ordinary perishable materials." The point of interest in the passage appears to be the advanced stage of Idumæan civilization—the art of engraving on the rock, and writing on lead with an iron stile. The allusion of Job is rendered significant by the fact that rock inscriptions still exist in the region which is supposed to have been the scene of this poem. The language of Job—"Oh that they were printed or written in a book!" seems to intimate it as probable that the Idumæan records were engraved on leaden tablets. Pliny affirms that the practice of writing on lead was of high antiquity, and was used in recording public transactions. Montfaucon, a celebrated French author, states that, in 1669, he bought at Rome a book entirely of lead, about four inches long and three inches wide; the cover, the leaves, the stick inserted into the rings which held the leaves together, the hinges, and the nails, were all of lead.\* It is not improbable, therefore, considering the civilized conditions of the Idumæans at the period of Job's history, as gathered from the various allusions to the existing knowledge of writing, engraving, commerce, astronomy, etc., that books or tablets of lead were then in use, besides the engravings on rocks. Well might Job wish the language which he uttered in the succeeding verses were written in imperishable materials:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Oh that such an assurance were graven on the tablets of our hearts—not with iron, not in lead, but by the Spirit of God! H. H.

\* "Antiq. Expliq.," tom. ii.



The Shipwreck of the "Drake."

## THE SHIPWRECK OF THE "DRAKE."

WE extract the following narrative from a volume of deep interest, recently published, and entitled "Narrative of Shipwrecks in the Royal Navy:"

The "Drake," under the command of captain Charles Baker, had been despatched by the commander-in-chief on the Newfoundland station upon special duty to Halifax.

Having accomplished the object of her mission there, she set sail again to return to St. John's on the morning of Thursday, the 20th of June, 1822. The weather was unusually fine, the wind favourable, and everything promised a short and prosperous voyage.

Nothing occurred to retard the progress of the vessel until Sunday morning, when the increasing thickness of the atmosphere betokened the approach of one of those heavy fogs which so frequently hover over the coast of Newfoundland.

But to return to our sad tale. Towards noon, the weather cleared up for about a quarter of an hour, allowing just sufficient time to get a good observation of the latitude, which, according to captain Baker's reckoning, made their position to be about ninety-one miles from Cape Race, and fifty-one from Cape St. Mary's.

They continued to steer east till about six o'clock in the evening, when the breeze rather freshened, and the ship having run sixty miles since noon, she was hauled off to the south-east.

The fog was then so dense that the men could not see more than twenty yards beyond the ship, but as captain Baker's orders were to use the utmost despatch, he determined to make the best of his way. Every precaution was taken by using the lead, and by keeping a vigilant look out from every part of the ship. In this manner they proceeded, carefully feeling the way, until about half-past seven o'clock, when the look-out man

shouted "Breakers a-head! Hard a-star-board!" The ship was instantly hauled to the wind, but not being able to clear the danger on that tack, every effort was made to stay the vessel, but from the heavy sea, and whilst in stays, her stern took the breakers, and she immediately fell broadside on, the sea breaking completely over her.

At the moment the ship struck, every man was on deck, and there was such an universal feeling of confidence in the commander, that, notwithstanding their extreme peril, not the slightest confusion ensued. Captain Baker's first order was to cut away the masts, so as to lighten the vessel, and perhaps afford means of saving some of the crew. The order was promptly executed, but, unhappily, without producing the desired result, for in a few moments the ship bilged, and the destruction of the whole crew seemed to be inevitable.

Captain Baker then ordered the cutter to be launched; but they had scarcely got over the gang-way before she sank. It was a time of terrible anxiety for both officers and men; for, from the denseness of the fog, they could not form a conjecture as to their actual position, whilst the crashing of the masts, the strain of the vessel upon the rocks, and the roar of the waters as they swept over the decks, added to the horrors of the scene.

Captain Baker was as calm and self-possessed as if nothing unusual had occurred, whilst the eyes of the men were fixed upon him, and they were ready to obey every command with the same promptitude as when performing the usual routine of ship's duty.

Fortunately a small rock was discovered through the mist, and as it seemed to be at no great distance, it presented a means of escape from the most pressing danger. Without a moment's hesitation, a man of the name of Leonard sprang forward, and seizing a lead-line, jumped into the sea; but the current setting directly against him to the northward, his efforts were unavailing, and with difficulty he was dragged on board again.

It might be supposed that Leonard's failure would have damped the spirits of the men, and deterred them from a second attempt. But it seems to have had a contrary effect, and to have stirred them up to renewed exertion. A consultation was held as to the

next steps to be taken. The only hope that remained was in the gig (the jolly-boat having been washed away), when Turner, the boatswain, as brave a fellow as ever breathed, volunteered to make the attempt. He secured a rope round his body, and was then lowered into the boat. The tackling was let go, the men gave a cheer, and the boat, with its occupant, was borne away by the current.

With intense anxiety the men on the wreck watched Turner, who had been carried in the boat to within a few feet of the rock: the boatswain, however, retained his presence of mind; he kept hold of the rope when dashed out of the boat, and succeeded in scrambling up the cliff.

In the mean time, the waves were making heavy breaches over the ship; the crew clung by the ropes on the fore-castle; each succeeding wave threatened them all with destruction, when a tremendous sea lifted her quarter over the rock on which she had at first struck, and carried her close to that on which the boatswain stood. The fore-castle, which up to this time had been the only sheltered part of the ship, was now abandoned for the poop; and as captain Baker saw no chance of saving the vessel, he determined to remove the people from her if possible.

Calling his officers and men around him, he communicated to them his intentions, and pointed out the best means of securing their safety. He then ordered every man to make the best of his way from the wreck to the rock. Now, for the first time, his orders were not promptly obeyed; all the crew, to a man, refused to leave the wreck unless captain Baker would precede them. There was a simultaneous burst of feeling that did honour alike to the commander and the men. To the former, in that he had so gained the affection and respect of his people; and to the latter, inasmuch as they knew how to appreciate such an officer.

Never was good discipline displayed in a more conspicuous manner. No argument or entreaty could prevail on captain Baker to change his resolution. He again directed the men to quit the vessel, calmly observing that his life was the least and last consideration. The men, upon hearing this reiterated command, stepped severally from the poop to the rock with as much order as if they had

been leaving a ship under ordinary circumstances.

Unhappily, a few of them perished in the attempt; amongst these was lieutenant Stanley, who, being benumbed with cold, was unable to get a firm footing, and was swept away by the current, his companions, with every inclination, had not the power to save him; he struggled for a few moments, was dashed with irresistible force against the rocks, and the receding wave divulged its victim.

When he had seen every man clear of the wreck, and not till then, did captain Baker join his crew.

As soon as they had time to look about them, the ship's company perceived that they were on an isolated rock, separated from the mainland by a few fathoms. The rock rose some feet above the sea, but to their horror they perceived that it would be covered at high-water. It seemed as if they were rescued from one fearful catastrophe, only to perish by a more cruel and protracted fate. They watched the waters rise inch by inch around them, appalled by the feeling that those waters must sooner or later close over them for ever, and that nothing could save them except the outstretched arm of Him who could bid the waves be stayed, and say to the stormy winds, "Be still!" Every man is more or less courageous under circumstances of danger when it is attended by excitement—such as that of the battle-field. There is a courage which springs from companionship in danger, and a courage derived from the fear of shame; but the test of true valour is a scene like that we have described. There was no room for a display of the adventitious bravery which often becomes in reality the thing it strives to appear. No man there could reproach his neighbour if his cheek should blanch and his lip quiver; all are alike appalled, but the well-regulated mind rises superior to the rest. Such was the case with captain Baker. Although he could not conceal from himself that their condition was almost hopeless, he continued by his voice to encourage the timid, and by his arm to support the weak.

By degrees, the fog had partially dispersed, and as the dawn began to break, a dreary prospect was displayed. The haggard countenances and lacerated limbs of the men, told the sufferings they had endured, whilst the breakers, which they had only heard before, became dis-

tinctly visible. Still the devoted crew, following the example of their commander, uttered no complaint. They were ready to meet death, yet they felt it hard to die without a struggle. The tide was rising rapidly, and if anything was to be done, it must be done instantly. The boatswain, who had never lost hold of the rope, determined at all hazards to make another effort to save his comrades, or to perish in the attempt.

Having caused one end of the rope to be made fast round his body, and committing himself to the protection of the Almighty, he plunged into the sea, and struck out in the direction of the opposite shore.

It was an awful moment to those who were left behind; and in breathless suspense they waited the result of the daring attempt. All depended upon the strength of his arm. At one moment, he was seen rising on the crest of the wave, at the next, he disappeared in the trough of the sea; but in spite of the raging surf, and of every other obstacle, he reached the shore, and an inspiring cheer announced his safety to his comrades.

As soon as he had recovered his breath and strength, he went to the nearest point opposite the rock, and, watching his opportunity, he cast one end of the line across to his companions. Fortunately it reached the rock, and was gladly seized, but it proved to be only long enough to allow of one man holding it on the shore, and another on the rock at arms' length. It may be imagined with what joy this slender means of deliverance was welcomed by all. The tide had made rapid advances; the waves, as if impatient for their prey, threw the white surf aloft, and dashed over the rock.

Would that we could do justice to the noble courage and conduct displayed by the crew of the "Drake." Instead of rushing to the rope, as many would have done under similar circumstances, not a man moved until he was commanded to do so by captain Baker. Had the slightest hesitation appeared on the part of the commander, or any want of presence of mind in the men, a tumultuous rush would have ensued, the rope, held as it was with difficulty by the outstretched hand, would inevitably have been lost in the struggle,—and then all would have perished.

But good order, good discipline, and

good feeling triumphed over every selfish fear and natural instinct of self-preservation; and to the honour of British sailors be it recorded, that each individual man of the crew, before he availed himself of the means of rescue, urged his captain to provide for his own safety first, by leading the way. But captain Baker turned a deaf ear to every persuasion, and gave but one answer to all, "I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

In vain the men redoubled their entreaties that he would go; they were of no avail; the intrepid officer was stedfast in his purpose. There was no time for further discussion or delay. One by one the men slipped from the rock upon the rope, and by this assistance forty-four out of fifty succeeded in gaining the opposite shore. Unfortunately, amongst the six who remained, one was a woman. This poor creature, completely prostrate from the sufferings she had endured, lay stretched upon the cold rock, almost lifeless. To desert her was impossible; to convey her to the shore seemed equally impossible. Each moment of delay was fraught with destruction. A brave fellow, in the generosity of despair, when his turn came to quit the rock, took the woman in his arms, grasped the rope, and began the perilous transit. Alas! he was not permitted to gain the desired shore. When he had made about half the distance, the rope parted; not being strong enough to sustain the additional weight and strain—it broke; the seaman and his burden were seen but for an instant, and then swallowed up in the foaming eddies. With them perished the last means of preservation that remained for captain Baker, and those who were with him on the rock. Their communication with the mainland was cut off; the water rose, and the surf increased every moment; all hope was gone;—and for them a few minutes more must end "life's long voyage."

The men on shore tried every means in their power to save them. They tied every handkerchief, and available material together to replace the lost rope; but their efforts were fruitless, and they could not get length enough to reach the rock. A party was despatched in search of help. They found a farm-house; and while they were in search of a rope, those who stayed to watch the fate of their loved and respected commander and his three companions, saw wave after

wave rise higher and higher. At one moment, the sufferers disappeared in the foam and spray; the bravest shuddered and closed his eyes on the scene. Again, as spell-bound, he looked; the wave had receded—they still lived, and rose above the waters. Again and again it was thus; but hope grew fainter and fainter. We can scarcely bring our narrative to an end; tears moisten our page; but the painful sequel must be told. The fatal billow came at last which bore them from time into eternity—all was over! When the party returned from their inland search, not a vestige of the rock, or of those departed men, was to be seen.

#### THE STEWARDSHIP OF WEALTH.

NO. 1.—THOMAS WILSON, OF HIGHBURY.

It is a common remark, that "Religion is life"—a hidden life, it is true, but a life made manifest by works.

Until the Spirit of God breathes upon the soul of man, and awakens it, he is graphically described in Scripture as dead. He is "dead in trespasses and sins." His works are "dead works." But when he receives into his heart, by a true and living faith, the "one blessed truth for salvation," that "the kingdom of heaven is open to all believers;" that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" that the blood of Jesus Christ, and that "blood alone, cleanseth from all sin;" that the invitation is free to all, "whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely:" when, in short, he lays his sins, his works, himself, on Jesus—when he receives in return (wonderful exchange) that resurrection life which makes him a new creature: "Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

He is now on the first round of that ladder which leads from the desolate wilderness to the regions of light and glory. But, is this all? Far from it. He is saved; but the pathway to heaven is only discovered, and the career begun. He is reconciled; but with the freest access to God, he must not pause until he receives the triple crown of righteousness, life, and glory. He is sanctified,—the seal of God is upon him,—the new name is written upon his forehead; but he must seek the unction of the Holy One;—not



only "covet earnestly the best gifts," but strive diligently to cultivate and use them.

All the natural endowments of his mind—all the gifts of Providence, of nature, and of grace, must be called into exercise to extend the glory of his name who hath bought him with so costly a price.

"As ye have received the gift, so use the same as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

These gifts are as manifold as the members of the body on which they are bestowed. Each has his talent according to the sovereign wisdom of the great Giver: "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith (not only the faith which saves, but the faith which sustains, strengthens, animates), to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues." "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us; whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth on teaching; he that exhorteth on exhortation; he that giveth let him do it with simplicity (liberally); he that ruleth with diligence; he that showeth mercy with cheerfulness."

See how varied are these talents. On one has been bestowed the comprehensive intellect which is able to grasp the powers of the human mind, and concentrate them on great and noble objects. On another, the patient research, which, leading the mind to the pursuit of truth and knowledge, enables it to gather up the wisdom of ages and the accumulated learning of centuries. Another is gifted with a serene judgment, which becomes like a clue to lead the church through the intricate mazes of difficulty and trial in which it may have become entangled by the devices of Satan or the delusions of the world. Here, we see the discerning mind, which, penetrating the dark sophistries of a false philosophy, disentangles the ingenious web, and directs the soul to repose on the simple statements of the word of Jehovah. There, we behold another, tracing the discoveries of past ages, and bringing the treasures of science and art as trophies to the foot of the cross. From one we hear the commanding oratory which rivets the attention, makes the scoffer serious, the trifler earnest, and drives the thoughtless

into reflection. In another, we listen to the persuasive eloquence which melts the soul into tenderness, and, by the secret power of the Spirit, prepares the soil for the seed of life. On one is bestowed the philanthropic spirit which traverses the world to ameliorate the condition of the outcast and the vicious, and stands firm, with undaunted front, before an educated, polished, and powerful senate, animated by motives of interest or policy, until the chains of the slave fall off, and the inalienable birth-right of man is at last assented to by the whole civilized world. Another, gifted with a refined imagination, gathers his illustrations of truth (often more forcible than the most powerful argument) from every work of art and every object in nature, or wreathes the flowers of poetry into a graceful garland. Other gifts, merging into the adorning graces of the gospel, are not less valuable,—the fortitude which nothing can shake or surprise, the loving spirit, the patient forbearance, the untiring zeal, the persevering energy.

There is one gift, however, external to and independent of all these, the right use of which is rarely studied or displayed. We mean money. How seldom do Christians reckon this as a part of their stewardship, of which they will be required to render to their Lord a faithful account. And yet it is a talent, the importance of which can only truly be seen in the light of eternity. No gift of a Father's bounty tests the spiritual condition of a professed disciple of Immanuel more than this. Its right use may incalculably extend the glory and kingdom of Christ, cause the widow's heart to leap for joy, dry the orphan's tear, minister to the necessity of the saints, and, in a thousand nameless ways, turn sorrow into joy, and assuage many of the innumerable ills to which mortality is heir. Nay, we are told that he who has built his hopes on the Rock of ages, and rests on the finished work of the atonement, may make such a use of the Mammon of unrighteousness as that he may thus lay up treasure in heaven, and be the instrument of providing many to herald him in the pathway to glory, and joyfully greet his arrival into everlasting habitations.

As example is more powerful than any other mode of appeal, we propose to lay before our readers sketches of individuals who, in commercial circles, were emi-

nently distinguished in modern times for Christian liberality:

THOMAS WILSON, OF HIGHEURY.

The annals of commercial liberality contain few brighter examples than that of Thomas Wilson. The son of parents who first listened to the gospel from the lips of Whitefield, and who lived to adorn its doctrines, he was early trained to moral virtue and Christian piety. He was born in the year 1764, and closed a long life of usefulness in the year 1842.

From a child he was taught the Holy Scriptures, and brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Educated in the most useful branches of a commercial education, at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to his father, who was then at the head of a flourishing business in the ribbon trade, in the very centre of the city. After spending a few years in strict attention to business, he was admitted to partnership with his father and cousin, in the year 1785.

While "diligent in business," he was also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Instead of devoting the whole of his time to secular pursuits, he reserved a portion of it for God and his cause. Having learned the lesson that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," he did not make it the one great end, the sole object in life, "to buy, and sell, and get gain." He remembered the Giver, and "consecrated his gain unto the Lord."

That he early became conscientiously watchful against the eager, grasping spirit of trade, and habitually mindful of the uncertainty of riches, will appear from the following sentences written by him at the commencement of a private account-book begun in the year 1790:—

Prov. xxviii. 20, 22.—"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye."

Deut. viii. 18.—"But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth."

"If rich, be not too joyful in having, too solicitous in keeping, too anxious in increasing, nor too sorrowful in losing."

"No man hath worldly things without their wings."

"The first concern is to lay up treasure in heaven."

The same sentences were frequently copied by him into subsequent account-books.

Before I pass on to notice some instances of the way in which he bestowed his wealth, let me here remark that on all occasions he endeavoured to act upon the precept, and to realize the promise—"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and He shall direct thy paths." In selecting a companion in marriage, he sought one who feared God, of whose real piety he could have no doubt, and who would be a true helpmate for him, not only in things temporal, but in things spiritual; and who, to use his own words, "had no taste for the company, fashions, or amusements of this world."

This important step taken, he *began well* as a housekeeper, fitting up his house in a plain manner, not with costly furniture, or by adopting a superfluous style of ornament, but with simplicity, sparing nothing that would promote real comfort or domestic happiness.

He had too much independence of mind to become a servile follower of the world. He at once renounced customs and practices which did not commend themselves to his judgment or meet the approbation of his conscience.

Many years of peace and usefulness succeeded his marriage. It was a period of much excitement. The earthquake which overturned the throne of France was felt in the most distant kingdoms of Europe.

But it is a principle in the Divine government, that the inroads of evil and error shall ever be met by antagonistic truth: "Where sin abounded grace doth much more abound." And so it was here. The overflowings of ungodliness were opposed by the revival of religion and the commencement of a new era in the church of Christ. The Apocalyptic vision began to be fulfilled, the angel with the everlasting gospel flying in the midst of heaven to preach to the inhabitants of the world. All sections of the church were roused to a sense of their responsibility to proclaim glad tidings through a crucified Redeemer. The Baptist brethren led the way. That eminent evangelist, Andrew Fuller, made repeated visits to town to stir up the Christian world, and to collect funds for this great object. Thomas Wilson was among his most frequent auditors. On one of these occasions, Mr. Fuller preached from the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." The preacher pursued his theme with eloquence and

power, though somewhat quaintly. "What you give you should give liberally. It must be *thy* bread, that which you yourself have occasion for, — otherwise it is only what the rich men cast to the dogs. We should act according to present ability. Those only who make it a business of doing good will ever accomplish it. There is a close connection between our present and future state: 'Thou shalt find it after many days.' There is no such safe place for hoarding as the relief of the necessitous: 'Those who sow sparingly shall reap sparingly. Those who sow plentifully shall reap plentifully.' Take a knife and give a large slice out of the loaf!" The sermon made a deep impression on the subject of this memoir. He had begun well, but this decided him.

He went home resolved, in humble dependence on the Divine aid, to consecrate himself, his time, his talents, his property to the Lord's service. He felt that what he had hitherto done had not amounted to that self-denial enjoined by God, and that it was his privilege, *his interest*, as well as his duty, to rise to a higher standard of liberality—to deny himself not only the luxuries, but what might be deemed by some the necessities of life. This principle, conscientiously adopted, was honestly carried out. See the results. He became one of the founders of that noble institution, the London Missionary Society, and liberally contributed to its funds. He was soon after elected treasurer of the evangelical Academy at Hoxton, and aided greatly its enlargement. Under his management, the students increased from three to thirty, and its funds from 400*l.* to upwards of 1,100*l.* in a few years.

These were but the beginnings of effort. He now retired from business, and spent his whole time in praying, giving, labouring. He assisted in establishing schools for the poor. He was chairman of the preliminary meeting which resulted in the formation of the Religious Tract Society, and assisted also in the formation of the Bible Society. He became a great builder and restorer of chapels. Reigate, Peterborough, Epsom, Hastings, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Cheltenham, and many other places early received his aid—chapels being restored or erected chiefly through his assistance.

These efforts engaged his attention throughout the remainder of his life. Tonbridge Chapel, in the New-road,

Kentish Town, Paddington, Claremont, Craven, and Westminster chapels were built in the metropolis chiefly through his munificent liberality. In less than ten years, he had expended upwards of 2,500*l.* in this cause in London alone.

He confined not his efforts, however, to building houses for the assemblies of the saints; the leading evangelical societies engaged his sympathies and received his cordial support.

But his great work was the superintendence of Highbury College, of which he may be said to have been the founder. To this useful institution he devoted the chief portion of his time. In a variety of ways, his purse was open to extend its influence and promote the usefulness of those trained within its walls. Pious, talented, and earnest young men were sought for, placed by him with ministers in the country for preliminary study, and afterwards admitted into the college for ministerial training. It was Mr. Wilson's delight to watch their course, encourage them by his counsels, and then to assist in appointing them to situations of usefulness and honour in their Master's service.

Nor were these efforts unsupported or unrequited. The gifted Thomas Spencer was amongst the earliest inmates of Highbury. This eminently talented and devoted youth was introduced to the notice of Mr. Wilson in the year 1805. Struck with his interesting appearance and engaging manners, he placed him, at his own expense, under the care of the Rev. W. Hordle, of Harwich, who prepared him for the course of study pursued at Highbury. His subsequent history is known to all. After giving the most striking proofs of genius, he was engaged to preside over a congregational church at Liverpool. His ministry proved in the highest degree attractive; ministers as well as members of all sections of the church assembling to hear him. In a few months, his life and labours suddenly ceased. Brief as was his course, he had run well and received the prize. Many seals to his ministry lived to testify that Christ spoke in him indeed. To have been instrumental in helping such a labourer into the vineyard might well be accounted the privilege of a life.

In bringing this brief notice to a close, let me say, that although far from perfect, his character combined meekness with activity—gentleness with zeal. He

was not only a liberal, but a prompt and cheerful giver. What he gave was given at once, and in such a manner as to operate as an example to others.

Though benevolent to all, he preferred the souls of men to their bodies—home efforts to foreign. If he gave hundreds to foreign missions, he gave thousands at home.

He acted fully out the principle of consecrating *all* his talents to the Saviour's cause. At one period of his life, he seems to have given away a third of his income—at a latter period, one-half.

And what was the effect upon his own soul? Eminently happy. He found that "the work of righteousness was peace, and the effect thereof was quietness and assurance for ever." "His peace flowed like a river, and his righteousness as the waves of the sea." His sun went down in the calmness of eventide, and all around was peace. "He went to his grave like as a shock of corn cometh in h's season." B.

#### THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

AMONGST the many new and strange things shown at the Exhibition is the storm-foreteller.

To a country with so vast a fleet, carrying at all times so many lives and so much property, and with such rock-bound coasts and dangerous channels, it is of infinite importance to be forewarned of storms.

Let mariners have but warning when the wind is on its way, and the great deep becomes shorn of its terrors:

However clear the sky, and waveless the sea, no sailor will heave anchor when the storm-bell rings; and if at sea, when notice is given of a gale, its circuit will be calculated and avoided, or, at all events, the ship be made ready to brave it out to the best advantage. But it is along the coast that dangers are most rife, and with timely notice of a storm the life-boats could be put out, steam-tugs got in readiness, and signals of coming danger hoisted.

The barometer is but an uncertain indicator; its information comes too late in most cases to be acted upon. Dr. Merryweather, of Whitby, Yorkshire, has therefore contrived a new storm-foreteller, and both its utility of object

and ingenuity have obtained him space for its exhibition in the Palace of Industry.

Whoever has been at the pains to observe leeches must have been struck by their extraordinary perturbation at times. They will be either coiled up at the bottom of the vessel, or clinging to its sides low down; when suddenly, without any apparent cause, all wake up, let go their hold, and commence swimming in all directions, rising one after another to the top of the water, and climbing up the sides of the vessels. Such movements have long been known to foretell a change of weather.

The doctor quotes, in his essay explanatory of his invention, a letter of the poet Cowper to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10th, 1787, in which he says:

"Yesterday it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle that foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices; but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder, a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but 6d. for him, which is a great more than the market price, though he is, in fact, or rather would be, if leeches were not found in every ditch, an invaluable acquisition."

This weather sensitiveness of leeches the doctor has found means to turn to practical account. Every bottle on the stand has its leech, and a metallic tube, of a particular form, shellac-varnished inside, so that no metal can touch the leech.

"Having thus far (says the inventor) advanced to my satisfaction, I found I had a difficulty to contend with, and that was to know if the leeches entered the tubes during my absence, or in the nighttime; for it is obvious such might occur without my knowledge, and render my experiments nugatory. I thought if I could get a leech to ring a bell, it would be curious enough; but if I could manage to register such an operation, it

would be most satisfactory. Both these objects I soon accomplished. As it would have been preposterous to have a bell for each leech, I placed a bell upon a pedestal erected on the centre of a circular platform; which bell was surrounded by twelve hammers. From each of these hammers was suspended a gilt chain, each of which played upon a pulley, which was placed in a disc, that was a little elevated above the circle of bottles. By this method, every leech could have communication with the bell. One half of the metallic tubes was left open, so that the interior was exposed; across the entrance of each was placed a small piece of whalebone, which was held up by a piece of wire attached to its centre; these wires were passed through the aperture at the top of each tube, and then hooked on to each chain. After having arranged this mouse-trap contrivance, into each bottle was poured rain-water, to the height of an inch and a half; and a leech placed in every bottle, which was to be its future residence; and when influenced by the electro-magnetic state of the atmosphere, a number of the leeches ascended into the tubes, in doing which they dislodged the whalebone, and caused the bell to ring.

"The apparatus being now ready for action, I beheld an atmospheric electro-magnetic telegraph, which would communicate to me, at all times, processes that were taking place in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and for hundreds of miles in extent, and would enable me to foretell, with unerring certainty, any storm that was preparing to take place. The leeches appear to be invited to mount into their respective belfries, to participate in that discharge or descent of free caloric, termed electro-magnetism, which had previously been carried up into the atmosphere by evaporation and radiation."

For the future, therefore, we are to look upon leeches as life-savers, not by the old and all-but-exploded practice of sucking away from those who used their utmost strength to battle with injury or disease the vital blood, but by warning and by saving our sailors and fishermen from wreck by sudden storms.

Dr. Merryweather seems to have tested his invention fairly. During an entire year, 1850, he regularly, or with but rare and unavoidable exceptions, wrote to Mr. Belcher, president of the Philosophical Society of Whitby, notes of every storm

indication registered by the leeches. For the results we must refer our readers to the explanatory essay, of which a second edition, with plates of the prognosticator, has just been published in London by John Churchill, of Princes-street, Soho. The sum of the observations, however, is that no storm, even though far off, escaped the leeches. As the wind spread its wings, they rang the warning bell.

Pilots and fishermen and ship captains can all have their storm prognosticators, and when the leech's mark is found traced on the index, no cautious captain would put to sea any more than when he had seen a burr far off the moon, or "the new moon with the auld moon in its arm." The leechmark is the writing of Nature herself; the very causes of the storm noting down their own gathering for the gale.

We subjoin an account of leech-catching, for which we are indebted to the last edition of McCulloch's "Commercial Dictionary," in which our readers will find that approaching thunder-storms are the best friends of the fisher:

"The leech is to be found in the lakes and pools throughout Europe, America, and India; but the greater part of the supply for the London market comes from Norfolk. Large quantities are also imported from Bordeaux and Lisbon. The fishers, as they wade into the water, beat its surface with poles, which brings the leeches up, and they are then taken by the head and put into bags. As they come to the surface before a thunder-storm, this is considered a good time for catching them. The following interesting account of the leech-fishery at La Breune is taken from the *Gazette des Hopitaux*:—"The country about La Breune is perhaps the most uninteresting in France. The people are miserable-looking, the cattle wretched, the fish just as bad; but the leeches are admirable. If ever you pass through La Breune, you will see a man pale and straight-haired, with a woollen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked: he walks along the borders of a marsh, surveying the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly where the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed. This man is a leech-fisher. To see him from a distance, his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular gestures, you would take him for a patient who had left his sick-bed in a fit of delirium. If you

observe him every now and then raising his legs, and examining them one after the other, you might suppose him a fool; but he is an intelligent leech-fisher. The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts, he feels their presence from their bite, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and seaweeds, or beneath the stones covered with green and gluey moss. Some repose on the mud, while others swim about; but so slowly that they are easily gathered with the hand. In a favourable season it is possible, in the course of three or four hours, to show ten or twelve dozen of them in the little bag which the gatherer carries on his shoulder. Sometimes you will see the leech-fisher armed with a kind of spear or harpoon; with this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches. They soon gather round the prey, and are presently themselves gathered into a little vessel half full of water. Such is the leech-fishery in spring. In summer the leech retires into deep water, and the fishers have then to strip themselves naked and walk immersed up to the chin. Some of them have little rafts to go upon. These rafts are made of twigs and rushes, and it is no easy matter to propel them among the weeds and aquatic plants. At this season, too, the supply in the pools is scanty; the fisher can catch only the few that swim within his reach, or that get entangled in the structure of his raft. It is a horrid trade, in whatever way it is carried on. The leech-gatherer is constantly more or less in the water, breathing fog and mist and fœtid odours from the marsh: he is often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors to keep off the noxious influence; but they pay for it in the end by disorders of other kinds. But, with all its forbidding peculiarities, the leech-fishery gives employment to many hands. If it be pernicious, it is also lucrative. Besides supplying the neighbouring pharmacists, great quantities are exported, and there are regular traders engaged for the purpose. Henri Chartier is one of those persons, and an important personage he is when he comes to Meoberg or its vicinity. His arrival makes a fête; all are eager to greet him. Among the interesting particulars which I gathered in La Breune relative to the leech trade, I may mention the following:—One of the

traders, what with his own fishing and that of his children, and what with his acquisitions from the carriers, who sell quantities second-hand, was enabled to hoard up 17,500 leeches in the course of a few months. He kept them deposited in a place where, in one night, they all became frozen *en masse*. But the frost does not immediately kill them; they may generally be thawed into life again. They easily, indeed, bear very hard usage. I am told by one of the carriers, that he can pack them as closely as he pleases in the moist sack which he ties behind his saddle, and sometimes he stows his cloak and boots on the top of the sack. The trader buys his leeches *pêle mêle*, big and little, green and black, all the same; but he afterwards sorts them for the market. Those are generally accounted the best which are of a green ground, with yellow stripes along the body."—*From the Expositor.*

#### STUDIES IN ENGLISH POETRY.

THOMSON AND HIS "SEASONS."

JAMES THOMSON, the son of a Scottish clergyman, was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in the year 1700. He received his early education in the grammar-school of Jedburgh; it was completed in the University of Edinburgh. His original destination was the ministry, but a single circumstance changed his course. The professor of divinity, whilst praising the ability of one of his poetical college exercises, advised him to allow less plumage to his imagination if he desired to be successful in his pastoral course; and Thomson, conscious, perhaps, that he lacked due spiritual furniture for his sacred calling, abandoned his intended profession, and came to London to try his fortune as a poet. His earliest knowledge of the metropolis was gained by having his pocket picked of his letters of introduction; the loss of which was of serious consequence to the young stranger. His poem "Winter," was written whilst unfriended and alone, and sold for a sum scarcely exceeding the value of a pair of shoes. It was little noticed on its first appearance, till it happened to catch the eye of Spence and others, whose praise brought it into popularity. Thomson was now introduced to the great, and was ultimately engaged by lord chancellor Talbot as travelling companion to his eldest son. Before he left England he

had completed "The Seasons," and had produced his "Ode to the Memory of Sir I. Newton;" as also "Britannia," a poem with a strong political bearing. He afterwards added to these many other poetical works; among which "Liberty," the most laboured of all his productions, may be distinguished. The chancellor gave him a sinecure; the possession of which, however, did not survive the death of that statesman, and Thomson was again reduced to want. The crisis roused his energies, and it was at this time that "The Castle of Indolence" first saw the light. Soon after its appearance he died, at the age of forty-eight, of a neglected cold, and was buried in Richmond churchyard.

The fame of the poet will rest mainly on "The Seasons," "The Castle of Indolence," and the poem commemorative of Newton. His other works present beautiful and gorgeous passages, but have never taken a strong hold on the public mind.

Thomson is not one who can, unquestioned, claim the highest honours of British genius. There are no blazings of electric light at unexpected points—there is no torrent of vehemence which bears the soul away—there is no fury and tempest of passionate description. He can scarcely be said to approach the sublime, but he is ever at home in the natural and the beautiful. The pictures gratify, but they do not impel. No fiery archangel stands over the reader in mocking scorn; no dead men, rising at the touch of the poet's ideality, walk the earth again; no grotesque forms flit before the eye, endowed with a superhuman life. He does not travel out of the circle of human sympathies. His effects are such as he could command with ease, and there is not with him as with Gray, the careful chiselling, point by point, of some delicate feature, till the whole has attained the perfection of a classical statue. Like the last poet he is redundant; but his adjectives, though often happy, are not infallibly so. "The vapoury turbulence," "the tearing wind," "the whirling tempest," "the whitening shower," "the world-reviving sun," "the lavish moisture," are the staple of his poetry, yet though they give richness to his versification, we feel that we could sometimes spare the adjunct for a more expressive substantive. But the incidental metaphors are often peculiarly happy; as when winter, at the approach of spring,

"calls off its ruffian blasts;" or when the birds in their love-songs "pour forth their little souls;" or when the animate world is described as "the mighty chain of being lessen'd down from infinite perfection to the brink of dreary nothing;" or when night is described as "one universal blot;" or when the parent is painted as held in "the little strong embrace of prattling children, twined around his neck." But instances of ease and carelessness are everywhere apparent, such as would naturally accompany "a bard more fat than bard beseems" (to quote the description of himself in "The Castle of Indolence,") whose "ditty sweet, he loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat."

Whatever might be Thomson's faults, however, and he had the great one of not using his own powers to their full advantage, his pictures of nature are exquisite. We cannot better illustrate them than by an epitome of those which occur in "Summer"—one of his happiest productions. The reader may mark how admirably he has caught the very spirit of the season; so that, sitting as we are before a winter fire, we lose all consciousness of the rough blast which rears around.

The poem commences with the imperfectly breaking dawn of a summer's day, introduced by the "faint gleaming" of the "morn" in the "dappled east," attended by the breaking up of the clouds before the approaching sun—the currents of "smoking" "blue" from the chimney tops—"the woodland hymns" of the early birds—the game seen in the fields—"the soon-clad shepherd" driving his flock from the fold—all which accompaniments belong to the luxury of early morning exercise, which, whether he practised it or not, Thomson applauds with effect. The sun rises:

"But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent ail,  
Aslant the dew—bright earth, and colour'd air—  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad.  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
streams,  
High gleaming from afar."

The poet then praises light, and by a natural transition worships Him who is Light. The day advances—the clouds are dissolved—the sun begins to dart down his burning influence. The peasant returns to his meal, giving occasion to a

natural and picturesque description of a cottage on a hot forenoon—"the full udder'd mother" lowing for her food—the daw, the rook, the magpie, winging their "lazy flight"—the "household fowls" gathered in a cluster, and faint with heat, and the sleepy house-dog stretched in a shady corner. Day advances, myriads of insects are on the wing in every direction, and the brief course which they run is employed as the emblem of man himself, who, after "a season's glitter," is "blown away by death." Delicious pictures succeed of the hayfield and cattle in various positions, seeking relief from their insect-tormentors; and the poem wanders from the summer of the north to that of the tropics, and to the "suffocating wind" of the desert. A summer-evening's view from Richmond-hill, admirably painted, suggests considerations of the pre-eminence of Britain. The night gradually deepens, and the stars shining out prompt a concluding address to the philosophy which explains their movements. Such are the materials of a single poem. In all this there is nothing forced, and extremely little artifice; all is natural and appropriate, whilst the grouping is charming.

"Winter," among other touches, presents the incident of a labourer perishing in a snow-storm. The lines which follow exhibit Thomson's power of pathos:

"In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

It has been the praise of Thomson that he left "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot." We are not quite sure that this judgment is in every respect a sound one. But it is the poet's peculiar delight to remember the God of nature in the midst of his works:

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 't is nought to me  
Since God is ever present, ever felt  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to unknown worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression."

Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" is, in many respects, the most poetical of his productions. This, and the Ode to Newton, which seems born to illustrate the noble statue to the memory of that philosopher in Trinity College, Cambridge, would require for their illustration a separate paper. Reluctantly, we must pass on. J. G. M.

#### A PICTURE OF OUR WORKING CLASSES.

DISCRIMINATION is very necessary in forming an estimate of the character and habits of the working man. Unqualified statements of any kind would be erroneous. The most favourable and unfavourable assertions might equally challenge support from facts. Lord Brougham was unquestionably right in saying, that "among our journeymen mechanics are to be found the most respectable, the most ingenious, the most skilful, and the most valuable members of the community." As was recently asserted before a committee on public libraries of the House of Commons, it would be easy to select men from the forge or the loom who are fully equal in point of intelligence to the best read among the middle classes. But it is equally true that the number of those to whom such statements can apply is very small. They are immeasurably the exception. "Not one in twenty of the men at work yonder," said an intelligent mechanic the other day, pointing from his shop to a mill where five hundred operatives are employed, "could converse sensibly on any topic at the slightest remove from their daily avocations." For every operative whose shelf contains the productions of our classic authors, at least twenty could be adduced who never heard their names. It is our happiness to be acquainted with working men who could discuss intelligently the doctrines of Locke, and who spend their evenings in reading at their own fireside some of the chief writers of the day, and with others who spend their leisure time in perfecting, on their own piano, the performance of "Judas Macabæus." These are *really* working men, not earning more than 18s. or 20s. a week; but then, they are emphatically lights in a dark place, the hill-tops which are tipped with the rising sun, while the valleys on all sides are covered with clouds.

There are several simple tests by which



we can form a tolerably correct judgment respecting a man's mental character. We look first at the general arrangements of his dwelling, certain that, apart altogether from its affluence or poverty, they will furnish us with obvious marks from which we may infer the presence or absence of a cultivated mind. We next ask whether he is able to read, and if so, what kind of reading yields him most interest. But above all, we note the character of his amusements, assured that the occupations which employ the mind in its lighter moments, afford the clearest insight into its condition. Let us apply these tests to the case before us.

With respect to the *domestic arrangements* of the working classes, while in many instances the amount of comfort they enjoy fully equals, if it does not exceed, what we might expect from their pecuniary resources, it must be confessed that in the majority it falls far below that standard. Many a man, in the regular receipt of good wages, has a home into which decency can scarcely venture. Neither taste, order, nor even cleanliness, has a place in it. The light can hardly force its way through its dirty windows; it would be impossible to guess the original colour of its walls and furniture, so covered are they with a common dinginess; while chairs and tables are always crowded with confused heaps of articles which completely usurp their proper uses.

We may be guided in estimating the degree of intelligence they possess by the state of their dwellings. A tendency to indulge in pictorial representations is widely spread among them. This, indeed, is one of the forms in which the primitive taste of the human mind exhibits itself. It is found among the most savage tribes, always growing in accuracy with the growth of knowledge. What then is the state of the artistic faculty among the working classes? In general it is very rude, unable to distinguish a daub from a painting; scarcely deserving a higher place than that observed among the aboriginal tribes at the sources of the Mississippi. Quaintly emblematical representations of the seasons, a page from some antiquated fashion-book, or perhaps the queen and her royal consort, emblazoned with all the glory which red and yellow can bestow, are among the ordinary specimens of their pictorial taste. Such things are trivial in themselves, but they are unequivocal signs of a certain stage of mental development.

In inquiring how far the working classes are able to *read*, we will not insult them by an appeal to criminal statistics, believing that those statistics cannot be taken as indicative of their general intellectual condition. Sufficiently approximate data may be gleaned from the returns of the registrar-general. From these we gather that, of the operative population, about one-half of the men and two-thirds of the women are unable to write their names. This, it is true, relates to writing; but there are good reasons for believing that the ability to read is not much more extensive, at least, where the two are not associated: the latter is a merely mechanical ability to spell out a few words, and attach a dubious meaning to a few common sentences, instead of that large and facile power which alone deserves the name. It is the misfortune of statistics that they fix the attention on quantity rather than quality. They tell that so many persons possess a certain accomplishment, but they fail to tell us to what extent they possess it. This must be kept in mind in every attempt to estimate the intellectual condition of the masses; for large as is the proportion of those who cannot read, the proportion of those who would be unable to make out intelligently a single page of a classic author is probably much larger. In an adult class, formed for the purpose of Biblical instruction, it is generally found that at least one-half are unable to read the inspired text with any approach to facility. Still, a considerable number of readers, in the better sense of the word, are found among the working classes.

The next question therefore is, what *kind of reading* affords them the most interest? This question will be decided, if we can ascertain what kind of books they spend their money in purchasing. The information given on this point by the largest provincial bookseller in England, Mr. Abel Heywood, of Manchester, whose business lies chiefly among the working classes, is very important. The issue of trash from his establishment is thirty times greater than that of works of average excellence. The publications constituting the larger class are beneath criticism, while their morality is still worse. They are sold chiefly in the form of penny pamphlets; usually the first page is half covered with a miserably executed wood-cut, representing some coarsely tragic scene. The character of those engravings deserves special notice,

giving, as it does, such a clue to the condition of those to whom they can minister gratification. They are disgustingly tragic, the tragedy lying not in sentiment, but in gross sensualism,—in the inflicting of so many wounds, and the loss of so much blood. Their contents are in perfect keeping, just as the interior of a penny show corresponds to the pictorial horrors depicted outside. The scaffolding of every tale is much the same. Without any attempt at caricature, it might be said that in most cases it runs thus:—“Clifford loves Clara, so does Belmont; Belmont kills Clifford, and falls himself a victim to revenge, while Clara either retires to a convent, or poisons herself in despair.” It is wonderful how the greatest variety of villany can succeed in imparting freshness to such a uniformity of plot, and still more so that human nature, in its most degraded state, should not refuse with loathing such tainted food. What must be the intellectual and moral condition of those persons who can give their time and money to such productions; and under such developing influences what must they ultimately become?

The *amusements* in which men choose to indulge are among the most significant signs of their personal condition. As an index to the mental character, whatever is spontaneous is best; the mind is seen most accurately in a careless mood. The amusements of the working classes are an order of phenomena which have not received due attention. They are not capable of being illustrated by facts which are statistically ascertained; we must appeal instead to such as are open to common observation. The lowest order of popular amusements are such as we find connected with village wakes. They are degrading to the last degree. We blush for humanity in referring to them. On such occasions, a spectator might see a pole erected, duly greased and sooted, with a hat or a joint of mutton at the top, the prize of the successful climber. Presently a number of young females present themselves, indecently clothed, to run for a paltry gown-piece. A dozen men come next, tied to the neck in sacks, “jumping for a goose,” or else, with their hands tied behind them, trying which shall first catch it in his mouth. What shall we say of the boasted triumphs of civilization, when, midway in the nineteenth century, such scenes can be suffered to take place in an English county town? How can the working man expect to be

respected, if he does not raise his voice in their condemnation?

Another order of amusements consists of those sports which spring from training and exercising the instincts of the lower animals. In past times, a love of field-sports was a conspicuous element in our national character. Our patrician forefathers delighted in hawking and the chase, and many of their descendants still find their element on the race-ground or the steeple-course. Parallel with these amusements among the working classes were those of cock-fighting and bull-baiting. These have nearly died away; not so, however, the tastes which produced them. The sentiments of the more refined portion of the community suppressed those sports; but there are others equally degrading, in which the same feelings find expression. One of the most prominent of these is the practice of the dog-fancier. In manufacturing towns, this is carried on to a remarkable extent. We have been told of instances in which men suffered their families to want bread, while their dogs were well clothed and regularly fed. The wagers sometimes ventured upon them in a trial of speed are comparatively enormous, rising to as much as 20*l.* or 30*l.*\* We recently fell upon a group of factory operatives, to the number of three or four hundred, who had been brought together simply for the purpose of witnessing a dog-race. It was truly painful to witness the earnestness they threw into the sport, as contrasted with its degrading littleness. Three hundred immortal souls sunk so low as to be capable of feasting themselves on such a petty exhibition of brute force! Three golden hours a piece, or more than two months of precious working-time, wasted in grovelling amusement! What *might* have been done in that time! How much knowledge gained! How large an addition made to all the elements of respectability previously existing among the working classes! But what must have been the mental condition of the men?—this is the saddest thought.

The highest order of popular amusements consists of those which derive their interest from musical or dramatic performances. These are more ex-

\* In reply to inquiries made in several quarters, we are assured that the “stakes” ventured in a dog-race, made up, be it remembered, by the lowest grade of factory operatives, often amount to 50*l.*, while a large field is regularly hired for the season, for the convenience of the “sport.”

pensive; they appeal, at least professedly, to sentiment, and require some degree of taste and information for their enjoyment. Their character and pretensions are extremely various, extending from the common saloon to the metropolitan theatres, with their vaunted array of histrionic talent. With respect to the theatre, its ancient pretensions are notoriously exploded. The great lights of dramatic literature are extinguished. Shakspeare is driven from the stage, and finds his warmest admirers among those who never venture into the theatre. Drivelling sentimentalism and the coarsest buffoonery hold equal sway within those walls whither we were once directed to go in search of exalted taste, and for initiation in every moral virtue. The professed play-goer is now, by general consent, a man for whose intelligence and taste we require the lowest fractional expression.

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From facts of which these are but a few specimens gleaned by individual experience, we have to infer the character and habits of the working man. That the inference to be drawn from them is far from universal, we gladly admit. As we stated at the beginning of these remarks, there are gradations among the working classes which it would be highly unjust to confound. If we might compare those gradations with others which exist in society at large, we should distinguish the working classes in an aristocratic, a middle, and a lowest class. To the first of these the observations we have made by no means apply. They are intelligent, industrious, refined, and religious; their homes are the abodes of comfort; they would feel as much out of their element in the amusements just described as any set of men whatever. Our observations apply exclusively to the middle and lowest classes of our operative population—classes by far the most numerous, and on whose behalf our philanthropy is chiefly roused. These we may designate, without injustice—not in anger, but in pity—ignorant, sensual, unreflecting, wretched, destitute of fixed principles, knowing nothing of the past, unblest with the faintest ray of science, proficient in nothing but the impure technicalities of the workshop and the ale-house, looking upon society as a chaos of chance or fraud, regarding death itself with no higher emotion than brutal fear.

Such is the personal character of thousands who inhabit this civilized land! Such is the foundation on which the fabric of domestic virtue must be reared!—From "*The Glory and the Shame of Britain*," Prize Essay on the Working Classes, published by the Religious Tract Society.

#### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

We remember, amidst the unprofitable studies of our boyhood, to have read in eastern fable of a youth, who though in an obscure position, aspired to the hand of a sultan's daughter; and having convinced her father of his wealth by presents of the costliest gems, succeeded in obtaining his consent to their union, to the chagrin and disappointment of his grand vizier. As it was necessary that he should have all things in readiness to receive his exalted bride, and as the time for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony was remarkably short, he summoned to his aid—so runs the legend—a vassal genie, to whom he communicated his wishes. They were to this effect:—that a palace should be erected in the most elaborate style, that the adornments should be exquisitely chaste, and that the furniture should comprise all that the most unbridled luxury could desire. The genie departed; it was night, and darkness reigned around; but when the morrow's sun arose, and shed his piercing beams upon the world, there stood THE PALACE, a wonder and a marvel to the sultan, the courtiers, and the people. Truth, however, is stranger than fiction; and we have lived to behold, in Hyde-park, the dreams of Arabian fable, reduced by Mr. Paxton to sober reality.

The Crystal Palace, to which we have thus alluded, is one of those stupendous works of art which not only elevates the nation to whom it owes its birth, but has received the admiration of every civilized people, as a new and original conception. It is not speaking the language of exaggeration to say, that its opening was a mighty event in the world's history. Generations yet unborn will, in all probability, refer to "the great fact" as an occurrence which exerted the most enduring results on their social welfare.

As we stand before the Crystal Palace, the mind is involuntarily led into a train of abstract musings. Behold the building itself! What a magnificent structure,

—what a grand conception! Once it existed in the mind of a single individual. It rose by degrees in that mind—portions were produced by concentrated thought. Thought still created new additions—new beauties—new combinations; until at last it stood before the eye of its architect a lovely vision, to give him, when made visible to other eyes, a reputation wide as the civilized world.

Think again on the erection of the structure. How surpassingly rapid! None can gaze upon the Palace of Wonders without being impressed with the idea of what combination can effect. Individuals the most discordant in their opinions on other points—the most unlikely to unite with each other—of the most opposite abilities and powers—under the guidance of a few master minds, put aside all differences, and leaguings together for one common purpose, succeeded in rearing this vast monument of the ingenuity and perseverance of man. The bowels of the earth were employed in furnishing materials; quarries at the tops of mountains lent their assistance, and factories, swarming with living energy, contributed their prepared and perfected products. Then, again, there were stalwart men, who laboured heavily; others manipulated with gentle touches the finer and more delicate parts; so that from a union of strength and skill, a grand and harmonious whole has been produced; and there it stands, *the very triumph of labour*.

Every age has its distinctive character, which develops the onward progress of the human mind. Intellect and effort have their history; and nations owe more to mental struggles and physical triumphs than to conquests by the force of arms. Years ago, such an achievement as the Crystal Palace would have been incredible. Men were surrounded by difficulty, and knowledge was confined to the few. The arts and sciences were not cultivated, nor was their capability to increase comfort and convenience recognised or valued. Our forefathers trod in the footsteps of their fathers, and but small advance was made. They were struck with amazement at improvements propounded, and never adopted them without misgiving. Little impetus was given to the inventive faculties; and had not some bold spirits thrust their mighty conceptions into action, the world might have literally stood still. One improvement, however, paved the way for an-

other, until now we find it difficult to be surprised by any novelty.

The Crystal Palace is a great exemplification of this law of intellectual progress, and at the same time an active agent in promoting intellectual development in others. The vast multitude who visit it, composed of every grade of intellect, every grade of social position, every grade of inclination and of opportunity, will unconsciously drink in ideas by the silent operation of the eye—ideas clashing with previous speculations—opening up new sources of thought—tending either to entirely new inventions or important modifications of methods of art already existing. Genius

"Sees a hand we cannot see,  
That beckons it away;  
And hears a voice we cannot hear,  
That bids it not to stay"—

that will not let it tread in beaten paths—that will not permit its constant residence among things that are, but with an imperiousness brooking no refusal, creates aspirations for the future towards what is unrealized, but which by perseverance shall be.

We have mused long enough, however, before the door of the Crystal Palace; let us now pass into the interior. Who can adequately describe the richness and variety of the scene before us? It is really difficult to press into words what presses upon the mind. The utter novelty of the appearance of the place—separated simply by a thin glass partition—from haunts familiar to us from childhood; strikes the mind with astonishment, and the eye becomes confused at the vastness of the area, filled with the innumerable productions of many nations. When we begin, however, to examine matters more closely, we soon perceive that what the United Kingdom has furnished to aid in enhancing the glory of the spectacle, may fairly be brought into honourable competition with the productions of any clime, however advanced in the arts, and however renowned for its manufacturing ingenuity. The leading towns of England in which its chief manufactures are carried on, have all contributed; and their contributions are characterized by that which invariably distinguishes British effort,—perseverance, taste, and utility. Beauty also has not been forgotten; the graceful has been combined with the enduring. In the arrangement of the Exhibition itself there is no confusion. Every country has its allotted

space, and every article its class. Things the most simple and complex—light and ponderous—delicately fragile and abounding in strength, meet together. Designs the most beautiful and elaborate that ever issued from the busy brain of man:—architectural columns, house decorations, intellectual paper-hanging (this is their shop title); looking-glasses, with their magnificent framework; altar-pieces, the resuscitation of the ideas of the mediæval age; shawls from Cashmere and shawls from Paisley; carpets from Brussels and Kidderminster; swords of real Damascus steel, and ploughshares on the newest principles; specimens of the fruits of the earth, and of the earth itself, with the various minerals and metals which lie hid in its bosom. Then there is the great hydraulic pump, capable of throwing thousands of gallons in a minute; and the patent filter, collecting water by the drop. A steam hammer, of many tons weight, and the hammer of the artificer, weighing the fraction of an ounce;—models for ventilating houses and drains, and one for pumping air to the diver at the bottom of the sea;—models of carriages for the invalid and the luxurious, and the humble velocipede and wheelbarrow;—printing-machines in full operation, striking off letter-press, to satisfy the appetite of the reading public, and a machine that cuts and folds thousands of envelopes in an hour;—cotton-spinning apparatus, tended by little girls, and a machine to cut iron, as if it were a feather;—stately locomotives, combining swiftness with economy, and the latest improvements in railway communication. Then, again, there are models of tracts of country, hills and mountains, showing the character of the soil beneath, and models of docks and churches;—gorgeous candelabra, in gold and silver, spreading their branches far and wide, and lamps of the simplest and most unadorned construction;—great electric clocks, whose hands, like sceptres, seem swaying the destiny of minutes as they pass, and the little watch, that silently pursues its equally faithful course at the top of a pen-holder;—locks, complex and intricate, defying all attempts to pick them, and that most magic piece of mechanism, whereon the Koh-i-noor, worth 2,000,000*l.* sterling, if not more, reflects in all its brilliance the rays of the sun, but disappears immediately when no longer required to gratify public curiosity.

As the spectator enters from the east

door, he catches, in all its richness, the effect produced on the eye by the length of the building. Above him the light roof seems to float, rather than to be suspended, so pleasing is the impression produced by the glass shaded by white canvass. Then the wonderful grouping of objects in the nave forces admiration from the most indifferent. We tear ourselves reluctantly from each object, constrained by the superior beauty of its successor. Here is a statue like life—beside it is a colossal block of ore. Here we have a gigantic figure on horseback—there a beautiful bronze lion, from Munich. Arabian horses seem to spring into the air from their pedestals—a little further on a massive piece of beautifully wrought artillery peeps from the side, as if out of place in a temple of peace. Now we come upon a large organ, pealing out beautiful notes of music. Close beside it is a chamber of painted glass. Further on are exquisite figures in bronze, and gigantic Spanish jars. Then we have the Koh-i-noor—the mountain of light—priceless, and yet appearing to the common eye little more than a paltry piece of plain glass. There are paintings on porcelain of our beloved queen and prince, seeming to have the fidelity of life. Now we have reached the exquisite crystal fountain; but we cannot pause to admire it. There is the gorgeous trophy of silk—next is the homely pile of Canada timber. Here are gigantic rocks of chrystallized alum; there rise the marble statues of the two Eldons—types of the freedom which Britain gives her meanest children, to reach the highest offices of state. Here is a stately mirror—there are lighthouse reflectors gleaming in the sun—next we have a vast fountain of stone—throwing out jets of water. Here is a model of a Russian bridge, that cost a sum—the model itself we mean—which would have built a bridge of stone or iron over many a river; there is a gigantic telescope. Here we have the model of our Liverpool Docks—and at the close of all we are arrested in our enchanted progress by the largest plate of glass in the world, reflecting the whole Exhibition. Many other wonders does the nave contain; and at each step of our march down it, some work of art, of exquisite structure, constrains us to pause, and interrupts our regular examination. Wonder is accumulated on wonder, until the mind sinks down oppressed; rising we hope, however, to admire Him of whose ex-

quisite skill and bounty these are but the dimmest and faintest reflections.

To begin in order, however, the United States of America are the first on the list of foreign countries, and we propose briefly to examine some of the articles exhibited for inspection. The geological specimens are numerous and interesting, and develop the capabilities of the country for marble and various metals. There are also samples of food, and drugs, and numerous scientific works, which prove the rapid strides they have made in the higher branches of scientific pursuit. But America must chiefly be regarded as an agricultural country; hence the number of agricultural products and machinery. There are, however, several articles which display great ingenuity. The model of an ocean steamer promises good ground for competition with others of its class, and House's printing telegraph is worthy of examination. The dinner service mounted with pearl handles, and table-knives mounted with gold, are displays of finished workmanship. Several carriages are skillfully constructed from excellent designs, combining comfort with elegance. And the furs and stuffed birds and animals are very variegated and pretty. The Daguerreotypes must not be passed by, as they are, for the most part, fine examples of the art. The lover of the curious may, perhaps, be amused by a simple announcement of some of the articles with which the Americans have favoured us; namely, pilot bread, water and soda crackers; specimens of curry-combs and a whip; artificial teeth, artificial human eyes, and a gossamer wig; a portable parlour greenhouse, very compact in its way; and an air-exhausted coffin, to preserve the dead from putrefaction,—by no means destined for universal adoption.

The Greek slave is an exquisite piece of sculpture, elaborately conceived and masterly executed. The chains which bind her fair hands, and the melting tenderness of her countenance, we imagine must exercise no little influence on the minds of those who are acquainted with the practical working of that inhuman traffic.

The statue of the dying Indian is fraught with melancholy beauty. His attitude in plucking the arrow from his bosom, and the subdued expression of his features, so peculiar to the Indian tribes, vividly recall the recollection of many stirring incidents connected with them.

The design of the artist is to preserve a true representation of the native Indian, a race rapidly becoming extinct; and we think he has accomplished his wishes most successfully.

The contributions from America are comparatively few, however; and the large space which the compartment occupies, contrasted with the scantiness of the articles dispersed over it, forms no unmeet type of the condition of America itself, as a large and thinly-peopled country. The American department (at present at least) is one of the least inviting portions to the eye in the whole building; and it has been happily called the prairie land of the Exhibition. Still, as we have said, it contains much to interest the thoughtful spectator. In our next we shall, perhaps, take another department. S. B.

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#### A LITTLE GOSSIP ABOUT A LAME FOOT, BY OLD HUMPHREY.

He that has carried here and there with him a lame foot for twelve months, may well be indulged in a little gossip about it; for either he must be very backward in turning opportunities to profit, or he must have something to narrate not altogether deserving of attention. A certain surgeon used to say that he knew comparatively but little about fractured limbs, till he broke his own leg; and I promise my reader, that should he ever meet with an accident as severe as that of my sprained ankle, he will soon know many things much better than he knew them before.

It is wonderful how an affliction quickens our sensibilities in regard to visitations of the same kind. I am much more familiar than I was a year ago with the account of Jacob halting on his thigh; the great supper to which the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind were invited, and that declaration of the Redeemer, "It is better for thee to enter into life halt, or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." A man who can run like an antelope may find some interest in reading about Mephibosheth, the son of Saul, who was "lame of his feet;" but let him meet with an accident that for a time makes a cripple of him, and he will read the same account with ten times more interest than before. He can hear, with pleasure, of Job being

"a father to the poor;" but it comes much more home to his heart when he reads that he was "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame."

Again and again have I found myself turning over the leaves of my Bible, to that interesting chapter, the third of the Acts, in which Peter is described healing the lame man at the gate of the temple called Beautiful. "He took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength." The amazement of the poor grateful cripple, when he found he could walk, must have been great, for he was not satisfied with walking, he must needs leap; nor was he content with leaping without giving thanks; so that in the wildness of his delight he "entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God." This is a beautiful picture to any one; but to a lame man it is something more.

Nor is it in reading God's word alone that my mind is influenced by my body's infirmity. In taking up "Pilgrim's Progress," as I oftentimes do, I am sure, after reading of Christian, Christiana, Greatheart, Mr. Honest, or Mr. Feeblemind, as the case may be, to steal a peep at the picture of Mr. Ready-to-halt, with his crutches, and to linger on the words of the good man when he comes to the brink of the river,—“Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on.”

Whether as regards the opening of our eyes to our own mercies, or the opening of our hearts to other's trials, it is a good thing to be acquainted with affliction. I may add also, a blessed knowledge it is to know, and a blessed conviction it is to feel, that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," Rom. viii. 28.

Among my many mercies, I cannot be too thankful for a disposition that can be cheerful under affliction. Though very susceptible, I am of the true camomile kind; however much trodden down, I soon spring up again.

It happened that when my accident took place, I was engaged to dine the next day with a party of friends, and I felt determined in my mind to keep my appointment. Even in the midst of my agony, I indulged in a momentary playfulness and humour, repeating to myself

the verse in the ballad of "Chevy Chase:"

"And Withrington I needs must wail,  
As one in doleful dumps;  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps."

Inwardly resolving that if Old Humphrey could not join his friends on two legs, he would hobble among them on one. "Oh!" said Mr. Proudheart, "I will pull my boot on yet." Pull my boot on indeed; why, when the morrow morning came, I might as well have tried to pull my boot over my head as over my heel. Never have I drawn a boot on since, though I feel confident that I shall yet do so. Yes, lame as I am, I believe that I shall yet leap like a hart!

On crossing the street at the north-east corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, and where the black man who was picked up there by the Nepal minister, used to sweep the crossing, I was in some jeopardy from an omnibus, which had well nigh reached me, when, in the moment of my peril, I felt a sustaining hand under my arm, so that I was as it were wafted onward, and set, high and dry, on the opposite footpath, while the lumbering omnibus rattled past me. This was a kind act; but the young man who had rendered me this service did not so much as pause to receive my acknowledgments.

Not many yards further had I proceeded when, just as I was about to cross the end of Paternoster-row, a cabman, who was driving along at a rapid pace, reined up his horse, crying out, "Take your time, sir! take your time!" This was very civil of the cabman; I nodded him my thanks, and passed on.

In Warwick-lane, leading from Paternoster-row to Newgate-street, the footpath on one side is very narrow. This strait path, this Pass of Thermopolæ, was not occupied by Leonidas, but by a bold butcher, who, with his back towards me, was talking with a fish-woman. In as gentle a manner as possible, I touched the elbow of the butcher, as much as to say, "Friend, have the goodness to make way for a lame man;" but the man in the blue linsey, without so much as moving an inch, turned his face to me with so fierce an expression, that I was somewhat apprehensive of his using his clenched fist. Observing, however, nothing very warlike in my appearance, he favoured me with a glance from top to toe, when no sooner did he see my lame ankle, than he skipped out of the path

with all the agility of a harlequin. This was humane in the butcher, and I failed not to let him know my opinion. You see, then, the strength of weakness; or, in other words, the power of a sprained ankle; for it had, in my case, called forth kindness from the passing stranger, extracted civility from a cabman, and humanized the heart of a butcher.

The other day, after having spent a few agreeable hours with a party of Christian friends, on descending the flight of steps from the large room in which we had been assembled, I was assisted by one well nigh as lame as myself. "Why," said I, "if we are noticed, we shall have our pictures taken!" I am not aware, after all, that a man, whether lame, or blessed with the free use of his legs, could have his likeness taken in a better attitude than that of assisting an afflicted brother.

As I was riding along Cornhill, in an omnibus, a gentleman, with much decision in his countenance, who was a cripple, became a passenger. I took hold of his crutches, that he might enter the vehicle more easily, and gave up to him my seat by the door. In personal kindness, as well as in alms, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"I hope, sir," said I, by way of beginning a conversation, "that your infirmity, like my own, will probably be only temporary. My lameness is nine or ten months old; but yours may be of a longer standing."

"Mine, sir," said he, "is more than as many years; but I am still hopeful. My lameness proceeds from a decayed part of a bone in my thigh, and I am now on my way to consult a friend on the propriety of having an operation performed."

"I trust, sir," replied I, "by your demeanour, that you are looking forward with steadiness and courage to whatever may be required of you."

"Oh yes," said he, "I am not at all afraid. The operation will be attended with little or no pain; and if my surgeon recommends me to lose the limb, it shall come off at once. If he says I ought to take chloroform, I will take it; if he says I ought not, I will not. The fine weather is coming on now, and as I shall have, I suppose, to lie in bed some time, the sooner it is done the better."

"Will you allow me, sir," said I, "as a lover of truth, and an observer of mankind, to speak freely with you? I never

see a quality that I estimate highly, without being anxious to discover the germ from which it springs. You appear to be possessed of great resolution; may I ask you whence it proceeds? Some time ago I was in company with a Christian man who was about to lose his foot. Though apparently a retired and timid character, he was as calm, as collected, and seemingly as free from fear as you are. As a pious man, he looked confidently to his heavenly Father for support in his hour of trial, and found it, so much so that his surgeons were astonished at his steadiness and composure. Tell me, then, sir, does your courage and steadiness proceed from confidence in your heavenly Father, or from the natural stamina of your constitution, and the force and decision of your character?"

"I know what you mean, sir," said he, rather quickly; "I believe in God; but my resolution springs from my own heart. I have hitherto always been equal to every exigency, and doubt not that it will always be the same."

I ventured mildly to suggest that he was indebted to his heavenly Father for the natural courage of his heart, as much as he of whom I had spoken had been for strength in the hour of trial, and expressed my ardent hope that, should he be called on to suffer, the same merciful and almighty support would be extended to him. Should these remarks, by any accidental circumstance, ever meet his eye, though they will remind him of his conversation with a stranger, they cannot make known to him half the affectionate sympathy his affliction awakened in my mind.

I might go on thus for an hour, relating occurrences connected closely or remotely with my sprained ankle; but enough has been said to furnish you with another illustration of this tripartite truth,—that affliction is oftentimes a blessing to ourselves, that it greatly excites our sympathy towards our fellow-sufferers, and that it may be borne not only with patience, but also with thankfulness and praise.

#### THE NATURALIST AT MARGATE.

##### A CHAPTER FOR SEA-SIDE READERS.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

CONTINUING our operations in the gulleys previously noticed, other fishes were taken, and among them a small species



of some interest; namely, the spotted gunnel or butter-fish (*Murænoides guttata*, Lacép.; *Gunnelus vulgaris*, Fleming.)

In the sliminess of its skin, in its general aspect, and in the rapid tortuosity of its movements, this fish reminds us, at first sight, of a very young conger. It is, however, in no respects related to that group of fishes; but is allied to the blennies (*Acanthopt.*; *gobioidæ*), and is the *Blennius gunellus* of Linn.

In this fish the body is elongated and compressed,—the head is small, the eye minute. The dorsal fin is low, and runs the whole length of the back; it is supported by spines, the sharp points of which are raised a little above the membrane, producing a fine saw-like edge; pectoral fins small; ventral fins reduced to two little horny tubercles; posterior fin about half the length of the body, exclusive of the head; the caudal fin small.

The general colour of this specimen was dusky silver along the sides, passing into yellow on the throat, abdomen, and under fins; along the dorsal fin, at regular distances, were placed nine dark purple eyes; the first two the most distinct, and encircled by a narrow ring of white; the remainder were more obscure, and did not exhibit any appearance of a white margin; a dusky mark below the eye extending to the angle of the mouth; length, four inches and three-quarters.

When dislodged from its retreat, this little fish darted about with great velocity, its motions being undulatory and eel-like. Its tenacity of life appeared to be very great; but its restlessness, combined with its slippery skin, having once or twice enabled it nearly to effect its escape, I put it into a bottle of diluted spirits of wine, which instantly caused its death; hence I did not ascertain the length of time during which it would have lived out of the water.

Mr. Yarrell observes that the anal fin of this species is united to the caudal, and this was the case in the specimen in question, which I carefully examined; but there is an indentation at the junction which at first makes it appear as if the tail were distinct; nor was I fully assured of the union until I used a glass.

The food of this fish is said to consist, in part, of the spawn and minute fry of other fishes.

Another fish captured in the same locality was the five-bearded rockling

(*Motella quinquecirrata*, Cuv.; *M. mustela*, Jenyns; *Gadus mustela*, Linn.)

The rocklings belong to the cod family (*Gadidæ*: *sub-brachial malacopterygii*), and two species are known as natives of our coasts; namely, the three and the five-bearded. The specimen in question was disturbed while reposing under a canopy of sea-weed; at first it darted about with great animation, but soon became more tranquil, and retreated quietly to a convenient covert; from this it was soon dislodged, and easily captured by means of the little hand-net. It died almost instantaneously on being taken out of the water, after a feeble struggle. The colour of this specimen was very beautiful: above it was bronzy brown, passing along the sides into glossy golden bronze, and this again fading into white on the abdomen; pectoral, dorsal, and caudal fins were bronze, washed with dusky brown; ventral fins long, slender, with a tip yellowish white; posterior fin pale bronzy yellow, with dusky prickles; no white dots, as is usually the case, indicated the course of the lateral line; the golden tinge was, however, predominant there.

The first dorsal fin, if it deserve that name, consisted of a few fine filaments not perceptible, unless purposely looked for; four little barbs on the snout, one on the lower jaw; length, five and a half inches.

Of course our specimen gave us no opportunity of investigating through its means the habits of the species; we learn, however, that it spawns in the winter, and feeds on minute crustacea and the fry of fishes.

From the days of Pliny to the present era, the rocklings or sea-loches have been termed *mustela*, or weasel, *mustèle*, French, (not *belette*, the French for weasel,) irrespective of species. Why this term should have been applied, we do not know. It may allude to colour, or perhaps to form. In all languages, popular names to various animals are frequently given, either capriciously or by some kind of chance, and become generally adopted, although they have a double signification. In our language, the term *martin* is an example; it is applied to a species of weasel and a bird. The French call the beautiful fishes of the genus *labrus* (wrasse, in English), *les vieilles*, as *la vieille tacheète*, *la vieille rayée*,—the word *vieille* meaning, we need not say, a woman more than past

the prime of life. Some of these fishes are also called *la girelle*, which has several meanings,—as the capstan of a ship, a potter's wheel, etc.; but what similarity there may be, so as to lead to the popular usage of this term for a fish, we cannot tell.

I may here observe, that in the fish-market I saw, besides the sapphirine gurnard (*Trigla hirundo*), both the red or cuckoo gurnard (*Trigla cuculus*), and the grey gurnard (*Trigla gurnardus*). I observed that this latter fish was trimmed for slightly salting, and then drying in the air, as a relish for breakfast, as is done with flounders, and other common flat-fish.

To the smaller fishes which inhabit the pools and gulleys described, innumerable minute crustacea, as *Melita mæra*, etc. (*Amphipoda*), afford an abundant supply of food; to which may be added young shrimps (*Crangon vulgaris*), and shoals of small fry.

Specimens of *Carcinus mænas*, or common shore crab, were abundant; the males all greatly exceeded the females in size, and were hard-shelled, while the females were still soft-shelled, at least as far as I could make out. This softness of shell probably continues, under peculiar circumstances, for some time, until the development of the ova internally arrives at a certain degree of perfection.

I shall not here enumerate many other specimens which I met; indeed, this paper would never have been written, had I not, in walking up a street in the town, overheard a young gentleman exclaim to a companion, in a voice of derision, "What a place this for the visit of a naturalist; I am sick of it." If the gentleman, whoever he might be, wished for an extensive museum, as the British, with everything, specimens and books at command, I agree with him that Margate could not but be very distasteful; but if, irrespective of some trifling personal discomforts, he would look out for himself, work for himself, wade in the gulleys, climb up the rocks, regardless of appearing like a miller; when he descended make friends with the fishermen, and entrust himself for a night on one of their fishing excursions to the rocking waves, in their rough boat, he might perchance have discovered one great fact; namely, that the power of God is everywhere around him,—around him as a naturalist curious in research, eager for information, impatient of dull delay, and a love for the frivolities of a

watering-place,—around him as a Christian who sees God in all his works,—in the animalcule, the zoophyte, the mollusk, the fish, and the higher tribes of our globe; and who owns him in that revelation of power, justice, and mercy, which dimly shadowed forth in the polity of nature, and far more brightly revealed in the long past ages of antiquity, when prophets spoke in deep tones of mystery, at length burst forth into light,—when the magi were led by a star to an infant's resting-place, and darkness overshadowed the land, at the sacrificial deed of Calvary! M.

#### HOLY RUTHERFORD.

In the sequestered parish of Anworth, in Scotland, there was standing not many years since—and perhaps still stands to this hour—a quaint old rustic church. The swallows, during many a summer, built their nests in the crannies of its rude roof. The weather-beaten walls were garnitured with moss, and festooned with creeping vines. The rusty key of that kirk-door still hangs as a precious relic in the New College of Edinburgh. The old oaken pulpit is still preserved; and well it may be, for in that pulpit once stood a man, of whom it used to be said, that he is "always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, and always writing and studying." He it was who uttered that memorable saying to his beloved people, "My witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." That was the pulpit of Samuel Rutherford.

The savoury discourses once preached in that hallowed place to weeping and melted auditors have, for the most part, perished long ago. But still that pastor is remembered, and will be while there are loving Christian hearts on earth. His world-known "Letters" will be Rutherford's enduring memorial. They were written more than two centuries ago, and yet the smell of the myrrh and the cassia has never departed. They have but little historical interest; they are not argumentative; they are not descriptive; they are pure devotion—the very pith and essence of a soul that was all alive with love to Christ—the outflow of a sweet fountain that knew no intermission. Those who have read the biography of the sainted M'Cheyne, will remember

that Rutherford's "Letters" were the constant companion of his private hours; and it must have been a rare book that M'Cheyne would allow to accompany his Bible into his closet.\* Cecil used to style Rutherford "one of his classics." Richard Baxter said, "Hold off the Bible, and such a book the world never saw!" This sounds extravagant to those who have never gone themselves into this orchard, and plucked the luscious fruit, and never sat down themselves at the banquet, where the

"Ripe apples drop about our heads,  
And the purple clusters of the vine,  
Upon our mouths do crush their wine."

In opening the goodly volume before us, we find a mark beside this passage:—"Welcome, welcome Jesus, in what way soever thou comest, if we can but get a sight of thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing that Christ come to the bedside, and draw aside the curtains, and say, 'Courage! I am thy salvation!' than to enjoy lusty health, and never to be visited of God." In the same strain he writes afterwards:—"His most loved ones are most tried. The lintel-stones and pillars of his New Jerusalem suffer more knocks of God's hammer than the common side-wall stones." Sometimes his rapt soul seems in a sort of delirium of heavenly love, as when in writing to lady Kenmure, he says, "Honourable lady, keep your first love. I would not exchange one smile of Jesus' lovely face for kingdoms. Let others take their silly feckless heaven in this life. Put up your heart! shout for joy! Your King is coming to fetch you to his Father's house!" In writing of the indestructibility of the church, he says, "The bush has been burning these five thousand years, but no man yet saw the ashes of that fire."

For that church he underwent sore and harassing persecutions. He was confined for two years at Aberdeen, but "found Jesus sweet to him in that place." At St. Andrew's he spent some years, both as professor and as preacher. From his collegiate chair he was deposed by the Government, and his works were burned in Edinburgh, by the hands of the common hangman. He was summoned before Parliament on a false charge of treason; but the summons came too late, he was on his dying-bed, and calmly remarked that he had got another sum-

mons before a superior Judge, and sent this message:—"I behove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrives I will be where few kings and great folks ever come."

On the 20th of March, 1661, Rutherford laid aside his earthly vestments, to put on the wedding-garment in the Saviour's presence. His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" He seemed to be already standing in the pearly gateway. The Parliament, on hearing that he was dying, voted that he should not die in the college as a professor. Lord Burleigh arose, and said, "You cannot vote him out of heaven!"—*Presbyterian*.

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#### HEROES.

THERE is something very imposing in those men, whose hands mould a whole nation. Here comes a man who has been one of the mightiest powers in modern history. A strange, wild man—one who does remarkably exhibit Mr. Carlyle's favourite characteristic of a hero—"a great wild soul." If ever man had within a huge body "a great wild soul," it was Peter of Russia. He finds a people wholly barbarous, and gives them the first impulse of civilisation. He finds a nation altogether inland—he stretches it till it touches two seas. To give it a navy, you may see him there at Deptford, living in John Evelyn's house, and working hard as a common ship-carpenter. Then you see him building ships with his own hand, and steering them on seas of his own conquering, into ports of his own constructing. Then you see him chasing the most terrible hero of the day, the Swedish Charles XII. Then you see him building, in one year, a city of thirty thousand houses. Thirty thousand houses in one year! and that, too, on a frightful morass, destitute of stones, or timber, or other conceivable facility for building, and cursed with one of the most harassing climates that daring could encounter. What a marvel this man is! You stare at him, and keep saying, "A nation awoke from barbarism; a frontier extended to the Baltic and the Black Sea; a navy created; Charles XII. vanquished; and thirty thousand houses built in one year!" Yes; but to build them there were a hundred thousand men sacrificed in that one year! Thirty thousand houses and a hundred thousand

\* An edition of Rutherford's "Letters" is published by the Religious Tract Society.

corpses! Mark that—three dead men for every standing house! I stand before that man, and stare at him: he is a wonder; his soul is a very spring of powers, boiling as the geyser, copious as the Nile: his acts are like enchantment; his sphere in history is vast; is he not one of the firstborn of heroes? Ah! I cannot get rid of those hundred thousand corpses. I cannot help seeing him, for state policy, pursuing to the death his own son. He is a most illustrious prodigy; but is he your type of a hero?

From that gigantic czar, I turn to a poor man, whose name I do not know, and whose name very few know outside a few parishes in the county of Cornwall. I hardly know whether or not he has yet gone to his rest.\* The fact I am about to relate I know well. This man, a poor miner, was down with his brother miner, sinking a shaft. In pursuit of that obscure labour they were blasting the solid rock. They had placed in the rock a large charge of powder, and fixed their fuse so that it could not be extricated. Their proper course was to cut the fuse with a knife; then one should ascend in their bucket, the other wait till the bucket came down again; then get into it, ignite the fuse, give the signal, and so be at the top of the shaft before the explosion. In the present case, however, they negligently cut the fuse with a stone and a blunt iron instrument. Fire was struck; the fuse was hissing; they both dashed to the bucket, and gave the signal. The man above attempted in vain to move the windlass. One could escape; both could not; and delay was death to both. Our miner looked for a moment at his comrade, and, slipping from the bucket, said, "Escape! I shall be in heaven in a minute!" The bucket sped up the shaft. The man was safe; eager to watch the fate of his deliverer, he bent to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below; a splinter came up the shaft, and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will bear all his days, to remind him of his rescue. They soon began to burrow among the fallen rock to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him: the pieces of rock had roofed him over—he was without injury or scratch. All he could tell was, that the moment

his friend was gone, he sat down, lifted a piece of rock, and held it before his eyes. When asked what induced him to let the other escape, he replied, "I knew *my* soul was safe; I was not so sure about his." Now, I look at this great czar, who, to build a city, called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men; and at this poor miner, who, to save the soul of his comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces; and I ask you which of the two is the hero? — *From "A Lecture to Young Men," by the Rev. William Arthur.*

#### HOLLAND CONQUERED BY A SPIDER.

SPIDERS crawling more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of our houses, foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are equally the certain indications of frost being at hand. Quatremere Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider; and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed with its ways. In the December of 1794, the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland, and victory seemed certain, if the frost, then of unprecedented severity, continued. The Dutch envoys had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke up. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider forewarned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that the weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen; and its generals, who duly estimated its character, relied upon his assurance, that within a few days the waters would be again passable by troops. They delayed their retreat; within twelve days the frost had returned—the French army triumphed. Disjonval was liberated, and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

#### TO-DAY IF YOU WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.

MEN may turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of Christ in the day of grace, but they cannot turn a deaf ear to the sentence of Christ in the day of judgment.—*Flavel.*

\* Since delivering the above, I have met with a friend who knows the man well; he is still living. From his relation—had repeatedly at first hand—I have corrected some particulars of the statement.



Things by the Sea-side.

## THINGS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Look at those ramblers on the sands, among the rocks left by the retiring tide! Do not hastily conclude that they are idling their time. The ocean, with all its grandeur and varied scenery, is before them; marine plants of a bright hue adorn the beach; while numbers of creatures, differing in form and character, habits and design, court their attention. By the sea-side they may have relaxation; but assuredly, with so many objects beside them, capable of furnishing instruction and entertainment, it will be their own fault if they are idle. As at this season of the year many of our readers will pay their annual visit to a watering-place on the coast, a few hints as to the "familiar things" which they will meet with there, may not be unacceptable. We shall follow, as our guide, the teaching of a popular little volume, entitled, "Chapters on the Common Things of the Sea-side."

We have reached, then, the margin of  
August, 1851.

the mighty deep; and after the fatigues, the worry, and anxiety incident to a life in town, the spirits feel refreshed by the breezes which sweep along its surface. The day is bright and clear, and we have donned for the occasion a cool summer dress. While our youngsters rear their mimic castles in sand, let us seat ourselves down on this rock, and gather wisdom from our author's "pleasant pages."

The sea-side, we learn, has its *vegetables* as well as our gardens. As we walk beneath the towering cliffs, we may discover, decking their white surface, a number of leafy plants, with dense clusters of greenish-white flowers. These are specimens of the samphire tribe—a plant which is used as a pickle, or mixed as an ingredient in salads, while some of the poorer inhabitants of the sea-coast boil and eat it. The trade of those who gather it is very perilous. "A few years since, a man, resident in Dover, and who had for many years collected the plant for sale in the neighbourhood, was sus-

pended, as usual, by a rope attached to a pole at the summit. The rope, on this occasion, suddenly gave way, and the unfortunate man was precipitated to the base of the cliff, and expired immediately."

The yellow-horned poppy, whose deep gold-coloured leaves wave to every wind, is likewise very common on the shingly beach. The eringo, or sea-holly, abounds on the eastern coast, and may be recognised by its prickly leaves and blue flowers. Its roots were formerly candied, and sold by confectioners, as having a tonic property. Then there is a sea-side, or cliff-cabbage, not unlike the garden one, and easily distinguished by its pale yellow flowers. We have also sea-side barley, sea wheat-grass, and sea cat's-tail, beside the reed and rush and sedge tribes, which are not without their uses, as serving to bind down the sands, and prevent them from being driven inland.

The sea-side has likewise its *flowers and shrubs*, to delight the botanist. Different species of thrift display their blossoms on the cliff, the sandy ground, or muddy shore, in August. There are the pink flowers of the sea gilly-flower, the lavender-coloured blossoms of the spreading spike-thrift, and the purplish blue of the matted-thrift. The great sea-stock on the sandy shores of Cornwall, when evening comes, diffuses a sweet odour; and the burnet-rose, the origin of our Scotch garden-rose, "though it has not the delicate blush of the wild brier, is extremely pretty, with its small sweet-scented flowers, sometimes tinged with cream colour, sometimes lightly tinged with a dash or two of pink hue, but more often of pure white." The star-wort adorns the salt marshes; and among the short grasses which cover the summit of the cliffs are to be found many lovely productions for the naturalists' flora. One of the most beautiful sea-side shrubs, our guide informs us, is the tree-mallow. It adorns some of the rocks on the south and south-west shores of England, and chooses to perch itself on the insulated rocks all along this coast, in which situation it sends up its rigid, erect stem in defiance of wind and storm. It varies in height from two feet or more; and is very ornamental to spots where it abounds, for it has large, purplish, rose-coloured, darkly-veined flowers, with leaves soft as velvet: ropes and cordage are made of its fibres. The sallow thorn, this month, also displays its bright

orange-coloured berries, amidst its pretty silvery foliage, on the sandhills and cliffs of the east and south-eastern coasts.

On the sands, and among the rocks, when the tide retires, there are many attractions:

"Crusted shells,  
Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weeds, sparkling pebbles,  
Enchant the eye, and tempt the eager hand."

"Some of the delicate silk-like or velvety tufts of the algae of the seas," we are told by our author, "when examined, seem like strings of beads; some like tubes of glass filled with bright colouring matter; others composed of networks, finer than the finest cobwebs; some like bunches of slender hairs; others branched like minute trees of emerald green or sparkling brown, or rivaling the rose and violet in richest hues." The most common of sea-weeds is the bladder fucus, "whose dark sprays lie on every line of sand or shingle, or gather in clumps on rock or pier. When fresh from the waters, it is of a dark olive tint; but as it hardens in the sun, it becomes black as ink." Its leafy branches have on them "a number of oval bladders or pods. These are the air-bladders which enable the fucus to float on the waters, and they occasion the crackling noise, when, as walking on the shore, we crush the half-dried sea-weed by our footstep." Dulse, with its tuft of purplish-red leaves, is another well-known weed. Few, however, who pick it up on our shores, know its value. Sir William Hooker states that on the Scotch coast, it is eaten raw by the natives, and in the county of Caithness in particular; and that he has seen a number of women and children gathering it from the rocks, and devouring it with great avidity. In many other places, this weed is used as a vegetable, as a medicine, or as food for cattle.

"Sometimes," observes our intelligent guide, "when wandering along the shore, or stooping among the rocks to pick up the treasures which the naturalist finds hidden there, we alight upon some stray piece of drift wood. It may be but a part of a tree, borne down long ago by a river to the spot, or it may be a piece of wood stranded from some wreck, awakening thoughts of pity as we look upon it, reminding us of—

"Shipwrecks and their spoils;  
The wealth of merchants, the artillery  
Of war, the chains of captives, and the gems

That glow'd upon the brow of beauty; crowns  
Of monarchs, swords of heroes, anchors lost  
That never had let go their hold in storms;  
Helms suck in ports, that steer'd adventurous  
barks  
Round the wide world."

"But our piece of driftwood acquires another source of interest, if it be covered (as it sometimes is) with the stalked or duck barnacle (*Pentelasmis anatifera*). Sometimes thousands of these creatures are crowded on a piece of wood but a few feet long, all twisting about, and presenting a moving mass of life, almost disgusting to any but the accustomed eye of the naturalist, who knows that among this mass he may find curious shells, coral-lines, and other objects, which are not scattered on the shore. The growth of these animals must be very rapid, as the keel of a ship which has made but a short voyage will be sometimes entirely covered with them; and, in some cases, they are so numerous as even to impede the course of a vessel. When ships thus covered arrive in our ports, the barnacles are easily scraped off by men who take them for sale as marine curiosities, or who make their delicate white porcelain-like shells into some kinds of fancy shell-work. The barnacles themselves are eaten on some of the coasts of Africa, where they are very abundant. The shell of this animal is at the end of a fleshy stalk, generally of a purplish red, sometimes of a bright orange colour, and is of the form called multivalve, being composed of five pieces or valves, two of them on each side of the animal, and a narrow piece down the back. It is a pretty shell, clear and brittle, of a white colour, tinged with pale blue. The food of the barnacle consists of small crustaceous or molluscous animals; and at times, when it is actively engaged at catching its prey, we may see protruding from its shell its six pairs of arms, many-jointed, and delicately fringed. They are most vigorous animals, and of so sensitive a touch that they can lay hold of the minutest object, and, entangling it in their feather-like arms, they can draw it to the mouth, seize, and devour it."

The most common shell which the tide strews on the shore is that of the oyster. It has no locomotive powers; but remains cemented to the rocks "by a calcareous exudation on the outer surface of the shell. There it grows and lives the allotted term of its existence. On gently opening the shell of an oyster, we find within, a membrane, in some

species having a delicate fringe of little threads. This membrane is the mantle from which the animal secretes the outer layers of its shell, in such manner as to admit of its being made larger as the shell-fish grows. Between the leaves of this mantle lie four delicate membranous leaves, composed of slender fibres. These are the branchiæ, or gills, —the aërating organs, and the mouth is placed between the innermost of these leaves: these are the organs by which the mollusk procures its food. The filaments of these gills are thickly covered with minute cilia, or fringe-like hairs. The incessant action of these cilia causes successive currents of water around them, and thus the animalcules, with which the water is full, are brought to the lips of the animal, which are so sensitive that they admit or reject what would nourish or what would be useless."

Another object of interest to the sea-side visitor, and the last which we shall notice in the present paper, is the limpet, clinging with tenacity to the rocks, while the empty shells lie strewn about the beach like so many cups:

"At distance view'd, it seems to lie  
On its rough bed so carelessly,  
That 't would an infant's hand obey,  
Stretch'd forth to seize it in its play;  
But let that infant's hand draw near,  
It shrinks with quick instinctive fear,  
And clings as close as though the stone  
It rests upon, and it, were one:  
And should the strongest arm endeavour  
The limpet from the rock to sever,  
'T is seen its loved support to clasp,  
With such tenacity of grasp,  
We wonder that such strength should dwell  
In such a small and simple shell.  
And is not this a lesson worth  
The study of the sons of earth?  
Who need a Rock so much as we?  
Ah! who to such a Rock can flee?  
A Rock to strengthen, comfort, aid,  
To guard, to shelter, and to shade;  
A Rock, whence fruits celestial grow,  
And whence refreshing waters flow:  
No Rock is like this Rock of ours."

A beautiful anecdote, illustrative of the truth contained in these lines, will be familiar to some of our readers. A dying girl, being asked whether she rested on Jesus, replied, "Oh! my soul cleaves to Him like a limpet to the rock!"

Reader! remembering how great is your need, and how frail your strength, and that your best resolves are prone to fail when temptation assails you,

"Let wakeful memory recur  
To this your simple monitor,  
And wisely shun the trial's shock,  
By clinging closely to the Rock."

Christ Jesus, the only Mediator be-

tween God and men, is the Rock and strength of your salvation; cleaving to him with full purpose of heart, you have a sure Refuge from the assaults of the great adversary, and are safe for time and eternity.

H. H.

#### ANECDOTE OF HENRY MARTYN.

As Henry Martyn was on his way to India, he was watchful, day and night, for opportunities of doing good to those on board the ship in which he sailed. He was especially attentive to the sick. One day, when the hatches were shut down in consequence of a gale, he went below to visit a sick sailor. As there was perfect darkness below, he was obliged to feel his way. He found the man swinging in his hammock in darkness, and heat, and damp, without a creature to speak to him, and in a burning fever. "I gave him," says Martyn, "a few grapes, which had been given to me, to allay his thirst. How great the pleasure of doing good even to the bodies of men!"

Martyn had large experience of the pleasure of doing good. His efforts to do good were unceasing, and they were made at the expense of self-sacrifice. They were thus of a kind to yield him the largest amount of pleasure.

Reader, have you had experience of the pleasure of doing good? especially of doing good to the souls of men? There is no pleasure like it. He who labours in simplicity and in godly sincerity to do good, has his reward in a calm and enduring pleasure which no earthly prosperity, no wealth nor honours can bestow.

How many seek for happiness from afar, when it can be had in its purest form by doing good to their neighbours! "To do good and communicate forget not," if you would be happy, if you would enjoy the Saviour's smile.

The manner in which Mr. Martyn became possessed of the grapes which he gave to the sick man is interesting and instructive.

The ship, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope, sailed thence on the sabbath. On that day, a boat came alongside with fruit; "but," says Martyn, "I did not think it right to buy any, though I longed to have some to carry to sea." On the day on which he visited the sick man, a passenger who came on board at

the Cape, and to whom he had scarcely ever spoken, sent him a plate of fruit, by which he was greatly refreshed, and enabled to relieve the sick man.

It is somewhat remarkable, that this seasonable present came on the very day on which Martyn entered in his commonplace book the following sentiment, taken from an author he was reading:—"If from regard to God's sabbath I deny myself, he will more than make it up to me." In keeping God's statutes there is great reward.

#### PRAYER THAT IS PRAYER.

THERE are some stirring expressions in the sixty-second Psalm, which indicate the true attitude of the soul in "fervent, effectual prayer." "Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us. Selah." The soul must be staid on God that would pray acceptably. It must believe that he is, and trust in him at all times, as a refuge, a present help, ready and waiting to be gracious, with infinite power, and more than a father's heart of tenderness and love to all that call upon him in sincerity and in truth. And then, he that prays must "pour out his heart" before him. His prayer must be personal, earnest, heartfelt, believing. What is here enjoined is not simply to use the proper words of prayer, but the pouring out of the heart. It is like the emptying of a vessel of all its contents, so that nothing shall remain in it. What a pleasing, sublime, awful, and important thing it is for a sinful, dependent creature thus to pray, and keep nothing back! Whatever is in his heart he pours out before the God in whom he trusts at all times—his guilt and fears, sins and sorrows, cares, crosses, wants, dangers, weaknesses, temptations, darkness, ignorance, and all his doubts and anxieties, respecting both body and soul, himself and others, friends and enemies, the church and the world. Every thought that is in his heart, relating to the past, the present, or the future, he has leave to empty himself of, and to pour out his desires, till not one burden shall remain, not one care, that is not cast upon him who careth for him.

Such is prayer that is prayer. A heart, thus emptied before God, is ready to be filled, and God is ready to fill it with the consolations of his Spirit, which are neither few nor small. One who thus prays



renews his strength by waiting on the Lord. It arms him with courage to engage in duty.

THE STORY OF LORD BACON'S DISGRACE.

LORD chief justice Campbell so eloquently introduces this mournful topic, that we must quote the passage, though it be somewhat long :

"Now was his worldly prosperity at its height, and he seemed in the full enjoyment of almost everything that man can desire. The multitude, dazzled by the splendour of his reputation as a statesman, an orator, a judge, a fine writer, a philosopher, for a time were blind to the faults in his character, and overlooked the evil arts by which he had risen. The murmurs of those whom he had wronged were drowned by the plaudits of his admirers. He was courted and flattered by all classes of the community. He was still able to keep down the arrears of judicial business in his court; and bystanders, who were not interested in the cases before him (a large class compared to the suffering suitors), were struck with the eloquence and apparent equity of his decisions. He was on the best terms with the king and the favourite; and it was generally expected that, like his father, he would keep his office while he lived. Foreigners visiting this country were more eager to see him as the author of the 'Novum Organum,' than as lord high chancellor.

"We have a specimen of the magnificent mode in which he lived, from the description of the grand banquet he gave at York House, on entering his sixtieth year. Ben Jonson, who was present, celebrates 'the fare, the wine, the men,' and breaks out in enthusiastic praise of the illustrious host :

'England's high chancellor, the destin'd heir,  
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,  
Whose even thread the fates spin round and fall  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.'

"He had a villa at Kew, to which he could retire for a day in seasons of business; and his vacations he spent at Gorbambury, 'in studies, arts, and sciences, to which in his own nature he was most inclined;' and in gardening, 'the purest of human pleasures.' Here, at a cost of 10,000*l.*, he erected a private retreat, furnished with every intellectual luxury, to which he repaired when he

wished to avoid all visitors, except a few choice spirits, whom he occasionally selected as the companions of his retirement and lucubrations.

"From thence, in January, 1621, he was drawn, not unwillingly, to the king's court at Theobald's; for there he was raised to the peerage by the title of viscount St. Albans, his patent being expressed in the most flattering language, particularly celebrating his integrity in the administration of justice; and he was, with great ceremony, according to the custom of the times, invested by the king with his new dignity, Buckingham supporting his robe of state, while his coronet was borne by the lord Wentworth. In answer to a complimentary address from the king, he delivered a studied oration, enumerating the successive favours he had received from the crown, and shadowing forth the fresh services he was to render, in his future career, as evidence of his gratitude.

"In little more than three months from this day he was a prisoner in the Tower, stripped of his office for confessed corruption, and condemned to spend the remainder of his days in disgrace and penury."\*

The ancient moralists have frequently adduced the downfall of the Lydian Cræsus as an instance of the inconstancy of human affairs; but, striking as it is, it wants many of those affecting features which distinguish the case before us. The fall of Cræsus was only one of the many sudden results of war. It was simply the rapid prostration of a monarch from the eminence of mere power and pomp and wealth. Whereas, the acclivity from which lord Bacon was precipitated in a moment, was high enough, and gorgeous enough, to make his fall visibly appalling; but, far more, it was so surmounted with all the elements of genius and philosophy, and was so ennobled by the homage of the whole intellectual world, that the contrast of the abyss of shame and feebleness into which he was plunged is, perhaps, unparalleled. And so secured was he upon his throne, by his unrivalled talents, that no detractions of mere envy could have displaced him. He was guarded by every sentinel but those of virtue and God's favour, and he was, therefore, assailable. His enemies were vigilant, and soon made the ruinous discovery.

\* Campbell, ii. pp. 485. 6.

A committee of the Commons was appointed to inquire into "the abuses of courts of justice." Its object, under the same indefatigable avenger (sir E. Coke), was to arraign lord Bacon for bribery and corruption. And now came the moment when the proposed victim could have said with cardinal Wolsey :

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

King James might have saved his servant by a summary dissolution of the parliament. He was under no personal necessity for continuing its sittings, for his subsidies had been already and munificently voted. And no one will pretend that any deference to constitutional principles prevented him. But it has been surmised, and we fear too justly, that he found himself under the alternative of sacrificing to public resentment either his guilty chancellor, or his still more guilty minion. With the extortionate malpractices of the latter he had been personally acquainted; perhaps he had been a partner in them. And he was shrewd enough to know that the only chance of escape for his favourite from ruin, and for himself from unkingly mortification, was to make a scape-goat, the nature of whose throes might absorb the attention of spectators. He allowed the inquiries to proceed, and the committee resolved on impeaching the lord chancellor, chiefly for the following :

"The one concerning Christopher Awbrey, and the other concerning Edward Egerton. In the cause depending in the chancery between this Awbrey and sir William Bronker, Awbrey feeling some hard measure, was advised to give the lord chancellor 100*l.*, the which he delivered to his counsel, sir George Hastings, and he to the lord chancellor. This business proceeding slowly notwithstanding, Awbrey did write divers letters, and delivered them to the lord chancellor, but could never have any answer from his lordship; but at last delivering another letter, his lordship answered, if he importuned him, he would lay him by the heels."

We need not recount the evidence on which this accusation was verified, as lord Bacon subsequently confessed it.

"The case of Mr. Edward Egerton is this: there being divers suits between Edward Egerton and sir Rowland Eger-

ton in the chancery, Edward Egerton presented his lordship, a little after he was lord keeper, with a bason and ewer of 50*l.* and above, and afterwards he delivered unto sir George Hastings and sir Richard Young 400*l.* in gold, to be presented unto his lordship. Sir Richard Young presented it, his lordship took it, and poised it, and said it was too much; and returned answer, that Mr. Egerton had not only enriched him, but had laid a tie upon his lordship to do him favour in all his just causes."

Of this, as well as of twenty-six other charges of having received monies from litigants whose suits were still pending, he made full confession. It must not be overlooked, however, that, especially in the two cases which were most prominently specified, he did not suffer himself to be biased in the favour of those from whom he received these presents; for he gave "killing decrees" against them. We confess that we should be disposed to accept this in his favour, together with the fact, that the receipt of presents by the judges was in those days frequent, were it not that he had so often, and under such a variety of circumstances, uttered his high judicial condemnation of the practice. The guilt was enormous. He afterwards perceived and bewailed it. But we are not prepared to brand his name with all that contumely which would justly attach to that of one who, to-day, in a similar position, acted similarly. Far be it from us to strive to lessen the turpitude of sins of any order into which human beings may be beguiled, as that their recommittal should become the easier for the tempted; but the above facts must not be ignored.

Lord Bacon, in his self-despair, besought the sovereign, whom he had too truly served, instantly to dissolve parliament. The king, as urgently, recommended him to submit to the judgment of the peers, and promised him, whatever might be the verdict, reinstatement in his dignities. Bacon exclaimed, "I see my approaching ruin; there is no hope of mercy in a multitude. When my enemies are to give fire, am I to make no resistance, and is there to be none to shield me? Those who strike at your chancellor will strike at your crown. I am the first, I wish I may be the last sacrifice." Bacon was a prophet. Per-

\* March 12th, 1621.

\* Works, iv, p. 527.

haps some who think more bitterly about him, might be disposed to select some reereant one from sacred history as his parallel. But, be that as it may, there came before the eye of this seer, whose vision as to future science and future philosophical civilization was so true, a prospect of misery to the monarchy of Great Britain, one of the incipient causes of which was, a king's collusion with the guilt of a chancellor, whom he deserted when he was found out; and the other was, his slow murder of his relative, Arabella Stuart, who never pretended or wished for a throne; which, but for considerate loyalty to him as the true successor, she might have endangered.

Let us reverently—for its occupier is one of the greatest of men; let us with sorrowful but charitable awe—for its occupier is a fallen great man; draw aside one fold of the curtains of lord Bacon's bed, on which he flung himself in self-consuming remorse and despair, after this last fruitless interview with the king. "During several days he remained in his bed, refusing to see any human being. He passionately told his attendants to leave him, to forget him, never again to name his name, never to remember that there had been such a man in the world." \* "And is this," he must often, and in heart-breaking bitterness, have said to himself, "is this to be the result of my sixty years of slavery of the brain? Are the blessed benisons of my mother, whose heart would burst could she now see me convulsed with dishonour; are my grave father's prophecies, who if he now saw the column of his house thus torn of its architrave and severed in its shaft, would wish to lie beneath it as his tomb; are the gay and open-hearted cheers of my ancient friends at Gray's Inn; are the hopes of my noble-hearted competitors at the bar; are the shouts of applause of the House of Commons, that dear spot of my true renown; are the confidences in me of men of science; the words of 'God speed' with which my mother university sent me, a second time, from her bosom; are my friends; is the God whose statutes I have, against light and knowledge, so basely deserted; are these, all these, now watching to upbraid me on this my living bier?" Shade of lord Bacon! we would commit no act, take no step of lightness towards thy couch. But thy first great essay was on "Truth;" for it, melan-

\* Montague's "Life of Bacon," cccxxviii.

choly though were thy wanderings, thou didst press onward with more avidity, and didst gain a higher summit than any other than inspired men: tell us, were not these thy moral throes, the struggles of a conscience which was in thy bosom, although thou hadst imprisoned her? And are not the words which thy lips utter the reassertions of honour and of truth, which once thou didst love so well?

During this frightful moral paroxysm, he wrote that full confession to the House of Lords, from which we have already quoted. It was dexterous in some of its allusions; but it would be the grossest uncharitableness to charge them with false self-palliating design. When it was read, it was resolved "that certain lords do go unto the lord chancellor, and show him the said confession, and tell him that the lords do conceive it to be an ingenuous and full confession, and demand whether it be his own hand that is subscribed to the same?" In his interview with those lords, twelve in number, who in consequence of this resolution waited on him, he answered their questionings with the words, "My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." \*

He retired anew to his bed, full of compunction and overwhelmed with shame. The great seal was necessarily demanded of him, and, hiding his face with one hand, he delivered it back with the other to the commissioners who had been appointed to receive it.—From "*The Life of Lord Bacon.*" By the Rev. J. Sortain. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

#### A PEEP AT MANCHESTER AND ITS MANUFACTURES.

PERHAPS no part of England awakens more thrilling interest in the mind of a stranger than the manufacturing district of Lancashire. The feelings thus excited may be accounted for, in some measure, by the effect of natural scenery, which in many places is exceedingly picturesque, and by the stupendous creation of human skill which everywhere arrest the eye; but they must be ascribed much more to the vast masses of population which force themselves upon the contemplation of the beholder. Where-

\* Works, iv. p. 547.

ever we go, our ears are dinned with the hum of human beings. The highways are fringed for miles with human habitations. The suburbs of one town merge in those of another. Perched on the hill-side, dotting the broad bosom of the valley, or half buried in sequestered cloughs, towns, villages, and hamlets present themselves in endless panorama. At every turn, tall chimneys and the rattle of machinery "prate the whereabouts" of thousands.

The district within which this immense population is gathered is extremely well defined. It commences at the foot of the hills which skirt the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, a few miles behind Manchester, being bounded on the right by the high ground which terminates in the mountains of Westmoreland; on the left by the hills of Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Wales; and stretching in front in one continuous level to the Irish Sea. This tract of land seems as if it were originally intended to become the cradle of manufactures. The hills supply abundance of coal, stone, slate, and other minerals; while numerous streams, flowing down the sides of the natural amphitheatre we have described, and collected in extensive "lodes," or artificial lakes, furnish a constant supply of the purest water. The principal of these streams are the Mersey, the Ribble, and Calder, which unite just beneath the eminence which is crowned with the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst; the Roach, and the Irwell. This last, though little better than a black ditch, when compared with the Thames, is one of the most useful rivers in the world, doing for its size perhaps twice as much work as any other.

If we were to set out with the intention of seeking the positively romantic, we might think it useless to enter the district of which we have been speaking. We should turn our backs, probably, on the mine-shed and the tall chimney, and enter those rural caves, skirted by violet-banks and hedge-rows, which, we fervently trust, will never cease to lend their wonted charm to old England. But still, it would inflict a grievous wrong to imagine that the spirit of poetry has no dwelling within the sound of the loom and the glow of the furnace-fire. No! the goodness of our Creator has ordered otherwise. Every department of labour has its attractions. The seeds of beauty

have been scattered everywhere, and wherever man directs his footsteps can he behold their growth and blossoming. Is there no poetry in the mechanism which performs, without fatigue, the work of a thousand men? in the mine where the ancient treasures of the earth are unhoarded? in the glitter of countless factories in the gloom of evening? in the flight of the "resonant steam-eagles," which seem, as they wing their way through solitudes hitherto scarcely trodden, to scream with delight at beholding the subserviency of nature to the want of man? Factory life is not without its rural charms. When we think of manufactures, we are reminded at once of filth and squalor, of narrow streets, and ill-ventilated houses. But the connexion is by no means necessary. Thousands of our factory operatives labour among the loveliest scenes. A few minutes, and they can be away among fields, brooks, and coppices, where the most enthusiastic lover of natural objects might grow inspired. In these sequestered spots we often meet with a simplicity of manners which is truly charming; a rough exterior, and a dialect hardly intelligible, concealing, but not destroying, a spirit of genuine kindness and hospitality.

But it is of Manchester that we wish more particularly to speak. This large and populous city, together with the adjoining town of Salford, is the centre of the district we have described. What London is to the provinces, Manchester is to Lancashire. It is the great heart from which the life-blood of trade and industry circulates. All the large manufacturing establishments throughout the country have a place of deposit here. Before the construction of railroads, the various highways, for thirty miles round, were thronged with midnight traffic, occasioned by the constant transit of goods to the market. Not the least interesting portion of Manchester is that which is occupied with warehouses. These buildings are not what a stranger might imagine from the name—rough, unsightly structures, made merely for convenience; but stately piles, erected with scrupulous attention to regularity and display, forming, in addition to a labyrinth in the back-ground, several large and handsome streets. Hither customers resort from every land; here may be met Germans, Greeks, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans, Turks, Egyptians—literally the representatives of

every nation under heaven. Here you encounter groups of intelligent, earnest men, running up and down with an agility not very decorous, or plodding along with a measured step and mysterious face, which tell that they are revolving deep-laid schemes of profit. Who shall win the most custom? who shall stand first in the market?—these are the questions, in the solution of which they consent, good-humouredly, to jostle one another. It is pleasing to reflect, that many a thousand pounds acquired here in the pursuit of commerce, is transferred almost immediately to the treasury of our Bible, missionary, or other public societies, and thus assists in spreading the gospel through the world. In passing through the principal streets, any person acquainted with the annals of Christian enterprise in Britain, might recognise many a name which is fragrant with benevolence, and which will live in the archives of heaven when those of Alexander and Napoleon are forgotten.

Though its world-wide celebrity is only of recent date, yet Manchester can boast of considerable antiquity. Some archæologists tell us that it was founded five hundred years before the Christian era; being intended, by the wandering tribes who then occupied that part of Britain, for a place of refuge in war, and that its name was Mancunio, or “the place of tents.” The first fact in its history which can be ascertained beyond doubt is its occupation by the Romans. These enterprising conquerors formed a permanent encampment in a place which is still called Castle-field, and where many interesting relics have been dug up. From this central station military posts were extended throughout Lancashire, under whose protection Warrington, Colne, Ribchester, and other towns soon sprung up. Ribchester is situated on the banks of the Ribble, near its junction with the Calder, and was the Liverpool of those times, being connected with Manchester by a military road. It is now a mere name. After the Norman conquest, Manchester was constituted a borough by its owner, Thomas de Grelley. The most interesting feature in its modern history is the share its inhabitants took in the invasion of the pretender, a hundred years ago. On his march to Derby, that ill-fated prince took up his abode in Manchester, in a locality which still preserves the name of Palace-yard. “The chevalier arrived about two in the afternoon,

with a body-guard of Highlanders. He wore a light plaid, blue sash, a blue bonnet adorned with a white rose, and a gray wig. In his rear were sixteen pieces of ordnance, many wagons, and loaded horses.” He was at once proclaimed king by the title of James III., and a public illumination testified the joy of his followers. But, alas! war, like Janus of old, has two faces; one may be lighted up with hope and triumph, but the other is maddened with fury, or dismal with despair. Soon after the pretender left Manchester, his cause was utterly ruined, his followers were led to the scaffold, and the heads of some of the most distinguished of the Manchester rebels—among whom was Thomas Deacon, eldest son of Dr. Deacon, of the now Cathedral Church, and brother of Charles Deacon, who is mentioned in “The Visitor” for March—were spiked at the top of the Exchange.

The rapid progress which Manchester has made, from comparative insignificance to a position in point of social importance second only to the metropolis itself, is one of the marvels of the present age. During the sixty or seventy years preceding the census of 1841, its population increased eight-fold. Persons still living can remember where extensive districts, now covered with miles of streets, were open fields, and places which have long been completely incorporated with the town, were rural villages. It is but comparatively a few years since the first factory was built, and people flocked in crowds to see the tall chimney belonging to it; now the demands of the cotton-trade have led to the erection of a magnificent structure, which encloses the largest space devoted to exchange purposes in Europe. This increase of trade has been accompanied with a corresponding increase of wealth. Manchester probably contains a greater number of individuals who have realized large fortunes by trading transactions than any other provincial town in the United Kingdom. It would be interesting to contemplate the character of those men who have been most successful. We should find, in doing so, an instructive comment on the declaration of Holy Scripture, that “the hand of the diligent maketh rich.” Not a few of those who have risen to the greatest eminence in wealth and civic honours, received their earliest instruction in the sabbath-school; and, what is more, take pleasure in con-

fessing the obligation. They have found that religion, in the cheerfulness which it inspires, in the principles of integrity which it inculcates, and with habits of prudence and industry which it is fitted to produce, is verily "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Manchester may not be inappropriately termed the world's factory. It seems as if its vocation were to clothe mankind. A stranger would find considerable amusement even in perusing signboards, which half cover the buildings in the warehouse district of the city. Almost every article out of which it is possible to fashion a human dress figures there. Its staple article of manufacture is cotton; this is supplied in vast quantities, chiefly from the United States. The condition of the cotton-crop is a most important element in the prospects of trade. If any serious deficiency occurs, thousands of families are thrown out of employment. It is interesting to observe how here, as elsewhere, the most important consequences depend upon trivial causes. There is a small insect whose depredations on the cotton-plant are exceedingly mischievous, sometimes so much so as to threaten the entire failure of the crop. Such an event, were it to occur, would spread starvation through the land, and deal an almost irreparable blow to our commercial prosperity. How narrow are the foundations of human greatness! How dependent are we, even when we seem least so, upon the hand of God! How foolish is it to indulge in feelings of pride and vain glory, when, if Providence only gave permission, the very worms of the earth would be more than a match for us!

But the raw produce which is brought here from distant climes does not all remain with us; for the most part, its sojourn in Britain is only temporary. After a few months' acquaintance with our ingenious artisans, we find it transmuted into beautiful fabrics, and on its way to stock the markets of the world. A little longer, and the productions of British industry are clothing the inhabitants of Constantinople and Canton, the hunters of the Brazilian wilds, and the dwellers by the Indus and the Ganges. Some idea may be formed of the superiority of our manufacturing facilities, from the fact that we can afford to fetch our cotton from the United States, manufacture it, transport it back again, and, in

spite of an adverse tariff, outsell the American manufacturer in his own market. This fact is doubtless gratifying; but it should be regarded as the result of a Providential arrangement rather than of our greater skill, and it is one in which our transatlantic friends may rejoice along with us. It is surely no disadvantage to other nations, nor any disparagement to their talents, that they find the production of the raw material more profitable than manufactures. Providence here recognises, on a large scale, the principle of the division of labour, and designs, by rendering one people dependent upon another, to enforce duty by considerations of interest, and thus perhaps to hasten the time when nations shall learn war no more; but, forgetting their old animosities, shall cultivate the arts of peace.

Trusting that our readers will feel interested in the subject of this article, we shall, at an early opportunity, request them to accompany us on a visit to a Manchester cotton-mill, where the processes of manufacture, and the condition of the artisans, cannot fail to furnish us with ample materials of instruction and entertainment. D.

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## THE STRANGERS OF THE VILLAGE: A TALE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE little village of S—— is situate in a lovely valley, not far distant from the sea, in one of the western counties; and it combines all those varieties of scenery which make a finished landscape. At the time our narrative commences it consisted of cottages of the humbler class, one dwelling and the rectory alone excepted. This house was rented by a foreigner and his family, whose appearance, manners, and singular habits were a constant theme for wonder and subject for speculation to the simple villagers. Many vague reports were circulated regarding them, but no certain intelligence could be gathered respecting their history.

The appearance of Mr. De Vere was so decidedly that of a man who had moved in the upper ranks of society, that on his first arrival the customary civilities paid in country places to new-comers were tendered him, as a thing of course; but they met with such an ungracious re-

ception, that no one, excepting the rector and his lady, seemed disposed to further the intercourse; and even they were only induced to do so with the hope of doing them good.

In the brief conversation which the Rev. Mr. Dorricourt held with his neighbour on his first visit, he discovered that he had been educated in the Romish creed. Not so Mrs. De Vere, who was evidently an Englishwoman; still the remarks she made on the subject of religion showed her to be in lamentable ignorance of the nature of gospel truth. These conclusions were confirmed when on the Sunday no member of the family appeared at public worship. The ill state of health from which Mrs. De Vere appeared to be a constant sufferer, gave Mrs. Dorricourt a ready plea for calling on her the very next morning, with all the kind inquiries and offers which a sincere desire to serve her could prompt. When she ventured to say that she was afraid she was very ill, as none of the family were out on the preceding day, that lady coldly remarked, that she seldom went beyond the walls of her garden any day, and never on Sundays.

"But your daughters, my dear madam," interposed Mrs. Dorricourt. She stopped for a moment to consider what would be the most judicious manner of expressing her hope that they were not shut out from the means of grace; but Mrs. De Vere prevented the conclusion of the remark by saying, "Mr. De Vere never suffers them to attend a Protestant place of worship." "Poor children!" sighed the rector, when his lady communicated to him what had passed. "But we must not give them up," he quickly added; "we will wait God's time; we must try to do them good."

The daughters spoken of were three interesting girls, apparently about ten, twelve, and fifteen years of age; and they, with an elderly woman, who seemed to be a confidential domestic, completed this singular family. These young ladies were sometimes, though not often, seen abroad, under the charge of this servant; but either from natural reserve and timidity, or because they had been instructed not to enter into conversation with the neighbours, they studiously shunned coming in contact with any one; and more especially did they seem to avoid Mr. and Mrs. Dorricourt. Without positive intrusion, therefore, it was almost impossible to accost them. There

was nothing repulsive in their demeanour. The eldest, more especially, had a countenance expressive of superior intelligence, combined with great gentleness. Not so, however, their conductress; her features were an union of rigid severity and settled gloom. The upper windows of the rectory overlooked the back-garden of the cottage, and also a little rustic summer-house which had been built by the last tenant. Mrs. Dorricourt, by this means, frequently caught sight of the mother and daughters. No idle curiosity induced her to make observations on their movements, but a feeling of deep interest. It was evident, from the faltering step and wasting form of Mrs. De Vere, that she was gradually declining. At first she moved about the garden, leaning for support on the arm of her eldest daughter; but after a while she only walked as far as the summer-house, and when there reclined on a cushion, whilst the children amused themselves with the cultivation of the flowers, or in trailing the tendrils of the creeping plants around the latticework, seemingly with the view of rendering her retreat more shady and cool. It was beautiful to observe the tenderness which these poor girls evinced towards their suffering parent. Each and all were on the alert, even to anticipate her wishes, and they never seemed really happy in their engagements unless she took an interest in them also. Mrs. Dorricourt often watched them till her eyes were overflowing with tears, and she felt an increased desire to renew the intercourse. By degrees Mrs. De Vere's visits to the summer-house grew less frequent, and at length they ceased altogether. It was but too obvious that the poor invalid had either taken to her bed, or was unable to be removed from the house. Mrs. Dorricourt now resolved to make another effort to see her. "If some one of our humble neighbours were in dying circumstances," she said to her husband, "and were, to the best of our belief, in ignorance of the truths of the gospel, we should hasten to impart the knowledge of salvation; and because this sick woman belongs to a higher rank, shall we leave her to perish, rather than break through some of the established rules of etiquette?"

"You are quite right, my love," was his reply; "go, and may the blessing of God attend you." In this instance, he thought his wife's visit more likely to be received than one from himself,—for

woman knows best how to reach the heart of woman.

The domestic we have mentioned before, in a very discourteous manner, gave the visitor a general reply, that her mistress was too ill to be seen by anybody. Nothing daunted, however, Mrs. Dorricourt, after expressing her deep concern, begged that she might see Miss De Vere for a few minutes. "The young ladies are all with their mamma, and they never leave her," was the abrupt reply.

"Surely one of them will leave her for a few moments, to see a neighbour who is greatly interested in them all? I fear," she added, "from what you tell me, and what I have myself seen of Mrs. De Vere's state of health, those dear girls will soon be motherless. Go and deliver my message, my good friend; I cannot, indeed, take a denial."

Thus urged, the woman sullenly invited Mrs. Dorricourt into the parlour, and carried up her message.

After the lapse of a few minutes, during which period Mrs. Dorricourt sat in a state of intense anxiety, the door reopened, and Louise De Vere entered. On meeting the kind and even affectionate smile of her guest, she, by a natural impulse, extended her hand; but, as if recollecting herself, she withdrew it as quickly, and substituted a polite but distant bow.

"Don't treat me as a stranger, I pray, my sweet young lady," cried Mrs. Dorricourt, drawing her gently to a seat by her side. "Don't treat me as a stranger," she repeated, "I desire to be a friend. Come, tell me all about your dear mamma. Is she so very ill?"

Louise could not speak, but burst into tears. "She is very ill, I fear; but perhaps not quite so bad as you imagine."

"Do you think she would see me? I might, perhaps, be of some service to her. I am used to attend the sick."

"You are very kind, madam," the poor girl now sobbed forth; "very, very kind, and I thank you; but—"

"But what, my dear young friend?"

Louise looked towards the door, and then towards the open window, with a half-terrified glance; then dropping her eyes again, she murmured, "Papa will not allow mamma to see any one."

"Indeed! Oh! perhaps he would make me an exception, if you were to ask him. I do so desire to be of some service to your mother, and to you too, my sweet child, and your dear sisters."

"You are very, very good," she returned; "but I dare not ask him."

"Well, I will not press it now," Mrs. Dorricourt said; "but perhaps he will let you see me for a few minutes about this time to-morrow. You will, I hope, be more composed then, and better able to tell me some particulars about your dear mamma's complaint; meanwhile, just put this little book into her hand, and tell her I send it as a small expression of my friendship and sympathy."

As Mrs. Dorricourt spoke, she drew from her reticule a richly-bound pocket Bible, and placed it in the hand of her young companion. "May God bless you, my child," she earnestly added, and affectionately kissing her wet cheek, she rose to depart. The attention of Louise was for a few moments engrossed by the beautiful exterior of the volume; but the words "Holy Bible," in gilt letters, next attracting her attention, she hurriedly thrust it back into Mrs. Dorricourt's hand. "Oh, is it a Bible!" she exclaimed; "then I dare not give it her. Papa will not allow a Bible in the house."

"I suppose your papa is a Romanist?" Mrs. Dorricourt now ventured to say.

"Yes."

"But your mamma is not of that religion?"

"No—yes; that is, she was not brought up to it. And—and—she does not exactly wish to see us following it."

"You mean yourself and your sisters?"

"Yes, madam; but perhaps I ought not to have told you this. She does not say so to papa; it would make him very angry."

"You need not be afraid to place perfect confidence in me, my love," said her visitor. "Will you answer me one question? I will ask no more at present. It is this, Is your mamma happy in the prospect of the solemn change which you seem to apprehend?"

"No, no! madam, she is not; she is very unhappy."

"Then take her this book, without hesitation. It is the only thing that can make her happy in the prospect of death, and it is also the only thing that can make you happy, my dear child, for life."

Louise, without speaking again, took the volume; and her visitor now hastened away.

Mrs. Dorricourt was true to her appointment the next day; but, to her great



grief, she was refused admittance altogether. The churlish domestic, who seemed to have drunk of her master's spirit, rudely told her that she had Mr. De Vere's strict commands not to suffer any one to see either his lady or his daughters.

Though thus shut out from any further intercourse with the family, the rector and his wife did not give up all hope of doing them good. There is one mode of benefitting those we desire to serve, of which they cannot deprive us, however unwilling they may be to profit by it, and that is offering prayer on their behalf. This they did; and strong faith led them to anticipate an answer, notwithstanding the present discouraging aspect of affairs.

Mrs. Dorricourt continued to make daily inquiries after the invalid; and churlish as the woman was, she could not refuse a reply. Sometimes she heard that Mrs. De Vere had revived a little; then again she was told that her end was hourly expected. The autumn and winter, however passed away, and she still lived on. The spring came—that season so often fatal to the consumptive—and whilst it produced animation and vigour in the material world, it called many frail mortals to their last resting-place; and amongst them, in the meridian of her days, the declining invalid for whom so much interest had been excited.

On hearing of the mournful event, Mrs. Dorricourt immediately made a fresh tender of her services, thinking they could scarcely be repulsed at a time when the poor motherless girls stood so much in need of a friend. But she was mistaken. Mr. De Vere sent a message in reply, which admitted of no evasion. It was too obvious that he was determined upon shutting his children out from all sympathy, lest they should become infected with what he deemed the detestable heresy of Protestantism.

The remains of Mrs. De Vere were carried to a town some miles distant, where there was a small Romish chapel and burying-ground. Mr. De Vere took his daughters with him, not only that they might witness the ceremony, but that they might be provided with mourning. It was the first time for several months that they had been beyond the precincts of their melancholy home; and when they returned, clad in their sable garments, it was but to be shut up in the same seclusion. There were times when

their father left them; for during the shooting-season he went out every day with his dog and gun. At other times he wandered in solitude in some of the adjacent woods,—for he always avoided the village, or those parts of the country where the mansions of the gentry were situated; but he never failed to leave the young recluses under the vigilant eye of his servant, who was evidently a believer in the creed of her master.

At these periods Mrs. Dorricourt remarked, from her post of observation, that the three girls almost invariably assembled in the summer-house. She at first thought that it might be to weep freely together, and talk of their departed parent, with whom the spot was necessarily associated; but further notice of their movements led her to come to a different conclusion. There was an air of mystery in their gestures as they entered the retreat; and whilst they remained there a constant look-out was obviously kept, for ever and anon the face of one of the younger ones was seen to peer between the clustering clematis and jessamine. On one occasion Mrs. Dorricourt caught sight of a book, the gilt edges of which, unknown to the bearer, appeared from beneath a shawl she had thrown over her shoulders.

"Surely," she exclaimed, "these dear children are secretly reading the Bible I gave to Louise!"

The encouraging thought that God was silently effecting the very end they were so desirous of accomplishing, and thus answering their prayers, made both Mr. and Mrs. Dorricourt willing to await a further opening in Providence for benefitting this interesting trio; nay, their sympathies extended to all,—for the father and the servant had souls as precious as were those of the comparatively innocent children; and the Spirit of God can soften and subdue the fierce and savage lion as easily as the gentle lamb. An opening was shortly made in an altogether unexpected manner; but this we must reserve for a future number. S.

#### LAST MOMENTS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

ABOUT noon, on the 25th of August, 1850, his physician found that a sharp fever had supervened, and with great tact discovered at once that the fatal hour was at hand. After a short deliberation he resolved to communicate the intelli-

gence to his patient, which he did in presence of the queen. The king received the announcement with, for a moment, something of incredulous surprise and regret, but quickly recovered his *sang-froid*, and accepted his destiny with the calmness and resolution which had characterised his whole life. He remained alone with the queen for some time; no one can tell what passed between that royal couple, than which, perhaps, there never existed one in any rank of life so long, so uninterruptedly, and so entirely happy in each other—bound together by so many domestic ties—by the participation of such exalted fortunes, and by the dearer trials of such reverses and vicissitudes. When, at last, one of the king's confidential attendants was permitted to enter the room, he saw the aged couple—the king sitting in his usual chair, and the queen standing opposite to him—motionless and tearless, with eyes fixed on each other, like statues. Not a word was spoken till the king, with a firm yet interrupted voice, said to him, "You have heard, I suppose, my friend, what has taken place. I have received my dismissal. I must depart.—We must separate. God, it appears, has called me to himself." This he repeated with an increasing tenderness of voice two or three times. He then recollected that about four months before he had written some notes relative (we believe) to his return to France in 1814, and he said that he had stopped in the middle of an anecdote which he wished to have finished. He asked for the bunch of keys he always wore, and told general Dumas, who was now at his bedside, to go to such a cabinet where he should find the paper. The general seemed not to know which key to use, upon which the king said with a smile, "I could never teach you to distinguish my keys;" and taking the bunch with a trembling hand that did not answer to the energy of the mind, he took off the key, and gave the general exact directions as to the shape and place of the paper. When the paper was brought, the king said, "My hand is already too cold to write, but I will dictate to you." The general sat down at the bedside and began to write; and then followed two small incidents which showed the perfect, the minute possession of his faculties, even in this supreme moment. Without looking at the paper, or asking what was the last word he had written,

now four months since, he went on with his narrative with the very next word that the sense required; and when he saw the general writing, as he thought, on his own original paper, he said, "You are not writing on my manuscript, I hope?" but the general showed him that it was a loose sheet which he had only placed on the manuscript to enable him to hold it more steadily. We have gathered that the anecdote itself was of no great importance, and was one which he had often told; but in the manuscript it had broken off in the middle of a sentence, and as it completed a chapter of his memoirs, he did not choose to leave it imperfect. When this affair, which occupied but a short time, was over, he dictated to the queen a kind of codicil to his will, to leave testimony of his affectionate remembrance of the services of some of the oldest and most faithful of his friends, followers, and servants. He then announced his desire to receive the sacraments of the church, caused his chaplain, the abbé Guelle, to be summoned, and desired that all his children and grandchildren, then at Claremont, with his and their attendants, and, in short, the whole household, should be assembled to witness these last acts; and in their presence "he discharged," says the official announcement of the event, "all the duties of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical firmness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness." The queen and all their children remained for a long time kneeling, weeping, and praying around the bed, the king appearing perfectly sensible and tranquil, and recognising with a look of affection every eye that occasionally was raised to him. The fever increased in the night, but did not in the slightest degree affect his mental composure; nay, he seemed at one moment to feel so much better as to give a gleam of hope, which he accepted with alacrity. About four o'clock in the morning of the 26th, he called his physician, and said, "I think, doctor, I am really getting well; you must have been mistaken. I am not going to die just yet." The doctor's answer was only to feel his pulse, and to shake his head; but the king replied with some vivacity, "Ah, my dear doctor, that is not a fair trial; I have been coughing, and that excites the pulse;" so clear was his mind, and so tenacious of hope. These were nearly the last words

he spoke; but even after he ceased to speak, his eye distinguished benignantly the persons around. At length he closed his eyes, and after half an hour of sighs, but with no apparent pain, he expired, at eight A.M., still surrounded by his family and friends.—*Quarterly Review.*

#### THE DREAMER.

RICHARD HAZEMAN was a surgeon's assistant in a considerable commercial English town, and might have sustained a reputable position in society, had he been of settled and sober habits. But he had contracted early in life a fatal habit of expense beyond his ordinary means, and he indulged a still more hopeless folly of relying upon dreams, which always assured him of prodigious riches, to be somehow enjoyed by him at one time or other of his life. But, besides his dreams concerning money, he was in the constant practice of relating his nightly visions of all sorts to his companions and friends, so much so that he became known amongst them as "Dick the Dreamer," and afforded them no slight amusement by the extravagant vagaries of his sleeping fancy.

One morning, however, Hazeman disappeared from his residence, leaving a wife and child behind him, and without affording the slightest clue whereby he might be traced. For some time it was supposed that fear of arrest for debt might have caused his flight, and that after a short period he would either return or secretly send for his wife to follow him. But weeks, and months, and years passed away, and no tidings were received of Richard Hazeman. His last-related dream had been of vast riches to be amassed by him in some foreign clime, and the only probable supposition that could be formed concerning his movements was, that he had actually gone abroad somewhere in obedience to the delusive vision. This was, indeed, the fact; but only a comparison of dates, and character, and circumstances, disclosed many years afterwards his identity with a remarkable dreamer in the New World, who, under a borrowed name, was no other than the fugitive Richard Hazeman.

It was at that period when the Spanish power in the South American continent began to be broken up, and various infant republics were starting into exist-

ence, that an armed vessel, with English volunteers on board, in aid of some of the adventurous chieftains who were then taking a lead in South America, was overtaken by a Spanish man-of-war of superior force. On board this vessel, amongst several English and Irish adventurers, was an assistant-surgeon, calling himself Richard Hamilton, but known amongst his companions as "the Dreamer," from his inveterate propensity. On that very morning, before the Spanish man-of-war hove in sight, he had related a dream that they were overtaken by an armed vessel of superior force, and that all the crew were destroyed except himself, while he alone escaped. His comrades, who placed no great faith in the dreams, with which they amused themselves at his expense, began, however, to be somewhat shaken when they really perceived the approaching danger. To make any fight, with their inferior forces, was out of the question; and the Spanish man-of-war soon showed herself to be a superior sailer, so that there was nothing left them but to betake themselves to their boats and make for the nearest land. This they accordingly did, and it was with some surprise to many, and with dismay and fear to a few, that, after having escaped from their vessel, which they abandoned to its fate, and from out of the reach of the enemy, they found that one of the company was missing, and that one "the Dreamer!" In circumstances like theirs, however, there was no time to reflect much, even upon such a striking occurrence. After a short time, they fell in with an armed vessel of their own side, of superior force to the Spaniards who had compelled them to fly from their ship.

The commander of it, in hopes of recapturing their own ship at all events, and possibly making a prize of the enemy, gave chase to their antagonist. The result was a reversal of their former fortune. The Spaniards, on perceiving the strength of their new opponent, abandoned their prize; and, making away with all sail they could carry, were soon out of reach. Restored thus unexpectedly and speedily to their good ship, the case of their dreaming comrade quickly recurred to their minds; but not seeing him, they concluded that he had been carried away a prisoner-of-war by the Spaniards, and as his person (he being an Englishman) would be safe, they amused

themselves by laughing at this odd reversal of his dream. But their mirth was speedily turned into awe-stricken amazement and horror, when, on rummaging in the hold, they found under a tallow-cask, pierced through with a dozen spears, the dead body of the unfortunate dreamer, who had been taken in his own snare. As no light was ever shed upon this terrible catastrophe, it could only be imagined that, beguiled by his delusive dream, he had remained on board, expecting his comrades to perish, and had hidden himself under the tallow-cask. There probably being discovered by the enemy, who feared some intended treachery, they had at once despatched him.

If this misguided man had lived according to the rule of reason in things natural, and if he had learned by faith in God's word, he might have escaped this lamentable and horrible end to which he was conducted by a vain confidence in lying vanities. He was a fool even for time. Reader, are you wise for eternity? Many a deluded soul goes on dreaming of heavenly riches on no better grounds than this unhappy visionary dreamed of possessing the gold of Mexico and Peru. Many a deluded soul goes on dreaming of safety when the gates of hell are opening to receive their prey. How then is it with you? Are you trusting in some deceitful hope which has no countenance from the Scriptures of truth, or are you living and walking by faith in the Son of God?

#### METALS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### TIN.

"Tarshish was thy merchant; ..... with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs."—*Ezek. xxvii. 12.*

TIN (Hebrew, *bedil*) is one of the six metals earliest known. Moses relates it among the spoils taken from the Midianites, Numb. xxxi. 22. The merchants of Tyre received it from Tarshish, which some suppose may be Tartessus in Spain, where the Phenicians traded. It is generally considered that the Phenicians obtained tin from Britain; and it is known that they had it from Cornwall more than two thousand years ago. "The metal obtained from Malacca, especially from the small island of Banca, is superior in purity to English tin. Tin is also found at other places in the east, as well as in America, Spain, France, Saxony, etc.

"Its ores generally occur in rocks of granite, etc., in veins or fissures, called *lodes*, in Cornwall; or in horizontal beds, called *floors*; or else scattered loosely among gravel and sand, which has been washed down from the hills by mountain streams, as gold is found in tropical climates."\* Tin ore is sometimes found in the form of stones. The ore is first broken with a hammer, then pounded in a mill; washed, then melted and run into moulds ready for sale.

The colour of tin resembles silver, but is not so white, and has a greyish tinge. It is more weighty and harder, and has a brighter surface than lead. It easily bends, and in so doing makes a crackling noise. It may be beaten into leaves the thousandth part of an inch thick, which is called *tin-foil*.

Tin is used for various purposes. Sheets of iron, dipped in melted tin, become coated with it, and are thus preserved from rusting. This is generally called sheet tin, or sheet-iron tin, and is used in making many common vessels. With mercury it forms a composition which is put on the backs of looking-glasses, and on which their reflection depends; with lead, it makes common solder. It is also one of the ingredients of bell-metal, pewter, bronze, etc., and has many other uses.† The dishes of the Arab chiefs are frequently of copper neatly tinned. Mr. Harmer supposes that the lordly dish in which Jael, the wife of Heber, presented the buttermilk to Sisera, was of this sort.

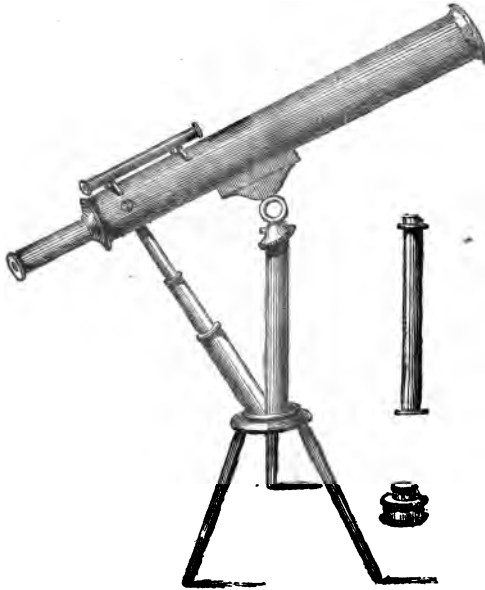
"Silver, of all the metals, suffers most from an admixture of tin; a very small quantity serving to make that metal as brittle as glass, and, what is worse, being with difficulty separated from it again. The very vapour of tin has the same effect as the metal itself on silver, gold, and copper, rendering them brittle."‡ The ingots of silver are laid on the furnace and heated; when well heated, the workman takes his chisel, and with sledge hammer strikes it in two: if there be tin with it, it flies into shivers. These are collected, and put into the refining pot; and, with difficulty and great heat, the tin is separated from the silver. To this process there is an allusion in the promise and threatening of Jehovah towards his rebellious people, Isa. i. 25—"I will turn my hand upon thee, and purge away thy dross, and remove all thy tin."

H. H.

\* "Minerals and Metals."

† "Bible Nat. Hist."

‡ "Dictionary of Arts."



The Achromatic Telescope.

## THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

It is difficult to determine to whom we are indebted for the telescope, and what is the precise date of its invention. No discoveries have been handed down to us, which would lead to the conclusion that it was known to the ancients. Before the end of the thirteenth century, glass lenses were used to assist the eye in obtaining distinctness of vision. There can be no doubt, also, that the celebrated Roger Bacon, who died in 1292, was aware that lenses might be so arranged, as to magnify the appearance of objects seen through them; but there are good reasons for believing, that his knowledge was derived only from reflection, and that he never carried his theory into practice. Whatever were the ideas, or the experiments of the learned, the telescope was not much known before the beginning of the seventeenth century. If, as some have supposed, its existence may be traced back to a much earlier period, its importance was not discovered until an accidental circumstance brought its wonderful power into public notice. The children of a spectacle-maker, residing at Middleburgh, in Holland,

were playing in their father's workshop, and observed, that when they held between their fingers two spectacle glasses, at some distance one before another, and looked through them at the weathercock of the church, it seemed inverted, but very near to them, and greatly increased in size. Having called the attention of their father to this strange sight, he adjusted two glasses on a board, supporting them on two brass circles, the distance of which from each other might be increased or diminished at pleasure. Many persons visited his workshop to see his experiments, which afforded amusement and awakened curiosity. To this incident we may probably attribute the expression of Huygens, an astronomer of the seventeenth century, who described the telescope as a "casual invention."

For some time the contrivance of the Middleburgh optician remained unimproved, and was applied to no valuable purpose. At length, about the year 1609, two workmen of the same city, by giving to his discovery a new form, made all the honour of it their own. These men, whose names were Zachariah Jans, or Jansen, and Hans Lapprey, or Lipperseim, are said to have been spectacle-

makers. One of them placed the glasses in a tube, the inside of which he blackened, to prevent the glare, which would be occasioned by the reflection of light from a bright surface, and which would produce indistinctness of vision. The other placed the glasses in tubes, sliding one within another, to make the instrument portable by diminishing its length. When Jansen had completed his telescope, he presented it to prince Maurice of Nassau. The United Provinces were then at war with France, and the prince, perceiving the advantage which he might obtain in the field over the enemy by means of this gift, desired that its invention should be kept a profound secret. But the time had now arrived when the telescope was to be employed for nobler purposes than those of war, and, as the medium of most astonishing discoveries, to justify what soon afterwards was said of it, that the wit and industry of man had produced nothing so worthy of his faculties.\*

Before the time of Galileo, who was born at Pisa in 1564, the observations which had been made in the heavens were few and imperfect. He has been frequently supposed to be the inventor of the telescope, because he was the first who successfully applied it to astronomy. In the following passage, translated from a small work, written in Latin, which he published in 1610, under the title of "*Sidereus Nuncius*," he confutes this notion, and shows what prompted his first efforts to make such an instrument. "Nearly ten months ago, it was reported that a certain Dutchman had made a perspective, through which many distant objects appeared as distinct as if they were near. Several experiments were reported of this wonderful effect which some believed, and others denied; but, having had it confirmed to me a few days after, by a letter from Paris, I applied myself to consider the reason of it, and by what means I might contrive a like instrument, which I attained to soon after by the doctrine of refractions. And, first, I prepared a leaden tube, in whose extremities I fitted two spectacle glasses, both of them plain on one side, and on the other side, one of them spherically convex, and the other concave. Then, applying my eye to the concave, I saw objects appear pretty large, and pretty near me; they appeared three times nearer, and nine times larger in surface,

\* Huygens.

than to the naked eye. And soon after I made another, which represented objects above sixty times larger; and at last, having spared neither labour nor expense, I made an instrument so excellent as to show things almost a thousand times larger, and about thirty times nearer, than to the naked eye."

Intelligence of the discoveries of Galileo rapidly spread throughout Italy and other European countries. His book, already mentioned, entitled "*Sidereus Nuncius*," produced an extraordinary sensation among the learned. His statements were opposed to the philosophy of Aristotle, and that was a sufficient reason with many for their rejection. Some endeavoured to reason against his facts, but others satisfied themselves with asserting that such things were not, and could not possibly be. The principal professor of philosophy at Padua, lest he should be convinced of their reality, refused to look through the glass of Galileo. Martin Horky, another of his opponents, is reported to have said to Kepler,\* "I will never concede his four new planets to that Italian from Padua, though I should die for it;" and in a book which he published he solemnly declared, that he did not more surely know that he had a soul in his body, than that reflected rays were the entire cause of Galileo's errors. Sizzi, a Florentine astronomer, reasoned in this way:—"There are seven windows given to animals in the domicile of the head, through which the air is admitted to the rest of the tabernacle of the body, to enlighten, warm, and nourish it; two nostrils, two eyes, two ears, and a mouth; so in the heavens, or the great world, there are two favourable stars, two unpropitious, two luminaries, and Mercury alone undecided and indifferent. From which, and many other similar phenomena in nature, such as the seven metals, we gather that the number of the planets is necessarily seven. Moreover, the satellites are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can exert no influence over the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist." An agreeable contrast to this senseless bigotry is presented in the conduct of the senators of Venice, who were eminent for their learning and patriotism. They invited Galileo to their

\* An able mathematician and astronomer. He was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, in 1571, and died in 1630. Between him and Galileo the warmest friendship subsisted.

city, to make a trial of his new instrument in their presence. Having complied with their invitation, one fine night, neither cold nor cloudy, he erected his telescope on the top of the tower of St. Mark. Jupiter was shining brightly on the meridian, the moon was displaying its silver horns towards the west in the form of a crescent, and Venus was in full splendour in the same direction. The senators gathered round the astronomer. Jupiter, with its three satellites, the fourth being eclipsed by the body of the planet; Venus, at its furthest distance from the sun, not a completely illumined sphere, but one half obscured; and the crescent of the moon, with its internal mountainous-looking border, passed in succession under their review. The senators acknowledged the truth of Galileo's discoveries, and alternately poured upon him their compliments, and pressed him with their inquiries. When he had answered all their questions, he delivered a long lecture to his distinguished auditors on the true system of the universe. He showed that the ancient system of Ptolemy could not be reconciled with the motions of the heavenly bodies, and that the changes of day and night, the revolutions of the seasons, the precession of the equinoxes, and other phenomena, could only be explained on the theory of Copernicus. That night was fatal to the system of the ancient schools. The admirable discourse of Galileo carried conviction to every mind. The Venetian nobles acknowledged the perfect agreement of all they had seen with the Copernican system.\* From this time it began to obtain credit throughout Europe, and the improvement of the telescope became important to all who appreciated these early fruits of its invention.—“*The Telescope and Microscope*,” by Dr. Dick. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

## THE STEWARDSHIP OF WEALTH.

NO. II.—JOHN THORNTON.

THE close of the last and the commencement of the present century beheld a long list of illustrious men, who reached the highest eminence in every

\* Copernicus was born towards the close of the fifteenth century, at Thorn, in Prussia. In his system he made the sun the centre, about which the planets revolve at different distances, and with different degrees of velocity. Above the planets he placed the starry heavens, which are boundless and immeasurable.

path of distinction. Among them was John Thornton, of Clapham, a merchant who was distinguished by a munificence more than princely, and with whom, we are told, “the desire to relieve distress assumed the form of a master passion.” Early converted to God, and led to take a deep view of his own unworthiness, he passed through a long course of splendid usefulness, consecrating the profits of a successful business to the service of Christ. He was a member of the established church of England, but his love to Christ and His cause was far greater than his partiality for any particular section of the Christian community. So that the glory of the Saviour could be promoted, he never asked the question whether it was to be done by churchman or dissenter; his heart, his purse, his influence were open to all. His only question seemed to be—“Can the miseries of man be in any way mitigated?” His manner of relieving distress was princely. So munificent, indeed, was his bounty, that many who received it felt it their duty to inquire whether the sum sent to them was by intention or mistake. To this it may be added, that his manner of conveying his gifts was as delicate as the measure of them was large. But the noblest exertions of his beneficence were those which were designed to bear upon the spiritual necessities of man. With this object in view, he cast his eyes upon the condition of the church with which he was in communion, and rightly judged that, to aid in introducing enlightened, earnest, and faithful men into its ministry, was one of the most effective means of extending the cause of truth throughout the land. He therefore greatly assisted young men of piety and talents through the course of academic and ministerial training, and then purchased advowsons and presentations to livings, to place such men in situations of usefulness. Among the men thus assisted by him was John Newton, first curate of Olney, and afterwards rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, opposite the Mansion-house of London. Soon after Mr. Newton's conversion, he published a narrative of that remarkable instance of “Almighty Grace.” A copy of it was sent to John Thornton, who replied by forwarding him a 50*l.* note. Some months after, he embraced the opportunity of visiting Olney. A lengthened interview served to strengthen the bond of union between these two singularly excellent

men. When they parted, Mr. Thornton said—"Be hospitable, and keep an open house for such as are worthy of entertainment;—help the poor and needy. I will stately allow you 200*l.* a year, and readily send you whatever you have occasion to draw for more." During his residence at Olney Mr. Newton received upwards of 3,000*l.* in this way from the resources of his generous benefactor.

We have said that so long as Christ could be glorified, he was indifferent to which section of the church his aid was extended. In illustration of this we may mention that he was chiefly instrumental in establishing, and for a long time almost wholly supported, the dissenting academy at Newport Pagnel, which was placed by him under the care of the Rev. T. Bull. The enlargement also, and building of churches in the establishment, and of chapels among the dissenters, where the gospel was simply and faithfully proclaimed, engaged his support and drew largely from his funds. The Rev. J. Newton above mentioned, and the Rev. J. Clayton, the then occupant of the pulpit of the Weigh-house Chapel, were his most frequent agents and almoners in these labours of self-denying love. He was never, in short, known to turn a deaf ear to the cry of distress or the claims of spiritual misery and destitution. His ships, freighted with merchandize to every port of the world, were stored also with Bibles, prayer-books, and tracts for free distribution. Large editions of useful works were printed by him at his sole expense for this purpose. Often, while engaged with the captains of his vessels, in commending to their care the precious cargo, or receiving from them an account of a successful voyage, the applicants for his bounty would be waiting his leisure to solicit his assistance. These were not less welcome to take away his wealth than the others to increase it. On one occasion a clergyman, to whom Mr. Thornton had promised some assistance to a cause in which he was deeply interested, called at his counting-house to receive the promised contribution. He sent in his name. While waiting, however, in the outer room, he was informed that Mr. Thornton had that morning received intimation of a serious failure, involving the loss of no less a sum than 20,000*l.* The clergyman regretted what he could not but believe was an ill-timed visit. In due time he was introduced. He informed Mr. Thornton of his busi-

ness, but apologized by saying that, had he known of the loss he had sustained, he would not have called. Mr. Thornton took him by the hand:—"My dear sir, the wealth I have is not mine, but the Lord's. It may be that He is going to take it out of my hands, and give it to another. It is a reason why I should make a good use of what is left." He then *doubled the subscription* he had promised, and sent his applicant away wondering at such a marvellous instance of Divine grace.

There was scarcely a public or private charity of his day to which he was not a contributor. "The Lord gave him largeness of heart even as the sand of the seashore." He differed as much from men of ordinary liberality as they do from the parsimonious and mean. His generosity, indeed, frequently met with hindrances from imposture and ingratitude, which made him watchful and discriminating—but it flowed on notwithstanding. Like the deep waters, it was smooth, but overwhelming—carrying with it a blessing to thousands.

Temperate in all things, though mean in nothing, he spent little upon himself that he might give the more to others.

He inscribed upon his merchandize—"Holiness unto the Lord;" and God eminently blessed and prospered his business. Although occasional losses diminished his store, these were but the temporary obstructions which made the stream flow faster. Everything that he did prospered. Nor did his zeal languish. In daily communion with his God, and accounting himself but the steward and almoner of him who had first made him his own and then bestowed the gift, his peace was abundant. His cheerful mind viewed all things in the aspect of a Saviour's love.

He was, indeed, familiar with the joy of the widow, the fatherless, and those who were ready to perish. Many of his works went before him, and many follow after him. Not the least is his *example*, which speaks so powerfully to the believer, whatever may be his share of this world's wealth—Follow me even as I also followed Christ. B.

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#### ENTERTAINING FACTS ABOUT THE TOAD AND THE SPIDER.

THE fate of animals often resembles that of men: some enjoy an undeservedly



high reputation, while others are depreciated far below their real value.

Amongst the most common victims of popular prejudice, may be mentioned the toad. The very name of the creature conjures up images of deformity and venom, which are unjustly ascribed to it. It would be useless to deny that the poor animal is ugly; but then we cannot admit that mere ugliness necessarily precludes either man or beast from possessing a host of virtues. Indeed, many striking examples of the contrary might be adduced; and in the instance before us, the toad can boast a number of domestic qualities which ought to place him in public estimation very far above the dove, who, we may remark in passing, usually spends a considerable portion of her time in fighting with her husband.

When the toad has chosen his mate, he not only attaches himself to her with exemplary fidelity, but he protects her from every danger, sometimes at the cost of his own life. When the female is attacked, the male meets the aggressor, dares him to the combat, inflates his body in token of defiance, and tries to irritate him, in order to leave his spouse time to escape. He brings her food, and allows her to eat the largest and most dainty portion, watching her with the utmost tenderness.

This "model husband" shows an equal degree of solicitude for the welfare of his children: he takes the eggs between his fore feet, and arranges them along the female's upper hind legs, where they remain attached until the period of hatching. At this time the mother seeks some pool or stream, and deposits her young ones there, where they undergo the successive transformations peculiar to the *Batrachians*. Then the double mission of the father and mother is fulfilled.

The toad is a very sociable animal, and readily becomes the friend and companion of man: it sometimes takes up its abode in our dwelling-houses. Pennant tells of one which installed itself under a staircase, and which, every evening, as soon as the candles were lighted, entered the sitting-room. He allowed himself to be taken up and placed on the table, where his hosts gave him worms, flies, and wood-lice. He used to take these insects, delicately inflating himself to testify his satisfaction, and knew very well how to signify his desire of being put on the table whenever his friends pretended not to notice him. This toad lived thirty-

six years, and then died from the effects of an accident.

Another of God's creatures, smaller than the toad, and not less despised, is the spider; and yet she was not unnoticed by "the wisdom of Solomon." He classes the spider which "taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces," amongst the "four things which are little upon earth, but they are exceeding wise." In our day, the study of this insect's habits offers one of the most curious and interesting branches of natural history.

One day, a spider fell by accident into a large glass vase, which had lain for a long time forgotten in a library. It was a large domestic spider, with a large oval abdomen, and its blackish back was marked with two longitudinal lines of yellow spots. The animal, caught in the transparent snare, began to run round the bottom of its prison with all the rapidity of its eight feet. When it ascertained that no mode of egress was to be thus found, it tried to climb the clear, slippery walls of its cage; but its sharp, crooked claws, greatly resembling those of lions and tigers, slid on the smooth crystal; and, after spending a quarter of an hour in a useless struggle, the spider fell back, fatigued and discouraged, into the middle of the vase. The owner of the library, feeling curious to ascertain how the matter would end, removed the vase and its tenant to a shady corner, where he could watch the latter without disturbing her. She remained immovable, coiled up, and to all appearance dead until nightfall. Then the observer, who was reclining in his arm-chair, heard a gentle rustling noise proceeding from the vase. He approached it with a light, and instantly the spider resumed the appearance of death. He therefore deferred watching his prisoner until the following morning. When he visited her then, he found the bottom of the vase and the sides all around to the height of an inch, variegated with myriads of small, rough, white spots, placed at almost geometrical distances. The spider was reposing in the centre. On the following day silver threads were drawn from the white points, and formed the warp of the web: on the third morning the web was interlaced, and the delicate fabric, strengthened at regular spaces by additional threads, covered the whole bottom of the vase.

After all her toil, the poor spider herself was still without a lodging. She had

a carpet on which she could walk in comfort, and a hunting-net spread out, but she still wanted an apartment for retirement and a bed for repose. With great difficulty and patience, she succeeded in affixing to four or five threads placed above her web about thirty of the little white spots which I have already mentioned. These formed the ridge of a roof sloping towards the web, and which was interlaced with such a multitude of fine silky threads, that it at length became a retreat impervious to the eye, and even to moisture. Some drops of water thrown on it rolled harmlessly off, and fell like wandering pearls on the horizontal web, whence they gradually evaporated. The spider had drawn threads to the length, according to calculation, of two thousand feet, from six little orifices in the abdomen, which secreted a greyish liquid, transformed instantaneously by contact with the air into silken threads, pliant, and of marvellous solidity, especially when we consider their extreme tenuity. A spider's line, if not broken by a jerk, will sustain a weight of one-twelfth of an ounce!

As soon as her establishment was finished, our friend spent her days and nights near the mouth of her den, watching with unexampled patience for the arrival of some chance prey. All in vain! Flies were still scarce, and, besides, there was nothing within the vase to attract them. Two months passed thus, and the poor prisoner grew extremely thin. At length one day, touched with compassion, the observer caught a fly, and threw it on the web, where it struggled violently. Then the famished spider hastened towards it, seized it adroitly with her eight paws, choked it between her powerful crooked jaws, and retired with it into her den. An hour afterwards she came out, carrying the relics of the fly, which she threw into the remotest corner of her web, and covered them over with a tissue veil, so as to conceal this miniature charnel-house from sight.

Every day, at the same hour, the master of the library threw a fly into the vase, and the spider repeated her former manœuvres, with this difference, that she soon ceased to show any symptom of alarm when the hand of her feeder approached her.

After some time, instead of waiting until he had withdrawn, she used to dart instantly on her prey, and eat it on the spot, without caring to retreat into her

den. Curious to ascertain how far this familiarity would extend, he held a fly by the wing, and offered it to the spider. On the first occasion, she retreated terrified, and hid herself in her nest; but the next day, being pressed by hunger, she seized the fly from betwixt her purveyor's fingers, and carried it off. After ten similar experiments, she became so tame that she fearlessly sucked the fly while still held by its captor.

At length, when her master offered his finger, she used to creep on it, and thus leave the vase. She would run up his arm and across his breast, and take a fly from his other hand, which he used to extend as far off as possible.

The naturalist became very fond of his guest, and in order to try further experiments, he one day caught a fine male spider, and placed him carefully on the edge of the web. Presently the lady of the land came out of her mansion, and advanced towards him: he also came forward, when suddenly he paused with manifest tokens of fear. The cruel dame rushed on him like a lioness on her prey, caught him, strangled him, and finished by devouring him!

Her master, curious to ascertain whether this piece of barbarity was the result of particular aversion to this ill-fated male, threw a second into the vase. Alas! he shared the fate of his predecessor; and during a month this feminine cannibal lived on the bodies of her destined mates. At the end of that time, she grew tired of eating spiders, but not of killing them, and returned to her natural fly diet with evident pleasure.

No feeling of remorse seemed to trouble the enjoyment of this ruthless murderess; but the hour of retribution arrived.

One fine summer morning, the library window being left open, a swallow flew into the room, hovered over the vase, saw the spider, and, with one vigorous dash of his beak, left the naturalist to lament the loss of his interesting pet and companion. Justice compels us to add, however, that his experiments savoured too much of cruelty.

H.

MR. BICKERSTETH IN HIS FAMILY; OR,  
THE CHRISTIAN AT HOME.

RELIGION was never exhibited to them as a system of arbitrary restraint, or as contracting for them a wider circle of pleasures, in which the children of worldly

parents would be permitted to engage. They were taught to regard it as a system of privilege, a constant fountain of domestic joy, and mutual love. Their father carefully excluded them, it is true, from worldly society. Novels were practically prohibited; and vain and idle words in songs, even when they might happen to intrude in music lessons, met his instant and decided disapprobation. He objected to dancing, and the ball-room was, of course, entirely prohibited. But the home circle was so happy—life was so rich with varied interest—that his children were little tempted to desire amusements, of which they felt no need, and which were habitually associated in their minds with the ideas of unhealthy dissipation, waste of time, and extreme spiritual danger. When they heard other Christian parents speak of the difficulty they found in restraining their children from worldly pleasures, they learned how great was their debt to the wise and tender love of their own father, which had left them no excuse for craving those dangerous amusements by providing them with a rich variety of home enjoyments. He spared no expense in their education, provided them lessons in music and drawing from the best masters, supplied them liberally with books, and encouraged them in their own voluntary studies. He allowed his children, as, indeed, he pursued himself, a wide range of reading. His large library was well stored, not only with a very great number of theological writings, in which it was rivalled by few private collections, but with works of history, science, and general literature. He cared little for works of imagination; but whenever there was nothing plainly objectionable in their tendency, he rejoiced to procure them for his children. There was a free liberality in all his gifts, which made them doubly welcome.

Filial piety had eminently marked his early days; and God gave him, as in recompense, a large share of parental wisdom, and an unusual measure of domestic happiness. His authority, it is true, was so gentle, that the father seemed almost merged in the companion, but his will was ever felt to be a spontaneous law to the whole household. When his children, by the blessing of God, had learned to prize the truth, which was so powerfully commended to them by his daily instructions and example, this discipline of love produced its natural effects on

their minds. It became their highest pleasure to help on his work—"the Master's work," as he loved to call it. This was his own great object, which carried him cheerfully through every little sacrifice: "I don't much like leaving home," he would often say before a journey, "but it is for the Master." "You are overworking yourself," was the not unusual remonstrance of Mrs. Bickersteth, or of his children. "It is all the Master's work, my love," would be his reply. In this blessed work he delighted to have his children for helpers and companions. They were early accustomed to take part in the Sunday-school, and to visit the cottages of the poor. When they grew older, he delighted to employ them in the village, and used playfully to call them his curates. "I am going into the village, can I do anything for you, papa?" was a frequent inquiry. "Yes, my love, all the good thou canst," would be his answer whenever there was no special commission. If any good was done, they were cheered by his full and ready sympathy; if any perplexities arose in their part of the parish work, his wise counsel was always at hand. At home he found them frequent employment in copying important letters, translating passages for quotation, preparing indexes, and other tasks of a similar kind. Much of the work thus provided for them was very interesting in itself; and the rest, which might have been rather irksome in its own nature, was so gratefully acknowledged that the little self-denial was found in the result to yield them one of the purest and deepest pleasures. At such times it was their privilege to sit with him in his quiet study—to watch his busy progress—to hear the ejaculation often gently breathed for Divine help, as matters of weighty importance came before him; and to feel that, by taking some of the more mechanical part of his work, they were helping to redeem his precious time for more abundant labours in the cause of Christ. He contrived to find some use for almost everything they might have learned in the school-room in connexion with his own work, so that, although he took very little part in the direct superintendence of their studies, all was instinctively connected with him in their thoughts, and seemed to draw them closer and closer to him.

For many years of his life, Mr. Bickersteth was a very early riser, and two or

three of his most popular works were composed in these morning hours, before the business of a laborious day began. At Watton, latterly, he rose between six and seven, and then took a cold bath, which he found very beneficial to his health; and in winter he would often break the ice with his own hands in severe weather rather than omit the practice.

After a short time spent in private in his study, he retired to a quiet walk in a field above the rectory, where he used to continue his morning devotions. Not far from one end of his private walk there were two or three cottages, and unknown to himself, his voice was sometimes overheard by the simple cottagers as he poured out his earnest supplications before God. He was accustomed for years to meet his children a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and hear them repeat a few verses of Scripture. When they grew older, he encouraged them to learn larger portions of it, and to repeat them to him. The book of Revelation, and several of the epistles, were thus committed to memory. He had a great desire to read the Old Testament in Hebrew, and made several attempts before breakfast with his eldest daughter; but his occupations never allowed him to give a reasonable time to such a pursuit, especially as he had no special readiness for the acquisition of a language; but all the time spent with him in private by his children was so delightful, that these Hebrew lessons are still looked back upon with peculiar pleasure. He always laid great stress on punctuality. At eight o'clock, the bell rang for breakfast, which was ever at Watton rectory a time of social enjoyment. Even when his children were very young, he never consented to the rule that they should be forbidden to speak at table; it was his chief opportunity of intercourse with them. Thus the habit was early formed of regarding meal-times chiefly as happy seasons for the interchange of thought, and the cultivation of domestic sympathy.

At half-past eight, the bell rang again for prayers, and he was very careful that every member of the household should be present, or, at least, that no light cause should be held to justify their absence. A hymn was sung, accompanied with the harp or piano, or occasionally with both instruments. Though gifted himself neither with a good voice

nor a very correct ear, he took peculiar delight in this part of worship, which was so congenial to his thankful spirit; and though his own share in it might have little attraction to a mere lover of musical harmony, he might be said with truth to "make melody in his heart to the Lord." His expositions were simple, earnest, homely, full of life and power. Most of them, latterly, were taken down each day by one or other of his children; and those on St. John's and St. Jude's epistles, after being revised by himself, have been published with the title of "Family Expositions." In his prayers it was his custom to introduce the mention of each passing circumstance of domestic interest. No servant left or joined the family—no one set out on a journey, or returned from it—was laid aside with sickness, or recovered, without a separate petition or thanksgiving in these morning devotions of the household.

After prayers, he returned to his study, and three or four hours was busily employed, first of all, in looking over and answering the day's letters, or the arrears of correspondence during his journeys; and then, if time allowed, in carrying on whatever work he might be preparing for publication. About an hour before dinner, he summoned his family for a walk. He found this regular exercise necessary for his health, and insisted on its importance with his children and others as a real economy of time, and that it should not be a continuation of study in the open air, but a thorough relaxation. At one time, he rode frequently on horseback before breakfast with one or other of his children; and in this case he expected a hymn to be repeated to him in the course of their ride. Such times of solitary intercourse were precious seasons for gaining spiritual counsel. He would listen tenderly to every doubt and anxiety, and could enter thoroughly into every statement of spiritual conflict. "I have just the same," he would affectionately answer, "I, too, have known the summer and winter of the soul!"

After dinner, a few minutes was given to free and hearty conversation by the fire-side, and then a little time in his study to lighter reading, or letters of less importance. He then went down, usually about four o'clock, to the schools, or the sick poor in the village, or took the afternoon cottage lectures when he had no

curate. An early tea, about six or seven, was followed on Wednesday by a lecture in the school-room, on Saturday by a weekly prayer-meeting, and on the other evenings by study or composition. A strip of paper was fastened on his desk, with notes of the work he had to do; and thus, amidst the great diversity of his engagements, it was very rarely that anything was forgotten. He read with great rapidity. In general, he had some special object in view in the books he took up; and he would run his eye rapidly through many volumes, passing over all that did not interest him, and fixing his attention on all those parts which gave him the information of which he was in quest. It was probably this habit of rapid selection which made him dislike being read to by others; and even in times of illness, he always preferred to have a book in his own hands. A quiet study was found by him essential to his progress in his work, and access to it in working hours was a privilege very carefully limited. In this he owed very much, as he used often to say, to his beloved wife, who took his share as well as her own of little household interruptions, that he might be left entirely free for his more important employments. The day closed with family prayer and a few minutes of pleasant social conversation. He was an advocate for early hours of retirement. At ten o'clock, the little party, however fascinating the subject of conversation, was invariably broken up, and any recusants had a lighted candle put into their hands.—*Birks' Life of Mr. Bickersteth.*

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## PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON THINGS.

### THE LAW OF STORMS.

The atmosphere is as truly a fluid as water, but more than eight hundred times lighter, and subject to different laws. It is exceedingly elastic, or very expansible, and presses in all directions,—upwards and sideways as readily as downward. Its weight on every square inch of land and sea is not far from fifteen pounds, and over all the world amounts to more than five thousand billions of tons,—equal to a solid globe of lead sixty miles in diameter; and fully half of this weight occurs within the region of the clouds, and is liable to be tossed into violent commotion, and hurled over hill and dale, in the tempests

which sweep the earth. Yet it possesses forces which keep it prevalently calm and permanently steady, and obeys laws which render its very disturbances uniform,—and ever maintains, in perfect harmony with its elasticity and weight, thousands of most wondrous properties in relation to light, electricity, sound, the transmutations of minerals, the life and growth of plants and animals, and the innumerable mutual adaptations of all earthly things. How sublimely do these facts indicate the power and glory of the all-benevolent Creator!

Winds are simply currents in the air, and arise from the action of heat on its elasticity. Wherever heat is so developed from lightning, from cloudless sunshine, from a strongly reflecting piece of ground, or from any other source, as to raise the temperature of any portion of the air above the surrounding average, it expands that portion, drives it upward or outward, and occasions an influx of denser and cooler air to restore the equilibrium. When the heating is constant along one region it produces the regular currents called trade-winds. When it continues anywhere during one period of the year, and is absent there during another, it produces the seasonal or periodical current called monsoons. When it occurs at one time of the day along one of two contiguous tracts, and at another time along the other, it produces the alternating currents called land and sea-breezes. When it occurs fitfully as to both time and place, it produces all the varieties of currents called irregular winds. And when it occurs under certain conditions of temporariness, suddenness, whirling, and violence, it produces all the kinds of currents and commotions called storms.

All storms are whirls moving in an axis,—rapid eddies careering along a curved line. A miniature of them is seen in every little whirl which frisks across a road, on a moderately breezy day, with its circling cone of dust and bits of straw, only a few inches or a foot or two high. This indeed arises, like an eddy in a stream, from a conflict of currents, and not from a sudden local expansion of air by heat; yet in its mode of movement, especially if it go pretty straight on, and keep up a regular vortex, it exactly represents a storm. Not a bad representation, too, is obtained by causing water to revolve rapidly in a basin; for, though this shows none what-

ever of the onward action, it shows completely and beautifully the action within,—the calmness in the centre, the motion a little beyond, and the furious velocity and tumbling violence toward the circumference. An illustration is got, also, by observing the ring of smoke which is formed by the discharge of an unshot gun. This revolves like a whirling wheel, moves forward through considerable space, enlarges constantly in diameter as it proceeds, and finally breaks and dissipates at the loss of its double motion.

Whirlwinds are things of medium character, between mimic air-whirls and ordinary storms. They commence with an impetuous spiral rush, and whirl violently on till their force is spent. But they never sweep a broad tract, and rarely travel any considerable distance. The worst ones precede volcanic eruptions, or accompany severe thunderbursts, and have power to overthrow buildings, to uproot strong trees, to overwhelm pieces of forest, and to suck up heavy objects from fields and yards and streets, and strew them over neighbouring grounds. All seem to originate in sudden, violent, fitful pulses of heat; and many which occur on lakes or seas draw vast volumes of vapour or spray up their vortex, and carry them far aloft in a whirling column, and discharge them there in a splash of waters; thus producing the black vapoury air-whirl popularly called a water-spout.

Storms are little else than vast whirlwinds; yet they exhibit much diversity, and are properly classified as tempest, typhoon, tornado, and hurricane; and at the same time, all are free from fitfulness, and rise and move under the general forces of the globe. Those of the northern hemisphere revolve from the east, round by the north, the west, and the south, and proceed in a general way toward the north pole; and those of the southern hemisphere revolve from the west, round by the south, the east, and the north, and proceed in a general way toward the south pole. All commence in a mere whirling column, and fling themselves round in expanding circles, and make regular progressive increase of their sweep and diameter. Their precise centre is calm; their circles or spaces nearest it likewise soon become calm; and their further circles, further and further on to the outermost, absorb their forces, and appropriate all their violence. Their

exterior velocity is sometimes so great as an hundred miles an hour; yet their onward progress, measured by their centre, may, all the while, be not more than seven or eight miles an hour. And the path of their progress, though aggregately from the hotter regions of the world toward the cooler ones, is not in a straight line, but along a curve or part of a curve, commonly of a form approaching the parabolic. They thus move on principles so plain and regular that a ship at sea, if its master have a proper knowledge of their nature, may almost as readily escape them as a man may escape a runaway horse. How benignant in the Creator to subject such terrible powers to such uniform laws! It may be said, indeed, "Why permit the powers at all?" But they are necessary to cleanse sea and land, and to ventilate the world,—to keep the atmosphere pure, and all living things healthy. And how beautiful is it that they work with so mighty a stroke, in so exact a way,—with such sublime effect, in such sublimity of action!

All persons in a storm feel it to be blowing steadily from one point; and many, therefore, may have difficulty in believing that it really blows in a circle. But let them remember that the circle is probably hundreds of miles wide, and their difficulty will vanish.

Suppose a person to have four correspondents,—one an hundred miles east of him, one an hundred miles north, one an hundred miles west, and one an hundred miles south,—and suppose him to learn from them that, respectively two, four, and six hours after a hurricane passed northward over the first, one passed westward over the second, southward over the third, and eastward over the fourth, he could not but infer that the hurricane in all the cases was the same, and that it moved in a circle of two hundred miles in diameter, at the rate of about seventy-nine miles an hour. This supposititious case may illustrate the method of many observations by which the law of storms has been ascertained.

Fleets at sea, under the command of officers unacquainted with the law of storms, or at periods before the law was discovered, have occasionally had a variety of experience which helps well to explain it. For example: in 1809, a fleet left the Cape of Good Hope to sail to the Mauritius, and while still in pretty close company encountered a hurricane.

Some lay to, and got almost immediately out of it; some cruised within the bend of its curve, and saw it raging for days all round them, yet never got into it; some became entangled in its skirt, and scudded long before it, without once becoming endangered; some passed right into its current, and were hurled to the bottom; and some went through its outer circles, and across its calm interior, and through the outer circles on the other side, and afterwards spoke of themselves as having encountered two hurricanes blowing in opposite directions. The magnet, then, is not more surely a gift of Divine beneficence to mariners for enabling them to steer across the ocean, than is the law of storms for enabling them to steer clear of hurricanes. "By watching the mode of veering of the wind, the portion of a storm into which a ship is falling may be ascertained; and if she then be so manœuvred as that the wind shall veer aft instead of ahead, and she made to come up, instead of being allowed to break off, she will run out of the storm altogether; but if the contrary course be taken, either through chance or ignorance, she goes right into the whirl, and runs a great risk of being suddenly taken aback, but most assuredly will meet the opposition wind in passing out through the whirl."

In high latitudes, a prolonged high equal, or a strong local gale, or the expiring puff of a hurricane, or the intertwined skirt of two tempests running into each other in their advance from the south, may be sometimes mistaken for a storm, and will not, of course, be found to move in circles. In low latitudes, also, the commencement of a true storm, the first narrow whirling leap of a newborn tempest, may suddenly churn up the ocean, and darken the light of heaven in the near neighbourhood of a ship; but it will be readily known by its whirlwind appearance, or by the seeming changefulness of its currents. And these very exceptions illustrate by contrast the steady uniform action of the regular fully-formed storms. The typhoon is an enlargement of the whirlwind, blowing in the Chinese Seas, with a diameter of from one hundred to two hundred miles; the tornado is a land-storm of intertropical Africa, and sometimes of other parts of the torrid zone, narrower in breadth, but wilder in fury, and both accompanied and followed by most sub-

lime thunderbursts; and the hurricane is an enlargement of either the typhoon or the tornado, varying in diameter from a score or two of miles to upwards of a thousand, scouring all regions, but most frequently the hot ones, and occasionally circling in a roar of wrath over one-fourth of the globe. And all these, as well as intermediate varieties of the true storm, from the moment of their formation till the final exhaustion of their power, move round and onward like eddies in water, as vortices in the air.

Bryant, in his august description of a hurricane, alludes so distinctly to its circling current, that he must be supposed to have seen one bursting out and away from the very whirl-column of its origin. The following lines are particularly graphic:

"He is come! he is come! do ye not behold  
His ample robes on the wind unroll'd?  
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!  
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;  
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,  
To clasp the zone of the firmament,  
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,  
From mountain to mountain the visible space.  
Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear  
The dust of the plains to the middle air;  
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,  
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!  
You may trace its path by the flashes that start  
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,  
As the firebolts leap to the world below,  
And flood the sky with a livid glow."

Cowper, too, had as much philosophy as poetry in him, though he was all unconscious of it, when he said respecting the Divine Being,

"He rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Two words occur in the original Scriptures of the Old Testament to designate violent commotions of the air, and both are rendered in the English version, indifferently, "whirlwind, storm, and tempest." Possibly the one denotes a smaller commotion and the other a larger; or more probably, the one denotes a commotion of the air alone, and the other a commotion accompanied by thunder and lightning; but at all events, they seem to admit no distinction, in nature or action, between the whirlwind and the storm. How sublime, then, is the imagery of the Bible when it speaks of tempests,—either as the chariots of God, or the messengers of his power—virtually whirlwind, thunderburst, tornado, and hurricane all in one! Yet this, in even its mightiest muster, is the emblem not more surely of transient anger than of

everlasting love,—of retribution in providence than of salvation in the gospel; for however terrible is the tempest in its circling sweep, and however destructive to things which run into it or stand in its way, it passes swiftly on, and is all calmness within while passing, and hurts not any one on the waters who takes knowledge of its laws, and gives glorious demonstration that the million beneficent properties and adaptations of the atmospheric heavens are constitutional and permanent. Every thoughtful Christian, with the living word in his mind to guide his meditations, may hear, and ought to hear, out of the midst of every storm the same voice of infinite love and saving instruction which spake out of the whirlwind to the patriarch Job. W.

#### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

PROCEEDING westward, nearly adjoining the United States, are the various states of the Zollverein, each abounding with native industrial products and specimens of raw material, which well deserve a close and rigid scrutiny. It has hitherto been our practice to acquire a knowledge of foreign art chiefly through the medium of books; but no course of reading, however extensive, can convey an adequate idea of the elaborate conception, beauty of design, and delicacy of execution in the numerous fabrics and substances which are here displayed. We cannot uplift the veil which hides the artist of these works from the gaze of the world, but we can readily picture to ourselves how they must have toiled and struggled before such results could have been attained. Men must have set themselves down, with the express purpose of producing things never known before,—things in the strangest combinations,—and things apparently never previously aimed at in the highest flight of genius. The loom of the manufacturer—the workshops of the potter and glass-maker—as well as the studio of the artist, have here their physical representatives; and although voiceless, are eloquent in silence—telling of the triumphs of mind over the material world. The ground before us, however, is too extensive to permit us to indulge in abstract reflections. Necessity, indeed, compels us to spring rapidly from object to object, and rather to give a running catalogue than a detailed description.

In the articles furnished by the Zollverein, we were much struck with the very large assortment of new and elegant designs for ladies' shawls and dresses; but which, however fascinating, we confess our inability to describe. Many-coloured cloths and satins, fleeces and wools, linen and silks, present themselves for inspection; some peculiar to the State in which they were manufactured. There are ladies' boots of white satin, silk, and Indian-rubber; and boots for deformed feet. Samples of silk-like vegetable fibre are exhibited, to show that plants may be employed in the manufacture of articles where silk is now used. Here, for instance, are *satin d'Amerique*, manufactured out of the fibre of the American aloe; and Jacquard diaper, composed of Chinese grass, silk, and linen. Next is a carpet made of cow-hair. Who could imagine, from the proverbial unimportance attached to a button, that it could employ industry in so many forms. Here we have it made from substances the most opposite and heterogeneous. Buttons of silk and wool—buttons of mother-of-pearl—gimiped buttons, and buttons of cocoa-nut shell. Buttons of gambroon and amber—metallic buttons, and buttons of horn. Buttons plated with gold and silver, and buttons of the hoofs of oxen. Our foreign friends, indeed, seem to have been determined to send us something of every kind, however miscellaneous. Here are books in various bindings—bags for travellers—patterns of paper for various uses—bituminous paper coal—very novel pocket-books and portfolios, made of leather and straw. Then we stumble upon vegetables preserved in butter, buckwheat groats, Bavarian fodder, and potato flour; chicory and chocolate, grape sugar, white treacle, and scum of sugar for manure. Here we have twine and cord for packing, and a halter of red woollen thread—ropes of New Zealand hemp—ropes of silk, silver and gold, and ropes of iron wire. Then again come walking-sticks of many shapes and fancies—topaz cane-heads and whalebone swordsticks—porcelain coffee-machines and tea-pots, with a coffee-pot to hold two hundred cups.

In another part, we find various manufactures in iron. Here is a merchant's safe, the locks of which are so constructed that they cannot be opened without the maker's instructions—a pair of cast steel stays—saws made of old watch-springs—rifles with seven barrels, which can be



loaded and fired at once—the deadly “needle-gun”—a six-pounder, in steel, beautifully wrought—a knight in full armour—a cuirass bullet proof, and stirrups of an elastic nature, to allow greater ease to horsemen. Passing from the iron work, we come upon works of art of another order. Vases of alabaster—baskets composed of tin, lead, or glass—statues of Bavarian princes, in white biscuit porcelain, and ornaments manufactured out of “highway dust!” Then there are figures of animals carved from bone—rough pebbles from the bottom of the Rhine cut as diamonds, which caused the exhibitor a twelvemonths’ labour—models in moss and paper, and in a composition of sulphur.

The bronzes are of a high order, and are of all dimensions, from the tiny casting of a spider’s web to the colossal Amazon and tiger of Von Kiss—the gem of the Exhibition in point of statuary. The gigantic lion of Muller, from Bavaria, with its massive proportions and velvet-like softness of tread, would also demand a notice were not other objects beckoning us on.

Turning from large to small things, we notice a balance weighing minute parts of a grain—a watch made of ivory, working on ten rubies, weighing only half-an-ounce, glass and case included. Near it, again, is a pendulum clock, showing the variations of time in twenty different places, and clocks that will go for a twelvemonth without stopping. Berlin wool, Berlin china, specimens of amber, laughable figures of stuffed animals, a chess-board worth 1,200*l.*, the fountain of veritable eau de cologne, and many other curiosities, can only be named without being described.

It is curious to observe the progress of improvement both in the design and structure of houses, in the application of materials recently discovered, or long known, to purposes to which they were never before applied. In 1246, an order was made that the owners of houses in the best streets in London should cover them with tiles and slates, and not with straw. Scarcely a century back, the immediate outskirts of London, with a population as rural as though they had dwelt many miles distant, had their cottages covered with common thatch. Thatch gave way to tiles, in the shape of a segment of a circle. These, again, were altered to tiles perfectly flat. Modern slate then supplanted the use of

both, and most houses in the present day are thus roofed. But zinc is now stated to be preferable, both on account of its durability and imperviousness. Certainly, a large model here exhibited has a very pleasing effect, and apparently establishes the claims of zinc to a trial instead of slate.

If we wish a contrast to the exhibition of the Zollverein States, let us step a little further down the nave, and enter the Spanish department. We seem to have left the regions of utilitarianism, and to have entered the land of guitars and music, mantillas, bull-fights, proud historical associations, and Roman Catholic ascendancy. In the nave itself, opposite the entrance, stands a huge earthen jar. A gleam of romance flashes across it, when we learn that it comes from the village of Toboso, in the district of La Mancha, names inseparably connected with Cervantes and Spanish literature. Spain has suffered as much as most countries from civil feuds. Fire-arms form, therefore, a striking feature in her articles here. We have one or two large field-pieces, exquisitely-carved pistols,—the property of general Narvez, himself a remarkable man,—and one or two blades so elastic as to admit of being rolled up in the form of a serpent. The last are from Toledo, whose steel rapiers had a Europe-wide celebrity before Birmingham was a town.

The wines of Spain form its leading commodities. It would have been agreeable, doubtless, to many visitors of the Crystal Palace, had there been specimens of its sunny vintages for the palate to adjudicate upon. This, it appears, was at one time actually intended. An enterprising British firm had ordered to be prepared two gigantic casks, which attracted, from their magnitude, so much notice in Spain, as to receive, by express order, the royal arms upon them. The casks in question were filled with the choicest Spanish wine; so huge was their fragrant bulk, that special precautions for their safe landing had to be taken at the London Docks. It was the intention of the importers to have retailed their contents in the interior of the Great Exhibition. Fatally, however, for their enterprise, an order prohibiting the sale of wines and spirits within the building had been passed by the committee, and the labour was therefore thrown away.

Prominently in view of the spectator is a magnificent article, strongly indi-

cative of the wealth of the Roman Catholic church in Spain. This is a pyx, or vessel for containing the host, intended for some cathedral. Its value is 28,000*l*. a sum which may well appear incredible to the reader at a distance; but which those who have seen it will not consider improbable, when they gaze on the mass of gold, diamonds, and sculptured figures which compose it. The host, as we presume all know, is bread supposed to be changed into the actual body and blood of the Saviour by the priest. The superstitious reverence attached to the idolatrous contents of this ornament is well represented by the statues of chased silver carved outside. Angels are seen kneeling in awe, as if conscious of the presence of the Divinity. The object recalls a hundred recollections of the influence which Popery exerts on Spain. All who know anything of Spain must have heard of its guitar, connected as it is with Spanish minstrelsy. We look with interest then on a fine specimen of this musical instrument before us, fixed upon a frame. It has a finish of workmanship about it very different from the instrument of the same name met with in England. Visions float before us, as we look at it, of haughty Spanish señoras seated in lofty balconies of old romantic mansions, touching its strings, and wiling away the hours by chanting to its notes the ancient ballad-literature of the country.

Ladies will view with interest this specimen of the mantilla of beautiful lace which hangs here. Not far from it are fans, and delicate cigarettes for Spanish ladies to smoke. A step further, and we have a painfully accurate model of a circus with a bull-fight. Great skill is shown in delineating the savage combat, on which the female sex, forgetting its appropriate gentleness, is looking down with eagerness. Unhappy Spain! small hope is there for thy regeneration while such cruel spectacles can delight thy children!

Wealth requires luxuries for its gratification which poverty would never dream of. Here is a table of mosaic work. Its size has nothing remarkable, yet it contains no less than three million pieces of wood! The arms of England alone, in a space of three inches by two, consist of fifty-three thousand pieces. This is a near approach to the philosopher's problem of the infinite divisibility of matter.

Some one has sent over a stone from

the wall of the old palace of the Alhambra. There it stands a memorial of Spanish greatness, carrying us back to times when the Moors had dominion in the country, and introduced their literature, their arts, and architecture. It seems no unmeet representation of the physical decay which has so long come over Spain as a country. The pride of Spanish grandees has, right or wrong, passed into a proverb. We are reminded of it as we look on that elaborate case prepared for holding a Spanish nobleman's title of honours. Thus many things in this compartment, independently of interest as objects of art, seem remarkable as being more or less the types of the country. The large earthen jar, the cathedral pyx, the guitar, the fan, the mantilla, the bull-fight, and the Alhambra, all tell their own tale of Spanish life and history to the intelligent spectator.

There are in the samples of the natural produce of Spain and its colonies many proofs that the land is indeed a goodly one. Copper, lead, mercury, tin, iron, coal, and marble, speak of mining wealth, requiring only vigorous enterprise to give a large return. How pleasant, too, must be its clime that yields the fruits that are sent for us to look on here. The very catalogue makes the mouth water as we read of, "Giant walnuts, sweet-smelling prunes, Muscatel raisins, dried figs, and orange-flower honey." Farewell Spain! We would not criticise thee unkindly when thou hast obliged us by sending so many interesting articles to admire. It will be well, however, with thee, and never till then, when the truths which the followers of Luther ineffectually sought to introduce—stopped by the Inquisition's fiery hand—shall circulate through thy valleys and over thy lofty mountain tops. S. B.

#### OLD HUMPHREY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES.

PLEASANT it is, whatever may be the advantages of the crowded city, now and then to pack up a few things in a portmanteau, to hasten to a railroad station, and to hurry along by the train to some rural retreat, where, in grateful repose and quiet recreation, the mind can cast off for a while its customary cares, recreate in sylvan scenery, and recruit its enfeebled powers. Most of us can call

to mind favourite spots which have yielded us pleasure; most of us can say,

I know a bank where the primrose groweth;  
A mountain rich with the heather bell;  
A peaceful vale, where the brooklet floweth,  
And quiet thoughts and contentment dwell.

For my own part, my memory is redundant in such localities, and I have latterly added another to my list of pleasant places, rendered memorable by kind hospitality, striking scenery, and agreeable associations. My invitation to it was too kind, too pressing, and too agreeable to be disregarded; and then I was assured that the place was a "nosegay of wild flowers," and a "bower of nightingales." In giving a sketch of my little holiday, I will try to be neither tedious nor egotistical. Fain would I impart the fragrance of the flowers I have gathered, and render my reflections as suitable to my reader as to myself.

A kind friend who met me at the Waterloo Station, as a guide and companion, entered with me a carriage in the train about to depart, and soon we were on our way. Surrey, bounded northward by the Thames, and watered by the Mole, the Wey, and the Wand, has few arresting objects in its natural scenery; but a ride by railroad is sure to present some attractions to a heart at ease. The rapid motion, the changing scene, and the character of the company are enough of themselves to insure some degree of complacency. My accompanying friend on my left was scientific and talented; the stranger on my right, lady-like, intellectual, and well-informed: with the latter I was soon engaged in conversation. By turns we dwelt on scenery, science, the electric telegraph, disappointments, patience, geology, the Great Exhibition, Claremont, and religious establishments; and in two minutes more we should have been on the very heights and in the very depths of Puseyism and Popery; but the stopping of the train severed the thread of an animated, and, to me, interesting discourse, and the carriage that was in waiting conveyed me and my friend to our agreeable place of destination.

After crossing the Wey, the winding carriage-drive from the road brought us to a lovely abode, on a rising mound, with circular windows, verandahs, and green-house, surrounded with lawns, miniature lake, shrubberies, rosary, cedars, thorns, beeches, silver-barked birches,

tulip-trees, planes, rhododendrons, and a rich profusion of other kinds of trees. In a ring fence, so to speak, of some dozen or fifteen acres there were two houses of this description, and a cottage, simply divided from each other by an iron railing, or invisible fence, and the whole domain so vocal with singing-birds, and so abounding with floral beauties, from the water-lilies of the lake to the clusters of self-sown primroses, violets, and daffodils, that the place fully bore out the description given me of its being a nosegay of wild flowers and a bower of nightingales.

In this sweetly-secluded retreat I roamed at will, now crossing the ivied bridge, now musing at the secluded end of the flower-fringed lake, and now rambling around the whole domain. We dined alternately at the two houses mentioned; it would be difficult to say which has the most kind-hearted hostess. The faithful and indefatigable young clergyman residing in the cottage usually joined our assembled party, with his mother. All day long the birds were singing, and when I awoke at midnight the vocal melody, though with diminished power, was still continued; so that morning, noon, and night Old Humphrey was literally among the nightingales.

Each coming day had its enjoyments;—the welcome breakfast, where peace and plenty presided; the interesting reminiscences of my attentive hostess; the portfolio of drawings; the exclusive converse of sultry India, mountainous Wales, and romantic Derbyshire and Devonshire; the projected picnic; the brightening sky; the singing birds; and the quiet revelling of a grateful heart, reviewing its manifold mercies. Say what you will, it was not in one, but in many senses that Old Humphrey was among the nightingales.

The picnic to St. George's Hills is not a thing to be forgotten, for pleasurable were the elements of which it was composed. The carriage drive, the visit to Spence's Point, the undulating and elevated grounds, the deep passes and dells, the pine-trees of all kinds, the ruddy brown of the faded last year's fern, the green foliage of the trees, the yellow furze, and the blue sky all contributed to our enjoyment. We roamed, divided, and met again, as whim or inclination moved us, and fresh air and appetite gave an improved taste to the lamb, eel-pie,

and other dainties, that formed our welcome repast. It was a season of recreation, of joyous revelry, and heartfelt delight. The birds sang around us; but had there not been a bird within a mile of the spot, it might have been said in the very spirit, if not in the letter of truth, "Old Humphrey is among the nightingales."

Many were the calm enjoyments of my Surrey visit; nor was the season of domestic prayer and praise at morn and even the least grateful among them. It may be a hard thing to drag a lethargic body and unwilling mind to a throne of grace; but it is not so when the heart is truly grateful, for then the soul is ever ready to magnify the Lord, and the spirit to rejoice in God the Saviour. There is an uplifting, heart-sustaining influence in prayer that balm the wounded, binds the broken, and communicates an inward peace. I would not speak irreverently, but with regard to the pleasures enjoyed by me in the devotional exercises in which we engaged, it would hardly be an inappropriate figure of speech to say that I was, even then, among the nightingales.

As the narrow fountain plays high, so the occasional is more intense than the continued gratification. Pleasure soon palls upon us. We cannot be long happy without something to endure and something to achieve. Few know how much they are indebted to their duties, their occupation, and their cares. Could we go where we choose, have what we listed, and do what we pleased, it would be to us a bar rather than a blessing. Our heavenly Father is too merciful to leave us to ourselves, to allow us to do as we like, and to be our own masters. Pleasant as it is now and then to turn our backs upon the city, it would never do for us always to be among the nightingales.

In returning home, the railroad carriage was almost full of barristers;—no wonder that the conversation took a legal turn. I heard more about the customs of different courts of law, and lawyers, and judges, and masters of the rolls, and lord-chancellors, than I had heard before for many a day. "Oh!" said I to myself, after listening for some time with great attention, and musing on the losses and the crosses, the headaches and the heartaches, brought about by law and chancery-suits, "there may be great doubt about many things; but there can

be no doubt about this, that Old Humphrey is no longer among the nightingales."

Not long had I entered the cab which conveyed me from the railroad station to noisy Cheapside, before a friend put a printed paper into my hand, saying, "We have different talents lent to us, and if I cannot write what may be useful, as some do, I can distribute. The word of God says, 'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.'" The latter part of the paper ran thus:

"Friend, is the question on thy heart engraved,  
'What shall I do to be for ever saved?'  
Believe in Jesus, is the sole reply;  
Believe in Him, and thou shalt never die:  
His precious blood gives pardon, life, and peace;  
Freedom from guilt, and joys that never cease."

"Come," thought I, "this is as it should be; Old Humphrey is so much in the habit of looking up others, that he requires a little, nay, a great deal of looking up himself." So I folded up the paper to be read with more attention another time, saying to myself, "After all, though I am no longer among the trees and the brooks, the flowers and the furze-bushes, yet am I, with a grateful heart, in the best sense of the word, still among the nightingales."

Reader! no doubt you have your trials; but are you pondering God's word and doing God's will? Are you trusting unreservedly in the Redeemer, and casting your burdens on Him who has promised to sustain them? Are you gratefully enjoying and patiently enduring? Are you looking onward hopefully and heavenward confidently? Are you cheerfully making the best of your position, whatever it may be,—living in peace with God, and in charity with all mankind? If you are doing these things, or humbly and heartily desiring to do them, whether your coffer be full or your purse empty; whether you live in country or in town; in an airy hall or an unhealthy attic,—you have cause to be cheerful as a summer's day, and ought to rejoice as heartily as Old Humphrey among the nightingales.

#### A MARVELLOUS GOSPEL.

WHAT a marvellous gospel is that which opens a free portal to friendship with God for every sinner who will, and into which if any sinner enter, he will find purification as well as peace.—*Chalmers.*

## JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON AT MILAN.

(FROM AN AMERICAN JOURNAL.)

DURING the whole month succeeding the coronation, Paris was surrendered to fêtes, illuminations, and all manner of public rejoicing. One morning the empress found in her apartment, as a present from the municipality of the capital, a toilet service, with table, ewer, and basin of massive gold, wrought with most exquisite workmanship. An enormous balloon, in the form of the imperial crown, brilliantly illuminated, was launched from Paris on the evening of the coronation. The vast structure, weighing five hundred pounds, floated majestically over the city, for a time, the object of the gaze of a million of eyes, till, borne away by the wind toward the south, it disappeared. The next evening it fell near the city of Rome, nine hundred miles from Paris. "Sire," said a courtier, announcing the fact to Napoleon, "your imperial crown has appeared in the two great capitals of the world within the space of twenty-four hours."

As soon as Napoleon was crowned emperor of France, the senators of the Italian republic, over which he had been elected president, sent an earnest petition that he would be crowned their king at Milan. Napoleon had rescued them from the hated dominion of the Austrians, and they regarded him as their greatest benefactor. The emperor was in the habit of setting out on his various tours without any warning. One evening, when the festivities of the baptism of the second son of Hortense had been kept up until midnight, Napoleon said quietly, upon retiring, "Horses at six, for Italy!" Josephine accompanied her husband upon this tour. The road bridging the Alps, which Napoleon subsequently constructed, was then but contemplated. It was only by a rugged and dangerous foot-path that the ascent of these awful barriers of nature could be surmounted. Two beautiful sedans had been constructed in Turin for the emperor and empress. The one for Napoleon was lined with crimson silk, richly ornamented with gold. Josephine's was trimmed with blue satin, similarly ornamented with silver. The sedans were, however, but little used, except in places where walking was dangerous, as the empress very much preferred leaning upon the arm of her husband, and in conversation with him, gazing upon the wild sublimities with

which they were surrounded. This must have been to Josephine, independently of those inward anxieties which weighed so heavily upon her heart, as delightful a journey as mortal can enjoy. All Europe was bowing in homage before her illustrious husband. He was in the possession of power such as the proudest of the Cæsars might have envied. Illuminations, and triumphal arches, and enthusiastic acclamations met them every step of their way. Josephine was in possession of every possible acquisition earth could give to make her happy, save only one—her husband was not a father. But Josephine forgot her solicitudes in the exultant hours when her husband, from the pinnacles of the Alps, pointed out to her the glories of sunny Italy—the scenes of past perils, and conflict, and renown—the fields in which he had led the armies of France to the most brilliant victories. Napoleon was in fine spirits, and in these gilded hours he looked lovingly upon her, and they both seemed truly happy. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive anything more attractive for a warm-hearted and an enthusiastic woman, than to pass over these most sublime of the barriers of nature with Napoleon for a guide and a confiding friend. Pope Pius VII., who had formed a very strong friendship for Josephine, accompanied them as far as Turin. When parting, the empress made him a present of a beautiful vase of Sevres china, embellished with exquisite paintings of the coronation.

From Turin Napoleon took Josephine to the field of Marengo. He had assembled upon that great battle plain, which his victory has immortalized, thirty thousand troops, that Josephine might behold, in the mimicry of war, the dreadful scenes which had deluged those fields in blood. It was the 5th of May, and a bright Italian sun shone down upon the magnificent pageant. A vast elevation was constructed in the middle of the plain, from which, seated upon a lofty throne, the emperor and empress overlooked the whole field. Napoleon decorated himself upon the occasion with the same war-worn garments—the battered hat, the tempest-torn cloak, the coat of faded blue, and the long cavalry sabre which he had worn amid the carnage and the terrors of that awful day. Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present. Napoleon and Josephine came upon the ground in a magnificent chariot, drawn by eight horses.

The moment he appeared upon the plain, one general shout of acclamation from thirty thousand adoring voices rent the sky. After the mimic battle was ended, the soldiers defiled before the emperor and empress, while he conferred upon those who had signalized themselves in the day of Marengo the decorations of the legion of honour. The gorgeous uniform of the men, the rich caparisons and proud bearing of the horses, the clangour of innumerable trumpets and martial bands, the glitter of gold and steel, the deafening thunders of artillery and musketry, filling the air with one incessant and terrific roar; the dense volumes of sulphurous smoke rolling heavily over the plain, shutting out the rays of an unclouded sun, all combined to produce an effect upon the spectators never to be effaced.

On the 8th of May, 1805, they made their triumphal entry into the city of Milan. While the whole city was absorbed in those fêtes and rejoicings which preceded the coronation, the inexhaustible mind of Napoleon was occupied in planning those splendid public buildings and those magnificent improvements which still commemorate the almost superhuman energy of his reign. The iron crown of Charlemagne, which for a thousand years had pressed no brow, was brought forth from its mausoleum to add the attraction of deep poetic sentiment to the coronation. The ceremony took place on the 26th of May, in the cathedral of Milan. The coronation was conducted with magnificence not even surpassed by the ceremony in *Nôtre Dame*. The empress first made her appearance, gorgeously dressed, and glittering with diamonds. She was personally loved by the Milanese, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations. A moment after, the emperor himself entered, by another door. He was arrayed in imperial robes of velvet, purple and gold, with the diadem upon his brow, and the iron crown and sceptre of Charlemagne in his hands. Napoleon, as in the coronation at Paris, refused to receive the crown from the hands of another, but placed it himself upon his head, repeating aloud the historical words, "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it." Josephine then knelt upon an altar at his feet, and was again crowned by her husband.

Josephine remained with the emperor in Milan for nearly a month. He was busy night and day in commencing im-

provements of the most majestic character. The Italians still look back to the reign of Napoleon as the brightest period in their history. The gay Milanese surrendered themselves, during his stay, to one continued scene of festivity.

One day, Josephine and Napoleon had broken away from courtiers and palaces, and all the pageantry of state, and had retreated for a few hours to the retirement and solitude of a beautiful little island in one of the lakes in that vicinity. They entered the cabin of a poor woman. She had no idea of the illustrious character of her guests, and, in answer to their kind inquiries, opened to them the story of her penury, her toils, and her anxiety to bring up her three children, as the father often could obtain no work. "Now, how much money, my good woman," inquired Napoleon, "would you like to have, to make you perfectly happy?" "Ah! sir," she replied, "a great deal of money I should want." "But, how much should you desire, if you could have your wish?" "Oh, sir, I should want as much as twenty louis; but what prospect is there of our ever having twenty louis?" The emperor poured into her lap a heap of glittering gold. For a few moments she was speechless in bewilderment; at length, trembling with emotion, she said, "Ah! sir,—ah! madam, this is a great deal too much; and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a poor woman." "No!" Josephine replied, in the most gentle accents; "the money is all yours. With it you can now rent a piece of ground, and purchase a flock of goats, and I hope you will be able to bring up your children comfortably."

From Milan the emperor and empress continued their tour to Genoa. The restless mind of Napoleon was weary even of the swiftest speed of the horses; and though they drove from post to post with the utmost possible rapidity, so that it was necessary continually to throw water upon the glowing axle, he kept calling from his carriage, "On! on! we do not go fast enough." Their reception at Genoa was unequalled by anything they had before witnessed. In the beautiful bay a floating-garden of orange-trees, and rare plants and shrubbery was constructed in honour of Josephine. In the principal church of "Genoa the Superb," the emperor and empress received the allegiance of the most prominent inhabitants. The fêtes on this occasion almost surpassed

the creations of fancy. The senses were bewildered by the fairy illusions thrown around the gorgeous spectacle. The city, with all its picturesque beauty of embattled forts and craggy shores—the serenity and brilliance of Italian skies in May—the blue expanse of the Mediterranean—the marble palaces and glittering domes which embellished the streets—the lovely bay, whitened with sails—all combined to invest the gorgeous spectacle with attractions such as are rarely witnessed. From Genoa they proceeded to Paris, everywhere accompanied by the thunders of artillery and the blaze of illuminations. All this looked like happiness; but the result showed that it was an empty dream.

#### A WORLD SUBMITTING TO THE GOSPEL.

THERE is no personal or social virtue that the New Testament does not inculcate, or that the spirit of the gospel is not adapted to nourish and expand. If the nations of the world were each to possess a national religion in the sense of *the whole nation being religious*, then, every individual would be chaste and temperate, upright and truthful, fortified by the strength and softened and adorned by the beauties of holiness. Every family would be loving and harmonious; parents wise and worthy of respect; children obedient; brethren living "together in unity." All business would be conducted justly; commercial transactions would be all clean, and capable of being touched with "clean hands;" trade and handicrafts would be noble and dignified, by being pervaded by the great idea of "duty," and attended to on principles which would be the very same as those that control the doings of an angel, or direct and inspire a seraph in his songs! Nowhere would be seen drunkenness, or seduction;—robbery and murder would be things of the past. There would be no oppression on the part of the rich; no pride or tyranny in the powerful; no injustice between class and class; no envy in the less favoured of God's children, prompting them to harsh or petulant judgments of their more distinguished or opulent brothers. There never can be literal and absolute equality of station or circumstance; there never can be a uniformity of rank or possessions. In the most perfect condition of the world and man, there must still of necessity be master and servant,

the employer and the employed;—the head of one, the hand of another, the capital of a third, the back for a burden, and the feet for toil; all these will always be required, and must be furnished, and must act, in any improved state of society. But they may act harmoniously. There need be no fraud, oppression, or injustice. There may be everywhere given "the fair day's wages for the fair day's work;"—and there may be everywhere rendered "the fair day's work for the fair day's wages." Society, like the church, is a body with its members. It has its head and feet, its ear and eye, its mouth and hands;—the health of the body, or its physical perfection, does not consist in every member having the same office; but in all fulfilling their respective functions without disturbance,—each being thus in unity with the rest. The perfect and healthful development of society consists in a condition analogous to this. Christian communism, and Christian socialism, if anything of the sort shall hereafter be, will be found to consist, not in society's ceasing to be a body by becoming entirely but one member—a huge head, or a gigantic foot, or a great, swinging, muscular arm,—but in all the members acting healthily in their own place; and, while doing so, each having the same care of the other. In this way, and in this way alone, can society be preserved from opposite dangers;—from becoming a monster without parts, that must of necessity perish from the want of organic or functional vitality—or being torn by intestine schisms and dissensions that must tear it to pieces or make it explode!

It is not possible to enlarge on these and kindred matters, that might be introduced under the present illustration. Enough has been said to make manifest the general principle, that, on the supposition of the diffusion in the world of an intelligent, vital, and uncorrupted Christianity, there would result from it the fruits of a universal righteousness. Every family would be "a church in the house;" children would be trained in the way they should go; and conversion from outward, practical wickedness, would be seldom needed in adult age. Education would be universal. Learning and knowledge would be "the stability of these times"—with the fear of God, and the hope of salvation. Science would be devout, and literature pure. The universe would be explored with reverence and humility;

discoveries announced without boasting; and improvements and inventions received with gratitude. No books would be written to demoralize and corrupt,—nor the arts be allowed to minister to licentiousness. Industry would be cheerful, and labour honoured; the fruits of the earth would be taken, and used as a Divine gift; and the productions of skill would be connected with thoughts of the Maker of the mind. In that day, there would be on every object “holiness to the Lord,”—for all men would act in consistency with the belief, that “the earth is His, and the fulness thereof.”

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Let men get the idea that the earth is God's, not theirs—and that all the race are alike his,—his, at once, as created by his goodness and redeemed by his mercy;—and especially let it be imagined, that all habitually mingled in his worship, and that all felt inspired by a desire to live in constant, practical harmony with his will;—why, there could be neither war, nor slavery, nor anarchy, nor despotisms;—men *could* not be brought, on the supposition suggested, to be trained and taught to *slaughter* one another!—or to *steal* one another!—or to buy, and sell, and fetter, and lash those who were the exclusive property of God, and who, whatever their colour, were each of them as much a *man* as themselves! No monarch could be seduced into the belief that a whole people was made for *him*;—or that power was not a *trust*;—or that it could be used for any purpose but the good of the nation, and according to the eternal principles of right on which God himself governs his own. Nor would a people imagine that any new institutions would benefit them, or any change or revolution be an improvement, if they were not each of them a king over himself. We do not mean to say that one form of political government may not be intrinsically better than another;—but we do mean to say that the future of the world will no more be distinguished by the same form of political government being universal, than by the universal prevalence of one mode of ecclesiastical polity;—and we further mean to say, that the diffusion of an intelligent and instructed Christianity would carry into the bosoms of all men the Scriptural principles, that government is the institution of God;—that God, in this respect, is the God of order;—and that reverence for authority and

submission to law are as much Christian duties as anything else. Authority may be abused, and law may be unjust; but he who acts in the fear of God will suffer much, and think more, before he will be persuaded that political rebellion and disobedience are virtues. We don't say that there are not occasions when the one may be patriotic and the other right;—but there is a time coming when none in the places of trust and power will so act as for this to be the case,—and when none in those of submission and obedience will feel that a dignified and manly loyalty has become either an impossibility or a burden. Governors, nowhere, will fear discussion; or fetter the press; or refuse reforms; or cripple independence;—and people, nowhere, will abuse their rights; or desire, or demand, the unreasonable or unjust. The aggregate of families, which make up a nation, living in unity, like each of the families that constitute or compose it, the aggregate of nations will dwell together in the same spirit, and with the same results. Commerce will bring, more and more, the whole earth into friendly intercourse;—the sea that would seem to divide the nations, shall be as a chain to bind people to people, and land to land. Instead of meeting for hostile purposes, there will be the interchange of visits to promote science, to perfect literature, to spread art, to cultivate religion,—or to honour God. If, in all these ways to which we have adverted, the lessons of our Royal Exchange were to be learned, and we ourselves, and our visitors, to carry them out, in the full development of individual, social, and national life,—many of the pictures of the prophets would be realized, the kingdom of heaven would be established on the earth, and the tabernacle of God would be universally with man. Evils might remain, but everything would tend to mitigate or diminish them. The world would be a temple,—the nations a church;—all work would be a daily worship,—while daily worship, strictly so called, would hallow and sanctify all work. The day of rest would be welcomed as it came,—but welcomed for its devotion, as well as its repose. From all hearts, from all hands,—from palace and cottage—from the mine and the market-place—from the field and the factory—the forge and the loom—the city and the sea,—from all nations and from all men,—there would be going up constantly to heaven, that which is re-



quired when Christians are exhorted in language like this—"Dearly beloved, I beseech you, by the mercies of God, *that ye present your bodies as living sacrifices*, holy, and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." Were this ever to be universally realized, the final cause of the creation of the world might, without a figure, be said to be attained. God's great idea would be seen to be complete; and He himself, if we might so speak, after being grieved by the wickedness of the race, would return again to the unruffled, deep, and ineffable satisfaction with which he was filled before the world was, when anticipating the results of his creative energy, "*He rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, AND HIS DELIGHTS WERE WITH THE SONS OF MEN.*"—From "*The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry*," published by the Religious Tract Society.

#### ON THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF TORTOISE-SHELL FROM CELEBES.

At the present juncture, when the attention of the public mind is so strongly directed to the consideration of the works of art and industry, and to the natural productions of various countries, collected together, and arranged beneath one vast roof of glass, the following notice relative to the tortoise-shell of Celebes will be read with some degree of interest.

Tortoise-shell is used principally in the ornamental arts, and the manufacture of articles combining elegance of appearance with utility; and of these, numerous examples meet the eye of the visitor in the Great Industrial Exhibition. Our present object is not to comment on these articles as ornaments, nor to explain the process of their manufacture, but to say something relative to the raw material before it is consigned to the hands of "the cunning workman." Our paper is a translation from a foreign work little known in England ("*Verhandeligen van het Bataveaash Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen*," vol. xvii., p. 1), and appeared in the journal of the Indian Archipelago and Eastern Asia in 1849. Amongst the more valuable of the commodities which the enterprising and industrious Bugis (a peculiar tribe) annually bring to Singapore from Celebes, and other eastern islands, tortoise-shell holds one of the first places. The quantity imported into Singapore sometimes

rises in weight above thirteen thousand, and sometimes sinks below seven thousand pounds; but the average, one year with another, is about ten thousand pounds. The following account of its collection by the Orang Bajo of the south-eastern peninsula of Celebes, is thus detailed by M. Vosmaer:

"The Orang Bajo distinguish four principal kinds of tortoise (marine), and name them respectively, kulitan, akung, boko, and ratu. The first-named is the kind which, on account of its costly shell, is the most prized. It is the so-named Karet tortoise. The back-plate or carapace of this creature is covered with thirteen shields or blades, which lie regularly on each other in the manner of scales, five on the middle of the back and four on the sides; these are the plates which furnish such costly tortoise-shell to art. The edge, or circumference of the carapace is further covered with twenty-five thin pieces joined to each other, which in commerce are known under the appellation of 'feet' or 'noses' of the tortoise. The value of the tortoise-shell depends on the weight and quantity of each 'head,' under which expression is understood the collective tortoise-shell belonging to one and the same animal, which is the article of commerce so much in request both for the Chinese and European markets.

"Tortoise-shells which have white and black spots that touch each other, and are as much as possible similar on both sides of the blade, are in the eyes of the Chinese much finer, and are on that account more greedily monopolized by them than those which want this peculiarity, and which are, on the contrary, reddish, more damasked than spotted, possess little white, or whose colours are badly distributed. The caprice of the Chinese makes them sometimes value single 'heads' at unheard-of prices, especially such as pass under the name of 'white heads,' which they also distinguish by other names. It is almost impossible to give an accurate idea of these kinds, and of their subdivisions, for they depend on many circumstances which remain unappreciable to our eyes. It is enough, therefore, for me to remark on this subject, that such heads as possess the above-named qualities are very white on the blades, and have the outer rim of each blade, to the breadth of two or three fingers, wholly white,—and whose weight also amounts to two and a

half catties (we do not quite know to what the catty is equivalent)—qualities which are very seldom found united—may be valued at one thousand guilders and upwards. The feet of the tortoise-shell are only destined for the Chinese market. Whenever the two hinder pieces are sound, and have the weight of half a catty or thereabouts, which is very seldom the case, they may reach the value of fifty guilders and more. The whole shell of a tortoise rarely weighs more than three catties; notwithstanding, it is asserted that there sometimes occur 'heads' of four and five catties.

"Tortoise-shells are also sometimes found, of which the shell, instead of thirteen blades, consists of a single undivided blade. The Orang Bajos call this kind, which is very seldom met with, *lojong*.

"The *akung* also furnishes tortoise-shell (*karot*); but the shell being thin and of a poor quality much less value is attached to it.

"The *boko* is the same as that which is called *panju* by the Malays. It is the common sea tortoise or turtle, which is of no other use than to be eaten.

"To these sorts the *panjubui* ought to be added, being the common sea-tortoise, with a thick shell like that of the proper tortoise (*kulitan*), but of poor quality, and therefore of trifling value; so also the *akung boko*, which is distinguished from the common *boko* by its much larger head.

"The *ratu*, lastly, furnishes a sort which is distinguished by its peculiarly great size, the Orang Bajos asserting that it is usually twice as big as the largest tortoise-shell tortoise, and therefore five to six feet long, and even more.

"The usual modes by which the Orang Bajos catch the tortoise are principally by the *hadung*, the harpoon, and the net; to these we may add the simplest of all, namely, falling upon the females when they resort to the strand to lay their eggs. This is the most usual—I may say the only way by which the inhabitants of the coast catch this animal. They need nothing more than, as soon as they have got the creature, to turn it on its back, when unable to turn itself again, it remains lying helpless in their power. It sometimes also falls into the hands of the dwellers on the coast, through means of their fishing stakes; into which it enters like the fish, and from which it can find no outlet, but remains imprisoned in the innermost chamber.

"Whenever the Orang Bajos have caught a tortoise, they kill it immediately by bestowing some blows upon the head. They then take its upper plates, or the carapace itself quite off, being the only thing about the animal which is of value. The tortoise-shell adhering so fast to the bony carapace, that if they at once pulled it off there would be danger of tearing the shells, they usually wait three days, during which time the soft parts become decomposed, and the shells are loosened with little trouble. When they wish to remove the shell immediately after the capture, they separate it by means of boiling water. They also often accomplish this object by the heat of a fire,—in the application of which, however, a danger is run of injuring the shell by burning it; for which reason this mode is only adopted by those who do not know its value."

From this brief sketch, the extent and importance of the export of tortoise-shell from Celebes may be readily appreciated. The produce of the "*kulitan*" (*Caretta imbricata*, or *Chelonia imbricata*—*le caret* of the French) is abundantly produced in other portions of the globe. The range of the species is very extensive. The hawksbill turtle, as it is commonly termed by English writers, is an inhabitant of the warmer seas of Asia generally; especially of India and its islands, and also of those of the New World, and everywhere it carries on its back the cause of its own destruction. In ancient times, tortoise-shell was as highly, and perhaps more highly valued than at the present day; but the abundance then supplied to the luxurious inhabitants of the great cities of Europe, was obtained exclusively from the east; India sent not only ivory and gold, but also tortoise-shell to Rome; and the art of treating it and fashioning it into ornaments, appears to have been as well understood, as now it is in Europe or India, and doubtless by the same processes.

Reverting from the east to the west, it may be observed that the coast of Darien, and of several adjacent islets, is celebrated for the fishery of this tortoise. At San Blas, a colony of Indians is established for the sole purpose of taking these animals; and fifteen thousand pounds' weight is collected on the average annually.

There are a few instances on record of this species having been taken on the coasts of the British islands, most pro-

bably driven by storms from more congenial latitudes.

For ages, then, has war been directed against this oceanic creature; not for the purpose of supplying the wants or necessities of man, but for the purpose of ministering to his pride, ostentation, and taste for luxury. Yet although this system of extermination has been carried on for ages, and still is carried on, the species has escaped annihilation—nay, it still abounds in its favourite latitudes; and as in days gone by, its fishery is a source of commercial enterprise, of profit, and employment. It is provided by an All-wise Power, that the reproduction of these animals (as in the case of fishes) should be such as to counterbalance the destruction occasioned by man, and also by natural enemies, to whom the eggs buried on the shore, and the young before they leave the shore, and even when they have gained the water, are a welcome and abundant prey.

Thus, in an exhibition exemplifying the concord and amity existing among great nations, wherein emulation is displayed in the arts of peace and not of war, trophies meet our gaze which proclaim the destructive agency of man throughout the lower orders of creation; a destruction which cannot but obtain according to the order and constitution of all things on the surface of our globe. It has been in operation since the fall, and must continue till the globe is remodelled by the hands of Him who made it. We may just observe, that in the "Natural History of Reptiles," \* p. 85, *et seq.*, will be found an account of the hawkbill turtle, and of the mode of treating its scales, which may be read with pleasure.

M.

#### SINGHALESE PROVERBS.

(FROM TENNENT'S "CEYLON.")

1. PRUDENT people do not grasp at a heap of oranges, but take one by one. (Grasp all, lose all.)

2. Having drunk of the river, they pray for the long life of the sea. (Having received favours from one person, they speak the praises of another.)

3. The hand that one cannot cut, he kisses. (The wicked, when they cannot injure a man by open means, have recourse to flattery and fraud.)

4. In the pond where there is no *loota* (a fish), *kanapaddi* (a small fish) is the pundit.

\* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

5. Why do you commit sin by killing ratsnakes? (Spoken of persons wantonly injuring the poor and humble.)

6. One can bear the bite of an alligator, but not the pricking of *kobula*\* (thorns). (One can bear the harsh treatment which he may receive from a great man, but cannot bear with equanimity the haughty demeanour and petty insults of underlings and dependents.)

7. You can see the white colour of the *kanakoka*† when he is flying only. (The latent talents of a clever man shine forth when he is acting in his proper sphere.)

8. For a medicine which the doctor has no intention to give, he requires the fat of eye-flies, seven measures and a little more. (When a man has no intention to perform any work, he proposes terms which it is impossible to comply with.)

9. Do not sharpen the thorns of a tree.

10. The man who received a beating from a firebrand, runs away at the sight of a firefly.

11. When the blacksmith sees a soft iron, he jumps and beats with redoubled energy. (If you show a yielding disposition, you will soon be overpowered.)

12. When a man is disabled (by bodily infirmities), the distance to the fireplace is seven *gows*.

13. When new, even gummy-bags are stiffened with starch. (Equivalent to the English proverb, "A new broom sweeps well.")

14. Like the man who went to Roona to avoid eating *kurakkan* (a kind of grain, *nacherene*. In Roona, *kurakkan* forms the chief article of food.)

15. Even a Rodia will cast a stone at you, if you cast one at him.

16. Before looking at the face, he looks at the hand. (Referring to the prevalence of bribery—the reception which a man receives depends upon the presents he carries.)

17. Are all the fingers of the hand of the same size? (There must be various grades of rank in society.)

18. When the boat was upset, the man said, "This side is better than the other." (Though a man miscarries a favourite project by his folly, he pretends to be satisfied with the result.)

19. A snipe to-day is better than an

\* A prickly plant that grows on the banks of the rivers and marshy places.

† A bird so called, which appears to be of a dark colour, except when flying, when the inner feathers, which are white, become visible.

elephant to-morrow. (A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.)

20. Why awake sleeping *chetas*? (Let sleeping dogs lie.)

21. Like the *kokka* (crane), who waited till the waters of the sea were dried up.

22. Trade is trade; friendship is friendship.

23. A full pot of water does not shake. (A really learned man is not proud of his learning, nor a really great man of his power or wealth.)

24. Though a bad man puts a yellow robe on, where will his wickedness go?

25. Though a dancing-master falls, it is reckoned as a manoeuvre of his art.

26. Can the alligator catch cold?

27. When water goes over the head, it does not signify whether it goes a span high or a cubit high.

28. Even in Gilimala there are white-teethed persons. (Gilimala is the name of a village where great quantities of betel are grown, chewing which turns the teeth red. Hence it means, that even among the best people there are some bad ones.)

29. A foreigner to a village and a creeper to a tree are both alike. (A foreigner would prove as ruinous to a place as a creeper does to a tree.)

30. The lakes will not become full with dew, but with rain. (Men become rich by fair dealing, and not by mean and deceitful tricks.)

#### JEWISH PREJUDICE AGAINST THE NAME OF CHRIST.

A missionary to the Jews thus writes:—Among those who visited me was a poor Jewess from M—, who being anxious to obtain a Pentateuch for her son (ten years old), to be used by him in the Hebrew school, brought this boy—by the advice of their Jewish teacher—to be examined by me in the Pentateuch, to show me that he was a fit object to be presented with that book. I placed before the boy the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, asking him to read and translate the tenth verse. To which the boy remarked, that he had not yet gone further than the twenty-third chapter; but would be much more advanced if he were not kept back by not having a Pentateuch of his own. So I made him read and translate part of the twenty-second chapter, which he did pretty well; and I took occasion to explain to the mother and son the verses

the latter had been reading. This being done, I opened the German New Testament, and said, "Now, my boy, let me hear you read a little German;" and placed before him the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. When he had read down to the thirteenth verse, I stopped him (he having always omitted the name of Jesus), and asked him why he had not pronounced that name?

*Boy.* My father has prohibited my doing it.

*I.* Have you asked your father to be kind enough to explain to you the reason why you should not do so?

*Boy.* No.

*I.* But I would advise you, my boy, to request your father to inform you why he does not wish you to pronounce just this name, while he does not object to your pronouncing any other.

Here his mother observed, accompanying her words by a confident smile, "You may offer him five caroline (about 5*l.*), he will not pronounce it."

*I.* (To the boy.) Does not this occur in the book you read in the Christian school?

*Boy.* Yes.

*I.* And how do you manage there, if it occur in the part you are called upon to read?

*Boy.* Ich überhupp es. (I skip it.)

I now gave a full explanation to them of who this Jesus is; and when I spoke of the pains and sufferings this holy innocent being had endured for our sakes, both the mother and child wept. In conclusion, I urged upon the boy to tell his father on his return, what I had told him of this blessed Jesus. The boy eagerly and with sparkling eyes assured me, "I shall never forget what you have told me." May God grant it, and mercifully keep his soul alive.

#### COMFORT FOR WEAK FAITH.

LET this thought, that God cannot lie, keep in conscious safety the heart of every one who looketh to Jesus. They who look shall be saved. The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud; but the spectator may be no less looking at him than when he is seen in full and undiminished effulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks to Christ. A bright view may minister comfort; but it is the looking which ministers safety.—*Chalmers.*



The Bass Rock.

## THE BASS ROCK.

THE tourist who travels by sea from London to Leith, may have noticed, as he approaches the entrance of the Firth of Forth, within a few hours' sail of Edinburgh, the majestic natural object which forms the subject of our engraving. The Bass Rock, or Island of the Bass (for it is entitled to both appellations) has at all times a picturesque appearance. If the day be calm, its dizzy precipices stand out in dignified relief from the placid waters which encompass them; while on the other hand, if the weather be stormy, the rock, as seen through the mists that partially enshroud it, and amidst the foaming waves that dash against its base, has an aspect of romantic grandeur, that strongly invites the artist's pencil. The Bass has other claims, however, on attention, beyond mere picturesque beauty. The geologist may, from its peculiar strata, derive interesting contributions to his science;

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the botanist, climbing up its sloping surface, can gather some pleasing additions to his *herbarium*; and the zoologist may find an almost unrivalled opportunity of watching the habits of the water-fowl, which in dense flocks find their nests in the clefts of the rock. A pleasure-party, too, if their nerves be good, may spread their table-cloth on its heights, and feast themselves at the same time with the magnificent marine view which expands on every side of them. Higher gratifications than these, however, may be awakened in connexion with the Bass Rock. The Christian may have his faith quickened as he muses among the ruins of the ancient castle which crown its edge on the sufferings of the many eminent servants of Christ, who preferred its gloomy dungeons, its bleak winds, and ungenial winter atmosphere to losing the testimony of a good conscience. The Bass Rock has had its martyrs, and is a permanent memorial of the persecutions inflicted on several faithful ministers of

Christ, by the unfeeling government of Charles II.

We cannot convey to our readers a clearer idea of the appearance of this rock than that which is given in the words of one who was himself long a sufferer within its dungeons. "The Bass," observes Mr. Fraser, of Brea, "is a very high rock in the sea, two miles distant from the nearest point of land; it is covered with grass on the uppermost parts. Landing here is very difficult and dangerous; for if any storm blow, ye cannot enter because of the violence of the swelling waves, which beat with a wonderful noise on the rock, and sometimes in such a violent manner that the broken waves, reverberating on the rock with a mighty force, have come up to the walls of the garrison. With a full sea you must land; or if it be ebb, you must either be cranned (hoisted) up, or climb with hands and feet up some steps artificially made on the rock, and must have help beside of those who are on the top of the rock, who pull you up by the hand. In the uppermost parts of the rock were sundry walks of some threescore foot length, and some of them very solitary, where we often entertained ourselves. A garrison of twenty or twenty-four soldiers, if courageous, is sufficient to defend it from millions of men, and is only expugnable by hunger."

One of the earliest traditions of the Bass Rock connects it with the residence of St. Baldred, a hermit, who is stated to have selected it as his abode as early as the year 606. Superstition has mingled up much that is fabulous with the history of this individual. He is conjectured to have been,—like Columba of Iona,—a Culdee, or primitive Christian, who endeavoured to diffuse the light of the gospel through the surrounding districts. A chapel of great antiquity is still pointed out on the island, as having belonged to him.

The fortress of the Bass is also an object of much antiquity. It dates back as far as the year 1405. It is now quite dismantled. In 1671, after having been for some time the property of a private family, it was purchased in the name of the government of the day, by the advice of the earl of Lauderdale, to whose memory so much infamy attaches, in connexion with the persecution of the Covenanters. Lauderdale obtained for himself the nominal governorship of the Bass, at a salary of 100*l.* per annum. Under the pretext of fines and confisca-

tions for treason, he sat for years fattening on the spoil and sucking the blood of a prostrate nation. It was under his administration that so many of those men, whose names are embalmed in the memory of the people of Scotland as the champions of religious freedom, were sent to the Bass for refusing to give up principles which they could not abandon without doing violence to conscience. Immured in cells of the most diminutive proportions, and often crowded to excess in living sepulchres, from which both light and air were systematically excluded, their sufferings were of a truly grievous character. The castle of the Bass, placed near the base of the overhanging precipice, must have formed at all times a most uncomfortable dwelling-place, exposed as it was to bleak gales, and collecting as it did the rain that poured down from the sloping rock, while on the other side it was washed by the spray of the sea. One of its dungeons must have been especially dismal. It is thus described:—"An arched staircase leads down under-ground from the east end of the castle to what was formerly the Bastion, on arriving at which the visitor finds himself in a hideous cavern, arched overhead, dark, and dripping with an opening towards the sea." Yet even these dark and gloomy regions had their happy moments. The same gracious Saviour who manifested himself to his suffering disciple on Patmos, was present with the consolations of the Holy Spirit to the martyrs of the Bass. Lauderdale, on his silken couch, might have envied the pious prisoner, whose only lullaby was the surge of the ocean and the scream of the wild sea-fowl. "Since I was a prisoner here," says one, "I have dwelt at ease and lived securely. The upper springs flowed liberally and sweetly when the nether springs were embittered; and I have had the experience of that saying, 'Such is the sweetness of heaven's joys, that were the least drop of them to fall into hell, it would absorb all its bitterness.'"

After the revolution of 1688, the Presbyterian prisoners were released from their captivity here. Singularly enough, however, the Bass Rock, small as it was, was the last place in Scotland which submitted to the new government established by William III. "A few daring young officers," says Mr. M'Crie, "who had been taken prisoners at Cromdale, and sent to the Bass, formed a plan for surprising the

place, which succeeded. Being supplied with provisions by their friends on shore, and receiving reinforcements from abroad, they contrived, with a prowess and perseverance worthy of a better cause, to keep their ground for several years. They plundered various merchant vessels, made all of them pay tribute that came within reach of their guns, and craning up their boats to the rock, bade defiance to all attempts to dislodge them. One Mr. Trotter having been condemned to be hanged, for conveying to them supplies, they discharged a gunshot among the crowd met to witness his execution."

The siege of the Bass cost Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, the new governor, a vast amount of trouble and expense. At length, irritated at the pertinacity of the rebels, William despatched two ships of war, which, aided by smaller vessels, cut off their supplies, and reduced them to the necessity of capitulating. The governor, it is said, "who had saved some bottles of the best French wine and brandy, and some fine biscuits, made the commissioners sent to treat with them drink plentifully, telling them that there was no scarcity of provisions, and unless he had his own terms, he would not surrender; and after they were gone, he ordered all the coats and hats in the garrison to be put on the muzzles of muskets, to make them believe the place was full of men; upon which their lordships returned to the council, and reported to them how they were treated, which induced them to comply with the governor's articles." After the surrender, the fortress was dismantled, and the guns and ammunition ordered to be removed. The island has never since been inhabited, except by some occasional herdsman or fowler.

The Bass forms, from its proximity to the main land and the metropolis of Scotland, in suitable weather, an agreeable place for a pleasure-party to visit. A few years ago, a happy idea suggested itself to some literary gentlemen. They resolved to take an excursion to it, and make it the subject of a volume, each individual selecting the department of inquiry with which he was, from his previous pursuits, most conversant. The result was a very agreeably-written volume, entitled, "The Bass Rock; its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, with its Geology, Martyrology, Zoology, and Botany." To this work, such of our readers as desire to know more of the

history of the Bass, and the many eminent Christians who there lingered in captivity, may be profitably referred. "The only feature of the undertaking," jocularly says one of the writers of the volume just alluded to, "which seems to require explanation, is the limited dimensions of the ground selected for our operations. We must confess that it has been barely sufficient to afford room for five of us, and that we have been in danger occasionally of jostling and tripping each other in the course of our proceedings. But it would ill have become us to quarrel with this, when we reflected how very different our confinement has been from that of the unhappy prisoners formerly doomed to languish on this rock; more especially when we were not only allowed what they were often denied, the liberty of the whole island, but invited to extend our researches as far back as the time when rocks and islands in general came into existence."

A few sheep still tenant the Bass; but these and the solan geese are its only inhabitants. The latter were once considered a dainty, but are now thought to have too fishy a taste for modern palates.

In closing our notice of this remarkable place, we do not know that we can do so more appropriately than by quoting the words of a writer who visited the spot some seventy years ago:—"The Bass," says he, "is a large rock, rising out of the sea, to the dreadful height of 600 feet (this measurement is not strictly correct—it is only 423 feet high), giving the spectator an awful idea of its almighty Founder, who 'weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;' who by one word raised into existence this vast universe, with all those unwieldy rocks; and who will, when his almighty goodness shall think fit, with one word command them to their primitive nothingness." W.

#### SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND HIS FORERUNNERS.

THE interest which has belonged to the name of Newton throughout the civilized world for nearly two hundred years, is built on foundations so solid, that no person can be regarded as even tolerably well informed, who has not some acquaintance with the works of this most illustrious of natural philosophers. An exact acquaintance with those works must ever be confined to the learned few; by them they are esteemed in proportion

to the extent and accuracy of their own acquirements in those departments of science to which Newton has added so much lustre.

It will be difficult to understand what Newton was, and what he did, without having before us a general idea of the state of science when he appeared, especially the discoveries which had been made in astronomy and in optics. It will materially aid us, also, to have some familiarity with the other philosophers of the same age, with whom it is fair to compare Newton, and who were useful to him, either in encouraging his early studies, in bringing him out from the retirement to which his modesty would have confined him, or in calling the attention of the scientific world to his extraordinary inventions and productions.

Roger Bacon, the light of England in the thirteenth century, had astonished his fellow-countrymen with suggestions in physical science, to be fully carried out in succeeding generations; and the labours of not a few continental scholars had extended a portion of their fame to the more cultivated minds in this nation.

In the sixteenth century, Copernicus, born at Thorn in Prussia, abandoned the pursuit of medicine, to study astronomy with Dominic Maria at Bologna, and afterwards to teach mathematics in Rome. Copernicus was nephew to the bishop of Ermeland, who made him a canon of the cathedral at Frauenberg. While carrying on his astronomical observations in a house well situated on the brow of a hill, he devoted a large portion of his time to the examination of ancient opinions on the system of the universe. After comparing the various schemes for thirty years, he reached the discovery that *the sun is the centre of our system*. This great truth, and others connected with it, he established in his "Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." Slowly and cautiously he overturned the established opinions of mankind. Nine years after the writing of his book, he was prevailed on by George Rheticus, mathematical professor at Wirtemberg, to allow him to publish some account of his system, and his own work was printed at Nuremberg. A complete copy was handed to him in his last moments, and he saw and touched it a few hours before his death.\*

Three years after Copernicus died, Tycho Brahe, of a Swedish family, was

\* Brewster's "Life of Newton," p. 118.

born at Knudstorp, in Norway. At the age of fourteen, while a student at Copenhagen, an eclipse of the sun, which had been predicted, engaged his attention, and he was filled with an insatiable thirst for so infallible a science. To escape the reproaches and even persecutions which his new studies brought upon him, he left Denmark to travel in Germany. At Rostock he encountered a Danish nobleman, like himself a mathematician, but, like himself, also, of hasty temper, and they agreed to determine a dispute in geometry by an appeal to the sword! Tycho lost the greater part of his nose in the duel. At Augsburg, Peter Hainzell, the *burgomeister* of the city, built an observatory, where the Danish astronomer laid the foundations of his imperishable fame. In a few years, he was received at court by the king of Denmark, honoured by all ranks, and encouraged to the utmost in the prosecution of his studies; there he had the remarkable advantage of observing the new star in Cassiopeia, which was visible for many months, even in the daytime. From Denmark Tycho removed to Basle; but his sovereign induced him, by extraordinary munificence, to return; and for twenty years he continued to enlarge the boundaries of science at Uranibourg. The observatory in which he carried on his observations cost the king about 20,000*l*. In this royal retreat he was visited by James I. of England, who paid him the highest compliments in his power. Tycho was an *observer*, not a philosophical reasoner. He rejected the system of Copernicus. The death of his sovereign left Tycho at the mercy of his enemies at court, and he was driven with his wife and children into exile. At Prague, he enjoyed the protection and the bounty of the emperor Rodolph II.

The agonies of Tycho's dying bed were soothed by the conversation of his illustrious disciple, John Kepler. Kepler was born at Wiet, in Wirtemberg, in 1571. His earlier days were spent in the service of the church; but he was little more than twenty-three years old when he was called to the mathematical chair at Gratz, in Styria. In two years, he published a speculative work. It was condemned by Tycho Brahe, who advised him to *begin his philosophy with observation*. He succeeded his master in the favour of the emperor, and continued to enjoy the imperial patronage of Rodolph's successors, Matthias and Ferdinand.



Tycho had discovered the *variation* of the moon's motion, her annual *equation*, and the *inclinations* of her orbit. Kepler came into the possession of Tycho's invaluable observations; and while trying, by their means, the theory of the uniform circular motion of the planets, he arrived at the discovery, that "Mars revolves round the sun, *not* in a circular, but in an *elliptical* orbit." He also made, by means of these observations, the equally important discovery in physical astronomy—that "the radius vector describes equal areas in equal times." These discoveries were gradually established as including all the other planets in the solar system, and they were published in Kepler's "Commentaries on the Motion of the Planet Mars, as deduced from the Observations of Tycho Brahe." After much fruitless speculation, and many anxious but erroneous calculations, he discovered the great law, "that the squares of the periodic times of any two planets are to one another as the cubes of their distances from the sun." When he made this discovery, he says, he at first believed that he was dreaming, and had taken for granted the very truth of which he was in search. The work in which he published it, "Harmony of the World," was dedicated to James VI. of Scotland.

These are the celebrated "Three Laws of Kepler:"—(1.) "The motion of the planets in elliptical orbits; (2.) the proportion of the areas described, with the *time* in which they are described; (3.) the relations of the *squares* of the periodic times to the *cubes* of the distances."

Kepler's active mind propounded many sagacious *conjectures* respecting the sun as the centre of gravitation, the reciprocal law of gravitation itself, and its effect on the tides and on the irregularities of the moon's motions.

Contemporary with Kepler, but in another country, was Galileo, a native of Pisa, and professor of mathematics at Padua. He had attained his forty-fifth year before he distinguished himself as an astronomical discoverer. The year in which Kepler published his "Commentary," Galileo was at Venice, where he heard of a new instrument for celestial observations. Without seeing it, he discovered the principle on which it was made. He then constructed one for himself, which, by subsequent experiments, he gradually improved into a telescope of sufficient power to "show things almost

a thousand times larger, and above thirty times nearer to the naked eye."

The discoveries which this magnificent invention opened to Galileo were most brilliant. The four satellites of Jupiter were observed. A new analogy to our own planet was established. The path of Venus round the sun was traced in its varying phases. The rotation of the sun was deduced from the spots seen upon his disc. Mountains were beheld in the moon, and her *libration* was ascertained. Portions of the ring of Saturn were observed. Stars in the Milky Way were proved to be at immeasurable distances, from their not being magnified by the telescope. The great system of Copernicus, according to which the planets move around a central sun, was established beyond controversy.

In the plenitude of his success and of his reputation, Galileo naturally expected that the system which Copernicus had made public, with the highest sanctions of the church, would be universally embraced by all lovers of truth, and especially by Christians. But he was deceived. In that liberal age—when the light of science was banishing from the mind of Europe so many errors of past times; when the light of Divine truth was unveiled by the Reformers; when the doctrine of *salvation by faith in Jesus Christ without the deeds of the law*, was eagerly embraced by thousands in the northern nations—in that very age, the most enlightened Roman Catholic in the world was cited before "the Holy Inquisition," on a charge of heresy! He was accused of "maintaining as true the *false* doctrine held by many, that the sun was immovable in the centre of the world, and that the earth revolved with a diurnal motion; of having certain disciples, to whom he taught the same doctrine; of keeping up a correspondence on the subject with several *German* mathematicians; of having published letters on the solar spots, in which he explained the same doctrine as true; and of having glossed over, with a false interpretation, the passages of Scripture which were urged against it." These "false opinions" he was required to renounce altogether, or be cast into prison. In the presence of the great cardinal Bellarmine, Galileo promised obedience, and he was dismissed. But six years had not passed away before he published his "Cosmical System; or, Dialogues on the two great Systems of

the World, the Ptolemean and the Copernican." The Inquisition saw that the obnoxious doctrines were gaining ground, and they summoned the venerable philosopher, now bending beneath the weight of seventy years, to answer for his disobedience. They condemned him to the prison of the Inquisition, *during pleasure*, and to the weekly recital of the seven penitential psalms for three years. The poor old man degraded himself, and dishonoured the God of truth, by signing an abjuration, and on his knees, with his right hand on the Gospels, he cursed the truths which God had honoured him to teach. If it be true, as we are told, that, on rising from his knees, he said, "It does move, though," our sorrow is only the deeper, that so great a teacher should have been so moved by fear, or by superstition, to belie his conscience; while we are forced to express, as calmly as we may, our detestation of the tyrannous hypocrisy of a church which would demand the sacrifice, or accept it.

The Inquisition, however, had not all its own way. The Copernican system was expounded and defended by a Carmelite monk, under the sanction of a pious nobleman of Naples. Galileo, indeed, lay, unpitied by "the master spirits of the age," in the cell of the Inquisition. His imprisonment was relieved and shortened through the influence of the grand duke of Tuscany, and other illustrious courtiers. Broken by disease and by domestic sorrow, the last use he made of his failing sight was to observe the interesting astronomical phenomenon of the moon's *libration*, which he partially explained. His last days were comforted by some relaxation in the rigour of his punishment. Nearly deaf, and totally blind, he was seized with palpitation and fever, while actively studying the forces of percussion. After a few weeks of illness, he died, at the age of seventy-eight, in the same year in which Newton was born.

Other names deserve to be recorded among the precursors of Newton in astronomical discovery. These were troublous times in England. "Yet, under circumstances so unpropitious, it is instructive to contemplate the picture presented to us, of a small band of philosophers struggling against every disadvantage, pursuing their researches in seclusion, obscurity, and neglect." There was William Millbourne, in the village of Brancepeth, near Durham, a humble

curate, detecting errors in the best astronomical tables then existing. There was W. Gascoyne, a young country gentleman, of Middleton, in Yorkshire (who was killed in the battle of Marston Moor), the inventor of the invaluable *micrometer*. There was Crabtree, at Broughton, near Manchester. There was Horrox, "in the rural hamlet of Toxteth, near a small seaport town in Lancashire, called Liverpool," struggling through poverty and neglect to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and returning to his native county, to observe, *for the first time* by man, the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, while a hard-working curate, on a "poor pittance," at Hool, near Preston—a man of the highest order of genius. There was William Oughtred, fellow of King's College, and rector of Albury, "the mathematical oracle of his day."

In those disturbed times, Wilkins, Boyle, Wallis, Seth Ward, and their scientific associates, formed a philosophical society, first in London, and then in Oxford. John Flamsteed, a sickly lad at Derby, was employing his forced leisure in those unassisted studies of astronomy which have done so much to unveil the stars, and to make the ocean the high-road of nations. Bouillard, in France, wrote the precious sentence, that "if attraction existed, *it would decrease as the square of the distance*." At Naples, Borelli wrote a volume, to prove that the planets perform their motions round the sun *according to a general law*. Dr. Hooke instructed the Royal Society in the outline of the great comprehensive truth which it was the glory of Newton to *simplify and to demonstrate*.

Isaac Newton was the only son of Isaac Newton and Harriet Ayscough. He was born on the 25th of December, (o.s.), 1642, at the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Colsterworth, six miles south of Grantham, in Lincolnshire. The Newtons appear to have been anciently a Lancashire family, where the name of the place, either taken or given by them, still remains. The house at Woolsthorpe was repaired about fifty years ago by the proprietor, Mr. Turner, of Stoke Rocheford, the author of "Collections for the History of the Town and Stoke of Grantham;" and in the chamber where Newton was born he placed a white marble tablet, with this inscription:

"Sir Isaac Newton, son of Isaac Newton, lord of the manor of Wools-

thorpe, was born in this room, on the 25th December, 1642.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was  
light."

The following lines have been written upon the house:

"Here Newton dawn'd, here lofty wisdom woke,  
And to a wondering world divinely spoke.  
If Tully glow'd, when Phœdrus' steps he trod,  
Or Fancy form'd Philosophy a god—  
If sages still for Homer's birth contend,  
The sons of science at this dome must bend.  
All hail the shrine! all hail the natal day!  
Cam boasts his noon—this cor his morning  
ray."\*

This child was born after his father's death. As an infant, he was remarkable for his extreme smallness and delicacy. His mother cherished him with tender anxiety on the paternal estate, which, together with a property of her own, three miles distant, at Sewstern, in Leicestershire, was of the value of 80*l.* a year. When Isaac was three years old, Mrs. Newton was married to the rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, near Woolsthorpe. From that time, the child was committed to the charge of his maternal grandmother. After acquiring the rudiments of education at the day-schools of Skillington and of Stoke, he was placed, in his twelfth year, at the public school in Grantham, then taught by Mr. Stokes, and he lived in the house of Mr. Clarke, apothecary, of Grantham. His own confessions represent him as somewhat idle, and far behind his compeers, until he received a severe kick from the boy immediately above him, when he resolved to rise to the head of the school, and attained the object of his ambition by the habit of close application to study which he never abandoned. His amusements were not those of his companions. He procured a number of saws, hammers, hatchets, and such other mechanical tools as he could handle, and soon learned to use them with great skill. He made a carriage, to be moved by the person sitting in it. He contrived a clock, which marked the time exactly by the falling of water. A peculiar kind of windmill was built near the road from Grantham to Gunnerby; during its erection, Newton had watched the workmen so carefully, that he soon produced a model of it, which was seen at work on the top of Mr. Clarke's house, and was greatly admired. The ingenious contriver shut up a mouse in his little

mill, calling it his *miller*. This industrious miller moved the machine, and ate up the flour. To divert his school-mates, Newton manufactured paper kites on the best scientific principles. In the dark mornings of winter, he carried with him paper lanterns, and at night he alarmed the ignorant neighbours with the dread of comets, by tying the lanterns to the tails of kites. He covered the walls of his apartment with mathematical figures, drawings from nature, or copies from designs. Some of these he had framed. Under a portrait of king Charles I. were some verses, believed to have been written by Newton himself:

"A secret art my soul requires to try,  
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.  
Three crowns, distinguish'd here, in order do  
Present their objects to my knowing view.  
Earth's crown thus at my feet I can disdain,  
Which heavy is, and at the best but vain.  
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet;  
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet.  
The crown of glory that I yonder see,  
Is full of bliss and of eternity."

It is not unlikely that the imperfections which the young philosopher detected in his water-clock led him to pay more attention to the sun, whose apparent motions he marked out by pegs, which he placed at such distances as gave the hours and half-hours. It is related that, in the house where he lodged while at school, Newton was happy in the society of some young ladies, for whose convenience and gratification it was a pleasure to turn his mechanical ingenuity to account. With one of these ladies, his junior by two or three years, Miss Storey, who was afterwards twice married, he cultivated a lively friendship. This lady lived at Grantham, to the age of eighty-two, and, after the death of Newton, communicated many interesting particulars of his early life to Dr. Stukely. These were published by Turner, in his "Collections for the History of the Town and Stoke of Grantham."

Newton's mother again became a widow, having had three daughters by the rector of North Witham. Leaving the rectory, she returned to the manor of Woolsthorpe, and recalled her son from Grantham to help her in the management of their little farm. He was now fifteen years old. He was regularly sent to the market at Grantham to dispose of their produce, and to make the purchases needed in the family. A trusty servant accompanied him on these occasions. When they had put up their horses at the Saracen's Head, Newton left the

\* Sir David Brewster's "Life of Newton," pp. 343, 344.

business to the servant, repaired to his old lodgings, and pursued his studies till the evening. Sometimes he did not go to Grantham at all, but occupied himself with his own thoughts in the shade of a hedge-row, until his faithful companion rejoined him on his return from market. "The more immediate affairs of the farm were not more prosperous under his management than would have been his marketings at Grantham. The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighbouring stream, absorbed all his thoughts when the sheep were going astray, and the cattle were devouring or treading down the corn."

Mrs. Smith now perceived that the capacities, attainments, and habits of her son were such as to encourage her to secure for him all the culture within his reach. She sent him back to Grantham school, where he spent several months in ardent study. His maternal uncle, the rector of a neighbouring parish, who had studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, persuaded him to enter the same society, to which it was finally resolved that he should proceed at the following term.—*From "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### A PEEP AT MANCHESTER AND ITS MANUFACTURES.—No. II.

AGREEABLY to a promise we made the reader on a previous occasion, we will now bend our steps to one of those large cotton-mills which stud the capital of manufactures, and witness those singular processes by which the gossamer of a tiny plant is turned into garments for half mankind.

How remarkable, by the way, is the important part which the simplest productions of nature are made to perform in the scheme of Divine Providence. An ear of wheat is no very imposing object; our eye rests with more delight upon the majestic oak, which seems to vaunt itself to the skies, as the royal representative of the vegetable world beneath; but it is that fragile, unassuming plant upon which the Creator has made us dependent for our daily bread. If, in an evening's ramble beneath the shadows of the Himalaya, our attention happened to be caught by the yellow flower of the humble cotton shrub, how insignificant would it appear amid the gorgeous vegetation

which covers that portion of the globe. Yet in this lowly shrub we see one of the chief articles of commerce, and a means of affording employment and clothing to many millions of the human race. How strikingly do we everywhere find a manifestation of the same principle in the works of God! Do we not perceive in these obvious facts the hand of Him who "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty?"

The cotton-plant is a native of India. Herodotus—the earliest traveller whose observations have descended to our times—noticed it as bearing "fleeces" surpassing those of sheep in beauty and excellence. It was, no doubt, at that time in extensive use among the people of India, and was probably an article of export into neighbouring countries. It is recorded that Amasis, king of Egypt, sent as a present to Sparta a cuirass adorned with gold and cotton. There is only one instance of its use recorded in the Scriptures, and that occurs in the description of the magnificence of the Persian court, which is given in the first chapter of the book of Esther—the word which, in the sixth verse, is translated "green," no doubt meaning cotton. It would thus appear that cotton was an article of luxury fit for adorning the courts of princes, and enhancing the value of their presents; yet such is the effect of commerce, that it now forms the cheapest material of clothing in countries the most remote from its native soil. The cotton which is now used in European manufacture is grown principally in the United States. It is probably not indigenous to America: the first settlers sowed seed which had been brought from Smyrna, and its cultivation being found profitable, was gradually extended until it became a chief article of exportation to foreign markets. There is one circumstance connected with the growth of cotton in America which we must mention in order to deplore,—it is chiefly dependent upon slave labour. There is no reason why it should be so; a free man works better than one in chains, and labour is honourable in men of every colour. Happily, the feelings of the Americans themselves are becoming aroused on this topic, and we would fain hope that, ere long, they will follow the example recently set by this country, by bidding the slave go free.

The growth of the cotton trade amongst us is a truly marvellous phenomenon. Eighty or a hundred years ago, it could hardly be said to exist; now it furnishes employment to a very large proportion of our home population, and contributes one of the largest items to our exports. One or two facts will place this in a convincing and interesting light. In 1701, the quantity of cotton brought into this country amounted to nearly two millions of pounds' weight. Fifty years later, or just a century ago, it had nearly reached three millions. Fifty years later, the three millions had reached fifty-six; and the year before last our imports in cotton were not less than seven hundred and fifty-nine millions. Seventy years ago our manufacturers met to consider the depressed state of trade, arising from the large importation of manufactured cotton goods from India; now, we have not only cleared our own market of competition, but our exports to India are not less in value than ten millions sterling annually. Such is the result of enterprise and perseverance crowned with the Divine blessing. Our manufacturers found no royal road to wealth. Fifty years ago, the means of increasing our trade seemed as much exhausted as they seem now. It is by dint of stubborn application and indefatigable exertion that we have reached our present position, and the same qualities, if continuously exerted, will no doubt raise us higher. In the success with which He has crowned our efforts, God presents us with a luminous comment on the declaration of His inspired word—that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

But the cotton-mill?—Well, kind reader, we have not forgotten it; please to check your impatience, and we will bend our steps thither. Survey it first from the outside: imagine a large rectangular pile, some 300 feet long, and perhaps 150 feet broad, intersected from one end to the other with rows of windows, of which each face of the building contains more than a hundred. Every factory is studded with windows; and this circumstance, in itself trivial, contributes a pleasing feature to Lancashire scenery. In the dusk of the evening, the traveller sees a twinkling radiance thrown across the country far and wide, reminding him of a grand national event, in whose celebration every good citizen thrusts a candle into his window, or of the old Persian fire-towers, where, alas! the elements

were worshipped instead of the Infinite Being who made them. But the mill in question reminds us of other things. We should judge that its owners are both loyal and philanthropic; for sculptured above its roof, in characters so plain that a Londoner on entering Manchester must shut his eyes not to see them, appears its name—"Hanover Mill;" and its broad, blue gates yonder open into "Buxton-court." Our fellow-subjects in distant parts of the empire are prone to look upon Lancashire as a semi-barbarous country, always on the brink of rebellion. This, however, is an error. Northern kindness may be remiss in practising those polite arts which best express its spirit, but it is nevertheless genuine, warm, and full; and as for northern loyalty, it is not less sound, if somewhat less showy, than that which greets the entrance of sovereignty at the portals of Temple-bar.

After a slight interrogation as to whether we were "in the trade," occasioned by the absence of the gentleman to whom we happened to be known, we were at once permitted to inspect the mill. This questioning is suggestive. Our manufacturers guard their arrangements with jealous care. Where one thousand hands are employed, every contrivance for lessening labour is valuable property; and it is not likely that they who have invented it would choose to see it pass at once into the possession of others. But how did we enter the mill? By the door, of course. No, indeed, we did not; they have here quicker ways of performing even such old-fashioned actions. The manufacturer remembers that "time is money"—that he keeps in the engine-house a huge iron creature, capable of doing as much work as one hundred and twenty horses—and that if he can manage to tack himself to it, he will be a gainer in time, money, and strength. Accordingly a machine called the "teagle" is in very common use. This is a large, square kind of box, open at the sides, and capable of holding four or five persons. It is suspended by a rope and pulley from the top of the building, and is raised and lowered by steam-power in an appropriate casing of brickwork. It may be compared to a perpendicular railway, of which the several stories constitute the stations. Ascending by this to storey No. 4, we found the manager, and at once proceeded to inspect the processes of manufacture.

We began with the room assigned for the reception of the raw cotton. We found there three different sorts. The coarsest kind was Indian cotton from Surat, the rest was from America. Of the two kinds of American cotton, one is of much better quality than the other. It is called "island cotton," having been grown originally on the small islands which skirt the coast of Georgia; that of inferior quality is denominated "replaced." The excellence of the quality depends upon the length and fineness of the fibre. The fluctuations in the prices of cotton are very great, and call for the utmost skill and circumspection in the buyer. For instance, a fortnight ago—(we write in the month of June)—it was eightpence per pound; it is now somewhat less than fivepence: so that a quantity of cotton which, a few days since, was worth 10,000*l.*, is not worth much more than one-half that sum now. The process of cleaning the cotton commences in the room where it is first received. It is here separated by means of a machine from particles of coarse, chaff-like stuff which are mixed with it, and then conveyed up inclined planes into the room above, where it undergoes a second purification. This second process is effected by exposing it to the action of revolving blades, which strike it, though without injuring the fibre, at the rate of thirteen hundred times a minute!

Upon leaving the cleaning machines, it is next prepared for *carding* and *drawing*. For this purpose it is spread out in a layer of about an inch thick and a yard wide, subjected to considerable pressure in order to make it hang together, and then received on wooden rollers. At this stage of the process, it has much the appearance of those large rolls of white wadding which may be seen at drapery establishments. From the rollers just mentioned it passes into the carding-machine. This machine resembles a box of considerable dimensions; the space inside is occupied by ten or twelve cylinders, each covered with wire brushwork; they are of different sizes, and so arranged that the layer of wool is transferred from one to another, undergoing some change at every transfer, till it is separated from the last cylinder at the side opposite to that at which it entered, and in a very refined state. It has now been well *carded*, that is, *combed*. When drawn from the cylinder, it resembles a transparent web of gossamer about

a yard wide—the width of the thick layer already described; but it is instantly gathered up, and passed through a tube of about half-an-inch in diameter, from which it issues in the shape of a rope of cotton wool, about the thickness of the finger, and falls into deep tin canisters. A stranger would here have occasion to admire the ingenuity with which machinery is made to perform literally everything—even the minutest details. This cotton rope, if we may so call it, being of a very light texture, would soon fill the canisters; accordingly, a boy used to be employed, whose sole business it was to press it down. Now, however, a weight of iron is suspended above the canister, which, by alternately rising and falling, accomplishes the same end.

The reader will please bear in mind the progress which has been made thus far in turning the raw cotton into *thread*. From a rough mass it has been changed into a long, loose rope, of about half-an-inch in thickness. It is not yet, however, ready for the spinner. Previous to this it has to pass through two machines somewhat similar to each other, the effect of which is to stretch and twist it. Much ingenuity is here displayed, which it is difficult to portray in words. In the first place, twelve of the cotton ropes just mentioned are combined in one, and at the same time are so stretched that this one is no thicker than either of the twelve which compose it. By the second of the two machines, eight of the ropes thus made out of twelve others are again combined in one, and eight of these again into a third; so that if the reader will compute it,  $12 \times 8 \times 8 = 768$ ; 768 of the original ropes are combined in one, and this of no greater thickness than either of its components. By this process it is rendered finer and more even, and is finally transferred to bobbins for the spinner.

We now come to the process of spinning, by which the cotton is changed from a loose rope or twist into a thread sufficiently fine to pass through a moderate-sized needle. Here the utmost ingenuity has been lavished, and with so much success that one man can now do as much work as two hundred men could have done a century ago. The first improvement in spinning is claimed by Mr. Guest, in his "History of Cotton Manufacture," for a poor person named Thomas Highs, who resided at Leigh, half-way between Manchester and Liverpool. It is interesting to trace the humble begin-

nings of an invention which has been attended with such marvellous results,—demonstrating, as it does, the folly of despising “the day of small things.” Highs being one day in the house of a neighbour, whose son had come home after a long and ineffectual search for weft, he was aroused by the circumstance to consider whether a machine could not be constructed for producing a more plentiful supply. He accordingly engaged a person named Kay, a watchmaker, to make wheels and other apparatus; and they worked together in a garret. The door of the garret was kept locked, and they worked hard during over-hours for several months. At length, in a fit of despondency, they threw the half-made machine out of the garret window into the yard. During their labours they were often jeered by their neighbours with inquiries after weft; and, after the catastrophe of the garret window, their derision broke through all restraint. Highs, however, resolved to “try again;” and taking up the broken wheels, he succeeded in producing the famous machine which, after his daughter, he called the “spinning-jenny.” This machine underwent several improvements in the hands of Hargraves and Arkwright, but it was still desirable to obtain a greater degree of strength and fineness in the spun thread. This desideratum was furnished by another obscure individual, named Samuel Crompton. His father was a small farmer, residing near Bolton, who, according to the custom of the times, occupied the vacant hours of his family in carding and spinning. Samuel was dissatisfied with the quantity of work done by the method then in vogue, and earnestly applied himself to its improvement. This task occupied him five years, and at length resulted in the mule-jenny. His invention, however, was not at first in very good repute, and more than one incredulous punster whispered his fears that his “mules” would turn out “asses.” Such is the value of the world’s opinion. The invention of Crompton has proved to his country a richer treasure than the mines of California.

The self-acting mule-jenny is a monument of human ingenuity. While examining its movements, our guide exclaimed with enthusiasm, “There is as much contrivance displayed yonder as in a dozen watches.” Each machine contains about one hundred spindles, each revolving and twisting the thread at the

rate of six thousand times per minute,—so fast, indeed, that they all seem motionless. By running out three or four yards, the machine distends the fibre of the cotton, and twists it most effectually. The whole can be superintended by a single individual,—indeed, superintendence is all that is required. It is astonishing how fine the thread can be spun by this process. A specimen can now be seen at the Great Exhibition so exceedingly fine, that a pound of it would reach two thousand and twenty-six miles; so that twelve pounds of cotton can be made to extend round the globe.

Having described the various processes by which the raw cotton is made into thread, we must follow it for a moment into the hands of the weaver, by whom it is changed into cloth. If the reader will examine a roll of calico, or a piece of cotton print, he will find it to consist of a close texture of transverse threads, one set of which runs along the entire length, and the other across from side to side. The former of these is denominated the *warp*, the latter the *weft* or *woof*. These words will probably remind the reader of those lines of Gray :

“Weave the warp and weave the woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race;”

but just now a piece of unbleached calico will do better for the purpose of illustration than this poetical fabric, which the genius of Cambria wove five centuries ago on the dreary top of Snowdon. The warp is generally composed of stronger thread than the weft. It is prepared in lengths according to the intended length of the piece of cloth when finished, and is stiffened with size. All the longitudinal threads which are required in the manufacture of a single piece of cloth are wound together on a beam,—a kind of rope formed of several hundred distinct threads,—and are then spread out on the loom to the requisite width. When thus spread out, they are formed into two layers, between which the shuttle flies with the weft. At every movement of the shuttle, these layers of thread change places—the higher one taking the position of the lower, inclosing the weft between them; and thus the cloth is woven.

But what is the character of the cloth when woven? Just unbleached calico,—precisely similar to that which, under this designation, is sold at the drapers’.

It must pass through the hands of the bleacher and printer before it can be used

extensively as an article of dress; and when the latter workman has impressed it with the light and tasteful device of an ingenious designer, it would be difficult to recognise, under its altered form, the homely offspring of the loom, and still more difficult to identify it with the woolly covering of the lowly shrub which was growing a few months since in the cotton grounds of Georgia. Here, however, we enter another department of manufacture, possessing a distinct interest of its own; and, with the reader's permission, we will reserve it for another paper. For the present, then, we will conclude by devoutly recognising in the ingenious processes which have passed beneath our notice the fruit, not of our own might and wisdom, but of that Divine goodness which has endowed us with whatever measure of intelligence we possess. In contemplating the wondrous achievements of human skill, we may adopt the exclamation which rises to our lips on beholding the magnificent frame of nature—"This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

D.

#### STUPENDOUS RESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

It cannot but interest the pious mind, and confirm the wavering, doubting soul, and quell the rising fears of unbelief, and give confidence in God's purposes and promises, and foster a delightful anticipation of the certain triumph of Christ's kingdom on earth, to see how, out of small beginnings, God is wont often to bring the most stupendous results; setting at naught the wisdom of man; ordering strength out of weakness, and making the most wonderful effects follow the most unlikely and insignificant causes.

Scripture history is full of illustrations of this sort. It seemed a small matter that Abraham should emigrate from his country, an adventurer into some strange land, he knows not where. Thousands might have done the same; and the fact of his departure seemed an affair likely to concern few beyond his own particular family. But what did God bring out of this small matter? Abraham, the chosen progenitor of a great nation, was to take possession of the promised land—to be the father of the faithful—his seed were to be the people with whom God should enter into covenant; with whom he would deposit his revealed will; with whom were

the promises, and through whom all nations should be blessed. That quiet, unpretending departure of the son of Terah from Chaldea, was the humble beginning of the most remarkable series of events which go to make up the history of our world. It was the preliminary step to the founding of the Jewish commonwealth; a civil polity which has exerted a more controlling influence among the nations of the earth, than any empire that ever existed; and the preliminary step, too, to the founding of the Jewish church, which was a remarkable advance on any prior dispensation of grace, as well as an efficient instrument in the progress of human redemption. As long as the world stands, the influence of that act shall be felt. As long as heaven endures, the spirit of just men made perfect shall bless God for the call of Abraham, and angels shall join in the chorus of thanksgiving to the Lamb.

It was a small matter that Joseph should dream a dream; or, that the daughter of Pharaoh should discover, while bathing in the Nile, an ark of rushes, floating on the river; or, that the same casualty should befall Daniel, which fell to the lot of many a noble youth of that day, to be transported from his native hills of Palestine to an unwelcome captivity in Babylon. Each of these seemingly unimportant incidents was the first link in a chain of stupendous events. Great and noble purposes were answered by the captivity of Joseph in Egypt, and of Daniel in Babylon; and, perhaps, to no mere man that ever lived, has the church and the world been so much indebted as to Moses. He was a signal instrument in the hands of God for civil, social, and moral advancement. In that little rush bark lay the germ of the most extraordinary reform and advancement in everything that pertains to the best interests of man, both in this world and the world to come.

Or, we might speak of David—the trivial circumstance of his being sent, when a mere lad, with supplies for his brethren, who were serving in Saul's army, leads, very unexpectedly, to his successful encounter with the giant; to his signaling himself in the sight of all Israel, and to the illustrious course which he afterwards pursued as the head of the chosen nation, and the guide and teacher of the church. He was an illustrious type of Christ, and an extraordinary instrument in forwarding the great work



of human salvation. No one can trace up, step by step, the history of the son of Jesse, from the time that, in obscurity and in his childish simplicity, he watched his father's flocks in Bethlehem, till, with a "perfect heart," he sat on the throne of Israel, and wielded the destinies of the chosen tribes, and not admire the wonder-working hand of God, in so controlling human events as to bring the most extraordinary and far-reaching results out of the most simple, and apparently, insignificant causes.

Or, we might, ere this, have spoken of Ruth. It was a little matter that Abimelech, of Bethlehem-Judah, goes to sojourn in the country of Moab, he and his wife and two sons, because of a famine. Many others do the same. Abimelech dies; the sons take wives of the daughters of Moab, and soon die. The widowed mother turns her eyes longingly towards her native land, and resolves to return. Her daughters-in-law propose to accompany her. One relents, and returns to her people and her idols; the other perseveres, and casts in her lot with Naomi and the people of God. By a felicitous train of circumstances, all beautifully providential, Ruth becomes the wife of Boaz, who was the father of Obed, who was the father of Jesse, the father of David. We trace back to that little Moabitess girl the lineage of the most illustrious race of kings, of which was David, the sweet singer of Israel, and Solomon, the great and the wise, who raised Israel to the acme of national glory; yea, the lineage of the King of kings, the Prince and Saviour of the world. A glorious issue from a most insignificant source!

Profane history furnishes illustrations scarcely less interesting, of the same overruling Hand, so controlling all the events of this lower world, as best to subserve the great scheme of redemption.

A little mistake (probably a mishap of ignorance), is made by Ptolemy in drawing up a map of the world. He extended the eastern parts of the continent of Asia so enormously as to bring it round almost in contact with the western parts of Europe and Africa, of course making the distance across the Atlantic ocean to Asia but trifling. Consulting this map, Columbus conceived the idea of effecting a passage to India by a westerly route. Hence the discovery of America. And though he must first discover Ptolemy's mistake, and en-

counter difficulties of which in the outset he had no conception, yet his mind having become fired with ardour for discovery, his preparations being made, and his zeal not easily abated, he pressed forward, not over a sea of a few hundred miles, but of thousands, till the expected land appeared. "A little fire" was kindled in his ardent soul for discovery, the result was an immensely "great matter,"—the discovery of a new world, the magnitude of which we have yet scarcely more than begun to see, and which we can never estimate, till we shall see the end of the magnificent plans which God has to accomplish in connexion with the American continent.

So it was a little matter that a Dutchman should cut a few letters of the alphabet on the bark of a tree, and then, by means of ink, transfer an impression of them on paper. But here was the rude idea of printing. Nor did it seem a much greater matter that he should (as the first improvement of the art), cut letters in blocks of wood, which he used for types, to print whole pages for the amusement of his children. This was the day of "small things." But if you have a mind far-reaching enough to measure the present power of the press; its power to perpetuate the arts and sciences; to control mind; to spread the gospel, and, by a thousand ways, contribute to the advancement of our race, you can tell how "great a matter" this art of printing is.

Again; a vessel of a hundred and eighty tons is a small affair. Had you seen her afar off on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, a mere speck in the horizon, tossed like a feather on the huge waves, nearing the rock-bound coast of New England, you would not have suspected her laden with aught that should particularly affect the destinies of the American continent. The "Mayflower" was laden with about one hundred persons, men, women, and children, with their implements of husbandry and trade, with their books and Bibles, their preachers and teachers. A somewhat singular freighting! yet even curiosity would have dismissed any raised hope of signal good to come from such an enterprise when they were seen to land on Plymouth rock; to cast their destinies, at the very commencement of a stern New England winter, on that wild, inhospitable shore. To all human sagacity, they must perish amidst the frosts and

snows; or, should they escape the severity of the climate, die with hunger, or fall by savage hands. Many did die; all suffered severely; and many a hard year's toil, trial, and suffering, passed by before the world could see that the arrival and settlement in this country of our pilgrim fathers was more than a Quixotic expedition of a few refugees from Europe.

But what has God brought out of it? There was hid in that little nutshell of a vessel, the germ of the free institutions of a great country. Wrapped up in the bosoms of the men that occupied the cabin of the "Mayflower," were the principles and ideas which, when developed and clothed in real acts and institutions, presented to the world a form of government, a pure, evangelical, free Christianity, a system of popular education and of morals, an industry and enterprise, and an inventive genius, which, under God, have made America what she is.

A few individual instances may be adduced to illustrate how great a matter has sprung from so small a beginning.

A sturdy Puritan is serving in the parliamentary army under Oliver Cromwell. At the siege of Leicester, in 1645, he is drawn out to stand sentinel; a comrade, by his own consent, takes his place, and is shot through the head at his post. Thus was John Bunyan, whose life had already twice been saved from the most imminent danger of drowning, again spared an untimely death. Though long since dead, he yet speaketh to millions in his own language, and to as many millions in other tongues; one of the most signal instruments for good that ever lived. John Newton was another chosen vessel; and how did God watch over him, when calamity, pestilence, or disease was near, and shield him from danger, while yet his heart was enmity to God. We quote a single instance: "Though remarkable for his punctuality, one day some business so detained him that he came to his boat much later than usual, much to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality. He went out in his boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, but the ship blew up just before he reached her." Had he arrived a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with those on board.

Again; an obscure Highland boy is taught the first principles of religion by his humble parents amidst the glens of

Scotland. He early learns to revere the Bible, and to honour God and the religion of his fathers. We next hear of him, in mature years, a marine on board a British man-of-war. A battle rages. The deck is swept by a tremendous broadside from the enemy. Captain Haldane orders another company to be "piped up" from below to take the place of the dead. On coming up they are seized with a sudden and irresistible panic at the mangled remains of their companions strewn on the deck. On seeing this, the captain swore a horrid oath, wishing them all in hell. A pious old marine (our Highland boy), stepped up to him, and very respectfully touching his hat, said, "Captain, I believe God hears prayer, and if he had heard your prayer just now, what would have become of us?" Having spoke this, he made a respectful bow, and retired to his place. After the engagement, the captain calmly reflected on the words of the old marine, which so affected him that he devoted his attention to the claims of religion, and became a pious man.

Through his instrumentality, his brother, Robert Haldane, though at first contemptuously rejecting his kind attentions, was brought to reflection, and became a decided Christian.

James Haldane (the captain), became a preacher, and pastor of a church in Edinburgh. Robert subsequently settled in Geneva, and being much affected by the low spiritual condition of the Protestant church there, and the neological views of the clergy, he sought an acquaintance with the students of the theological school, invited them to his house, gained their confidence, and finally became the means of the conversion of ten or twelve, among whom were Felix Neff, Henry Pyt, and J. H. Merle D'Aubigné. Few men have so honourably and successfully served their Divine Master as Neff and Pyt; and few fill so large a sphere in the world of usefulness as the president of the theological school at Geneva, and the author of the immortal "History of the Reformation;" and few spots on earth are so precious to the truth, as the city of Geneva. It was a "little fire" that kindled these great lights, and made the ancient and honourable city of Calvin once more worthy of that great name; it was a little spark, struck from the soul of a poor Highlander, and well lodged in the heart of his unpretending boy.

After preaching successively and suc-

cessfully in Berlin, Hamburgh and Brussels, D'Aubigné was, providentially, brought back to Geneva, his native city; which event led to the establishment there of the present evangelical "School of the Prophets," with D'Aubigné at its head. This seminary is the hope of piety in Germany; the citadel of the doctrines of the ever blessed Reformation; a fountain sending out the healing streams of salvation to all Europe, and to the waste places of the Gentiles.

In the latter years of Alexander, emperor of Russia, there existed in that vast and semi-barbarous country, a Russian Bible Society, which distributed, under the favouring auspices of the emperor, a vast many copies of the sacred Scriptures, and accomplished much good. In 1818, it had one hundred and twenty-eight branch societies, and had printed the Bible in twenty-eight languages. But where, among the mountains of that desert clime, shall we look for the little rill that gave rise to this fertilizing river? I see it in the far-off region of Moscovia; and its incipient streamlet sparkles in the light of the flames of that ancient capital. The rev. Mr. P. is passing through Moscow on his way to England; is invited to the house of the Russian princess M., who had just returned from the exile into which she had been driven on the invasion of Napoleon, and finally becomes the teacher of her children. He employs the influence of his station for the spiritual interests of benighted Russia. And especially did he, through the influence of the princess, obtain a rescript for the formation of the first Russian Bible Society. It arose amidst the ashes of the ancient capital; another of those lights which gleamed up from the confused darkness and the fiery upheavings of the career of Napoleon Bonaparte.

This brings to our recollection the case of a yet larger river which arose from a still smaller rill. A Welsh clergyman asks a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents or neighbours had a Bible; and this led to that meeting in London in 1804,\* of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales

with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a society which has already issued more than 24,000,000 copies of the Bible, in whole or in part—its issues now reaching nearly a million and a half annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world, which are so many trees of life, bearing the golden fruits of immortality among all the nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far-reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

The above spirited extract is from a volume recently published in America, entitled, "The Hand of God in History," by H. Read. Another illustration of the truth that stupendous results flow from small beginnings, will occur to many of our readers' minds, in the history of the Religious Tract Society.

In 1781, the rev. George Burder published a tract, entitled, "The Good Old Way," in which the fall and recovery of man were fully and clearly stated and proved. He sent copies of it, with a brief dedication to the inhabitants, to each house in Lancaster. Some returned the tract, with abusive expressions. This resistance, however, only induced Mr. Burder to engage with greater zeal in the work to which he had committed himself. He conferred with a friend, the rev. Samuel Greatheed, on the subject, who entered warmly into his views. In connexion with this revered individual, Mr. Burder published six tracts, under the title of "Village Tracts." These were committed to the care of a London bookseller, who had the superintendence of their sale but for a short period, when he became a bankrupt. This untoward event greatly interfered with the circulation of the tracts, and led to a considerable loss on the part of the benevolent and disinterested writers.

The failure of this publisher was an important circumstance in connexion with the formation of the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Burder and his friend discovered that these private efforts were too limited to lead to any permanent results, and were too expensive; they, in consequence, determined to promote the formation of a society to secure the object they had in view. At the conclusion of the annual sermon on behalf of the Lon-

\* For an account of the circumstances which led to the formation of the Bible Society, see "Jubilee Memorial" of the Religious Tract Society, chap. vi. p. 46.

don Missionary Society, May 8th, 1799, the attendance of ministers was requested in the school-room adjoining Surrey chapel. Mr. Burder stated his opinions; all agreed that such an institution as he proposed was desirable, and early on the following morning an adjourned meeting was held—the society was established—and a committee and officers appointed.

Such was the simple origin of the society whose tracts and books now speak in a hundred and ten of the languages and dialects of the earth. "Its beginning was small—it was then in its infancy: but it was an infant Hercules: or rather, it resembled the spring-head of some mighty river, hardly awakening notice at its first bubbling up; but, increasing its waters, forming channels in every direction for their flow, and swollen by an accession of tributary streams," it now enriches, fertilizes, and refreshes, by its pure and vital current, almost every country of the globe.\*

#### THOUGHTS FOR RETIREMENT.

THE world is the great deceiver, whose fallacious arts it highly imports us to detect. But in the midst of its pleasures and pursuits, the detection is impossible. We tread as within an enchanted circle, where nothing appears as it truly is. It is only in retreat that the charm can be broken. Did men employ that retreat, not in carrying on the delusion which the world has begun, not in forming plans of imaginary bliss, but in subjecting the happiness which the world affords to a strict discussion, the spell would dissolve; and in the room of the unreal prospects, which had long amused them, the nakedness of the world would appear.

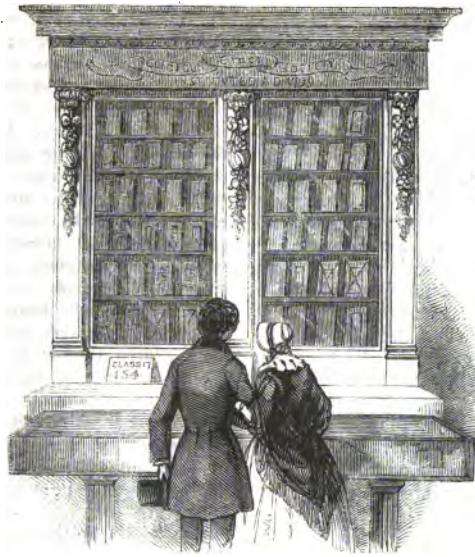
Prepare yourselves, then, to encounter the light of truth. Resolve rather to bear the disappointment of some flattering hopes, than to wander for ever in the paradise of fools. While others meditate in secret on the means of attaining worldly success, let it be your employment to scrutinize that success itself. Calculate fairly to what it amounts, and whether you are not losers, on the whole, by your apparent gain. Look back for this purpose on your past life. Trace it from your earliest youth, and put the question to yourselves. What have been its happiest periods? Were they those of quiet and innocence, or those of ambi-

tion and intrigue? Has your real enjoyment uniformly kept pace with what the world calls prosperity? As you are advanced in wealth or station, did you proportionably advance in happiness? Has success, almost in any one instance, fulfilled your expectation? Where you reckoned upon most enjoyment, have you not often found least? Wherever guilt entered into your pleasures, did not its sting long remain, after the gratification was past? Such questions as these, candidly answered, would in a great measure unmask the world. They would expose the vanity of its pretensions, and convince you that there are other springs than those which the world affords, to which you must apply for happiness.

While you commune with your heart concerning what the world now is, consider also what it will one day appear to be. Anticipate the awful moment of your bidding it an eternal farewell. Think what reflections shall most probably arise when you are quitting the field, and looking back to the scene of action. In what light will your closing eyes contemplate those vanities which now shine so bright, and those interests which now swell into such high importance? What part will you then wish to have acted? What shall then appear momentous, what trifling, in human conduct?—Let the sober sentiments which such anticipations suggest, temper now your misplaced ardour. Let the last conclusions which you shall form enter into the present estimate which you make of the world and of life.

Commune with your heart concerning yourselves and your real character. To acquire a thorough knowledge of ourselves is an attainment no less difficult than important; for men are generally unwilling to see their own imperfections: and when they are willing to inquire into them, their self-love imposes on their judgment. Their intercourse with one another assists the delusion to which, of themselves, they are prone; for the ordinary commerce of the world is a commerce of flattery and falsehood, where reciprocally they deceive and are deceived, where every one appears under an assumed form, professes esteem which he does not feel, and bestows praise in order to receive it. It is only in retreat where those false semblances disappear, and those flattering voices are silent, that a man can learn to think soberly of himself, and as he ought to think.—*The Recorder*.

\* See chap. ii. "Jubilee Memorial."



Religious Tract Society's Case in the Great Exhibition.

## MEMORABLE THINGS IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE beautiful silk machinery in motion, attended by its proper factory operatives, has attracted just notice in the Exhibition. The bright glossy hanks of silk, as formed by the unwinding of the cocoons of the silk-worm, are stretched out, each hank upon a light, nicely-balanced, six-sided reel, called a *swift*. Above each swift is a bobbin, on which the slender filament is wound. From these bobbins it is taken off by other machines, which clean, twist, and spin it; after which the filaments are doubled, in some cases as many as thirty threads being laid side by side, and twisted into one compound thread. Various silk-winding machines, spinning and doubling machines, etc., are exhibited, as well as that most ingenious and wonderful machine, the Jacquard loom. A silk fabric, of a complicated pattern, is being woven in this loom, or, more properly speaking, the Jacquard apparatus is attached to a loom, the object of which is to raise such of the warp threads for the passage of the shuttle as shall make out the previously arranged pattern.

The Jacquard apparatus is also highly useful in producing the various patterns of carpets, of which so rich a display

adorns the Exhibition. Carpets are rather complicated products of the loom, and there are many varieties, such as Axminster, Venetian, Kidderminster, Scotch, Brussels, and Wilton carpets. It does not follow, however, that the particular kinds of carpet are made or were invented at the places whose names they bear. Axminster carpet is similar to Turkey, the one being made of worsted and the other of woollen yarn. Kidderminster carpet is a double cloth, produced by incorporating two sets of warp and two sets of weft threads. Scotch is identical with Kidderminster. In these, the chain or warp is of worsted, and the shoot or weft of wool. In the Brussels carpet, the web is entirely of linen thread, inclosing worsted yarns of different colours, which are raised into loops as they are required to form the pattern. These loops are sustained upon wires, which are afterwards drawn out; whereas in the Wilton carpet, the wires are cut out by drawing a knife along a groove, left for that purpose in the upper part of each wire. In this way a sort of worsted velvet is produced.

The Exhibition also contains magnificent specimens of floor-cloth. The manufacture of this clean and durable substance cannot, however, on account of its peculiar nature, be shown. It consists

in the covering a surface of canvass on both sides with a number of coats of paint, laid on with a peculiarly shaped trowel, and printing the pattern by various wood-blocks, one block for each colour. In applying the paint, the canvass is hung in a vertical frame, and often presents an area of from fourteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet on each surface, to which the men gain access by means of scaffolding and ladders; as in painting the front of a house. In the printing, the cloth is laid in a horizontal position; the printing is performed by means of wooden blocks, a separate block being used for each colour of the pattern.

The original model of Fourdrinier's paper-machine is an interesting object; with specimens of pottery tissue paper, two miles and a half long, made from old coal-pit ropes and hawsers. Machines for cutting paper in the continuous sheet, and for ruling paper, are likewise shown. The operations of paper-making and felting, while distinct from weaving, yet lead to somewhat similar results. In paper-making, the fibres, instead of being spun into threads, and the threads interlaced, are crossed in all directions, and combined into one sheet by mere compression and agglutination. In felting, the fibres of wool or hair are forcibly worked together, so as to make them loop or interlace, the serrated edges locking into each other, forming a compact cloth. In the manufacture of paper, we have another astonishing instance of the power of machinery to increase and cheapen articles in common use. Formerly, every sheet of paper had to be moulded by hand. The rags were ground to a pulp, and diffused through water; a man then dipped a wire frame or mould therein, and skillfully distributing the pulp over it, raised it out of the water, which draining off through the wires, left the pulp on the mould. The wet sheet thus formed was transferred to a sheet of felt or blanketting, and piled up with other sheets similarly distributed; it was then pressed, dried, and sized, and then again dried and pressed; and by these tedious processes a sheet of paper was at length formed. In the paper-making machine, the ground pulp enters at one end, and the finished paper, winding up in a roll, issues from the other. If we tear away a small portion of the pulp as soon as it is distributed on the wire frame, we can trace the rapid progress of the pulp into paper more easily. The writer has traced

the paper in this way, from the issuing of the pulp out of the vat up to its final completion in about ninety seconds,—a result which by the old method would require seven or eight days. In the paper-making machine, the ground pulp or stuff flows from a large reservoir through a straining apparatus upon an endless wire cloth, something like a jack-towel, and moving upon small copper rollers; the water drains off through this cloth, and leaves the paper in a soft damp state. By the constant motion of the wire cloth, the paper is moved forward as it is formed, and passing between two rollers covered with felt or flannel, it is consolidated by a slight pressure. It is then taken off the wire by an endless felt, and, still in a wet state, is passed between two iron cylinders, where it receives a very severe pressure; it is then drawn over smooth hot iron cylinders, which dry it and polish it, and, lastly, it is wound on a reel.

In the Exhibition is a sheet of paper, 2,500 yards long, of the size known as *double long elephant*. We have heard of orders being given to the paper-maker for miles of paper in one unbroken length, and there is no difficulty in rapidly executing such orders by a machine which reduces weeks to minutes; as far as the quantity of work is concerned. In contemplating the wondrous perfection to which this machine has been brought, one cannot help being struck with its immense powers for good or evil. By its means the material is speedily and cheaply produced, which will be the medium of conveying truth or error to thousands. Without the facilities afforded by this machine, the cheap volumes of the monthly series could never have come into existence, nor could the great mass of religious and educational works now so extensively diffused have been accessible.

The curious manner in which inventions hinge on each other is repeatedly illustrated in the Great Exhibition. A cheap paper requires cheap printing, cheap type, and everything on an economical scale; and here we are accordingly introduced to the inventions and contrivances of the last twenty years to facilitate these objects. In passing one day from the machines in motion to the department of mines and minerals, a block of the comparatively rare metal, antimony, caught our eye. We had just been viewing the model of the paper-

making machine, and the gigantic printing-press, and how astonishing was the thought, that but for a remarkable and exceptional property of this rare mineral, those two wonderful machines would have lost half their value. Antimony, in passing from the liquid or molten to the solid state, expands; all other bodies (with the exception of water, and perhaps one other body) contract on becoming solid. Now, by mixing a small portion of antimony with the lead of which types are cast, this metal is prevented from contracting as it cools. Were it not for this, the sharp indentations of the mould would not be filled up, and thus it would be necessary to chase or carve by hand every individual type, instead of casting many thousands in one mould. Thus, the expense of printing would have been increased perhaps a hundredfold, and its benefits diminished in far greater proportion.

The steam printing-press, from the date of its introduction, less than forty years ago, to the present time, has been made the subject of repeated improvements by ingenious men, and has received its last improvement in the vertical machine, which prints the amazing number of 10,000 impressions of the "Times" newspaper per hour. On the 7th of May, 1850, the "Times" and supplement contained 72 columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of 1,000,000 pieces of type, of which matter two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The supplement was sent to press at 7:50 P.M., the first form of the paper at 4:15 A.M., and the second form at 4:45 A.M.; on this occasion 7,000 papers were published before 6:15 A.M., 21,000 papers before 7:30 A.M., and 34,000 before 8:45 A.M., or in about four hours.

The greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was on the 1st of March, 1848, when the paper used weighed seven tons, the weight usually required being four tons and a half; the surface to be printed every night, at the time alluded to, including the supplement, was 30 acres; the weight of the fount of type in constant use was seven tons; and 110 compositors and 25 pressmen were constantly employed. The machine which does such wonders is seen in action at the Great Exhibition.

That valuable boon, the penny postage, has led to an entirely new system with

regard to letters, namely, that of envelopes, which, furnished with a little gum, can be wetted and made secure in an instant without the incumbrance of wafer and wax. As most things which can be made by hand can be much better and more cheaply and quickly produced by machinery, so we have envelope-making machines of great ingenuity. There are two of these in constant work at the Exhibition. The action of one of them may be briefly explained. As a preliminary step, a steel cutter cuts out many hundred envelopes at once, and these in their unfolded state are brought to the machine. A hollow arm, moving backwards and forwards, is alternately exhausted and filled with air; in its exhausted state, it arrives just over the pile of open envelopes, the top one of which clings to it by atmospheric pressure; the arm then moves on, becomes filled with air, and drops the paper in a certain place over an opening. A dabber charged with gum then falls down, and applies a small quantity of gum along the exact line where it is wanted. A rectangular frame or plunger then forces the paper into a rectangular opening; each of the four corners is turned over by a puff of condensed air, which issues from a crack near it; a smooth-faced plunger then falls down, and completes the envelope. All these separate movements succeed each other with such rapidity, that when the machine is in full action they can scarcely be followed by the eye.

Among the machines exhibited, there is one which calls to mind the most triumphant engineering exploit of modern times—the huge hydrostatic press employed in raising the tubes of the Britannia Bridge, a model of which is also exhibited. The necessity for this form of bridge arose from the condition insisted on by the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that it should in no way interfere with the navigation of the Menai Straits, which it crosses on the line of railway from Chester to Holyhead, and that the bridge should be at least 105 feet above the surface of the water. A rock in the middle of the strait (called the Britannia Rock) served to divide the bridge, and from this to the tower on each side, tubes 460 feet long had to be constructed. Scaffolding would have obstructed the navigation, therefore ponderous iron tubes, each weighing 1,800 tons, were framed on land, floated to their place between the solid masses

of masonry which were to receive and support them, and then raised by the mighty power of hydrostatic presses, the large press now exhibited having been used at one end, and two smaller presses at the other end of each tube. Thus the tube was raised six feet at a time, and the masonry built up after it.

The model of another great national work is also here shown, namely, the Plymouth breakwater, erected across the mouth of Plymouth harbour, and thereby rendering it capable of affording a secure place of refuge in stormy weather for forty ships of the line, besides a fleet of merchant vessels. This breakwater contains 3,768,879 tons of stone; it is 5,100 feet long at the top, and at the bottom about a mile, or nearly three times the length of the Crystal Palace; it is forty-five feet wide at the top, and was erected at a cost to the nation of about a million and a half pounds sterling.

At one extremity of this breakwater is a noble lighthouse of granite, constructed on the same principle as the Eddystone, that great work of Smeaton, destined in all human probability to endure as long as the rock on which it is founded. But at the time when that astonishing structure was completed, the art of illumination had made so little progress, that the only light exhibited to the mariner was the feeble radiance of twenty or thirty tallow candles arranged on a hoop. This, doubtless, in clear weather, was a warning against the dangerous rocks which cross his track on the passage to and from the much-frequented port of Plymouth or Devonport; but in foggy or tempestuous weather, when the beacon was most needed, it was lost in the haze. As time rolled on, and as the arts of peace came to be more extensively cultivated than those of war, the five-and-twenty tallow candles were replaced by as many brilliant Argand lamps, backed and reinforced by burnished silver reflectors, carefully shaped into the form of the parabola, whereby the light is economized and reflected to the ocean. Even this beautiful and efficient apparatus (which is shown in the Exhibition) was destined to be superseded by one still more effective, namely, that of Fresnel. A single lamp, with three or four concentric burners, the largest burner four inches in diameter, stands in the centre of the lighthouse lantern; this lamp is surrounded by glass lenses; and from the impossibility of making a large lens of

the true mathematical form in one piece of glass, each lens is built up of a separate number of glass rings, the external surface of which is so formed as to have precisely the same optical effect as if it were one entire piece. By this arrangement, each lens transmits to all points of the horizon in succession a light equal to that of three or four thousand Argand lamps; yet this wonderful effect is produced by a single lamp. The Fresnel apparatus is exhibited in the nave of the Great Exhibition. The reader may perhaps be surprised to learn, that what appears a mere barrel of glass, refracting the rays of light, and producing many colours under the ordinary light of day, is worth five thousand pounds.

But we must pause—not because we have pointed out all the important classes of objects in this wonderful assemblage, but because our space will not permit of our going further. Well might we linger before that block of coal, eighteen feet in circumference and five tons in weight; or at that whose estimated weight is twenty-four tons; or we might pause before that huge locomotive, “The Lord of the Isles,” whose driving-wheel is eight feet and a half in diameter, and whose power is equal to that of five hundred horses. Many a lesson might we gain from the machines used for producing machinery, ponderous lathes for turning iron, machines for drilling, punching, and planing iron, under whose resistless force iron yields as if it were wood, curling off in large shavings, and pouring off like dust. A rough idea of the forces brought to bear may be gathered from the fact, that the heat excited by these abrading processes is so great, that the water which drops upon the tool to keep it cool actually boils and passes off in steam, in consequence of the heat developed.\*

Before quitting, however, the subject, the reader may be referred to two other objects in the Exhibition. One of these is that which forms the subject of the engraving at the head of this article—the case of books exhibited by the Religious Tract Society; the other is the cabinet furnished by the British and Foreign Bible Society. They stand as striking illustrations of physical labour combined with mental energy. How many years of study and toil have been

\* See “The British Nation; its Arts and Manufactures.”—Monthly Volume, published by the Religious Tract Society.



devoted, by men in different lands, that these books might be given to the world! Rude and strange languages have been learned; grammars and lexicons have been formed; unwritten dialects have been moulded into order, and transferred to the printed page; and he who has been the translator at night, has been compelled to work the press by day, that the nations of the earth might possess the knowledge of those truths which make wise unto salvation.

For more than half a century the Religious Tract Society has been engaged, directly from its own depository, and indirectly by the aid it has given to foreign affiliated associations, in preparing religious books and tracts; and it appeared desirable that the Exhibition should not be allowed to pass without showing to the world a portion of its labours: not in a spirit of ostentation, but that "God in all things might be glorified."

The Society's case is in class xvii., No. 154, and is placed in the avenue adjoining the Fine Art's Court. It contains specimens of fifty-four languages and dialects, selected from the following list, in which the Society has published, or aided in publishing, tracts and books:

**WESTERN EUROPE.**—English, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, in native character, and also in Roman character; Manx, French, Breton, Spanish, Portuguese.

**NORTHERN EUROPE.**—Icelandic, Swedish, Lapponese, Finnish, Danish, Norwegian.

**CENTRAL EUROPE.**—Dutch, Flemish, German, German, vulgar; Lithuanian, Polish, Wendish, Bohemian, Slavonic, Magyar.

**SOUTHERN EUROPE.**—French, German, Latin, Romanese, Engadin, Italian, Maltese, Modern Greek, Albanian, Turkish, Turkish in Greek characters, Turkish in Armenian characters, Moldavian, Bulgarian, Syriac.

**RUSSIAN EMPIRE.**—Russ, Revel Esthonian, Dorpat Esthonian, Lettish, Tartar-Turkish, Buriat, Calmuc.

**CAUCASIAN AND BORDER COUNTRIES.**—Georgian; Georgian, vulgar; Ancient and Modern Armenian.

**SEMITIC LANGUAGES, ETC.**—Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Persic.

**INDIA.**—Sanskrit, Hindustani, Urdu, in Roman characters; Bengali, Anglo-Bengali; Oriya, Hindui, Nagree, Telugu, Canarese, Tamil, Malayalam, Tulu, Mah-

ratta, Gujuratti, Cingalese, Indo-Portuguese.

**CHINA AND INDO-CHINESE COUNTRIES.**—Chinese, Assamese, Sliyam, Nagas, Burmese, Peguan, Taleing, Karen, Siamese, Laos, Cambodian, Cochinchinese, Loo-Chooan, Japanese, Corean.

**HITHER POLYNESIA.**—Malay, in Roman characters; Malay, in Arabic; Low Malay; Buggis, Dajak, Javanese, Madurese.

**FURTHER POLYNESIA.**—Hawaian, Tahitian, Raratongan, Tonga, Samoan, New Zealand.

**FOR AFRICA.**—Malagasy, Sechuana, Kaffir, Isubu, Amharic, Spanish Hebrew.

**AMERICA.**—Karif, Mosquito, Greenlandish, Esquimaux, Mohawk, Ojibbewa.

As an illustration of the Society's operations, it may be stated that the beautiful allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress" has been issued in twenty-eight languages; spoken, probably, by more than one-half of the inhabitants of the earth.

#### MARK THE END OF THE UPRIGHT.

**DR. SHIRLEY**, the subject of the following sketch, shortly after having been appointed bishop of the diocese of Sodor and Man, was, while travelling, attacked by an illness which, without at first seeming very dangerous, speedily assumed a fatal aspect. The subjoined extract from his biography will show what "perfect peace" attended the closing scene of his eminently holy and useful life:

"The bishop had earnestly requested his wife not to conceal the result of the consultation, adding, 'I should wish to know it, whatever it may be.' Accordingly, when sufficiently recovered from the dreadful shock (the physician's report had been decidedly unfavourable) to be able to speak, Mrs. Shirley, accompanied by her son, went into the room, and asked if she should read to him a chapter from the Bible. John xiv. was proposed; when he immediately said, 'Why do you choose that chapter? Walter read it to me yesterday.' It was then changed to 2 Cor. v. He listened with great attention, repeating after his wife parts that particularly struck him; especially the fourteenth verse, 'For the love of Christ constraineth us,' which he dwelt on with great emphasis; making, however, no remarks excepting on the vividness and earnestness of feeling displayed by the apostle in that chapter, so different from

our own lukewarmness. Prayer was then offered up, his wife and son both kneeling by his bedside; after which he was told that the chapter and prayer had his case in view, and that the fatal termination of his illness was but too probable. The look of earnestness which he turned on his wife and son can never be forgotten by them; but he said nothing, and showed no signs whatever of emotion, excepting that a slight perspiration appeared on his forehead. In about a minute after he said, 'What a very happy and blessed life I have had!' After this some necessary allusions were made to his worldly affairs, and he became too much exhausted to converse.

"In the evening, the same members of his family being present, he was asked whether he felt happy. 'Perfectly,' was his reply, 'perfectly happy! The Lord knoweth them that are his.'

"Dr. Young, who was present, said afterwards, more than once, 'The calmest man there!—I could not have conceived it. I have been by hundreds of death-beds, and never saw anything like it.—Not a look—not a tone! and they seemed to have loved him so!'

"In the course of the following day he said to his wife, 'Oh, M——, I have had during this illness such an insight into the eternal world, that death seems a mere transition. I believe heaven to be only an expansion of that intense happiness which I am now enjoying in communion with God. Oh, what a bauble is this world! what a mere bubble to be caring about!'

"Early on Friday morning, the 19th, Mr. R. accidentally set the bed on fire whilst giving his patient some barley-water, and the whole furniture above his head was instantly in a blaze; but, happily, it was soon extinguished by the exertions of Mr. R. and sir M. Blakeston, who were then in the room. Meanwhile the bishop was perfectly calm and placid, and did not speak or move a muscle. When the fire was put out, he said, 'You should never hold a candle inside a bed, it should be put upon a table near it.' To Dr. Young, who inquired on coming into the room if he had not been agitated by the frightful accident, he replied, 'No; I am in God's hands; it would not certainly have been a pleasant death; but if it were His will that I should die so, what have I to say? I cannot help myself. Nothing can happen to me without God's permission.'

Dr. Young immediately felt his pulse, and declared that not the slightest alteration in it had been occasioned by this strange and alarming occurrence. Every morning he had a chapter from the Bible read to him, and afterwards a prayer offered up suitable to his state. He always chose a passage of the chapter on which to make a short practical comment. When Mrs. Shirley was reading to him 1 John iv., he stopped her at the eighteenth verse, and repeated, 'Yes, Perfect love casteth out fear.—He that feareth is not made perfect in love.' In the course of the afternoon he illustrated the meaning of the passage by saying in answer to her question, whether he was happy and comfortable, 'Yes, I am quite content to live or die.—I am in perfect peace. Yes, Perfect love casteth out fear. I have no little scruples; a child who loves its father is not always thinking whether he is offending him. He does his best to please him, and feels assured of his love.' At another time, he exemplified the same text thus to Dr. Young; on a female servant's entering the room, he addressed her in terms of great kindness; when she left it he said, 'I cannot treat servants as some people do; I could not bear to be served with fear; where there is fear there is no love. Perfect love casteth out fear.'

"An expression of individual tenderness and love was also directed to all around, as he evidently bade them each farewell in his heart. He also gave his blessing to one or two present, and again sent affectionate messages to friends. His last conscious act was to reprove his wife for weeping by shaking his head. Soon after he became quite insensible whilst she was endeavouring to repeat to him Cowper's hymn, beginning

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to begone:"

and at eight o'clock, A.M., 21st April, 1847, after three deep sighs, he exchanged time for eternity."—*Memoir of Bishop Shirley.*

#### GIGANTIC EGGS FROM MADAGASCAR.

MANY zoologists have entertained the idea that, if the dodo, or the solitaire, (two birds generally believed to be extinct) still exist, they will be found in Madagascar. However this may be, we have the positive testimony of Flacourt (commander of an expedition to Madagascar in 1648), as to the existence of a

large short-winged bird in that island, and whether this bird be extinct or not, we have of late received a positive proof that Flacourt spoke the truth.

In the "Annals and Magazine of Nat. Hist.," 1849, we find the following account, quoted by Mr. H. E. Strickland, in an article on the "Dodo and its Kindred." This account is from F. R. Surtees, esq., her majesty's commissioner at the Cape of Good Hope.

"It appears from the information collected and communicated by Mr. Surtees, that in October, 1848, when her majesty's ship 'Geyser' was cruising off St. Augustine's Bay, Madagascar, a French gentleman, named Dumarele, who was a passenger on board, gave the following account, which is extracted from the private journal of Mr. John Joliffe, surgeon of the 'Geyser.'"

"After giving an account of some curious monkey with white shining silvery hair (*lemurs*?), M. Dumarele casually mentioned that some time previously, when in command of his own vessel, trading along the coasts of Madagascar, he saw, at Port Lever, on the north-west of the island, the shell of an enormous egg, the production of an unknown bird, inhabiting the wilds of the country, which held the incredible quantity of *thirteen wine-quart bottles of fluid*, he having himself carefully measured the quantity. It was of the colour and appearance of an ostrich egg, and the substance of the egg was about the thickness of a Spanish dollar, and very hard in texture. It was brought on board by the natives (the race of Sakalavas) to be filled with rum, having a tolerable large hole at one end, through which the contents of the egg had been extracted, and which served as the mouth of the vessel. M. Dumarele offered to purchase the egg from the natives; but they declined selling it, stating that it belonged to their chief, and that they could not dispose of it without his permission. The natives said the egg was found in the jungle; and observed that such eggs were *very, very rarely* met with, and that the *bird which produces them is still more rarely seen*."

"The value of such a statement, of course, depends on the character of the narrator, and on this head Mr. Joliffe observes:—M. Dumarele is a French merchant, of Bourbon, a very respectable gentlemanly man, about sixty years of age, who has for years been trading with his own vessel along the coasts of Mada-

gascar, and is well acquainted with the different races of natives, and with the resources of the country. His very unassuming and quiet manner, and intelligent conversation much prepossessed us in his favour, and we believed every thing he told us to be worthy of credit, as far as his judgment and good intention went."

Here the matter rested, not without a suspicion on the part of Mr. Joliffe that the cunning natives had imposed upon M. Dumarele, by a fictitious egg ingeniously constructed. Now, seeing that M. Dumarele, as events will show, was not deceived, a query arises; is the bird producing these eggs "*very, very rarely met with, ever seen*," instead of "*more rarely seen*;" and do not the natives confound a large struthious bird, still existing, with the bird producing these gigantic eggs?

Let us pass from the year 1849 to the year 1851. A new light now breaks in upon us. We must here refer to the paper of M. Isidore Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, published in the *Comptes Rendus* for January 27, 1851. In our translation we shall take some liberties, omitting details, the value of which can only be appreciated by the professional zoologist. Thus speaks M. Isidore (January 27, 1851):—"Within the last day or two we have received from Mr. Malavois, a planter in the island of Réunion (Bourbon), some objects of such great interest that we deem it a duty to submit them immediately to the attention of the Academy. They prove the existence at Madagascar, in a period geologically recent, of a bird of gigantic size, new to science, but with regard to which floating indications, as will be seen, have long existed."

"The discovery of these objects was made in 1850, by M. Abadie, captain of a merchantman. During a stay at Madagascar, M. Abadie one day observed in the hands of a Madagascan a gigantic egg which the natives had perforated at one of its extremities, and which they employed for various domestic purposes. The accounts which M. Abadie received from the Madagascans soon led to the discovery of a second egg, of nearly the same size, which was found perfectly entire in the bed of a torrent, amongst the *debris* of a land-slip which had taken place a short time previously. Not long afterwards, a third egg was discovered in alluvia of recent formation, together with some bones no less gigantic than the egg,

which were rightly considered as fossil, or rather, according to a now generally adopted expression, sub-fossil (that is, not yet deprived of animal matter). All these objects (eggs and bones) were at once forwarded, but unhappily without necessary precautions, to the Island of Réunion (Bourbon), and thence to Paris. One of the eggs arrived broken into a multitude of fragments, but is capable of restoration. The two others are in a state of perfect integrity.

"The objects now placed before the Academy are the two *entire eggs*, a portion of the egg which had been broken, and some fragments of bones, of which one in particular is of great interest to science.

"The two perfect eggs differ little in size, but much in form—one is ovoidal, the other ellipsoid."

Here we omit a long series of measurements in the French metre, and divisions of the metre, which will not we think be generally understood; but we come to a generalization appreciable by all. The ovoidal egg is  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in diameter. It contains  $8\frac{3}{4}$  litres (a litre is 61·029 cubic inches), so that to represent its size it would require nearly six eggs of the ostrich, twelve of the American ostrich or rhea, sixteen and a half of the cassowary, seventeen of the emu, and one hundred and forty-eight of the hen. We may add, contrasting the two extremes of the series, that the same bulk is equal to that of fifty-thousand eggs of the humming bird.

A question has been asked relative to these enormous eggs transmitted from Madagascar; namely, whether they are those of some gigantic bird, or of some unknown gigantic reptile. But, as M. Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire observes, this question is answered by an examination of the texture and composition of the shells, which are similar to those of other large birds with rudimentary wings, and particularly of the emu of Australia. But more directly and completely is the question answered by the bony fragments which have been sent with the eggs in question. Of these fragments one is a portion of the leg bone (metatarsal bone) of the left side, upon which it is enough to cast a glance in order to a full assurance with regard to its true nature. "Moreover," says M. Geoffrey, "on examining this fragment with some attention, we soon arrive at the following conclusions. The great bird of Mad-

agascar differs from the dodo, inasmuch as it wanted that greatly developed hind toe, by which the large bird of the Mauritius differed from the ostrich and cassowary. In this point of view the Madagascar bird approaches the *Dinornis* (a huge fossil bird of New Zealand); but it differs from this species, as well as from the other allied genera, recently discovered in New Zealand, in the very dilated and depressed form of the lower portion of the metatarsal bone.

"As for the *Ornithicknites* (birds only known to have existed by their huge foot-prints), and the ostrich, and other allied genera, no one would assuredly be induced to assimilate them to the gigantic bird of Madagascar, which henceforth should become the type of a new genus, in the group of *Brevipens*. We shall give to this genus the name of *Æpyornis* (*αἰπυς, æpys*, large, or tall, and *ὄρνις, ornis* a bird), and to our species the epithet of *maximus*."—*Æpyornis maximus*, Geoff. St.-Hilaire.

As the eggs of the *æpyornis* are nearly equal in capacity to six eggs of the ostrich, are we therefore to infer that the bulk and stature of the former transcended those of the latter in an equal ratio? Most probably not. "If we possessed no other elements of determination than the eggs of the *æpyornis*, we should have to remember that even amongst birds very nearly allied, the dimensions of the eggs are far from being exactly proportional to the size of the species which produce them. But we can go still further: according to the comparison of the osseous parts, the *æpyornis* must be a less slender bird, and with legs proportionably shorter than the ostrich; possibly its size was, with relation to that of the latter bird, almost in the proportion of 6 to 1; but its body was not supported on limbs quite double the height."

After a comparison of the osseous fragments with those of other short-winged birds, M. Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire comes to the conclusion, that the *æpyornis* considerably exceeded the gigantic *dinornis*, the stature of which is estimated by professor Owen at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  English feet (2·9 metres French), and may be estimated as ranging between 3 and 4 French metres.

"Can so gigantic a species, which has lived without doubt in times not far remote from our own, and of which it cannot even be asserted that it has *entirely disappeared* from the surface of the globe, have remained so long as the present day,

without anything having revealed its existence to the naturalists of Europe? We cannot postpone, until the appearance of the memoir which we intend to publish on the æpyornis, adverting to some indications relative to this bird which science already possesses."

"Shall we place Flacourt amongst the number of the authors who have known, at least by hearsay, the gigantic bird of Madagascar? Is it the æpyornis, which that celebrated traveller mentioned two centuries ago under the name of *vouron-patra*? 'It is,' he says, 'a large bird, which haunts the Ampatres, and lays eggs like an ostrich: it is a species of ostrich. Those of the said places are not able to take it: it seeks the most desert places.' It is hardly necessary to add that a passage so vague may quite as well, or even better, apply to a bird of a high stature, although perhaps not equal to the ostrich, as to a species so gigantic as the æpyornis."

M. Isidore proceeds to comment upon the account given of the gigantic egg by the French merchant M. Dumarele, which we have previously noticed, and of the assertion of the Sakalavas that the bird itself, although extremely rare, was still in existence. This egg was seen at Port-Leven. M. Isidore then adds, that although the present existence of this bird is not credited by the natives of other parts of the island, a very ancient tradition is prevalent, relative to a bird of colossal size, which threw down an ox and devoured it; and that it is to this bird the Madagascans attribute the gigantic eggs which are occasionally found in their island. "We take this statement (he adds) from an interesting letter, in which M. Lépervanche Mézière, a well-informed naturalist of the Isle of Réunion (Bourbon), kindly informed the Museum of Natural History of the discovery of the eggs of the æpyornis, immediately on its having been made. This letter informs us, positively, that one of the eggs at least comes from the same bed as do the osseous fragments."

"It is scarcely necessary to add that the tradition above-mentioned would attribute to the æpyornis habits which are far from having belonged to it; it is a fable quite similar to that which prevails in New Zealand, relative to the moa or dinornis, and based on no solid foundation. The æpyornis (like the dinornis) was a rudipen, and though popular credulity has invested it with the characters of a

gigantic and terrible bird of prey, similar to the roe or rukh of eastern tales, it had neither talons, nor wings adapted for flying, and must have fed peaceably on vegetable substances."

The fables respecting the rukh may not indeed be unconnected with the discoveries of gigantic eggs, made no doubt from time to time in the island of Madagascar, and with the belief to which they have given rise among the natives. In Marsden's edition of Marco Polo (4to, London), occurs the following passage:—"The people of the island (Madagascar) report that at a certain season of the year a bird, which they call a *ruk*, makes its appearance from the southern region." This rukh, however, granting even that the fables respecting it are not altogether without foundation, was not brevipennate, but endowed with great powers of flight, and therefore was utterly dissimilar from the æpyornis, although the eggs of the latter might have been attributed to it.

Does the æpyornis still exist in Madagascar, or has it become utterly extirpated, is a question which naturally suggests itself. The eggs procured by M. Abadie and sent to France, were found on the south-west coast of the island; that seen by M. Dumarele was at Port-Leven, on the north-west end of the island. From these circumstances it may be inferred, at least as a probability, that the range of the bird was general throughout Madagascar; but we have thence no grounds for asserting that it must have been very common. Yet when we consider how little is known in reality respecting the interior of Madagascar, and remember that three eggs (with some bones) were within a very short period received by M. Abadie, whose object in visiting the shores of Madagascar was the cultivation of commerce, and not zoological discovery,—that one egg was seen by M. Dumarele, and that no researches were or could have been made relative to these strange eggs, beyond what the natives, urged by the hope of a trifling gain, restricted within a very limited area,—may we not suppose that diligent and systematic exploration would bring to light not only more eggs, but more osseous relics of this mysterious bird, proving that at some former, but not distant, time, it was as abundant in Madagascar, as was the ostrich in tracts from which it is now all but banished?

Of the two eggs which (besides the one broken) arrived safely in Paris, one, as

we have stated, was ovoidal, the other ellipsoid. Is it not possible that these eggs, so dissimilar in form, though of the same capacity, may belong to two distinct species of bird,—and, as has been found in New Zealand, relative to the *dinornis*, may not more than one species of *æpyornis* have existed?

As to the survival of the *æpyornis*, in inconsiderable numbers, and in remote and desert tracts, we feel in doubt. We have referred to Flacourt's statement, that a large ostrich-like bird haunts the Ampatres, seeking refuge in the most desolate places,—and we have noticed the information given by the Sakalavas to M. Dumarele, that the bird producing the enormous eggs, occasionally found in the jungle, still exists, although rarely, very rarely seen by man. We are not one of those naturalists who despise the accounts of the natives of semi-civilized nations; recent discoveries have in fact proved that truth (not unmixed with error arising from superstition) is at the bottom of their details and traditions; and but that the bones of the moa (*dinornis*) and other huge extinct birds have been discovered in New Zealand, the stories of the natives (retaining as they do in their language the name *moa*, as that of the gigantic *dinornis*) would have been (and once were) rejected as unworthy of credit.

But whether the *æpyornis* exists still in Madagascar or not, we have grounds for asserting that a large struthious, or ostrich-like bird, inhabits certain districts of Madagascar. Indefinite rumours of such a fact have excited the curiosity and interest of the zoologists of our island and of the continent; and were Madagascar now accessible, the matter would soon be set at rest.

The following brief narrative is not without zoological importance:

Mr. Gould, an ornithologist of European celebrity, and a friend of the writer, was assured by a Mr. Mortimer (we believe engaged in mercantile pursuits), that there undoubtedly exists in Madagascar a large struthious or ostrich-like bird, of which the natives promised to procure him specimens. Such was the substance of his assertion. We are sorry to say, that soon after his return to England Mr. Mortimer died, hence the promises he held out are frustrated, and for the present we must wait, hoping that, attention having been called to the subject, some intelligent captain, medical

officer, or passenger, will pursue the investigation, and add another page to the journal of zoological science.

It is a most remarkable circumstance, that, at the very time during which the reception of the eggs of *æpyornis* constituted a subject engrossing the attention of the zoological world, a strange discovery was made in New Zealand;—namely this, that one of the birds of that island, hitherto known only by its fossil, or semi-fossil relics, and supposed to be extinct (relics to which professor Owen had devoted great attention), has been discovered in a living state. We need not say how rare the bird is; but this we may say, its discovery proves the accuracy of the inductive system of comparative anatomy, which, commencing in its full importance under the auspices of Cuvier, has of late years been earnestly prosecuted in our island. M.

#### THE STEWARDSHIP OF WEALTH.

NO. III.—HENRY THORNTON.

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." His name, his reputation, his counsels, his blessing, are truly a rich legacy. Richer than all however, is that blessing of God which so often is seen manifestly resting upon the children of those who truly fear him. This was singularly exemplified in the case of the family of John Thornton.

His third son, Henry was the heir of his piety and large-heartedness. The brief traditions of his life are highly interesting. Having in early life become possessed of an estate which though not large was sufficient to sustain his commercial credit, he sat down with calm deliberation to decide upon his duty in reference to its use. Deeply sensible of his responsibility, he solemnly resolved that his estate should never be increased by accumulation nor wasted by extravagance, and throughout his whole life he rigidly carried out this decision. During the years that he remained unmarried, accounts which were kept by him with the minutest accuracy, and which were discovered after his death, showed that he never gave away less than 9,000*l.* per annum—nearly six-sevenths of his income; and when he was placed at the head of a numerous and expensive family, the lowest amount he ever expended for the relief of distress was 2,000*l.*

But the poor and needy were not the sole sharers of his income. The fair and reasonable exigencies of those in less humble situations were always met by him with equal generosity and delicacy. He considered himself, he said, as a steward entrusted by God with treasures not his own, which it was his duty to distribute with *discrimination* as well as with *liberality*.

Like his father, he was a member of the Church of England, and like him, too, deeply anxious for the spread of vital Christianity. But his was not a mind to take anything on trust. Gifted with a capacious intellect, and trained to habits of thought and deep reflection, he searched the records of truth, and under the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit received with his whole heart the precepts, the promises, the hopes of the gospel. He lived at Clapham; and when he married, the great William Pitt assisted in planning an addition to his house in the shape of a library, which was destined to become a place of assembly for some of the most eminent philanthropists of the day. Wilberforce, Macaulay, and Grant, Venn, Gisborne, Simeon, and Henry Martin, were among the frequent guests who met there to consider questions of the most momentous interest both political and religious. There the prospects of the slave-trade abolition and the emancipation of the negroes were discussed. There the cause of Christian missions, especially in our then developing empire in India, was the subject of many an anxious thought and earnest prayer, and from thence, too, came forth some of the founders of our noblest religious societies.

At one of these meetings, John Newton, who was a frequent guest, informed Mr. Thornton that a young man of talent and education had recently come before his notice under circumstances of much interest. This was Claudius Buchanan, who had been led under convictions of sin to hear Mr. Newton preach, and to whom the latter had been greatly blessed. Mr. Thornton at once expressed his interest, and offered to use his influence to obtain for him some post of usefulness. Finding his efforts to get Buchanan ordained without an university education unavailing, he determined to send him to Cambridge at his sole expense. Buchanan lived to become one of the most able and distinguished

pioneers of the way to the opening of India to missionary effort. The spirit and temper of this man will best be seen and understood by the following extract, from a letter written by him to Mr. Newton, while waiting his matriculation at the University.

"At present, it appears to me, my sole business at the University is contained in one brief line of St. Paul, 'to be enriched with all utterance and knowledge.' But I find I must attend to various branches of human learning, for which, at present, I have no relish. Alas! sir, had Paul sent Timothy and Titus to college, they would have complained of such a plan. But he would, perhaps have answered—'Till I come, give attendance to reading, that ye may know how to answer every man.'" To the honour of both parties it should be recorded that Buchanan lived to return the money expended on his behalf, and to send over from India a further sum of 500*l.* to Mr. Thornton, requesting him to seek out a young man of piety and talent, to whom an University education might be an advantage. Mr. Thornton devoted both sums to this purpose.

But the philanthropy Mr. Thornton practised was not more striking than the philanthropy he taught. Gifted, as has been remarked with a sound understanding and a discerning judgment, he was surrounded by a numerous party who looked up to him with veneration and affection. "He sent his hearers to their homes," says one who knew him well, "instructed in a doctrine cheerful, genial and active—a doctrine which taught them to be sociable and busy, to augment to the utmost of their power the joint stock of human happiness, and freely to take and freely to enjoy the share assigned to each by the conditions of that universal partnership. And well did the teacher illustrate his own maxims. The law of social duty as interpreted in his domestic academy, was never expounded more clearly or more impressively than by his habitual example."

But his high and stainless integrity was one of the most striking features of his character. Purer hands perhaps were never engaged in the transaction of commercial affairs. He was not only free from many obliquities of conduct, which are observed in persons who yet maintain a fair reputation in the Chris-

tian church, but he was scrupulous almost to a fault. Information having reached him of the commercial failure of a near kinsman, he was led to inquire how far credit might have been given to his relative, however unauthorized by him, in reliance upon his reputation and resources. He judged it right to cover the liabilities of the defaulter from his own coffers. A short time previous to his death a mercantile house, having obtained from his firm, without his knowledge, large and improvident advances, became so seriously embarrassed that their bankruptcy was urged upon him as the only hope of averting from his own house the most serious losses. He resisted the proposal, on the ground that those who had given undue credit had no right to call upon others to divide the loss. To the last farthing he discharged the liabilities of the insolvents, at a cost which exceeded 20,000*l*.

He was for many years the representative in parliament of the Borough of Southwark, and lent his aid in promoting peace, toleration, and all judicious reform. Though he never gave a party vote, his support, ever active and energetic, was given to the cause of truth, in whatever form it was pressed upon that assembly. Nor did he content himself with mere speech. Having, on a memorable occasion, condemned the unequal pressure of the direct taxes on the rich and poor, "he did not solace his defeat by the narcotic of a virtuous indignation, but silently raised his own contribution to the level of his speech."

He left many writings behind him,—that which is best known is a domestic liturgy, composed for the use of his own family,—full of grave and weighty thoughts, expressed in simple and reverential language. His piety was unobtrusive; a peace, perfect and unbroken, possessed him to the end. His share of pain and sorrow he received as the salutary chastening of a Father, not the penal inflictions of a Judge. And that God whom he sought to honour shielded him on every side.

He never witnessed the visitation of death to his family circle,—nor what is far worse, the disruption by sin of those bonds of love which united to each other the inmates of his happy home,—“a home,” says his friend and biographer, “happy in His presence, from whose lips no angry, morose, or impatient word ever fell,—on whose brow no cloud of

anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest.” He died surrounded by his family, bequeathing to them the blessing of a good, a wise, and a happy father. Truly it was a goodly heritage!

#### NO. IV.—EDWARD COLSTON.

The following brief notice of Edward Colston, the merchant prince of Bristol, is worthy of remembrance. He was born two centuries ago, and commenced business at Bristol as a Spanish merchant. In preparation for his mercantile pursuits he passed some time in Spain, in company with two brothers. While there, he was taunted by some Roman Catholics with the remark, that the Protestant religion had produced no examples of great charitable benefactions. He replied, that if this were true, he trusted God would one day permit him to wipe off the stain, and to exhibit to the world the vital power of the Protestant faith. God so blessed his efforts that he lived to endow the school at Bristol, which bears his name, with a sum of 40,000*l*. Another school, on a smaller scale, almshouses for the poor, various contributions to the noble foundations of London also testified to his liberality. Though he lived unmarried he did not forget his relatives, but at different periods bestowed upwards of 100,000*l* upon them. It is related that one of his vessels once sprung a leak, which, to the astonishment of the captain, was mysteriously stopped. It was discovered, upon examination, that a dolphin had forced its way into the aperture, and had thus been the means of preserving the lives of the crew, and the merchandise on board. Henceforth he adopted the dolphin as his crest. He often remarked, when urged to marry, “Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children.” When advised to buy an eligible house for his own use; he replied, “Ay, ay, I must first house those who have made me what I am,” referring to the blessing of the poor.

When laid upon a bed of sickness, he remarked to those around him, “Business is irksome, and thought wearies, but prayer is always welcome.” In this spirit he died in a good old age, at Mortlake, in Surrey. His remains were removed for interment to All-Saints’ Church, in Bristol. Seven years ago some repairs in the church led to the discovery of his remains. The coffin



was opened; and though he had been buried upwards of 120 years, the remains were entire. A calm and peaceful serenity marked the features, which were almost unaltered. His ways pleased the Lord, and he made all that he did to prosper. B.

THE STRANGERS OF THE VILLAGE:  
A TALE.

CHAPTER II.

THE summer passed, and with the return of the autumn and the shooting-season Mr. De Vere resumed, what appeared to be his only amusement. Mrs. Dorricourt one day saw him leave the house, and then she watched the little group assembling as they were wont; she did not stop to make any observations, having duties which called off her attention. An hour had scarcely passed when her husband, who had been engaged in visiting the sick of his flock, entered the rectory with an agitated and distressed air, "an accident has happened to our poor neighbour," he said, "he has been carried home insensible, but I hope not dead. I have just done my best to bind up a dreadful wound he has received in his shoulder, by the explosion of his gun, and I have sent a man off, on horseback, for a surgeon."

Mrs. Dorricourt waited to hear no more, but hastened to the cottage; which presented not only a scene of the most heart-piercing grief but of great confusion, for nearly the whole village had congregated to the spot.

The three girls were hanging over the wounded man in all the agony of despair, forgetting in that moment all that had been harsh and unfatherly in his conduct and only remembering that he was their parent and sole earthly protector.

By the judicious treatment which was adopted De Vere was restored to consciousness before the surgeon arrived. He had merely fainted from loss of blood. His wound was, however, evidently of a very serious nature, and Mr. Dorricourt was apprehensive that it might eventually prove fatal, though he did not express his fears even to his wife.

A shade of displeasure passed over Mr. De Vere's stern features when, on opening his eyes, he saw the clergyman and his lady by his side; but his better feelings shortly after prevailed, and he murmured something like thanks for the

attention they were paying him. Mr. Dorricourt begged him to keep himself perfectly quiet, and then suggested to his wife that she should induce the young ladies to withdraw, as their presence and violent grief served but to increase the danger of the patient. The poor girls immediately complied; and Mr. De Vere was thus, from necessity, left alone with the man whose society he had most sedulously shunned.

Mr. Dorricourt did not think this a proper season for making any powerful appeal to the conscience of the wounded man, lest it should produce disastrous effects on his body, but he ventured to make a few serious remarks which did not call for replies. His companion writhed, however, beneath them, and attempted to stop him by making some allusion to his own creed, as being the only true religion.

Mrs. Dorricourt, meanwhile, entered into a most interesting conversation with the daughters. The first action of Louise, when she and her sisters were alone with her, was to throw her arms fondly round her neck and utter a burst of incoherent gratitude. Mrs. Dorricourt returned her embrace with equal tenderness, and then inquired what it was she had done to deserve such expressions of thankfulness.

"Oh that Bible! dear madam," cried Louise, "I shall thank you as long as I live, for having given me that precious Bible."

"The Bible is indeed a precious gift, my dear child," returned the elder lady; "but it was God who gave it to you, not I,—I was only the weak, humble instrument."

"You said, dear madam," Louise resumed, "You said that it could make my poor mamma happy in the prospect of death,—and so it did. Oh, I cannot tell you how eagerly she studied it, and the joy it gave her. She told me to tell you so, the very first time I could speak with you. She bade me say that she had cause to bless you through eternity for the gift."

"Thank God! thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Dorricourt; and it was all she could say, her feelings were too powerful for any other expression.

"You said, too," Louise proceeded, "it was the only thing that could make me happy for life; and I feel what you said was indeed true. Our dear mamma begged us all to read it, she would not

bid us disobey papa in anything else, but she bade us do that—at all risks. I hope and pray—very, very earnestly pray, that he may some time be willing to read it too."

The surgeon, on his arrival, gave an unfavourable report of the case, but he left Mr. Dorricourt to reveal it to the patient. An expression of terror passed over his features as he listened. He made no reply, however, but beckoned his servant to his side. The rector removed to the window that he might not overhear what was said, but from their gestures he conjectured that De Vere was bidding her send for a priest. The woman left the room in great agitation. Returning to his seat, the rector now offered to remain through the night. The wounded man thanked him, but positively declined his offer. His servant and his eldest daughter would, he said, be quite sufficient, he should not stand in need of much help.

Mrs. Dorricourt would gladly have taken the children home with her, but she was fearful lest such a step should meet with the disapproval of their father, nor did she like to force her services and stay with them. Commending them to God, therefore, and begging in the event of any change, that they would immediately send for her, she affectionately bade them farewell.

Louise was delighted when told she would be allowed to take a share in the nursing her father through the night. "Now," she whispered to Mrs. Dorricourt, on parting, "Now will be my time to show him the Bible, and to tell him how happy it made dear mamma. Perhaps," she added, "he will let me read it to him. Would not that be a joyous thing?"

"The faith and energy of this young disciple made me ashamed of my own backwardness to speak," said Mrs. Dorricourt, as she related what had passed to her husband.

Mrs. Dorricourt paid a very early visit to the cottage the next morning, and she was greeted by Louise with a countenance expressive of happiness. "Your poor papa is better I presume," said the elder lady, inquiringly.

"Yes, I hope he is a little better; but it is not that which makes me so happy," she replied,—"But I will tell you all, and then you will, I am sure, rejoice with me. He dropped asleep soon after you went last night; and then, after

earnestly praying for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I fetched my Bible and employed myself in finding out all the texts I thought likely to be most useful to him. Nurse saw me doing it, but as she is not able to read she could not tell what book I had got. At last, however, she said to me, 'What have you there, Miss Louise, you seem very much taken up with that book?' 'I may well be taken up with it, nurse,' I replied, 'for it is the book which tells us how we are to be saved.' 'What!' she almost screamed out, have you got a Bible? Then put it away, pray, before the priest comes, or we shall have his curses on our heads.' 'His curses cannot hurt us dear nurse,' I said, 'if we have God's blessing.' With that she began to rave terribly, and tried to take the book out of my hands, but I held it close to my heart,—and then poor papa opened his eyes. I was a little afraid that he would be angry with me, but he was not; he looked at me more affectionately than I had ever seen him do.—(He does love us, dear Mrs. Dorricourt," she said, "though he is sometimes severe)—Well, he bade nurse let me alone, saying that he should like to hear me read a little out of the Book; he had evidently heard all that had passed, and had only seemed to be asleep. Then I began reading to him the verses I had looked out, and he listened very eagerly, and sometimes asked me to read one over and over again. At last he said, half to himself and half aloud, "I wish I had not sent for a priest." "I wish you had not, papa," I replied, "for Mr. Dorricourt would tell you what you must do to be saved better than he would. This book says 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' and 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;' and 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' There is not a word about the intercession of the virgin Mary, or the prayers of saints; every part of it speaks of Christ as the only Mediator, and of faith in him as the only way of salvation. He let me talk or read to him all through the night; and I don't know how it was, dear Mrs. Dorricourt, but I found courage to say a great deal. I told him everything about dear mamma, and how we all read the Bible in the summer-house, by ourselves, when he was away; and he was not at all angry."

"Let us kneel down and thank God for all this, my love," said Mrs. Dorricourt; and they did kneel, and she offered up a thanksgiving for the success which had thus far crowned her prayerful efforts.

Mrs. Dorricourt advised her young friend to keep the Bible out of sight till the visit of the priest had been paid; but, to the great joy of Louise, he from some unknown cause did not answer the summons. Thus the favourable impressions on the mind of her dying parent were not counteracted. When the surgeon came a second time, he, without hesitation, pronounced that mortification had taken place; all hope of restoration was therefore over. The rector undertook the task of making this intelligence known to the patient. De Vere heard him with great emotion, and pressing his hands upon his forehead he groaned heavily.

"The certainty of death is a solemn thought, my dear sir," said the clergyman; "but it is my blessed province to point the dying man to one who died for him, to lead the sinner to a Saviour—an all-sufficient Saviour."

"I was not thinking of myself just then," he replied, "but of my poor children. I have no provision to leave them—I have squandered my patrimony. We are living on a little property which dies with me."

"This blessed book," cried the rector, taking out his Bible, "has a promise for every exigency. Hear what it says on that point. He then read aloud, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive,' Jer. xlix. 11. I promise you," he added, "on the faith of a Christian minister, to make the temporal charge of your dear children my care; rest satisfied with that assurance and turn all your thoughts to the concerns of your immortal soul."

"Ah, I have little deserved this at your hands, sir," De Vere responded.

That night the spirit of the dying man was called from its earthly tenement. How far the earnest prayer which had been offered for him, and the precious Scriptural truth brought under his notice, had been blessed, so as to result in true conversion of heart, we presume not to decide. Let none put off till a dying hour the momentous concerns of eternity. His superstitious attachment to the Romish church seemed, at all events, to have been dispelled, and with an appa-

rently deep sense of his condition as a guilty sinner, his last accents were those of earnest supplications for pardon, on the ground of the great sacrifice for sin, offered by the Saviour on Calvary.

Whatever uncertainty, however, rested on the spiritual condition of Mr. De Vere, happily none such characterized that of his daughter Louise. On the decease of her father, she, along with her younger sisters, found an immediate asylum at the rectory, until Mr. Dorricourt could make some arrangement for the future disposal of the family. Louise's conduct, while domiciled with her kind guardians, did indeed give them cause for deep joy. Her spirituality of mind; her love to Christ; her patience under affliction, and other graces of the Holy Spirit, bore unequivocal testimony to the fact, that the reading of God's word had, in her case, as in the psalmist of old, "given light and understanding to the simple." We need hardly say, that Mr. and Mrs. Dorricourt's joy at beholding this fruit of their labours was deep and overflowing. It was chastened, however, with a true humility, which led them to ascribe all the glory to God and to confess themselves only the unworthy instruments. Comparatively little of the history of the De Vere family remains to be told. Mr. Dorricourt by his kind exertion, was ere long enabled to fulfill the pledge which he had given to their dying parent. Mr. De Vere, so Mr. Dorricourt learned in the course of his inquiries, was a Frenchman of good family, whom Mrs. De Vere had accidentally met whilst on a visit in Paris; she became his wife against the wishes of her friends, and having subsequently professed the Roman Catholic religion, had gradually ceased to have any intercourse with them. Mr. Dorricourt, after some trouble, discovered Mrs. Vere's English relatives; and by their assistance arrangements were eventually made for the suitable provision of the younger members of the family. Louise, who had received a good education, was ere long placed in a situation of gaining for herself the means of an honourable livelihood and independence. The old nurse, resisting all attempts to break through her deep-rooted prejudices in favour of the Romish faith, returned to her native place. Many years have elapsed since the events introduced to the notice of our readers occurred. Louise still lives, bearing in the meri-

dian of life that fruit which was so providentially sown in early years; occupying a position which enables her to impart the best of all knowledge, and moreover teaching by her exemplary conduct a lesson of piety, which is felt to the utmost bounds of the circle in which she moves. We should oftener, "my love," said Mr. Dorricourt to his wife, when adverting in after years to the circumstances under which they had first met "the strangers of the village," we should oftener see such proofs of God's blessing upon the circulation of His own word, were we more diligent to sow beside all waters, and did we remember the Divine promise: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

S.

#### METALS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### GOLD—SILVER.

"The whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good."—*GEN. II. 11, 12.*  
 "And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver."—*GEN. XXIII. 16.*

THESE are the most valuable of the precious metals. They are called *perfect*, that is, they cannot be destroyed. Other metals may be vitrified, but these may be passed through the fire, where they lose nothing but the dross. Gold (Heb. *zahab*; Greek *chrysolos*), is more precious than silver, (Heb. *keseph*; Greek *argyrios*), though less hard. The former when pure is of a fine yellow colour; the latter is of a bright white. It is not mentioned before the deluge, but we read of it in Abraham's time. Gold and silver were used in trade, though not in coin, but in bars weighed out.\* The Chinese carry on their trade by this mode of weighing. "Burmah has no coinage. Silver and lead pass in fragments of all sizes, and the amount of every transaction is regularly weighed out, as was done by the ancients."† In course of time, coins were made by stamping some image or mark upon

pieces of metal, Matt. xxii. 20. These had a certain value, and the name of their weights (as shekel) was given to some of them. For thirty of these pieces, or shekels, of silver, Judas betrayed our Saviour, Matt. xxvi. 15.

Gold is frequently found mingled with sand, or some other metal, Job xxviii. 1—6. The greater part of silver in use comes from South America, and is found both in ore and a native state. Silver is frequently mingled with lead, and it is supposed that the ancient Hebrews obtained their riches from the lead mines of Egypt, Gen. xiii. 2. The mine of Potosi, cut in a mountain, near the river Plata, is the most famous. It was discovered by an Indian, who was hunting chamois among the rocks. He laid hold of a shrub to ascend the rock, but it came up by the roots, and a great vein of silver showed itself. The silver it yielded has been valued at near 3,000,000/. The mountain is now completely excavated. There are mines of silver in Spain, which some think was the Tharsish referred to, 1 Kings x. 22.

Gold is obtained from the mountains, mines, or sands in Europe, Africa, India, and China. In Africa and India, it is washed down from the mountains during the rainy seasons, and is found in the sands of rivers, or in pits dug at the foot of the mountains. It is obtained by draining off the water and washing the sands. The valley of Sacramento, in California, has recently been found to contain a great quantity of gold. Several places are mentioned in Scripture as yielding this metal. Havilah,\* supposed to have been situate near the Persian Gulf; Ophir,† Parvaim,‡ or Ceylon, and Sheba,|| or Arabia Felix. And these metals were traded in at a very early period.

The process of refining and purifying gold and silver is frequently referred to in the Scriptures, Zech. xiii. 9. Mercury readily unites with these metals, and may be as readily separated; hence it is used in the mines to amalgamate them, and separate them from dirt and other impurities. The mixture is then washed, to free it from all dirt, and the mercury is driven off by heat. It is then cast into ingots, and stamped ready for commerce. It is said that with gold the refiner often passes the metal through the furnace till he sees his image in it.

Many articles were made of these

\* Gen. xxiii. 16; 1 Chron. xxviii. 14; Isa. xlv. 6; Jer. xxxii. 10.

† Rev. H. Malcolm's "Travels."

\* Gen. II. 11.

‡ 2 Chron. iii. 6.

† Job xxii. 24.

|| Ezek. xxvii. 22.

metals, or overlaid with them, which are fully spoken of in the Scriptures, as rings, cups, bracelets, and the utensils of the tabernacle, the ark of the covenant, the altar, etc.\*

Gold was among the presents which the wise men of the east brought to Jesus when he was at Bethlehem, in his mother's arms, Matt. ii. 11. In Hindostan, in token of honour, a governor or other person entering upon his office, is presented with a ring, or some such present of gold or silver. When the king of Persia gives a ring to any person it is a token of the greatest love and friendship. So we read (Luke xv. 22) the forgiving Father ordered his servant to bring the best robe, and put it upon his repenting prodigal son, and a ring upon his finger.

There were several ceremonies, says Paxton, connected with investing an individual with an office of power or trust, corresponding with the dignity to which he was installed. The monarch took the ring from his hand and placed it on that of the minister; then he would change his dress, then put a gold chain around his neck, and last of all a crown of gold,—as in the case of Mordecai.

Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador at the court of the Great Mogul, mentions having wished him on his birthday many happy days. The mogul ordered wine of the grape to be given him in a gold cup, with a message that it might be filled again and again, and that he was to accept of the cup and appurtenances for his sake. To such customs the psalmist may allude, xxiii. 6. This ambassador also refers to the pavilion of the sultan Corone, the supporters of which were covered with silver. "About the edge, overhead, was a net fringe of good pearl, from which hung down pomegranates, apples, pears, and such fruit, all of gold. Many presents were given and received at the end of the festival of Nurooz, and among them some of the ornaments and decorations. These presents had a great effect on the receivers. As apples or jewels of gold in salvers, beds, or network of silk, had not only a beautiful appearance, but were highly acceptable and gratifying to the receiver; so are words fitly spoken, Prov. xxv. 11.

The prevailing splendid attire of the

east still carries us back to the remotest Scripture antiquity. Lamartine, who was present at a marriage in Syria, says the hair of the females was twisted into tresses; "Little wreaths of gold or silver hung at the extremity of these tresses. On their heads small strings of pearls and of gold sequins are scattered and mixed with incredible profusion. On the top of the head some wear a cap of carved gold, in the form of an inverted cup: from the middle of this cup a string of gold, with a row of pearls, hangs pendant down the back." The same embellishments were the greatest pride of the Greek and Roman ladies.

Gold was a symbol of power, Jer. li. 7. Such may have been Joseph's cup, Gen. xlv. 2. The governor of Tigré, a state of Abyssinia, who is also the greatest man in the kingdom, is privileged to use a gold cup for drinking. The Phœnicians represented their gods with purses of gold. The Egyptians had idols of silver and gold; and we learn from Isa. xl. 19, Jer. x. 4, 9, that the heathen adorned their idols with silver and gold chains, and overlaid them with these metals. The children of Israel wickedly besought Aaron to make a calf of gold, which he unwisely did, and they worshipped it; and the silversmiths of Ephesus turned the superstition of the people to advantage by making models of the temple of Diana.

Gold and silver were used as emblems of value, durability, and strength. Babylon was called the golden head, and the golden city, on account of its riches; and the heavenly city is said to be of pure gold. The sovereignty of Christ is also represented by a golden crown, Rev. iv., ix., xiv.

Babylon, or Popery, is represented in the Revelation as holding a gold cup in her hand. "This figure was evidently drawn from the habit of sorceresses, who abound in great numbers in the east. The better to aid them in deluding the unwary and credulous, these deceitful women, from a vain parade of their wealth, and still more perhaps to dazzle the eyes and attract the attention of the simple, were accustomed to employ cups of gold and silver, beautifully and richly ornamented, in the practices of their abominable mysteries. . . . Figures are still existing of those who lived by sorcery, holding a vessel of superb material and workmanship in their hands,—being the cup of sorceries."\*

\* See Gen. xlv. 2; Exod. xxv. 36; 2 Chron. iv. 3; 2 Sam. viii.; Jas. ii. 2; 1 Kings x.; Esther i.; Numb. vii.; 2 Sam. viii. 10.

\* Jameson's "Eastern Manners."

The church of Rome, by her sorceries, her parade of riches, and her dazzling ceremonies, seeks to draw aside the unwary from the truth, and to attach the weak-minded to her communion—her idolatrous and numerous corruptions. But God is represented as holding the cup of indignation, of which he is about to make her drink in punishment of her sins, in corrupting the nations from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus.

H. H.

#### A TRIP TO SYON-HOUSE AND GARDENS.

THE duke of Northumberland having kindly thrown open his mansion, Syon-house (or Sion-house, for it is spelled both ways), together with the gardens and conservatories to the public, we were among those who were anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting this favoured region of trees, and shrubs, and flowers.

Having the choice of rumbling by omnibus, running by railroad, or gliding by steamboat to Kew, and preferring the latter mode of conveyance, we stepped on board the "Citizen" steamer, and were soon on our passage, cleaving a way through the whity-brown water of the Thames. The sun shone, the wind blew, the stream rippled, and the harp and the bugle mingled their music, while the steamer threaded the bridges of the river, and rapidly diminished her distance from her place of destination.

As we proceeded, we saw swans and cygnets, the banks of the Thames became greener, the trees more luxuriant, and the stream less crowded with steamers. We parted company with the "Rover," bade farewell to the "Forget me not," and outwinged the "Bee" in speed. Some of those on board were foreigners, rather grotesquely dressed; the leading topic of their discourse was the Great Exhibition.

We scrutinized with care the countenances of our fellow-passengers, while a tract distributor courteously presented every one with a two-leaved tract. Without a single exception, that we could discover, the gift was accepted, unaccompanied with that undervaluing smile which so often in such cases seems to say, "We take it under protest, and purely as a condescension on our part." A sailor who was near us read three-fourths of his tract aloud, to a young woman who was with him, as fine as

gaudy clothes, ribbands, and rings could make her.

A drive of little more than a mile from Kew-bridge brought us to Syon-house, sometimes called Isleworth-house. Goodly were the avenues of spreading trees, extended the line of carriages in waiting, and portly and commanding the appearance of the serving-man, who, habited in his livery of dark blue, turned over with yellow, with epaulets and buttons of silver, appeared at the lodge-gate on our approach. Pleasant it is to have before us a prospect of examining at our leisure works of high art:

"The chaste, the beautiful, the bold, the free,  
Conceived and wrought with skill and mastery."

The mansion is externally very plain, with common-looking windows; but the same remark will not apply to the interior. The hall is ornamented with statuary, and in the first large apartment we entered there lay on a table, beneath a large glass-case, specimens of the large green leaves and snow-white flowers of the Paxton lily, or *Victoria Regia*; but this floral wonder must be described in its proper place.

Most of the paintings of Isleworth are portraits by Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Barry, sir Joshua Reynolds, Wissing, Freeman, and many more.

The library is very elegant, and well supplied with ancient and modern English and foreign books, in recesses, and niches of different forms. At one end stands "the couch of the great Akbar, the greatest prince who ever reigned in India. He flourished in the sixteenth century. It was found at Lahore, and sent to England by lord Hardinge." The couch-posts are of chased silver, the hangings of crimson and gold fringe, with coverlet and cushions of the same:

When gloomy Death extends his shadowy wings,  
How poor is pomp and all created things!  
Here Akbar lay, while vassals learn'd to bow  
In servile homage.—Where is Akbar now?

The ceiling and walls are in compartments of varied size, form, and colour, and highly gilt. An extensive collection of family portraits, painted in medallions, ornaments the upper part of the room; while sofas, settees, chairs of richly embossed crimson and white satin, and gold; with ancient inlaid cabinets, capacious mirrors, time-pieces, and articles of taste in every direction meet the eye. The character of the whole is

that of lightness, freshness, beauty, and elegance.

The best drawing-room, with its walls of figured white and crimson, and its ceiling studded with medallions of blue, red, and white, superbly gilt, is splendid in the extreme. The large mirrors, old china, stuffed birds, and curiosities of different kinds, add to the interest of the apartment.

The varied groups of visitors, English and foreign, were of themselves a source of gratification. Rank and fashion mingled with the middle-classes, and intellect and knowledge with those of more limited attainments. The easy self-possession of the nobility and gentry, the affected manners of some who would be great, and the timid glance and ill-at-ease deportment of some more modest persons, unaccustomed to move among those above them, were very discernible.

On a table, under a glass cover, stands a magnificent vase, or by whatever other name the ornament may be called, presented by the ladies of Ireland to the dowager duchess. From the player of the harp at the top to its very base it is of the most exquisite workmanship. Human figures, and animals of different kinds, in silver and gold, with pendant ornaments, are profusely enriched with diamonds, amethysts, rubies, and pearls. The cost of this elegant offering, if we heard aright, was 14,000*l*.

The vestibule, or reception-room, with its marble pillars, brought by the duke's father from Italy; its antique figures, trophies of armour, helmets, shields and quivers in relief, highly gilt, on blue ground compartments, edged with gold, and its costly roof, is extremely imposing and attractive. Let no one, in walking through these splendid apartments, in a churlish or repining spirit, envy their owner his possessions: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" and he gives and withholds at his good pleasure: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," Luke xii. 15.

A happy heart and mind content can throw  
An inward charm on every scene below,  
And make a peasant's cot and whitewash'd walls  
As bright and pleasant as these princely halls.

But many as are the attractions of Syon-house, they equal not those of the conservatories, which are richly luxuriant, and must have been costly in the extreme. Here the eye of the visitor is attracted, and his heart delighted, with a

splendid show of rare shrubs and flowers, native and foreign, and a perfect forest of tropical trees, all in a thriving condition.

The conservatories are approached from the house by gravel walks in admirable order, firm and white, being covered with pounded cockle-shells; while lawns beautifully fresh and green, and noble cedars, throwing far and wide their enormous branches, give an air of breadth and grandeur to the place. The old mulberry-tree, seen from the front of the house, is supposed to be one of the earliest of the kind introduced into England. It has flourished some four hundred years and more. Laurels, rhododendrons, and bays scent the atmosphere, and imposing banks, strown with huge stones and broken sculptured columns, rise on either hand, overshadowed with goodly trees, fern, ivy, and field-flowers, intermingled with wild roses.

The principal conservatory has a central, high, glass dome, with wings stretching out on each side,—a sort of miniature Crystal Palace,—and in front of this is a large tank of the purest water, with dolphin fountain, together with beds of the richest flowers tastefully arranged, and gravel walks bounded with standard rose-trees, and other sweet-scented plants.

On entering the conservatory, the visitor sees a beautiful marble figure, called "Repose;" and on leaving it another attracts his attention, called "Action," in which a graceful youth is represented as about to throw a ball, that a fleet-footed dog may follow it. The orange-trees, with a fourfold crop upon their branches, the verdant leaves, the white blossoms, the green fruit, and the ripe yellow oranges, are fair to look upon. Hardly can anything in the form of flowers exceed in beauty the varied heaths; the splendid geraniums of all colours; the elegant fuchsias, with their pendant tubes, ten or a dozen in a cluster; the giant cactus tribe, with their large limbs; and the calceolarias, with their soft, rich, velvet-like pouches, beaming and almost seeming to burn with intensity of colour, blotched with crimson, spotted with orange, and speckled with purple, blue, and green.

Among the tropical plants are the *papyrus antiquorum*, from Egypt; the *encephalaris caprarium*, the Indian mulberry, the avocado pear, and the gambu, or Malay apple. The bamboo and the

bananas shoot up together, and the towering palm, the plantain, with its leaf six feet long, and the date-tree, with its trunk a foot and a half in diameter, marked like the fruit of the pine-apple. Spice-trees fill the air with their grateful odour, the nutmeg, the clove, and the cinnamon; and then there are the *diospyros sapota*, or pear of the gods; the gamboge, from the East Indies; Eve's apple, from Ceylon; the guava-tree, from the West Indies; and beautiful specimens of plants, crimson and brown, and crimson and green, which grow wild in the East Indies.

The stem of the *passiflora princeps* is rugged, threefold, and twisted a little like a rope, only much more loosely, having the thin smooth stem of another plant, not thicker than a quill, passing through its folds all the way from the bottom to the top. While gazing on it, we observed a stream of small and very nimble ants ascending and descending the smooth stem of the thin plant; but not one was to be seen on the threefold twisted stem of the *passiflora*. The instinct of these little creatures had led them to choose the easier and more direct way to the top, by the straight, smooth stem, rather than the harder and more circuitous course of the other stems. We watched them with interest and pleasure. Having pointed out this interesting little episode to a gentleman near, in five minutes afterwards we saw him surrounded by an attentive auditory, to whom he was eloquently imparting the information he had so recently obtained.

A special conservatory, containing a large tank of tepid water, is appropriated to that singular aquatic plant the *Victoria Regia*. The flowers, some of which when fully expanded are a span across them, are of a pure waxy-looking white, the inner leaves beautifully tinged with carmine, and tipped with pale orange, with a bright orange centre.

The enormous round green leaves of this plant, more than five feet across, floating on the water and turning up about an inch or more of their thorny edges, have a strange and highly interesting appearance. They resemble pans, or flat platters; the under side of the leaf, which is purple, is veined, or divided into small cells; and one that we saw had, perhaps, as many as three hundred cells, or small tanks, from one to three inches long, partly filled with water.

While sitting for a few minutes near the *Victoria Regia*, we were surrounded with a party of French ladies and gentlemen, who were eloquently descanting on the wonders of Isleworth. After this, we fell in with an intelligent lady and her husband, who added much to our gratification; for they had resided many years in Java, and appeared to be as familiar with tropical plants and flowers as we were with buttercups and daisies.

We walked through the extensive grounds, visited the luxuriant display of American trees and plants, admired the large stem and yew-like leaf of the *taxodium distichum*; and still more, the rough tall trunk of the *populus nigra*, with its branches and large leaves clustering together at the top. Rhododendrons, lilies of the valley, azalias, heaths, with wild geraniums, red and white foxglove, bedecked our paths.

We rambled in sweet seclusion by the winding water, rich with the lotus and other aquatic plants; now and then a moor-hen suddenly diving beneath their floating or sedgy leaves, while the luxuriant trees, bending over the lake, bathed therein their waving branches; and we sat on the seats, on the green sod, in the shade, enjoying the cool fir-scented breezes that were abroad. We had no exciting brass band to drive away the peaceful serenity of the scene, and the tranquil and grateful thoughts it awakened within us; but the winged songsters were holding a concert of their own, of a more congenial kind, and, influenced by the vocal harmony around, fancy might easily have imagined that every British singing-bird had made Isleworth its home. The lark, the thrush, and the blackbird were excellent in their performances; and the mysterious melody of the cuckoo took us back again to our earlier days.

In such moments as these, the heart does well to be grateful, and to offer up its ardent though inaudible homage to the great Giver of all good,—“the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth,” Exod. xxxiv. 6.

To Him be given, while round the seasons roll,  
The hallelujahs of the heart and soul.

We left Isleworth amid a group of gratified visitors, who had, no doubt, like ourselves, passed a happy day in Syon-house and Gardens; and now, in the very spirit of sincerity and respect, we



offer our grateful acknowledgments to his grace the duke of Northumberland.

G. M.

POOR OLD CHUFFY, BY OLD HUMPHREY.

THERE are times, but I question if then our minds are in the most amiable mood, when our conceptions become amplified, and when nothing will suit us that is not on a large scale. We are in love with the vast and sublime, and systems and suns, oceans and Andes are in unison with our expansive thoughts. Little man then thinks himself to be wonderfully great, and the pigmy in another's eyes becomes a giant in his own. There are other seasons when, less ambitious, we can be satisfied with lesser things. It is well, therefore, for us, that whether we turn to the heavens or the earth, the mountain or the mole-hill, the giant oak or a blade of grass, we are sure to find enough to awaken our wonder and call forth our thankfulness.

If my reader knows aught of that loveable state of feeling when, come what will, we must make somebody or something happy—when, had we no living creature wherewith to sympathise, we should gently pluck a primrose for our button-hole, or a violet for our bosom, he will be able to understand my present tone and temper in making a few remarks on poor old Chuffy, my pet linnet.

Why is it that so much cruelty and so little humanity is practised towards the lower creatures? One would think that their defenceless state would move every heart in their favour, and arm every hand in their defence; but it is not so, for still the whole animal and feathered creation "groaneth in pain together until now," on account of the hard-hearted inhumanity of man. I could cry aloud in behalf of the thoughtlessly, wantonly, and wickedly tormented creatures, whose lives are needlessly rendered wretched.

But perhaps it may be said, "You, who talk so glibly of kindness to dumb creatures, and prate with your pen so freely about humanity; you, to keep a bird pent up in a narrow cage!" He was not, gentle reader; he was not always mine. I took the care of him for another, until he became legally, really and truly my own bird. He who left him with me would not take him away again, believing that he could not make him so comfortable and happy as I did. And then, again, so far from being pent

up in a narrow cage, he has the door of his wiry habitation open almost the whole of the day when in the house, going out and in as he pleases, to say nothing of the free revel which he now and then has, on the beds and gravel walks of the garden. If old Chuffy could speak for himself, he would not complain of his master, I know:

I love my bird, and when I give  
His measure free  
Of meat and drink, I try to think  
That he loves me.

I know Chuffy must be ten or twelve years old, and for this very sufficient reason, that for so long a period he has been under my care. Twelve months ago, about the time when I sprained my ankle, one of his legs having caught in the wire of his cage, his thigh was put out of joint, so that we have been fellow-sufferers. You may be sure that I do not value him the less on this account. As he is now pecking at the mould of the flower-pot before me, I may as well draw his picture.

When Old Chuffy was young, his plumage was ruddy; but now it has lost much of its warmth of colouring. His back is light brown, mixed, blotched, mottled, or streaked (for I hardly know which), with darker brown. His breast and the quills of his wings are lighter; his legs and claws of a flesh-colour, and when the sun shines on them they look transparent. One of his wings is a little rueful, for it does not sit close to his body, and his poor lame leg sticks out in a rather unsightly manner. Hardly has he any tail; his blue beak is strong, short, pointed, and sharp; and his eye is as black as ebony, and almost as bright as a diamond.

Every one who keeps a bird will do well to store his memory with such circumstances as are in his favour, that he may feel the more kindly towards him. I remember reading in the natural history of the linnet, that he, like the goldfinch, is the friend of the farmer. "We recollect," says Slaney, "one December, observing two large flocks of these birds of above two hundred each, frequenting for several days some turnip-fields, which were full of charlock, or chedlock, run to seed, and the ripe pods of which were just bursting to cast forth their grains. The linnets were indefatigably engaged in picking up the seeds of this troublesome weed; so that if each bird devoured only one hundred seeds daily, their

united forces destroyed each day forty thousand charlock seeds." Now, though Old Chuffy is not actually rendering his services to any farmer, I consider myself bound to give him the full benefit of this recorded fact, being quite satisfied that were he at large, with the free use of his legs and wings, he would be as busy as the best of them among the charlocks.

Though Old Chuffy seems to lead the life of a pensioner on my bounty, I feel quite sure that were I to keep a debtor and creditor account with him, the balance would be sadly against me. I give him rape, flax, and, now and then, a little hemp-seed; and occasionally he has watercress, chickweed, and grousel, besides water to drink and to wash in. He lives in his cage rent free, pays no taxes, and I charge him nothing for attendance. This is a tolerably fair statement of what I do for poor Old Chuffy.

But does Chuffy do nothing for me? Oh yes, indeed he does. Why, the hopping about his cage is worth something; his very chirp is cheerfulness, and his song is melody.

Old Chuffy gives me a useful lesson, and sets me an example of cheerfulness and thankfulness worth my closest imitation; for without hands, clothes, or books, pen, ink, or paper, he can be happy. He has neither a purse, nor a pocket to put it in, if he had one; nor has he, as I have, the gift of speech, or the still greater gift of reason and understanding; and yet, give him the range of a few flower-pots within doors, or hang him up in the sun without, and he will make the neighbourhood ring again with his note.

Sometimes I talk jocosely to Chuffy on this wise, fancifully putting such language into his mouth as I suppose he would use had he the gift of speech, and was conversing with me.

"Chuffy," I say to him, "you are not an eagle, winging your flight upwards towards the sun; but a poor caged linnet with a lame leg, so you must not give yourself airs."

Chuffy chirps his reply, which is to this effect:—"I know that I am not an eagle; but if that is a fault, it is not mine; and if I am a poor caged linnet, with a lame leg, I have more need of your pity than your reproach."

This reply is just what it ought to be; but Chuffy has not done with me yet, for he goes on thus with his chirping:

"If I am not a king among birds, neither are you a king among men. True my leg is lame, but yours is little better,—for a sad hobble you make of it, either when walking without a stick or with one. You can hardly, I think, blame me without reproaching yourself."

Should my reader churlishly say that what I have written is trifling; my reply is, that as nothing can be altogether trifling and unworthy which makes me feel more kindly to my poor injured and aged bird, and that may influence others to practise more humanity to theirs, it is my intention to amuse myself by still continuing these playful conversations with my feathered pet. I do not, however, really believe that any reader is opposed to me, either as it regards my principle or my practice. Humanity is a precious jewel, which ought to be worn in every bosom; nor are the lower creatures too insignificant to be treated with kindness. God careth for oxen; his tender mercies are over all his works, and without his permission not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

While I am noting down these remarks Old Chuffy is sitting at the opened door of his cage, placed on the table before me, pulling away at a great bunch of grass, groundsel, and chickweed, so close to him that he seems to be almost in the middle of it. You should only see him when he has within his reach a piece of rice-pudding, or the white of a boiled egg. Not an alderman ever feasted at the Mansion-house more luxuriously or more heartily than he. Say what you will, I believe that a linnet twelve years of age, and with a lame leg, could not be happier.

I cannot but think that the feathered race have a world of happiness when abroad in summer time, of which one cooped up in a cage is altogether deprived; but Old Chuffy could never get his living now: a cat, a weasel, or a hawk would be sure to lay hold of him.

Linnetts are seen in the lanes and the fields; but they like better to frequent the wild broken ground of the common, and to get among the furze-bushes; and if I thought that Chuffy could live there, and be happier than he is now, he should be among them to-morrow.

Old Chuffy cannot talk like a human being, certainly; but if he could, hardly would he be able more intelligibly to tell me, than he now does, when he wants seed and water, or wishes to have his

cage hung up in the garden. Yesterday, when Ann, the housemaid, was playfully scolding him, and asking him if he were not ashamed of being a bird, he hopped about on his perch, flapped his wings, and chirped aloud, as if he enjoyed the joke as much as she did.

If, reader, you do not keep a bird, far be it from me to persuade you to add to the great number of feathery captives already confined in their wiry prisons; but if you do keep a linnnet, a canary, a goldfinch, or any other pet of the lower creatures, let me beseech you to treat him kindly, catering for him as well as you can, according to his instincts, his appetite, and his desires. Be assured that in the practice of humanity to him, you are educating yourself for kindly deeds to all around you. Oh that with a heart warmly beating with love for mankind, and flowing over with humanity towards every creature that God has made, we were all humble and ardent followers of the Redeemer, reading his word, doing his will, spreading his praise, and living to his glory!

#### THE BENT OF GENIUS.

##### PETER DE CORTONE, OR THE PAINTER.

ONE fine bright morning, in the month of May, when all nature seemed to be awaking from her long winter sleep, a little shepherd-boy, of twelve years of age, abandoned the flock which had been entrusted to his care, and with a light heart and empty purse, set off for Florence. Strange fancy this, for the poor child; for he knew no one there, except one little boy, about his own age, nearly as poor, and who had set off from the same village of Cortone. But here the similarity ended,—for the latter went to Florence to act as scullion in cardinal Sacchetti's kitchen; whilst our hero, Peter de Cortone, was actuated by a more dignified and glorious ambition. He knew that in Florence there was an academy of the fine arts, and a school of painting; and the shepherd-boy longed to be an artist.

After wandering for some time about the town, Peter stopped at the entrance of the cardinal's palace, and perceiving that a very savoury smell issued from the region of the kitchen, he determined to wait patiently until the cardinal had dined, hoping that he might then be able to see his friend Thomas. His patience

was necessary, for he had to wait a long time; but at length the moment for the much-desired interview arrived.

"I am glad to see you," said Thomas, kindly. How do you like Florence, and what are you going to do with yourself?"

"I am going to become a painter."

"A painter!" replied Thomas; "a painter! What nonsense; it would be much better for you to become a scullion, like me; for in that case, there will be no fear of your starving, at all events."

"And have you always plenty to eat?" timidly rejoined Peter.

"Yes, indeed," said Thomas; "I might eat enough to make me unwell, every day in the year, if I chose."

"In that case," said Peter, "I can manage very well. You have too much to eat, and I have not enough; so you may as well share with me, and we can live together."

"With all my heart," replied his friend; "that's a capital plan."

"I think it capital, at all events," said Peter, in great delight; "and as I have not eaten anything to-day, we may as well begin this evening."

"Very well," said Thomas; and without further ado he made Peter climb up secretly to the garret, where he slept. He then offered him half his bed, and told him to sit down and rest, while he went to get some dinner for him. He soon returned, bringing the dinner with him. It was a long time since Peter had eaten such a good dinner, though he and his companion would both have felt happier had it been given with the cardinal's knowledge."

"All I want now is to work," said Peter, thoughtfully. "I think I will commence with pencilling."

"But," said Thomas, "have you any money to buy pencils and paper?"

"Money!" said Peter, "no, indeed, I have not anything in the world; but when I was setting out, I said to myself, 'Thomas is a scullion, in the cardinal's palace,—so, of course, he has plenty of money; and if he is rich, it is just the same as if I were rich myself.'"

Thomas could not help being a little amused at this speech; and replied, that as far as plenty to eat went, he certainly could give it to him; but that as for money, he had none himself, and he would be obliged to work for three years longer before he got any wages. But Peter was determined to become a painter, so he would not allow this news

to discourage him. The walls of the garret were white; and Thomas gave him as much charcoal as he could use, to make sketches; so he hopefully set to work to draw charcoal designs on the walls.

One day, however, Thomas brought him, in great triumph, a small sum of money, which had been given him as a present. The kind-hearted boy rejoiced that he was at length able to procure paper and pencils for his friend. Wild with delight, Peter set off at break of day, every morning, to study the paintings in the various churches, as well as the public monuments, and lovely views in the neighbourhood of Florence. In the evenings, almost starving with hunger, but with his mind well stored with all he had seen, he returned to the garret, where he always found his dinner ready.

The youthful artist progressed rapidly; and before long the charcoal sketches on the walls were replaced by more correct drawings, and Peter ornamented with more highly-finished designs the garret where the friendship of a child had procured him a peaceful and happy asylum.

One day, cardinal Sachitti, who was about to make some extensive alterations in his palace, visited, attended by his architect, the upper stories, which he had never before seen. In due course, he entered the scullion's garret. Peter had gone out; but the numerous drawings with which the room was decorated, bore witness to the talent and persevering industry of its occupier. The cardinal and the architect were both greatly struck by the merit of these drawings; and thinking that Thomas was their author, he ordered him to appear in his presence without delay, that he might congratulate him on his taste for the fine arts. When poor Thomas heard that the cardinal had gone up to his garret, and had seen what he called his friend's *daubs*, he was literally dismayed. He made his appearance in fear, and the cardinal, who did not know that he had a companion living with him, said, "Thomas, I can no longer include you amongst the number of my scullions." Thomas, not understanding the true import of these words, imagined that it was in anger that the cardinal was going to send him away; and thinking that his own livelihood, and that of Peter, would be compromised by this act of severity, he threw himself at the cardinal's feet, and said, whilst he wept bitterly, "Oh, my lord, what will

become of my poor friend Peter, if you send me away?" The cardinal could not understand what he meant by this, and desired him to explain himself; and then learning that the drawings were done by a poor little shepherd-boy, whom Thomas had taken care of secretly, for two years, he laughed at the mistake he had made, and kindly pardoning Thomas, he desired him to bring Peter to him, when he returned in the evening.

But evening came, and the young artist did not arrive at the palace as usual. The next day passed, and the next, then a week, then a fortnight, and still no tidings of Peter de Cortone, anywhere in Florence. At length the cardinal, who felt the most lively interest in the fate of the poor boy, discovered that for fifteen days the monks of a monastery at some distance from the town, had taken charge of a painter of fourteen years old, who had come to ask their permission to copy a painting of Raphaël's, which was placed in the chapel belonging to their monastery. This child turned out to be Peter de Cortone. He was brought back to the cardinal, who received him most kindly, and placed him in the school of one of the first painters in Rome.

Fifty years later, there were two old men, who lived together as brothers, in one of the most splendid private houses in Florence. It was said of one that "he was the first painter of the age," and of the other, that "he would be held up as the model of a friend while the world lasted." Need we add that these two old men were Peter de Cortone and his friend Thomas? We must qualify this eulogium on Thomas, however, by reminding youthful readers that honesty in little things is essential to the formation of a proper character, and that concealment generally implies something wrong; while candour and openness lead to peace and security.

#### SEEDS AND THEIR FRUIT.

EVERY gracious action is a seed of joy, and every sinful action the seed of anguish and sorrow to the soul that soweth it.—*Flavel*.

#### VANITY OF THE WORLD.

I AM more and more convinced of this world's tastelessness and treachery—that it is with God alone that any satisfying converse is to be had.—*Chalmers*.



Lake of Como.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALIAN TRAVEL.

## LAKES COMO AND MAGGIORE.

THE lake Como has long been celebrated for its almost matchless beauty. It has oft awoke the sweet tones of poetry, and we know not, therefore, how better to introduce it to the notice of our readers, than by quoting some lines which one of our most refined poets has penned upon it, as seen during the glowing season of vintage:

“The sun looks out,  
Filling, o’erflowing with the glorious light  
This noble amphitheatre of hills;  
Along the shores, among the hills ‘t is now  
The heyday of the vintage; all abroad,  
But most the young and of the gentler sex,  
Busy in gathering; all among the vines,  
Some on the ladder, and some underneath,  
Filling their baskets of green wicker-work,  
While many a canzonet and frolic laugh  
Come through the leaves; the vines in light festoons

OCTOBER, 1851.

From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,  
And every avenue a cover’d walk  
Hung with black clusters. ‘T is enough to make  
The sad man joyous, the benevolent one  
Melt into tears—so general is the joy!  
While up and down the cliffs, over the lake,  
Wains, oxen-drawn, and pannier’d mules are  
seen,  
Laden with grapes, and dropping rosy wine.”

It is recorded by the writer of the foregoing lines, that when he was rambling through one of the vineyards on the banks of Como, a gatherer espied him, who immediately sent her little son, a mere urchin, with a bunch of grapes almost as large as himself, for the stranger. The reader may easily conceive how refreshing such a gift must have been to the weary pedestrian; and that the boon would be doubly welcome from the humane and kindly feelings which prompted the donor to present it.

Lago di Como is forty miles in length,

and presents a surface of a beautiful light-greenish blue tint, resembling the colour of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. It is of a serpentine shape, thereby affording great variety of scenery. On its borders, in the openings at intervals, may be seen the Oberland Mountains of Switzerland, covered with snow, adding extreme beauty to the landscape. The width of the lake is nowhere above four miles, while its depth varies from forty to six hundred feet. It receives the waters of the Upper Adda and other rivers; but its only outlet is by the Lower Adda. Owing to the great height of the surrounding mountains, by which it is exposed to sudden squalls, and the influence of currents, its navigation is hazardous to sailing-vessels; but steamers traverse it in every direction with safety and expedition. The climate round the lake is mild and healthful, excepting its more northerly part. Its banks are formed of precipitous mountains, from two thousand to three thousand feet high: in those parts where portions of them overhang the water, the effect is grand in the extreme. In other places, partially covered with vegetation, peeping between the foliage, may be seen hamlets, cottages, villas, chapels, or convents. The eye rests on these comparatively familiar objects with a feeling more akin to that of every-day experience, and the mind is agreeably relieved of the overpowering effect of sublimer scenes.

The most beautiful and imposing view in the whole extent of the lake is, undoubtedly, at Bellagio, the south-western part; the upper waters are there seen winding up as it were to the very foot of the higher chain of the Alps, and terminating within a short distance of the terrific pass of the Splügen.

The adjoining town of Como is memorable, we may in passing remark, as having been the birth-place of Pliny the younger. In front of the cathedral is a statue, with a bas-relief, alluding to his writings. The lake of Como, we may add before quitting it, is memorable in connexion with the life of Bonaparte, as having been the spot where, at the close of his first Italian campaign, he, in company with Josephine and his brilliant suite, gave himself up to enjoyment after the fatigues of war. In brilliant pomp the distinguished party sailed along its waters to the sound of soft music, enjoying Italian luxury in its highest forms,

The Lago di Maggiore, or, as it is sometimes called, Locarno, is situated to the north of Italy, partly between Piedmont and Lombardy, and within the Swiss Canton of Tessin. It is long and narrow, forty miles from north to south: in its widest part it measures six miles; but its ordinary breadth is not more than from two to three miles. It may be considered as an expansion of the Ticino, which enters it at its north and leaves it at its south extremity; on its west side it receives the waters of the Foce, and on its east those of the Fresa, which flow from the Lago di Lugano: its depth is very great; its clear green waters abound with fish.

The immediate shores at Maggiore are richly bordered with wood, with occasional breaks, which reveal picturesque crags, surmounted with castles, and churches, or numerous villages which stretch along the water's edge, presenting an attractive contrast to the bold grandeur of the distant Alpine chain.

On the west side of the bay, opposite to the mouth of the Foce, are the Borromeo Islands, four in number, from which the lake derives much of its celebrity; the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre are the most notable. They are small, and until the middle of the seventeenth century were little more than bare rocks. Being the property, however, of the celebrated St. Carlo Borromeo, they were converted by him into a sort of Italian paradise. He had them covered with earth, brought from the main land, had terraces constructed, furnished them with trees, statues, etc., built on them superb palaces, and thus transformed these rough but beautiful islands into fairy regions. The taste displayed by him in their internal arrangements has been questioned by some writers. Pope thus sneers at it:

"On every side you look, behold the wall!  
No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
No artful wildness, to perplex the scene;  
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other;  
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,  
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees!"

At one end of the lake, over the town of Arona, on a hill, stands the celebrated bronze statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, seventy-five feet high, mounted on a stone pedestal thirty-seven feet high: he is represented as looking down upon and blessing the lake, which belongs to his family, who are lords of the manor.

It is scarcely possible to do justice to this beautiful lake. We are at a loss to know whether to admire most, the vineyards which cover its borders, or the thick forests of chestnut-trees—amongst the dazzling green of which peep forth hamlets of snowy whiteness;—the heights of St. Gothard that bound it on the east;—the deep blue of its transparent waters, like a reflection of the clear sky above them, and against which the white summits of the Simplan and Monte Rosa are relieved with inexpressible beauty;—or the gray mountains in the distance, with the shades of evening, perhaps, closing over them. The various objects improve each other by contrast; while the whole, whether at mid-day, or in the evening, or at night-fall, disposes us to consider it a matchless combination of the beautiful and the sublime.

Isola Bella, one of the islands, is a mile in circumference; but Isola Madre is by far the more beautiful: the latter, Carlo Boromeo made his residence. The gardener, however, is now its only inhabitant. The gardens here are more tastefully laid out than in the Isola Bella. Shrubberies of rare plants, and trees forming arches which disclose vistas giving views of the glassy lake, and the villages, and mountains beyond. The ascent to the house is by covered terraces of brilliant-coloured flowers of exquisite perfume. The walls are adorned with orange and lemon-trees loaded with fruit, the odour of which fills the air. From the rocks on the margin of the water, below the terraces, zuccas, American trees, spring forth in full flower. American aloes, also, whose blossoms rise to a height of forty feet, grow here. The house is surrounded by smooth sloping lawns, shaded by beautiful forest-trees, on whose boughs numerous pheasants are seen, and other birds of gay plumage. Amidst so much exquisite beauty, however, it is saddening to glance around and to remember the contrast which prevails between the natural and the spiritual aspects of the scene. Wherever the eye wanders, it beholds districts plunged in the lowest depths of Romish superstition.

#### ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

THE longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as

little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter. I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and that to ask myself, "What should I do in that person's situation?" is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations; and that it is not in reference to the ungodly world only that that passage is true, "He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey;" but even in reference to professors also, amongst whom there is a sad proneness to listen to evil reports, and to believe the representations they hear, without giving the injured person any opportunity of rectifying their views, and defending his own character. The more prominent any man's character is, the more likely he is to suffer in this way; there being in the heart of every man, unless greatly subdued by grace, a pleasure in hearing anything which may sink others to his level, or lower them in the estimation of the world. We seem to ourselves elevated in proportion as others are depressed.

—*Simson.*

#### THE CAMERA OBSCURA AT CLIFTON.

AMONG the many objects at Clifton, near Bristol, which instruct the curious or amuse the idle, there is no one more attractive than the camera obscura. This instrument is placed on the summit of a round tower, and from its elevated position on the cliff, commands within its radius of some tens of miles, a magnificent view; embracing the distant hills of South Wales, the sea, the Severn, and the Avon winding immediately below. You can also see a wide extent of Glou-

cestershire, some distant parts of Wilts and Somersetshire, and more near the town of Bristol, with its many towers and spires, masts of vessels and other evidences of busy life, as also the gay buildings and gardens of Clifton itself.

All these are reflected within the area of the camera, with a minuteness and precision truly wonderful; for not a cloud flies along, casting its flitting shadows over the landscape, but its effect is at once transferred to the picture, and Nature, in all her varied and varying beauty, seems concentrated in a focal point of one sublime transcript.

But how many are there within its nearer and more immediate range, walking, or sporting, or musing below, who are unconscious that their every movement is reflected on the table, and that many may be watching their slightest motion. When I was there, some children were engaged in their cheerful games in one part. In another, a youth and maiden were absorbed in earnest converse. Here in a secluded part some merry girls sportively played with each other, the more unreservedly as they thought themselves unseen; and there an idler strolled carelessly on, striking pebbles hither and thither with the end of his cane. No part seemed secluded from the eye of the spectator in the camera obscura; no act of those passing to and fro beneath, however trifling or thoughtless, serious or gay. Then again my eye was caught by the image of a rude boy, seizing a young girl, and dragging her to the edge of the cliff, to frighten her with the giddy depth of the precipice below.

The scene was most strange and startling. And such, methought, is the worldling's life: he trifles through existence; he saunters away day after day; and, to kill time, will amuse himself with casting pebbles into a pond or the ocean. Perchance his eager hate or love hurries its object to the brink of ruin and destruction. Yet how few are conscious or thoughtful that there is One above, whose "eyes are upon the ways of man, and He seeth all his goings," Job xxxiv. 21; and that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," Prov. xv. 3.

J. L. D.

#### WYCLIFFE'S EARLY LIFE.

It is now generally admitted that to the little village of Wyclif, distant about

six miles from the town of Richmond, in the county of York, belongs the distinction of being the birth-place of the reformer. And if, as tradition affirms, he was related to the family who claimed to be the lords of the manor and patrons of the rectory from the Conquest down to the beginning of the seventeenth century (when, by the marriage of the heiress, the property passed to a house of another name), we can at once perceive how he came to sustain the cognomen of De Wycliffe. Nothing was more common, from the Norman invasion, than for families to take an appellation derived from the place of their residence. The name of the reformer is certainly a local one, received, not from his parents, but from the parish in which he happened to be born. That no traces of intercourse between himself and his relatives should be found in his writings, may be accounted for from the fact that the family continuing firmly attached to the superstitions and errors which he sought to destroy, refused to recognise, or at least to correspond with him, and that in the prosecution of his studies he was left to support himself by the application and employment of his own talents.

Of his childhood we know nothing. Where or from whom he received the rudiments of his education—what were the earlier dispositions and tendencies of his mind—to what extent either his intellectual or moral character was developed—or what indications there were of future pre-eminence, must all be passed over in silence. The fact that a star lies too far down in the field of space to come within the range of our own instrument, is no proof that it does not exist. And so the absence of all authentic record touching the early life and history of our reformer, does not in the least affect the conjecture and the probability that his younger years were marked by some out-comings of that intellectual might and mastery which rendered his subsequent course so conspicuous and so memorable. This is the more likely, inasmuch as the provisions for education were no longer confined to ecclesiastical and monastic establishments. Local schools had been set up in various parts of the kingdom, and extended from the towns even to the villages. Many of these schools were conducted with great ability, and by men of rare talents. In them were taught classics, mathematics, astronomy, *belles lettres*, and other branches of science.



Nor can we doubt that in one of these institutions, or in one of the seminaries connected with religious houses, Wycliffe received that education which qualified him to enter the university of Oxford. He was first admitted, in the seventeenth year of his age, as a student at Queen's College; but its recent foundation, and the incompleteness of its arrangements, failed to offer those advantages and facilities which were necessary to a mind so earnest as his in the pursuit of knowledge and the prosecution of study. Dissatisfied with its provisions, he very soon left it, and entered Merton College; in which, not many years prior to Wycliffe's residence there, Bradwardine had delivered his famous lectures on the Cause of God, against Pelagius, and which, as a seminary of learning, was celebrated for many of the most illustrious names in letters and in theology.

Here he pursued his studies with unwearied application. His enemies being witnesses, he was second to none in the domain of philosophy; and in scholastic researches he was incomparable.\* He undervalued no one branch of science. He no doubt had his predilections for one department of inquiry and of learning above another, but all of them he deemed important. With the study of scholastic philosophy, he combined that of the civil and the canon law, and, as deserving of not less attention, the study of the municipal laws and customs of his own country. "The canons of the church were collected principally from the decrees of the councils and of pontiffs, and found an authority, not purely ecclesiastical, but one by which a multitude of causes, once pertaining solely to the magistrate, were at length attached to the exclusive jurisdiction of the Christian pastor. Hence a spirit of rivalry arose between the courts of princes and those of the bishops, such as in time rendered it a proverb, that to excel as a canonist required the learning of a civilian, the latter word being understood to denote the secular law as distinguished from the ecclesiastical. There were numerous provincial and national customs opposed to that imperial system of legislation which had disappeared with the fall of the empire, and to that dominion of canonical

law which ecclesiastics had reared upon its ruins. This was considerably the case in England, and it ought not perhaps to excite surprise, that the ambition, aided by the pedantry of the times, should be found struggling to exclude the native jurisprudence from the class of liberal studies. But it appears that Wycliffe was not to be thus deterred from ascertaining the merit of customs which had descended with the generations of his fatherland, nor at length from preferring them openly to the collections of Gratian, or the laws of the empire."\*

But whatever were the nearer or remoter motives which influenced our reformer to take up these various branches of study, it cannot be denied that he made every acquisition subservient to the solemn functions of that office to which he had devoted his life. He was designed for the Christian ministry; and to the writings of the early fathers he applied himself with an energy and an earnestness which nothing could exhaust. If among schoolmen Aristotle was "the only safe guide to the meaning of Saint Paul," and if his philosophy was the only key by which the treasures of revealed theology could be unlocked, then Wycliffe soon possessed himself of this key. He committed to memory many of the more intricate portions of Aristotle, made himself familiar with the earliest and most distinguished writers of the Christian church, and became the most eminent doctor in theology in those days. He availed himself of every known or accessible means of widening the field of his knowledge, and of giving him a clearer insight into the deep things of God. His own university could boast of some of the most illustrious names in the sacred domain of theology. These stood high in his estimation, and their writings, in conjunction with those of Augustine and other distinguished fathers, challenged his closer and more devout attention. His intense application in this higher and more sacred department must be regarded as indicating his supreme love of truth. It is not affirmed that he always reached his object, but it was the goal to which he pressed forward—the mighty prize which he had set before him.

As might be expected, he turned with intense interest to the study of the inspired writings. For some ages the Bible

\* "In philosophiâ nulli reputabatur secundus: In scholasticis disciplinis incomparabilis."—Knighton "De Eventibus Angliæ," col. 2644. This writer had an equal hatred of Wycliffe and his opinions.

\* Vaughan's "Life of Wycliffe," vol. i. pp. 244, 245.

had been all but a sealed book. The authority of the church still forbade any appeal to the Scriptures. The student of the sacred text came under the ban and proscription of the scholastic philosophy. The compilations of men were in higher repute than the teachings of Christ and his apostles. The reader of Peter Lombard might assure himself of a willing audience, while the more scriptural teacher would be rejected and treated with indifference. That illustrious friar of the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon, tells us, "The graduate who reads or keeps to the text of Scripture is compelled to give way to the reader of the sentences, who everywhere enjoys honour and precedence. He who reads the sentences has the choice of his hour, and ample entertainment among the religious orders. He who reads the Bible is destitute of these advantages, and sues, like a mendicant, to the reader of the sentences, for the use of such hours as it may please him to grant. He who reads the sums of Divinity is everywhere allowed to hold disputations, and is venerated as master; he who only reads the text is not permitted to dispute at all, which is absurd."\* With this testimony before us, it must be acknowledged, that "the Biblical method of instruction was trampled under foot by the overbearing authority of irrefragable and seraphic doctors. And yet, in this state of the public mind it was that Wycliffe ventured to associate the study of the Scriptures with the keenest pursuit of the scholastic metaphysics, and to assign to the Bible the full supremacy which belongs to it, as disclosing to us the way, the truth, and the life."† His powers of debate in the scholastic exercises or public disputations were indeed unrivalled—perhaps almost more than human; but his proficiency in the science of theology challenges our highest admiration. In the writings of the schoolmen, he was careful to distinguish between truth and error, and to separate the precious from the vile. Following the advice of some of the better and more enlightened teachers, to lay aside philosophical abstraction and subtlety, and derive the sublime science of salvation from the Holy Scriptures with that purity and simplicity with which it was there delivered by the inspired writers, the reformer endeavoured

to restore the ancient practice of lecturing on morals and theology from the book itself. This was a line of action which called for no ordinary courage. While he could compete with any of his fellows in metaphysics and philosophy, he far surpassed them all in biblical science; so that, while one was renowned for his profoundness, another for his perspicuousness, a third for all that was venerable, and a fourth as the brightest light in a constellation that was all brilliant—it remained to Wycliffe to receive the higher honour still of being the evangelic or gospel doctor. That which had excluded other men from the leading universities of Europe, won for him the most honourable title and the most enviable which any mere man could wear. To be "mighty in the Scriptures" was something which was deemed worthy of apostolic commendation; nor can it be doubted that his ardent attachment to the inspired writings placed our reformer in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and of imminent peril.

We cannot suppose that so earnest and profound a student of God's word could be otherwise than personally and powerfully impressed with its momentous truth. This presupposes that he had experienced that great spiritual change which involves nothing less than the renovation of the whole man: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." At what period, or through what instrumentality, this change was effected in Wycliffe, it is impossible now to determine; but if the tree is to be judged by its fruit—if the life is to be taken as the index to the state of the heart, then there is evidence enough to satisfy us, that while the reformer was yet a student, he had the happy consciousness of his personal salvation. Scarcely had he more than reached his majority, when the most destructive pestilence in the annals of disease swept over Europe, and made the most fearful havoc in England. This was in the year 1347. Its ravages were such as might well have awakened deep thought in the most listless and unconcerned. The mind of Wycliffe was touched to the very inmost; nor did his impressions fade away till he himself had done with time, and had passed into the unsuffering kingdom of God.

\* Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," vol. iii. p. 93.

† Le Bas' "Life of Wycliffe," p. 78.

Happy had it been for England, had such a visitation left behind it those salutary and saving results for which it was designed. No sooner, however, had the plague subsided, than society returned to its wonted apathy and irreligion. The places of those godly and devoted men who had fallen a sacrifice by their unwearied attention to the interests of their flocks, were filled up by others who were grossly incompetent for the duties of any spiritual office. To chastise the vices of the clergy, among whom he conceived was the seat of that great national calamity which had passed over the land, and to awaken the people to the claims of true religion, Wycliffe penned a little tract, entitled, "The Last Age of the Church." It appeared in 1356, when he had just reached the thirty-second year of his age.\* By many the pestilence had been regarded as a certain precursor of the final judgment; and, falling in with the popular apprehension, the reformer believed that the designs of God were hastening to an end, and that the close of the fourteenth century would bring with it the close of the world's history. To this conjecture he was led by the predictions of an Italian ecclesiastic of the name of Joachim, by certain cabalistic and scarcely intelligible computations, founded on the letters of the Hebrew and Latin alphabets, and by the notion that between the first and second advent of our Lord there were to be four periods of great tribulation in the history of the church; the first, pointing to the waste and wear of heathen persecutions; the second, to the spread and prevalence of open heresy; the third, to the more glaring sin of simony, which made merchandise of God's church; and the fourth, to the progress and final triumph of Antichrist, as belonging, with the one preceding, more immediately to the fourteenth century. Hence the origin and the designation of his tract. But though a genuine production of his pen, it adds little or nothing to his fame. Its chief value is in letting us know how he viewed the events which were then passing over England, the state of society, the prospects of the church, and the interests of God's truth.

With his mind so impressed with the corruptions of the church, and the vices

of society in general, we may well conceive that as a reformer he set himself no common task. Difficulties and dangers crowded upon his path, but, nothing intimidated by the one, he never grew pale in the presence of the other. He was braced for action; and with his soul all on fire, he challenged every opposing force. Conscious of his intellectual might, and with the shield of faith over him, he was prepared to grapple with the sturdiest and the strongest of the enemy. To check the evils of the time, he was increasingly diligent in the dissemination of the truths of Christianity, and more than ever earnest in pressing home its claims and obligations. As an author, he disappears for a time from our view. He withdrew but to prepare and equip himself for future service. The soul has its periods of exhaustion, and therefore must have its seasons of refreshment and invigoration. There are times when it is wise and profitable to withdraw from the busiest scenes and the holiest activity, and be alone. The Saviour often wept apart. He withdrew even from the closer circles and nearer fellowship of his chosen ones, and sought seclusion and separation. And no man has ever done anything great in God's church, who has not nurtured his faith and piety in deep retirement. It was not that Wycliffe had no felt or full idea of the claims of his age, that he now paused in his course. Like a man that steps backward to accelerate the spring and augment the bound of his next leap, he turned aside to gather strength, and brace up his spirit for something more resolute and more daring. Being a man of faith, he was a man of purpose; and to effect his purpose, he threw himself on the resources of infinite wisdom and love. He was in communion with God, and believing that he was moving in harmony with his will, he challenged every opposing force.—*From "Wycliffe and his Times," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### A PEEP AT MANCHESTER AND ITS MANUFACTURES.—No. III.

WE will begin the present paper with a disquisition,—nay, really this is too portentous!—well then, with a few dottings, if you please, on art in general. For you must know, reader, we have accomplished a metempsychosis since our last; we are no longer going to grovel like a reptile among raw cotton and gray

\* This tract was first printed in the year 1840, from a manuscript in the Dublin University Library, and published under the editorship of James Henthall Todd, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College.

calicoes, but have assumed wings, and intend soaring a little among the fascinations of designs and colour. We have drudged among the useful, let us now ascend to the beautiful.

It must be confessed that this is a rather heroic proem to a few paragraphs on calico-printing, and yet it does not require much to see that the subject demands it. In fact, we have to settle a very important principle, which some may even now-a-days be disposed to dispute. It is not difficult, for instance, to imagine the inquiry—"Why do we want such things as design and colour at all?" "What," one may ask, "is clothing for?—is it not just to cover our bodies, and protect them from the inclemencies of the weather?" And having received an affirmative reply to this question, he might triumphantly proceed—"And will not this gray unbleached cloth do as well for this purpose as yonder pictured specimen? Why should some hundreds of thousands of capital be expended, and some tens of thousands of labourers be employed in covering this honest self-coloured fabric with such fanciful but useless hues?" To such and many similar questions the reply is just this, and no more, that we have tastes which require to be propitiated, as well as a reason whose province it is to guide us. The Creator, in his wisdom, has endowed us with the faculties of imagination and fancy, as well as memory and judgment; he has made us accessible to poetry as well as logic, and fitted us to luxuriate in art as well as to explore the mysteries of science. He has made the world not simply useful but lovely; he has thrown matter into the most exquisite forms, and flung over the whole a mantle of the richest colours. Herein lies our permission, not to abuse the principles of taste as applied to life, for the abuse of everything is sinful; but gratefully to acknowledge and conform to them. And may we not dimly discern in this arrangement something better still? may we not discover in it a striking harmony with religion, which, though it confers upon us the highest temporal and spiritual good, consists in the spontaneous, disinterested, and affectionate surrender of the heart to God, as the greatest and most glorious of all beings? But we must not forget that the foundation of our story is gray calico, and our first object is to show how it is made white. There is, however, a preliminary process when it first comes from the loom; a

short woolly nap is found upon the surface, which it is necessary to remove. This end is gained by passing the cloth very rapidly over a cylinder made almost red-hot. If the cloth were suffered to rest on the cylinder for an instant, it would ignite; but the extreme quickness of the motion prevents this,—the heat merely removes the superfluous nap, leaving the surface smooth and bare. After undergoing this process, the cloth is ready for bleaching. The object of this, is, as we have said, to change the colour, and to destroy any particles of oily and animal matter which may adhere to it. Formerly bleaching was carried on in connexion with calico-printing, but it is now a separate branch of business. The old method of bleaching consisted in steeping the cloth in a succession of alkaline leys, or solutions of potash, and in subsequently exposing it to the solar rays. This was a very long and troublesome process, occasioning great loss of time, and consequently considerable delay in the returns of capital. Cotton goods, which required from four to six applications of alkali, occupied as many weeks in bleaching, while linens, which required not less than from twelve to twenty applications, were scarcely brought into a marketable state in less than six months. Moreover, operations could be carried on only during the summer months, and then only during an advantageous state of the weather. On this department of the cotton-trade science has conferred some of its richest gifts. The honour of discovering an altogether new mode must be ascribed to M. Berthollet, of Paris, and for its immediate and successful introduction into this country we are indebted to Thomas Henry, F.R.S.,—one of the most distinguished men that Manchester has produced. The discovery is based on the properties of chlorine, or oxy muriate gas, and by its assistance a process which once occupied six weeks may be performed in twelve hours, and that at all seasons of the year.

When the cloth has been otherwise prepared for printing, it is necessary to submit it to a final preparatory process, in order to fix and give brilliancy to the colours. This is effected by steeping it in a chemical solution which has an affinity both with the material and also with the particular colours which are intended to be employed. These solutions are called in general "mordants," or in

Saxon, "biters," from their acrid properties. A common one is made of alum. The liquor is placed in a large tank, through which the cloth is conducted on a series of rollers. On leaving the tank, it is hung up to dry, and is then ready for the printing-machine.

Before contemplating this, the principal step in the manufacture, it will be proper to advert for a moment to two kindred arts of considerable interest and importance. The first of these is technically termed "pattern-designing," and employs a large number of the more skillful artisans. It consists in tracing on card-paper the device intended for the cloth,—so much of it as will present the entire pattern; the whole being appropriately coloured, and finished with the greatest care. This department of labour is over-crowded, and consequently wages are low; yet a really good workman will earn from 3*l.* to 5*l.* per week. The design, when finished, is the property of the artist or his employer, and may be protected from piracy by registration. This safeguard, however, is not often needed. Other manufacturers have no opportunity of seeing the pattern till the goods are ready for the market; and before they can get it copied and engraved, and their goods ready for sale, fashion changes or the season is over. A considerable trade is done in patterns alone; a large quantity, though less than formerly, is imported from France. In this department the bulk of our artisans are attaining more facility and skill. Many of the apprentices in Manchester, for example, spend their days in the workshop, and their evenings at the School of Design.

Engraving is an art of very great importance in connexion with the recent growth of calico-printing. Formerly the mode of printing potteries on the cloth was by wooden blocks, about a foot long. At this period, the trade of "block-cutting" occupied the same position in relation to calico-printing as the art of engraving does now. Even this rudimental method underwent several successive improvements; at first, the pattern was cut or chiselled in the wood, which was of a very hard nature; then it was formed in the block by insertions of copper wire; finally the entire design was first cast in metal, like stereotyped plates in letter-press, and then fastened to the surface of the block. Now, however, the entire system of block-printing is superseded by the use of machinery and copper rollers,

which enable a man and a boy to perform as much work as was formerly done by a hundred and fifty men. The poor block-cutters and block-printers, like the hand-loom weavers, have been reduced to great distress; most have been absorbed in other trades, and the few that remain are employed, though at a very reduced rate of wages, on those kinds of goods (chiefly mousselines de lain and paramattas, mixtures of worsted and cotton) which, on account of their elasticity, are unfit for the action of the machine.

Extensive improvements have been made in the art of engraving since its first application to the purposes of calico-printing. Formerly the engraver, receiving the pattern from the hands of the designer, transferred it to the copper by a slow manual process; now the lines on the copper are cut by means of a diamond, which moves rapidly and with the utmost precision across the surface; and the pattern being first wrought in steel, is then transferred by pressure to the comparatively soft copper. It is only just to add, that we are indebted for the invention of printing by means of cylinders to a Scotchman, named Bell, who brought it into use as early as 1785. It was first practised by the Messrs. Livesey, of Preston. The mode of transferring patterns from a steel cylinder to a copper one was discovered by Mr. Lockett, of Manchester,—whose son, we believe, is now at the head of one of the largest engraving firms of that city. Among later obligations, let us not, however, forget our earliest. It is to the Protestant refugees who, at the close of the seventeenth century, were expelled from their native land by the bigoted revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to whom we are indebted for those ingenious labours which rendered calico-printing indigenous to the British soil.

Having now disposed of these preliminary matters, which were necessary to a correct apprehension of the subject, we will introduce the reader to the final process—that in which the pattern, having been successively designed and engraved, is transferred to the cloth. We will select for illustration a machine of the most novel construction, which is able to lay on eight colours at once. We suppose that the piece of cloth about to be printed is intended to receive a pattern containing this number of colours. The machine is fitted to receive eight cylindrical rollers, on each of which a

separate portion of the pattern, that, namely, which is to be printed off in the same colour, is engraved. In block-printing the piece of cloth is laid smooth along a table of considerable length, and the workman moves the block successively from one end to the other, going over the whole piece once with a different block for each distinct colour,—a slow and laborious procedure. All this is done by a single revolution of the machine, the first cylinder impressing one portion of the pattern, say the stem of a sprig of woodbine, with its appropriate colouring; the next cylinder adds some portion of the leaves, perhaps in deep green, the next adds the rest in a lighter hue, while buds and flowers in a variety of tints will proceed from the others. It is evident that one cylinder must be made to correspond to another with marvellous accuracy, and that the progress of the cloth is exceedingly regular, since the smallest deviation would damage the pattern, and spoil the whole piece. The method of laying the colouring on the cylinder previous to the impression is very ingenious. Close to each there is placed a wooden roller of rather larger size, covered with a kind of baize, and revolving so as to take up at every revolution a quantity of colour from a box which is fixed beneath. This cylinder, thus covered with the colouring matter, moves in contact with the engraved roller, to which a proper portion of the mixture adheres, all the lines of the engraving being filled, and the smooth surfaces cleaned by means of an accurately-adjusted steel blade, called “the doctor.” The cloth to be printed is then closely passed against the engraved cylinder, and at once receives the impression.

The machine of which we give this description is constructed on a new principle. Its chief peculiarity consists in its being worked, not by a shaft proceeding from the main engine, but by an engine appropriated to itself, which is made to occupy a small space underneath. It is thought that this arrangement will be more economical, as well as capable of securing greater speed. One such machine could print off four pieces a minute,—each piece measuring more than thirty yards, and each receiving eight distinct impressions for every repetition of the pattern, the whole requiring the services of no more than one man and one boy to superintend it. The

ordinary rate of printing would not exceed one piece per minute; but the quantity which can be produced must, at the most moderate rate and speed, be prodigious. Some establishments turn out as much as eighteen or twenty thousand pieces per week. When we remember the large number of print-works in operation, the amount of their joint production is very great; but the world is large, and with all mankind for her customers, there is no fear of our raising a superabundant supply.

Let us now glance for a moment at the whole of the processes through which the cotton passes, on its way from the fields of Georgia to the world's wardrobe, and pause before one of their obvious results. Who can fail to perceive that one chief effect of the alliance which has taken place during the present century between science and manufactures, is a large increase in the number of comforts accessible to the millions. Articles which were formerly found only in the habitations of the wealthy, are now brought within the reach of all classes. It is now impossible to distinguish the social rank to which a man belongs by the coat he wears. The mechanic who doffs his working clothes when the hours of toil are over, and puts on his Sunday attire, is scarce distinguishable from an individual who holds millions in his purse. Any poor woman can now purchase for half-a-crown a dress which, fifty years ago, would have cost eight times that sum. The cotton-grower, the merchant, the spinner, the weaver, the bleacher, the pattern-designer, the engraver, the printer, with some millions of capital and thousands of hands, are all put in requisition for her, and she has been able to purchase the substantial result of their labours for thirty pence! To what is this owing? It is obvious. Under God, it is owing to skill and science, as displayed in mechanical inventions. We say “under God,”—for it is the same hand that blesses us through “fruitful seasons,” and the genius of man. The works we see around us are not our own. On looking at the wondrous achievements of science and industry with which we are surrounded, we may well, with fervent devotion, raise our *non nobis*,—“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name give glory!” D.

WILFULNESS; OR, THE ROASTED  
TURKEY.

## A SKETCH FOR FAMILIES.

A LIVELY sketch is sometimes more effective than a grave discourse, in laying bare an evil practice. We propose in the following paper to hold up the mirror to such families as have not yet learned the constraining influence of the principle of love in their domestic arrangements.

Difficult would it be to decide which of the two courses had been the more productive of good—the one of setting forth examples of wisdom and virtue to be imitated; or the other, of holding up illustrations of folly and vice to be shunned. Each course has its especial advantages, and one is frequently influential when the other would have little power. Having made these remarks, which we think are not unworthy the reader's attention, we shall, without further prelude, introduce to his notice Mr. Silvester Hutchens and the lady who, some fifteen or twenty years back, consented, at his earnest request, to share with him his meal-barrel and his cruise, his enjoyments and his cares.

Mr. Hutchens is a Londoner; of which circumstance he is not a little proud. He was born in London, bred in London, what property he possesses was acquired in London, and it was in the great city that he committed, as he oftentimes says, one of the greatest errors of his life—that of marrying a wife. As, however, this observation is made to his acquaintance in the presence of Mrs. Hutchens, it is generally regarded as no more than an expression of sportive raillery, and rather in favour of the lady than otherwise; so that the reply on the part of his acquaintance usually is, "Ay, ay! Mr. Hutchens, you know that you are a happy man." Were they called upon to prove this happiness, and also to make it apparent that Mrs. Hutchens was the source of it, some difficulties would undoubtedly present themselves. Whatever degree of truth the expression may contain, it certainly does not come up to the high standard of being "the truth, and nothing but the truth."

Mr. Hutchens has a will of his own; it is his favourite hobby, and many men ride one of the same kind, to be considered among his male acquaintance as the complete and undisputed master of his own house. In asserting, establish-

ing, and maintaining this principle, he is as arbitrary as a Persian despot: there is no appeal from his inexorable determination. So long as they are alone, Mr. Hutchens will permit his partner to take the lead in many things; but if ever she assumes to strive for the mastery, especially when any one is present, he is as unmanageable as a whirlwind.

But if Mr. Hutchens is in some points of character extremely wilful, the same remark may be said with equal propriety of Mrs. Hutchens. Like her husband, she is emulous of power, and equally bent on preserving it. While Mr. Hutchens is boasting and vapouring among men, Mrs. Hutchens takes especial care to let it be known to her female friends, that she is the real ruler. In this unamiable struggle for pre-eminence their lives are passing away.

At no great distance from the dwelling of Mr. Hutchens live Mr. and Mrs. Hawker, and the two families are not unfrequently together. Mr. Hutchens likes Mr. Hawker because he is always for keeping wives in subjection, and Mrs. Hutchens has a strong leaning towards Mrs. Hawker, as she greatly assists her in retaining her domestic power.

One day, Mr. Hutchens purposing to invite his neighbours, the Hawkers, to dinner, sent home a very fine turkey. He had made up his mind to have this turkey boiled; but being much more alive to his wife's wilfulness than to his own, and anticipating, from experience, that she would throw some impediment in the way of his wishes, he went to her quite in the imperative mood, when the following dialogue took place:

"I shall call on my neighbour Hawker in the course of the day, and ask him and his wife to dine with us on Monday; and mind, I will have that turkey boiled."

"I think, Mr. Hutchens, that before asking your neighbours, you might make the inquiry whether it suited the convenience of your wife. However, I shall make no opposition to their coming; but as to having the turkey boiled, that is quite out of the question."

"When I say a thing, Mrs. Hutchens, I mean it; and I said that I would have the turkey boiled."

"Again and again, Mr. Hutchens, have you heard me say that

'A turkey boil'd  
Is a turkey spoil'd.'"

"I have certainly heard you say many silly things, Mrs. Hutchens; but whether

the turkey is spoiled or not, I am determined it shall be boiled."

Here Mrs. Hutchens, being well aware that further opposition was useless, walked away, muttering no very charitable remarks about unreasonable, wilful, and obstinate husbands.

Our reader may now possibly suppose that the struggle for power here ended; that Mr. Hutchens had won his battle, and that his lady had been defeated: but such a supposition would only prove his total ignorance of the character of Mrs. Hutchens. Not an hour had elapsed before that lady, availing herself of a private interview with Mrs. Hawker, had prepared her to help on her design; for, come what would, she was determined the turkey should be roasted.

"How are you, neighbour?" said Mr. Hutchens, when he made his call on Mr. Hawker; "I want you and Mrs. Hawker to dine with us on Monday, and we will put you down to as fine a boiled turkey as ever was set on a table."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Hawker, who was on quite familiar terms with his neighbour; "thank you. I should have preferred it roasted; but no doubt it will be very good any how."

"If I had known you would have liked it better roasted, it should have been roasted; and, for the matter of that, it is not too late now. What do you say, Mrs. Hawker; which way should you like it?"

"That can be of very little consequence," replied Mrs. Hawker; "for if Mrs. Hutchens has made her arrangements to have the turkey boiled, she will hardly allow you to have it roasted."

"I don't see that at all," said Mr. Hawker. "Mr. Hutchens can surely have it cooked just which way he pleases; at least I know that I would."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Hawker, with a toss; "but however kind may be Mr. Hutchens's intention, I know that Mrs. Hawker will not allow it. You will see on Monday that I am right; for assuredly there will be a boiled turkey on the table."

Very little more was said; but the mind of Mr. Hutchens was made up. He was determined that both Mr. and Mrs. Hawker should see that he, and not Mrs. Hutchens, was master. When, on his return home, Mrs. Hutchens, who was talking to the cook, heard the footsteps of her husband in the hall, she raised her voice, that he might hear her. "Mr.

Hutchens, cook, has requested me to have the turkey boiled, when our friends come on Monday. I should not at all wonder if he altered his mind, he is so whimsical; but let him say what he will, I am determined, now, that boiled it shall be."

"What is that you are so determined upon?" asked Mr. Hutchens, growing warm as he spoke.

"Oh! you are there, are you? I was merely giving my orders to the cook, Mr. Hutchens."

"Then you will please to give her orders of a different sort, for I have altered my mind, and on Monday the turkey shall be roasted."

"Roasted! Why, is it not enough to drive a wife crazy to go on at this rate? Did you not say that you were determined it should be boiled? Mr. Hutchens, I must let you see that I have a will of my own, and that I will not be trifled with in this way. You must make the best now of your boiled turkey."

"But I say again, that I will not have it boiled, Mrs. Hutchens; and in this house I will be master."

"I well know that if you take anything into your head, however unreasonable it may be, you will persist in it, if it be only to occasion me trouble, and mortify me."

Saying this, with well-feigned disappointment and vexation, Mrs. Hutchens flounced into the parlour, leaving her husband, as he supposed, the undisputed master of the field.

Monday came, Mr. and Mrs. Hawker came too; and when they sat down to dinner, and the dish-covers were removed, a roasted turkey smoked upon the table. Mr. Hutchens gave an emphatic "Hem!" to his neighbour, as much as to say, "We lords of the creation are not to be conquered by our silly wives;" while Mrs. Hutchens's equally significant smile at Mrs. Hawker, plainly said, "We wives can do just what we like with our boasting, dictatorial, obstinate husbands."

In this manner Mr. and Mrs. Hutchens, and many other wedded pairs besides them, deceive themselves into a belief that they are gaining an advantage over each other, while all the time they are really losing what is worth much more than the poor paltry pre-eminence they so ardently desire. A little love and mutual consideration in the married life has more real influence than either wil-



fulness or deceit, and principle secures in the end more solid advantages than the shrewdest policy. Mr. Hutchens, with all his boasted power, is but a puppet in the hands of his wife; and Mrs. Hutchens, with all her deceitful ingenuity, is despised, if not hated, by her husband. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them," Col. iii. 18, 19. Were these affectionate injunctions of the apostle more attended to by married people than they are, though there might be among them less striving for the mastery, there would, undoubtedly, be ten times more peace, affection, content, thankfulness, and praise. G. M.

#### A MEMORABLE PASSAGE IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

IN the latter part of the seventeenth century, a Scotchman, of the name of Paterson, clever and well-educated, went on some kind of mission to the western world, and there concocted a scheme for planting a colony on the isthmus of Darien, and making it the focus of commerce between the eastern and the western hemispheres. He came home, and offered his project successively to England, to Holland, to Hamburg, and to Brandenburg, but met only indifference and opposition. He next offered it to his native country,—then one of the poorest and least commercial in the world; and in order to make it acceptable to her, he interwove with it a project for creating a Scottish trade to Africa and India, of kindred character to that of the Indian companies of England and Holland.

The moment was most critical. The tumults of the wars of "the Covenant" had just subsided into the doubtful calm of the Revolution. The whole nation was sullen and irritated. They thought themselves wronged and degraded, but had no common notion of the source of their calamities. They were a chaos of parties,—each with its own passion about injuries and redresses; and agreed in little except fiery discontent and aimless aspiration. A few of the religious had been frenzied by persecution into extravagant convictions as to the power which they ought to wield in civil things. Far more of the religious were deluded by the establishment of public peace to imagine

that they ought to make the most of their altered circumstances, in order to retrieve their worldly losses. Pretenders to religion, who had hitherto been forced to take a side by the mere whirl of parties, now felt themselves happily rid of the commotion, and were naturally ready for anything of a public-spirited character which might next suck them into its vortex. The Jacobites lay weltering in the heat of exploded plots and of violent animosities, and would gladly catch at any scheme which could sooth their sores or re-inspire their hopes. And the great multitude of the vain and reckless, the selfish and avaricious, who lived for nothing but the unblushing gratification of whatever desires might come uppermost, had a thousand grudges about the recent changes in society, and about the efflux of fashion and wealth and enterprise toward London, and had been always ready, and were now readier than ever, to raise a rabble-cry for any change or any movement which could afford vent for the grosser emotions of man's depraved nature.

The nation was thus in a mood of awful fitness to be tempted to evil. It no doubt still comprised many who walked with God, and felt profound need for distrusting themselves, and looking vigilantly around them; but, as a whole, it was exactly in that thankless, querulous, greedy, self-adulating state which throws the heart of either man or people most widely open to the ingress of demons. Paterson's project, viewed apart from its commercial imprudence, was not in itself bad, but, on the contrary, belonged to a perfectly proper class of speculations; yet it needed only a touch or two of the chemistry of earthliness to be transmuted into a temptation and a wickedness. And as soon as it was made public, the most subtle and good-looking of all the tempting demons—he who glitters from end to end in scales of silver and gold, and who rather charms men to destroy themselves than attacks them as a direct destroyer—went among the people along with it, and represented it as an easy means of becoming rich and happy. And multitudes instantly accepted the delusion. Some persons in almost every party, and very many or nearly all in several, went at once into rapture with his guile. They forgot both caution and prayerfulness, and thought only of getting money and magnificence. A passion for aggrandize-

ment came down upon them like a whirlwind, and lifted them away to mid-air in folly, and speedily strewed them over the land in desolation. Seldom, on so large a scale, has the solemn Scripture been verified, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

In the summer of 1695, a company to trade with America and Africa, and to plant colonies and build forts, was sanctioned by the Scottish parliament and chartered by the Crown. A subscription was immediately opened to colonize Darien; and tradesmen, merchants, land-owners, noblemen, and all the royal burghs, hastened to subscribe. Multitudes who had money poured it out to the last coin, and many who had property sold it off, and contributed the proceeds. Young ladies launched out their fortunes; widows negotiated their jointures; and beardless lads and gray-headed men went a woolgathering together in the general mania. Almost in an instant about one-half of all the money in Scotland at that time was subscribed; and though that sum amounted to only 400,000*l.*, the contribution of it from such deep general poverty was all the more wonderful. Even foreign parties who had rejected Paterson's offer when it was made to themselves, now fell suddenly in love with it; and in a few days the people of London subscribed 300,000*l.* towards it, and the people of Holland and Hamburg, 200,000*l.*

Opposition soon arose from English merchants, from Dutch merchants, and from the English parliament. The king cooled, and the English and foreign subscribers repented and withdrew. But the Scotch were not daunted, and the company went vigorously on. Plans for the colony were matured; ships were purchased or built; stores of provisions and arms and merchandise were provided; and about twelve hundred colonists, including not a few of station and fame, were definitely engaged. New difficulties arose, and old ones increased. A severe dearth set in; much money was drained away in the purchase of foreign corn; and the indifference of the king and the English court rose rapidly to red-hot hostility. Still the company relaxed not an effort, but went steadily and zealously on with their preparations,—adopting precautions, indeed, and doing all they could to disarm opposition or defeat

it, yet abating not an atom of either their schemes or their hopes.

On the 26th of July, 1698, a fleet of five frigates, of from thirty-six to sixty guns, equipped with all sorts of things which could be thought necessary or desirable, was ready to sail from Leith. About three hundred gentlemen and nine hundred peasants—most of the latter hardy highlanders—were on board as accepted colonists; and many other persons, chiefly seamen and soldiers, who had offered their services and been refused, lay ensconced beneath the decks, or clung tenaciously to the ropes and timbers, earnestly wishful to go without engagement or reward. Vast crowds poured down from Edinburgh and the surrounding country, fever-hot with the general enthusiasm, and determined at least to enjoy the spectacle of the embarkation. And at last the fleet weighed anchor, amid shouts of sympathy, and then made a prosperous voyage of two months to its destination.

The colonists purchased lands from the native princes, and sent messages of amity to the nearest Spanish governors. They formed a harbour, constructed defences, proclaimed the place a free port, and sent home most flattering accounts of their prospects. Everything for a time seemed to promise them prosperity. But soon a thunder-cloud came over their hopes; and suddenly it discharged upon them terrors in torrents. Their supplies of food became exhausted. Their gentlemen could not work, and their peasants sank down in languor. Their merchandise proved useless. A vessel on the way to them with provisions from home was burned at sea. The English, in the colonies of the West Indies and of the American continent, denounced them as interlopers, and would not admit them to a market or to any negotiation. And the Spaniards, so far from reciprocating their friendship, made a military attack on their settlement, and seized one of their ships. The colonists felt overwhelmed, and speedily began to die off in starvation, disease, and despair. Only eight months after they landed, such of them as still survived, now a small, sickly, famishing remnant, bade farewell to their enterprise, and re-embarked for Scotland; and even a large portion of these either died at sea, or were treacherously captured in ports at which they touched in quest of bread.

The directors at home, ignorant of

their calamities, and in spite of renewed discouragements from the English court and from the continent, got up and despatched a second expedition. This was fully more numerous than the first, but was also more hurriedly prepared and less suitably equipped; and it sailed away to greater disasters. A large portion of the men in it, comprising all in one of the ships, and a good many in the others, were lost at sea; and the rest reached Darien in broken health and at different times, and no sooner set foot on land than they were appalled to desperation. They found all the place a ruin, and had a miserably small modicum of supplies, and could find neither encouragement to remain nor adequate means to return. They felt forced to try something,—were it only with the view of forgetting their misery; and while a few tried the only thing which could bring them real relief,—put a special, earnest, importuning confidence in the all-wise God,—the great majority broke loose from moral restraint, and leaped headlong into wickedness. Four ministers, who had been sent out by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to “take charge of the souls of the colony,” were obliged to say, in their official report, “There have abounded and do still remain among us such abominations, notwithstanding all the means used to restrain and suppress them, as the merest heathens from the light of nature do abhor,—such as atheistical swearing and cursing, brutish drunkenness, detestable lying and prevaricating, obscene and filthy talking, mocking of godliness, yea, and among too many of the meaner sort, both thieving and pilfering, besides sabbath-breaking, contempt of all gospel ordinances, etc., which are stumbling to the very Indians, opprobrious to the Christian name, and reproachful to the church and nation to which we belong. Among those that are free of these gross scandalous abominations, the far greater part among us have little of the spiritual heart-exercising sense of religion and the power of godliness; many are grossly ignorant of the principles of religion; and among the more knowing, hypocrisy, formality, impenitency, unbelief, indifference, security, omission of prayer, neglecting the great salvation, slighting of Christ offered in the gospel, and other spiritual sins do lamentably prevail.” A people so wicked, if they had obtained the wealth which

they went to look for, would only have used it to “pierce themselves through with many sorrows;” and though Darien had been a paradise, they would have been as fiercely tortured in it by the fires within themselves as though it had been a pandemonium.

A third expedition, still ignorant of the real state of things, speedily followed the second. It was small, and consisted principally of martial highlanders, under the leading of captain Campbell. That gentleman was what the world calls a hero, and arrived at a moment when the sin-sick colonists were glad of his assistance. A strong Spanish force had encamped against them; and captain Campbell made resistance, day after day, and week after week, till most of his officers were dead, and all his supplies of water and ammunition were expended. The colonists then surrendered, but were allowed to go free, and to take their personal property with them; and being for the most part sick or very feeble, were assisted to their ships by the generosity of their victors. Scarcely any of them, however, escaped capture or shipwreck or death at sea; and, indeed, not more than about thirty persons in all the many hundreds of the three expeditions ever again set foot on their native land.

When news arrived in Scotland of the failure of the first expedition, the whole nation was indignant; and when news arrived of the failure of the second and the third, great multitudes burst into tumult, and even the quietest and most considerate were struck with awe. A large proportion of families mourned the loss of relatives; thousands who had been in affluence found themselves beggared; the very poor were suddenly and rudely awakened from dreams of prosperity; and all classes whatever anticipated a general bankruptcy and desolating famines. Nor had many persons the sagacity to impute any part of the disasters to their own folly; but most blindly and impetuously charged the whole upon the obstructors of the expeditions, and particularly upon the English court and the king. The worst passions of the human heart were rapidly stirred into fury, and went over the country like a hurricane; and had they not been passions alone, without countenance or aid from any kind of principle, or from any specific demand for redress or privilege, they would probably have kindled a civil war, and might have drenched the country

with blood. How loudly does the moral of all this little piece of history echo our Lord's admonition — "Take heed and beware of covetousness!"

#### THE TRACTS IN SEASON.

THE following deeply-interesting fact may well serve to encourage the hearts of tract distributors, and to cheer them in their works of faith and labour of love.

During the past winter, a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and eight children, mostly young, was brought into great difficulty from want of employment. The woman was a kind and thoughtful mother, and felt keenly when she distributed to her little ones their scanty provision of food, lest they should not have enough. For herself she cared little; but she could not bear the thought that her children should want bread. Every day the prospect of the future was more clouded, and her own heart more saddened. Alas, for her! she knew not Him "who feedeth the hungry," and who is "a Refuge for the oppressed; a Refuge in time of trouble." She could read a little; but the Bible was a neglected book. She had formerly gone to a Sunday-school; but through the engrossing cares of a family, its lessons of instruction had passed away from her memory. She knew there was "a God who judgeth in the earth;" but instead of regarding his dispensations, although mysterious, to be just and good, and humbling herself beneath his rod, her spirit rose up in anger against his providence; she thought she was treated more harshly than she deserved. In this state of mind she was an easy prey to the great adversary, who did not fail sorely to tempt her to evil. It was suggested to her that it was no sin to steal, if it were to save her children from want, and she thought she would steal if it should come to that; but a little reflection convinced her this would not do. Then she determined to take her children to the door of the parish-officer, leave them there, and run away into the woods; but here again, when she thought a little, her courage failed her. Now, when the enemy might seem to have gained some advantage over her, a more terrible assault awaited her: she was tempted to throw herself into the river that was at hand, and so end all her troubles; and sad to tell, she left her home, and went

and looked at it for that purpose, but a merciful hand held her back. In this dreadful state of mind she went on some time, telling her sorrows to no one, but keeping them shut up in her own bosom; and bitter indeed were the tears that she shed. Just now, as Providence would have it, a tract was put into her hand—it was one of the Monthly Messengers of the Tract Society, and was entitled, "What will make a Death-bed easy?" and sets forth, very plainly and forcibly, faith in Christ as the only way to do this. She was struck with the title of the tract, and read it, and thought of the dreadful act she was just on committing, and she read it over and over again. And as when "a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness," so the truth found its way to her heart, and she became greatly alarmed and distressed on account of her sins—especially that sin; and as she read the words, "You, too, may soon be stretched upon a bed of death, a bed of pain and sorrow, from which no earthly power can save you; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can make it easy," she said to herself, "What a wretch am I!—what will become of me? If I had died, I should have gone to hell; and that is what I deserve." Now she was in a worse state of mind than before; but her distress was of a totally different kind. It was no longer the sorrow of the world that "worketh death," but that godly sorrow that "worketh repentance to salvation." The sins of her whole life were now set before her; and the recollection of her rebellion against God made her tremble. She wanted to pray, but she did not know how; she thought a prayer from a book would not do, it was not her own, or would not be heard; but then, poor ignorant creature as she was, how could she make a prayer? she had never prayed in her life; so she knew not what to do, nor where to go for help. She was afraid to tell her husband, lest he should be angry, or perhaps think her mad. She could not speak to her neighbours about it; they were as ignorant and careless as she had been, and would only laugh at her. "Oh!" said she, "if somebody would but come and pray with me, how glad I should be;" and anxiously did she watch, hour after hour, every footstep to her cottage, hoping it might be some one who could tell her what she must do.

(To be continued in our next.)



A Priest Watching for the Dawn.

## THE DAWN OF DAY.

Most of the Jewish priests, when on duty in the temple, resided in a building near the north-west corner of the court of Israel, called the fire-room. They rose early, and their first care was to bathe their whole bodies. This being done, they awaited the coming of the president of the lots. On his arrival, he directed them to their different duties. When the preparations were made, one of the priests was instructed to go and see whether the time had arrived for the offering of the daily sacrifice. He went to the top of the building, and when he saw the dawn of day, he would say, "It is day." The president then inquired, "Is the heaven bright up to Hebron?" On being answered in the affirmative, he ordered the lamb to be brought.

The daily sacrifice was very remarkable: "It was a lamb without blemish, offered to God by fire, as an atonement for sin; one in the morning daily through the year, for the sins of the nation during the night, and another in the evening, for their sins during the day. Before the act of sacrificing, the devoted victim had the sins of the whole nation confessed over it, and the guilt ceremonially transferred to the animal, by the representatives of the people, chosen and delegated

from time to time for that purpose, laying their hands upon its head. It was then slain, and offered as a burnt-offering for them: meanwhile the congregation worshipped in the court, and the priests burned incense on the golden altar, making supplication for the people." There were services of prayer and praise throughout all the land, to entreat that the services of those in attendance at Jerusalem might be accepted of God.

Truly the Jewish worshippers watched for the dawn of day. Theirs was a service of shadows of good things to come; but with many the eye of faith was directed to the thing signified: "I shall see him," said Balaam, "but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob," Num. xxiv. 17. In the prophetic era, this faint light gradually increased, rising higher in brightness; a prelude of that which should be still more grand and refulgent: "In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, and saying, . . . The kingdom of heaven is at hand." The horizon is tinged with light, and the mountain-tops are clothed with brightness: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings." At length the Sun appears, and rises with majestic grandeur: "And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name

was Simeon; and the same was just and devout, waiting for the Consolation of Israel. . . . And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "It is day!" H.

#### THE FRENCH DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

As every nation indulges its own nationalities, it would be unreasonable to expect that England formed an exception to the general rule. An American has far too high an opinion of his own country to imagine that she has a real rival. France, with sincerity, regards *la grande nation* as unequaled in the universe, and Englishmen are not a whit behind the inhabitants of other countries in the estimation in which they hold their native land. We trust, however, that this common nationality will not prevent us from doing justice to our neighbours, in respect to the claims they set forth on our regard in the Great Exhibition.

So many are the excellences exhibited by different countries in the Crystal Palace, that a spectator might well be pardoned, if, giving way to an honest admiration and enthusiasm, he at different times awarded the pre-eminence to different candidates. Let us turn, for a while, to the French department of the Great Exhibition.

A paragraph in the "Times" runs thus:—"It is strictly true that we are indebted to France for the idea of the Great Exhibition; at least for the larger development of the idea previous to that accomplished in Hyde-park. It is strictly true that we owe a great deal to the ardour with which France entered into the present competition, to her selection of representatives, and, above all, to the splendour of her actual contributions. It is strictly true that, whatever may be said of this or that section, the French is the most brilliant and attractive."

This is high commendation, but not, perhaps, beyond what is consistent with truth. To judge of the inventive and productive power of Frenchmen by their implements of agriculture, their clasp-knives at three cents a piece, and their manufactures of cheap and useful articles, would be but to deceive ourselves; for these rather make manifest their weakness than their strength. It is in the higher departments of fanciful invention, in the ornamental and decorative, in richly-wrought furniture, in silks and velvets, in jewellery, bronze clocks, gilt ornaments of every description, and in luxuries of all kinds, that the French take the lead of us. Many a sharp contest between France and England has taken place with blades and bayonets, in which our own country has never been willing to confess herself ever-matched; but in works purely of taste and elegant design she will do well, with a good grace, to allow her rival the pre-eminence.

Go with us, reader, while under the animating influence of a recent visit we recall a few of the works of art which have arrested our attention in the French department. Look at those silks of Lyons, hanging down as it were from the very gallery into the nave, with their tasteful designs and vivid colours. The flowers, figures, birds, animals, vases, and ornaments that adorn them, astonish us with their glowing greens, and glorious blues, and pinks, and purples. Regard those two pieces of tapestry, exquisitely beautiful, too perfectly picture-like not to be rather taken for the product of the pencil than that of the loom or the needle.

If you are fond of jewels, move slowly as you pass, with the admiring throng, by those of the queen of Spain, exhibited by her Parisian jeweller. Hardly can fancy form more brilliant or more tasteful ornaments; they take the lead in appearance, and leave the much-renowned koh-i-noor far behind. And look, too, with attentive eye on the costly contents of the compartment near them; the ear-drops, decorations for the dress which may be taken to pieces, and brilliant bracelets. There is a gem of exquisite workmanship there, in which a snake, of pale and copper-coloured gold, is seen nestling among green leaves and flowers of sparkling diamonds. It absolutely fascinates the eye of the gazer.

In threading the avenues of this inter-

esting part of the Exhibition, we were pleasantly impeded by a throng of smiling charity-school girls, in their blue frocks, white caps and capes, blue ribands, and long yellow gloves; and then we fell in with cardinal Wiseman and an accompanying ecclesiastic. The cardinal was tall, and portly, and dignified.

We might spend a day in examining the *fabrique de bronze et d'Horlogerie*, exhibited by *Lerolle Frères, Rue Chaussée des Minimes, No. 1, à Paris*, and pause especially at the workmanship of a splendid highly-gilt timepiece, ornamented with figures in armour, of the most beautiful and elaborate workmanship, representing the conversion to the Christian religion of a Turkish chieftain. The armed Mohammedan is seemingly perusing the Sacred Scriptures with profound attention, while the Christian warrior is earnestly pointing out a passage that is, as an arrow of conviction, to find its way to his heart.

There is a piece of French carving, in the nave, of birds and flowers, that is worth going a long way to see. The specimens of the oriental collection of books in vellum is very costly, and the plates in the south gallery, from the "History of the Art of Painting," should be inspected by every one. The profusion of painted fans, artificial flowers, silver plate, elegant furniture, splendid mirrors, and *bijouterie* of every kind, is bewildering to look at. Fancy and taste are all around. Michael and Satan, in the nave, attract much attention. The hunter about to give the death-blow to the stag, while the hound is holding him down, is a fine specimen of bronze casting; and the furious onslaught on the poor beast, and the extremity of his distress are strikingly set forth.

There is almost always a crowd round that attractive group where the infant child tries to protect its dead mother against the attack of the crook-billed eagle. The poor infant covering its lifeless parent with a branch, reminds the spectator of Robin Redbreast carefully covering the Babes of the Wood with leaves, and it excites our strongest sympathy. No one, with a tender heart, could gaze on a real scene of this kind without intensity of grief.

The other two groups, one on each side the former, are scarcely less entitled to attention. In one, a large dog is protecting a little child from an enormous

snake; and in the other, where the serpent lies dead, the grateful child is caressing his delighted benefactor, whose projecting tongue and panting figure sufficiently proclaim the desperate struggle that has taken place.

The surgical instruments in the south gallery, excellently manufactured, of every conceivable kind, with figures of human form to show their various application, are an exhibition of themselves; and the muslins, shawls, velvets, embroidery, lace, and elegant Parisian dresses, with the gorgeous furniture below, services of plate, vases, lamps of the costliest kind, and ornaments in the precious metals innumerable, must amount in value to an enormous sum.

It appears wonderful to foreigners that property to such a vast amount as is amassed in the Crystal Palace should have so little visible protection, and yet be safe. "The people of other countries," says a writer, "cannot understand us; and London, on the opening of the Great Exhibition, must have been more incomprehensible to them than ever. Our difference of action from that of others arises from our free institutions. In other countries, the military and the police, the mouchard and the tribunal, interfere in the most innocent amusements of the people, and keep up a continual soreness and apprehension. Here we know nothing about any but the civil power, and of that only enough to crave its aid if we stand in need of it. It cannot interfere with our actions or our opinions, unless we notoriously outrage good citizenship. It is a thing of our own creation. Our love of order, and sense of justice and propriety, all arise from being sensible of their advantages; not from a compulsory observation of them, taking their value upon trust."

As compared with French furniture, English furniture is plain. Magnificent as is the Kenilworth buffet, splendid as is the Taunton sideboard, and handsome as are the British beds and sofas, the French furniture, in taste, beauty, and elaborate decoration, assumes a loftier grade, and asserts a bolder claim to our approval.

On the south-east side of the Crystal Palace are French carriages, of all kinds of elegant designs; and among them a phaeton of rose-wood, with ivory mountings, of elaborate workmanship. There are also engines and machines, some of them of great size and excellent work-

manship, such as the locomotive and the hydraulic engine, the "Turbine."

At the back of the space occupied by Italy are the united productions of France and her African colony Algiers; and here are found eastern embroidery, with the Arab saddle of Si-El-Bey Ben-Bou-Ras, with gold and silver embroidered morocco covering, and all the equipment of a mounted Arab; as well as raw produce of vegetable hair, cotton, wool, beautiful wood, tobacco, cigars, grass ropes, oils, seeds, grain, coral, and marble, with a profusion of other things.

Behind the united productions of France and Algiers are to be seen splendid specimens of the carpets and tapestries of the Gobelins, some of them of exceedingly rich and elaborate designs. Perhaps the most arresting of the whole is that representing the destruction of the mamelukes in Egypt, by the command of the pasha, Mehemet Ali, who, in his fierce resentment against them for their assumption of power, caused them to be treacherously and murderously destroyed. He invited them to witness the ceremony of making his son a general, and then ordered his military ruffians to fire on them. Inflexible determination is set forth in the countenance of Mehemet, while his soldiers are pouring their destructive volleys of musketry on the devoted mamelukes. Sitting with his pipe in his hands, he is unmoved by the cries and the carnage around him.

The specimens of Sevres china exhibited are beyond praise. The vases are elegant in shape and exquisite in decoration, and the porcelain paintings from the olden masters are triumphs of art. A tasteful spectator may luxuriate by the hour in this department of the Great Exhibition, without being conscious of the flight of time. The highly-finished portraits of the queen and prince Albert, in the nave of the Crystal Palace, and the equally excellent specimens here presented to his view, cannot fail to elevate the artists of France in his estimation.

Truly the influence of the Great Exhibition is great, and "London at the head of the commercial world, is not merely a contributor to the wealth of nations, it is a mighty moral agent in preserving and extending the desire of peace among the more civilized nations. 'Commerce,' says a clever writer, more than half a century ago, 'is no other than the traffic of two individuals multiplied on a scale

of numbers; and by the same rule that Nature intended the intercourse of the two, she intended the intercourse of all. For this purpose she has distributed the materials of manufacture and commerce in various and distant nations; and as they cannot be procured by war so commodiously as by commerce, she has rendered the latter the means of extirpating the former.' How much this truth seems on the point of realization! and the metropolis of England the agent for the purpose! Of three—the richest, freest, and most powerful nations of the world—England and her kindred America are the most commercial. France, the third, has the same tendency, and never was war less probable than now between these three countries, the power of which united, either for good or evil, is a dictation to the rest of the world."

Regarding as we do the contributions of different nations, not only as elements of competition, but as offerings of goodwill, we feel drawn, more or less, towards every contributing country that has entered the arena with our own in the friendly struggle for pre-eminence. France has well sustained herself in the kindly strife, and we delight to do her honour. May prosperity ever attend her, and may her parts be more than equalled by her principles and her piety! so that, knit together in the bonds of brotherhood, the two countries may, with mutual sincerity and zeal, adopt the same motto,—*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men,"* Luke ii. 14.

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"DOST THOU BELIEVE ON THE SON OF GOD?"

(A QUESTION FOR ALL.)

THIS question was addressed by the Lord Jesus to a young man whose eyes he had opened, and who had been cast out of the synagogue. We should have thought that his past affliction, his simple narrative, and the circumstances connected with his recovery, would have protected him from ecclesiastical censure. But it was not so. The Jews had agreed to excommunicate all who should confess Christ, and he, having confessed him, was the object of their displeasure. "They cast him out;" "and when Jesus had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" John ix. 35. This is the question which we



now propose, in plain and familiar language, to consider and enforce.

The question is not, *Dost thou believe the Bible to be the word of God?* This, it is true, is a most important question, for we are commanded to give a reason of the hope that is within us, with meekness and fear, 1 Pet. iii. 15. The external and the internal proofs of the authenticity and divinity of the Holy Scriptures are numerous and conclusive, but we do not now propose to adduce them. Neither is the question, *Dost thou believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah*, whose day prophets foretold, and of whose life, labours, and death apostles have written? But, "*Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*"—Is he the object of thy trust and confidence? Art thou one of his believing disciples? The question is not about thought, or feeling, or conviction, but faith;—not about reading or hearing, but about believing, and about that faith which works by love, purifies the heart, overcomes the world, and saves the soul. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

What is it, then, for a sinner to "believe on the Son of God?" In answering this question we must be governed, not by the opinions or systems of erring men, but by "the law and the testimony." Observe, faith is an act—something done; done, however, by the help of God's Holy Spirit; it cannot be done without his assistance; and he is the source of the principle in which the act originates; so that no glory can possibly accrue to the man who performs the act. But still believing is acting. When Jesus was asked, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" he replied—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent," John vi. 28, 29. And John says, "This is the commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ," 1 John iii. 23. If love be an act, so is faith; it must be so, because he that believes, does what he is commanded to do. And faith is an act which the entire man performs. For schools and colleges, where abstract truth is taught, terms must be defined with great accuracy, otherwise the tutor may mislead, and the pupil may be bewildered. But to attain our present object, we must be child-like in our conceptions, and employ plain and popular language.

Therefore we say that faith is not the act of the understanding alone, nor of the heart alone, but of the mind and of the affections in harmonious co-operation. But as the understanding cannot do the work of the heart, nor the heart the work of the mind, we must make such statements and give such explanations as the case may demand.

He, then, that truly believes on the Son of God, we would observe, has felt his danger. He is a sinner, and he knows it. He is exposed to the wrath of God, which is to be revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, and he knows it. The Bible says that he is a sinner. The Holy Spirit has convinced him of sin. His faith is therefore matter of testimony and of consciousness. The law of God convicts and condemns him; and his own conscience, now awake and faithful, convicts and condemns him too.

Having felt his danger, he cordially acquiesces in the way of salvation. This is plainly revealed in the Bible. Jesus is the Way. His blood cleanseth from all sin. He is a Refuge from the storm. Neither is there salvation in any other; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." And of this, the man that believes on the Son of God, is intelligently persuaded. It is as plain to him that Christ is the Saviour, and the only Saviour, as that he is a sinner, and a great sinner. And being now convinced of his own personal delinquency, and of the ability of Christ to save him, he acts accordingly. He feels, he thinks, he purposes—but he acts.

Take the following familiar illustration of our meaning:—Suppose a man to be living in quietude and ease. He pursues the duties of the day, and retires to rest at night without fear. He has never had occasion to fear, for hitherto he has slept in peace. One night, however, danger overtakes him. He retires to rest as usual; but in the middle of the night he is roused by the cry of "Fire! fire!" Half awake, he starts from his bed, and is told that in a very short time the flames will spread through his dwelling, and that he must leave the house or perish. Such is the report, and it is true,—the house is on fire. Now if, on being aroused, he should be heedless of the rumour, shut the window, and lie down again; and were you asked to judge of his conduct, you would not only say that he was in-

fatuated, and was acting a suicidal part, but that he was an unbeliever. Had he believed the report, he would have acted upon it. His want of action proved his want of faith.

The application of this supposable case to man is easy and explanatory. He is a sinner, and sin is working out—secretly, it may be, but most certainly—his eternal ruin. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die"—die spiritually—die eternally; and eternal death is hell. This is awful, indisputable truth; and the sinner that believes it, really and truly, will seek to be delivered from the doom that awaits him. He will not—he cannot—eat, drink, buy, and sell, as if all were well with his soul. Knowing that he deserves to die, and remembering that at any moment he may be cut down and cast away, he can no more be indifferent to his salvation than he could go to sleep knowing his house to be on fire. The very conviction that he is exposed to the wrath of God, which the Holy Spirit hath produced within him, will constrain him to seek deliverance from it. He will go to Jesus with a broken and a contrite heart; he will seek forgiveness through his atoning blood; he will pray for a new heart and a right spirit; he will build all his hopes on the one foundation God has laid in Zion; he will renounce his own righteousness; he will rest his appeals to the mercy of the Most High, on the mediation and intercession of the Lord Jesus; and in his cross, and in that alone, will he hope and glory. This is his cry:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all."

Now in all this we recognize action. To the jailor's question—"What must I do to be saved?" the apostles replied—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith in Jesus is the only method of salvation, and believing in him, or upon him, is to trust him with all the mind, heart, and soul—to confide in him—to commit the soul to his saving grace and protecting care. Believing is not thinking or reasoning, but acting. There must be thought, understanding, and judgment; but beyond this, there must be faith. The report brought to you, dear reader, in the gospel, and by those who preach the gospel, is about a gathering storm, about your exposure to that storm, about a refuge from

it, and about your duty to flee to it, that you may be sheltered. All who believe this report—this record which God has given of his Son—flee to this refuge. Have you done this? If not, you are an unbeliever—you have not believed on the Son of God; you are in a state of condemnation; the wrath of God abideth on you; and if you die as you are, you will be lost for ever. Faith in Christ is believing or crediting what the Holy Scriptures say about him, and acting accordingly.

Some years ago (to quote another familiar illustration), a large house was being erected in America. A pole, with a rope at the end of it, was put out at one of the windows. This rope became entangled, and a little boy was told to crawl along and re-adjust it. He obeyed the command, and just as he had finished what he was about, he lost his balance and fell. In falling, however, he caught the rope, and there he was, suspended in the air. A perilous condition, indeed! One of the workmen below saw the lad's danger, ran immediately to the spot, and told him to drop into his arms, and he would save him. He did so, and was saved. Beautiful illustration of faith in Christ! The promise made to the boy was, I will save you, if you will fall into my arms. The boy felt his danger, believed the promise, complied with the condition, and was saved. He credited all that the man said and promised to do, and *did* what he was told to do. I *can* save you. Drop, and I *will* save you. Fall he did, and he found himself safe in the arms of his friend.

Sinner, learn of this. You are, as it were, hanging over the pit of hell. Jesus sees your danger, and comes to save you. He tells you that, however guilty and depraved you are, he can save you. He promises that, if you will commit your soul to him, he will save you. See! he is near you with outstretched arms; he intreats you—he persuades you to drop into them. How kind—how gracious! Sinner, do as he bids you, and life—everlasting life—will be your portion.

Again we say, believing on the Son of God, is trusting to what he says, and acting upon it. And from this may be inferred the importance of faith. It cannot be dispensed with, nor can anything else be substituted for it. Under no circumstances can faith in Christ be superseded. Read the Bible, attend the house of prayer, make a profession of religion,

—it is all in vain without faith in "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Faith is absolutely and universally necessary,—as necessary in England as in India—in the palace of royalty as in the cottage of penury,—for the moral and amiable as for the licentious and sceptical. Faith in Christ is the hinge on which the hope of the soul's salvation turns. Reader, ponder this solemnly and devoutly.

Does not the Bible teach the doctrine of future punishment? It does. There is a hell—a place of torment prepared for the devil and his angels, and into it all those of mankind will be cast who live and die in sin. The Bible says distinctly and frequently that there is a hell. On no subject is it more explicit. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." "Murderers, whoremongers, sorcerers, idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." "Some shall awake to shame and everlasting contempt." "They that have done good, shall come forth from their graves unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Do not, then, unconverted sinner, be beguiled into the conviction that there is no hell, or that the torments of the lost are only for a season. Let the awful fact that you are exposed to the curse of God's holy law fill the whole range of your vision, and lie, as with a mountain pressure, upon you. Instead of quibbling about the fact itself, or about the terms used by the sacred writers when revealing it, acknowledge your guilt, and ask how you can escape the condemnation in which that guilt involves you. Do not, by false, specious reasoning, thread your way into a labyrinth of confusion with respect to any of the decisions of the last day, or to the intermediate condition of the soul; but at once yield to the evidence of truth, and cry to God for mercy. Deliverance from the unending misery of the wicked, is the deliverance about which you ought to be concerned. And the Bible—that alone—affords infallible information, both about your sinfulness and how you can be saved from its terrible consequences. Any opinions that are opposed to the statements of the

Bible are untrue, and ought, at once and for ever, to be rejected. One will tell you that deliverance from hell is by purgatory; another says, it is by amendment of life and works of righteousness; another will tell you it is by the cultivation and practice of virtue; others will tell you, though you may have no reliance on the atonement of Christ, and may not be born again by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, that if you trust to God's mercy and goodness, he will save you at last. But what, we ask, say the Holy Scriptures? One verse may be taken as the answer:—"He that believeth not shall be damned." How plain, but how decided and awful are these words!

Reader! would you escape the misery of the lost in hell, you must believe on the Son of God.

Does not the Bible also show that there is a heaven—a world of light, of joy, of rest, and of triumph—and how it is to be gained? It does. In general, most men will tell you, if you ask them, that they hope to go to heaven when they die. When the thought of hell is in their minds, it is terrific to them;—they cannot bear it. The thought of heaven, even though they have no clear conceptions about it, is pleasant. But be assured that faith in the Lord Jesus is the only way to heaven. If you expect to go to heaven when you die, whether you are holy and spiritual or not, you are fearfully mistaken. The drunkard, the blasphemer, the sabbath-breaker, the unclean, the enemy of truth and holiness, to be taken to heaven without being prepared for it! What infatuation! The very idea is preposterous. Hear God's word: "And there shall in no wise enter into it (heaven) anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," Rev. xxi. 27. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," John iii. 3. "Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," Eph. v. 26, 27. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life," John v. 24.

From these and similar passages we learn, that, to have a scriptural hope of

heaven, we must have faith in the Lord Jesus, who "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," Rom. iv. 25. Hence the importance of the question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Reader, examine thyself. You must not conclude that you believe because you live in a Christian country, have been educated in the Christian religion, and are in the habit of attending on Christian worship. This is the case with thousands who, nevertheless, are "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them." In the renewed heart, faith is a living principle; and this principle, when implanted, actuates the life, and makes it holy. Christ crucified is the object of the sinner's faith. Christ glorified, as well as crucified, is the object of the believer's faith. An awakened sinner looks to him on the cross, making an atonement for his sin, and reconciling him to God through his own blood; the adopted child looks to him on the throne as his advocate and king. Christ first opens a channel through which mercy can flow into the heart; then, through that very medium, he conveys to the heart his pardoning, quickening, and sanctifying Spirit. And the very fact that he does save sinners, even the chief, should encourage all to apply to him for salvation, and arm them against that self-confidence which, there is reason to fear, leads many to think they are safe, when, in fact, they have never laid hold on the hope set before them in the gospel. What reason, then, there is for searching self-investigation and earnest prayer. Reader!—whether young or old, rich or poor, blameless or blameworthy in the eye of man, master or mistress, parent or child—again the question is addressed to thee, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" If thou dost, thou art safe, and nothing can separate thee from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord; if thou dost not, thou art in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, and without a change of heart must perish for ever.

You are hereby directed to the object of faith—the Lord Jesus—the Saviour of sinners. Behold him; look to him; flee to him; trust him; cleave to him; cry to him; hang upon him; rejoice in him.

You are also directed to the Author of faith, Eph. ii. 8; Heb. xii. 2. Precious truth! "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." "Looking unto Jesus,

the Author and Finisher of our faith." We are all dependent on him for the existence, for the preservation, for the increase, and for the exercise of faith. Lift up your heart in prayer, saying:

"Since 't is thy work alone,  
And that Divinely free;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,  
To work this faith in me."

"Lord increase our faith." "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ," 1 Pet. i. 7.

Finally, Are you a believer on the Son of God? It is desirable that you should know it, and go on your way rejoicing:

"Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace."

So important was assurance in the judgment of Peter, that he enjoined it. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if you do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," 2 Pet. i. 10, 11.

Reader! "Dost thou," then, "believe on the Son of God?" Z.

## PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON THINGS.

### GAS-LIGHTS.

THE sun is the great source of natural light, but there are many artificial means of producing a similar effect; but while artificial lights are formed for the one object of exciting vision, the solar light is the source of a curious series of phenomena intimately connected with the present condition of the animate and inanimate world. Lamps, candles, and all other sources of artificial light, have done their work when they have given us a mental representation of external objects. To obtain the greatest possible quantity of colourless light at the least cost is the only object to be obtained by artificial illumination, and when this has been secured, science will have done its best. This is but one of the many purposes to which the Creator ordained the greater light that rules the day. When the omnipotent command went forth, "Let

there be light!" the dark and colourless world was instantly robed in its beautiful and harmonious dress, and the most lifeless mass was made fit for the support and growth of the organized and living beings eternal Wisdom had resolved to place upon it.

That light is necessary for the support of healthy life in both vegetables and animals, is proved by a variety of well-authenticated observations. A plant growing in a dark chamber, though it may be well supplied by air, not only fades, but is so completely changed in its fibres and fluids as to lose all its power of decomposing the solar light; for when brought into the garden and restored to the ray-transmitting atmosphere, behold, it is white! Colour, it must be remembered, is not an inherent quality in any body. To say that this is red and that is blue is only conventionally true. We speak, in scientific description as well as in ordinary conversation, of the colour of bodies as if it were a quality as permanent as any of its physical characteristics. And with a slight limitation it is so. The colour is always the same in the white light of the sun. Suppose the body to be red under the solar ray, change the circumstances, and throw upon it blue light, and it will be blue; yellow, and it will be yellow. Colour is not, therefore, an inherent but accidental quality of bodies; and numerous investigations have proved that it depends upon the reflecting or absorbing power possessed by the substance itself. When a pigment is said to be of any colour, the idea, or rather the cause, would be better expressed by saying that the colour was reflected, assuming necessarily that the others are absorbed.

Light is not less necessary for the support of healthy animal life. Prisoners confined in dark cells not only lose their health, but become subject to peculiar diseases; and it has been observed both in prisons and hospitals that diseases are most lingering and most fatal on the side of the building least exposed to the light. It is impossible to imagine the horrors of a dark world, as the residence of animal life. Oh, what then must be the miseries of the lost, shadowed forth under that awful expression, "the blackness of darkness for ever!"

But what is light? This question has been often asked, and has received many answers. Some have said that it is an independent substance, while others have

maintained that it is only an effect of some more or less perfectly known agencies. If it were not a theoretical question, there would probably be a less apparent difference between them. The existence of a luminous fluid in nature is acknowledged by all theorists, and the difference of opinion seems rather to be in the mode of its transmission or motion. Sir Isaac Newton, and those who adopted his opinions, believed light to be projected in straight lines from the sun and all other luminous bodies, and that the fluid thus driven through space and the atmosphere with an inconceivable velocity, entered the eye, and by its action on the optic nerve produced the sensation of light. The more modern opinion is, that an attenuated fluid existing in all space is, by various and often hidden causes, made to have an undulatory motion, which, acting upon the organ of vision, produces the sensation of light in the same way as the vibrations communicated by a sounding body produce waves in the air, and create the sensation of sound through the organ of hearing.

There are various ways in which artificial light may be produced; and they may all be traced to chemical changes in some form or the other. It was once supposed that light existed in the atmosphere, and could be made sensible, independent of chemical action. This seemed to be proved by an experiment, which, when first made, was viewed with great astonishment; but is now familiar to all who have frequented the lecture-rooms of philosophical institutions. The apparatus employed is a very simple one, and consists of a cylinder of metal or strong glass, fitted with a solid piston and rod, to the bottom of which is usually attached a piece of German tinder, a substance easily ignited, and calculated to exhibit the development of heat as well as light. When the piston is forced violently and rapidly into the tube, the contained air is compressed, and both heat and light are developed, the former being made evident to the eye by a flash, and the latter by the ignition of the tinder. M. Thenard, however, has proved that the light thus produced is entirely due to the combustion of the oil with which the instrument is lubricated, the effect being caused by the compression of the air. The experiment, therefore, cannot be considered as a proof of the existence of light as an independent fluid in the atmosphere.

That light is a positive and primitive existence, may, it has been thought, be proved by its absorption and retention in certain bodies. There are many substances which, after exposure to the sun's rays, are luminous in the dark for a longer or shorter time, according to their nature and the circumstances under which they are exposed. Sulphate of barytes and the shells of marine animals possess this power of retaining light, and in a still stronger degree the diamond, unless its emission of luminous rays should be hereafter explained on any other principle. It is reported that a diamond, which had been for a time exposed to the sun and then covered with black wax, was found to be luminous in the dark when the wax was removed, and continued to be so for many years after.

All artificial lights are the effects of combustion, and the gas-light is a type of the class. When coal is distilled in an iron retort (for that is the process by which coal-gas is obtained), the products are a black, oily, impure liquid, called gas-tar; a watery fluid known as ammoniacal liquid; and coal-gas, which is a mixture of hydrogen and carbon, commonly called a carburetted hydrogen. It is obtained in various degrees of purity, upon which its illuminating power depends. This gas, then, is a combustible body; but it will not burn alone; it must be fed with oxygen, which is consequently called the supporter of the combustion. In every instance of combustion we recognize the same principle. A combustible body and a supporter must be present, or there can be no burning. The combustible bodies are very numerous. Among those that are simple, or have never been decomposed, we find hydrogen, sulphur, carbon, boron, and the metals;—among the compounds, spirits of wine, oil, tallow, and wax. Of all these, hydrogen is the most inflammable, for it combines with a greater amount of oxygen, and consequently produces a more intense heat during combustion. We shall presently understand why the intensity of combustion is according to the rapidity and extent of the chemical combination.

Oxygen is the most common supporter, but its presence is not absolutely necessary for combustion, as was once supposed. Chlorine-gas is a supporter of combustion, for tin, zinc, and some other metals, when reduced to small fragments, as in filings, burn in it spontaneously, and the same effect is produced when

potassium or phosphorus are introduced into it. Sodium, also, is combustible in chlorine, and the result is the chloride of sodium or common table-salt. Iodine is a supporter to sulphur, phosphorus, and many of the metals.

The question which now presents itself is, "What is combustion?" It must not be supposed that anything is lost or destroyed during the process. There is still a difficulty in explaining entirely the phenomenon; but so far as it is understood, no doubt exists that it is produced by the formation or decomposition of bodies. Changes are constantly going on in nature as well as the laboratory of the chemist, and the same atoms successively exist in different states and combinations; but there is neither creation nor destruction. The candle is burned, but its component parts are not destroyed,—they found new compounds, exist in new conditions, and have new properties; but not an atom is lost. "How can you burn a metal?" is sometimes asked; and the idea seems to be that it is too compact a body to be destroyed. The same person would readily allow that gas, oil, and tallow are combustible, and probably with the full conviction that they are positively and entirely consumed and annihilated. Let this false notion be rejected, or combustion cannot be understood.

All substances are not combustible. A brick or a stone may be raised to a white heat, but it does not burn; when it cools, it is as it was before it was heated. An iron wire, on the other hand, is combustible. Take a thread of this metal, and twisting it into the shape of a corkscrew, attach to one end a small piece of wood; ignite the wood, and plunge it into a jar of oxygen; it will set fire to the iron, which will burn with a vivid combustion, throwing off bright sparks, and developing an intense light. But when the display is over, is the metal destroyed? Not a particle! It lies at the bottom of the jar, but it is changed; it has combined with the oxygen, and when collected and weighed will be found to have increased in weight about five-and-thirty per cent. Now, then, it will be understood that combustion is a phenomenon attending chemical combinations. When the metals are burned in oxygen, they are converted into oxides—when in chlorine, into chlorides—when in iodine, into iodides. In the combustion of hydrogen-gas there is a union between it and the

oxygen, which supports the process, and water is produced; for that fluid is composed of those two gases. W. H.

# PUT AWAY SORROW.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

AND here am I, with the white hair on my head, again taking up as it were an instrument of ten strings, to indulge in a strain of cheerfulness. Great is the influence of a sunny spirit on all around it; let me hope, then, to call forth your buoyant emotions.

I can hardly expect, as a harpist, to set your hearts dancing, unless I strike up a lively tune; I will, therefore, endeavour to do so. A droney, humdrum, discordant strain will neither answer your purpose nor mine. The object of my address, the sum of my subject, the burden of my song is, — "Put away sorrow."

I want to sow this pithy sentence as a seed in your bosoms, that it may spring up and bring forth fifty or a hundred-fold of satisfaction; but first let me tell you whence I obtained it. I love to listen to a tale, and I like to relate one;—try to go with me in my present narrative.

An hour ago, I was examining an old box, in search of a few letters of honoured correspondents, which had been mislaid, when I put my hand on a small manuscript book, of two hundred and thirty pages, written in English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Its coarse yellow paper and crowded contents caught my attention, and my curiosity was much increased when I found that it was penned by my great-grandfather, an erudite and exemplary divine. My reader will, I feel sure, allow me to be a little circumstantial in my description. I could not envy him his feelings who would deny me this indulgence. If the words, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," are entitled to our best regard, and if reverence for our forefathers be a creditable Christian grace, then would it have been a reproach to me to have unexpectedly fallen on the talented production of a learned and pious progenitor, without setting a more than ordinary value on the treasure.

The manuscript volume in question is a sort of *vade mecum*, and might almost

be put into the waistcoat pocket without inconvenience. It is ruled round the pages with red ink, and so close is the writing, that though the book is little more than five inches in length, there are three-score lines in some of its pages. Its date is that of 1664, in the reign of Charles II., a year before the great plague, and two years before the great fire of London. At that time its author was twenty-six years of age, he being born in 1638.

The volume, which has various monograms scribbled on its first leaf, is diversified in its contents, being a medley of many things. First comes a goodly allotment of Logical Equivocations, Fallacies, and Contradictions, written in Latin; and afterwards the Lord's Prayer, in English, in the size of a modern silver threepenny-piece. Then follow a Perpetual Almanack, a short Greek Grammar, and a Hebrew Grammar. These are succeeded by Forms of Obligations, Arbitrations, Indentures of Apprenticeship, and Deeds of Gift.

The next things in order are—Articles of Agreement, and Forms of Certificates, Petitions, Bills of Sale; Releases and Adjudicated Awards, with Arithmetic at full length; Logic, Seventy-seven Pithy Sayings, two hundred and six Short Sentences, and a thousand Choice Phrases. From among this copious concentration of brief adages I selected my present motto,—*"Put away sorrow."*

You have, doubtless, heard that some of the grains of wheat deposited in the Egyptian mummy-cases, between two and three thousand years ago, have, to the surprise of many, after having been committed to the ground in this country, sprung up into ears of corn. In like manner, then, let me sow in your hearts the seed which has been lying apparently dead for two hundred years in the *vade mecum* of my honoured progenitor, hoping for a similar success.

It is not a difficult thing to be contented when we have all we wish for; but the time to play the man is when the olive and the fig-tree have failed, and no herd is remaining in the stall. The patriarch Job said, "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil," Job xxix. 2—6. Had it been thus with him, it had been easy to rejoice.

It is on account of the intensity of Job's afflictions, and the great extent of his losses, that, we think so highly of his patience when he says, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," Job i. 21. When we read of Job, let us try to get good from Job. My great-grandfather was subject to swoons, and had to endure in his clerical anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his parish much of trouble; on this account it did me the more good to be able to pick out of his selected adages the encouraging recommendation,—*"Put away sorrow."*

Christian reader! whether it be summer or winter with you; whether you are up in the mount, or down in the wilderness; whether you are desponding under fears of the future, or exulting in the hope set before you; if there be "a season and a time to every purpose under the sun; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance," then surely you will find a time for joyousness of spirit. Accompany me, if you can, in my remarks, that if you are in trouble, sorrow may be put away, and that for a season we may rejoice together.

Say not and think not that I have no trouble, for we all imagine, at times, that we have the lion's share, and mine may be even greater than yours. However this may be, let us look on the sunny side of our position, and then, perhaps, instead of saying with fearful repining, "My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep," Job xxx. 31, we shall be moved to exclaim, with hopeful thankfulness, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," Psa. xxiii. 6.

But do you ask me, what cause we have to put away sorrow? My answer is, we have abundant cause. I could assign a hundred reasons for doing so; but a few of them, perhaps, will suffice. What think you of this?—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," Rev. xix. 6. This is a glorious truth; no wonder that in God's word it is ushered into notice with an "Alleluia." Yes! amid all the seeming confusion and anarchy that abounds, amid all the sin and sorrow that prevails, though the heathen may rage and the people imagine a vain thing, yet is the Christian safe, for "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Another reason why we should put away sorrow is, because "This God is our God, for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death," Psa. xlviii. 14. Why, if God be our God, then must he be for us; and if he is for us, it matters but little who or what may be against us. There seems to be every reason for putting away sorrow, and none for retaining it.

I know it may be objected that we are sinners, and that God is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity; and far be it from me to pass lightly by such a fearful position: but "the Lord is merciful and gracious;" listen to his language,—*"I have found a ransom;"* "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer," Isa. liv. 8; "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. i. 15. Here is cause enough to put away sorrow, and to clash the loud cymbals by way of manifesting joy.

True it is that this is a world of shadows, and that in it we must have tribulation; but however numerous and severe may be our trials, we shall not have to endure them long. "The time is short," for the longest life is even "a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. iv. 14. Why should we be cast down, then, at an evil that is every day becoming less? A Christian's sorrow is the dark avenue to a world of light and glory, and as such should it be regarded by us all.

The last reason I shall give you is this:—"There remaineth a rest to the people of God," Heb. iv. 9; and every Christian may say, on the authority of God's holy word, with regard to the day of judgment, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing," 2 Tim. iv. 8.

These are but a sprinkling, when I might have given you a shower of reasons for putting away sorrow. They may, haply, bring up many others to your remembrance. It will be worth while, now the subject is brought before you, to make the most of it, and not to rest satisfied with the few remarks that have been made. We are all given to brood too



much over our little trials, and to ponder too little on our great mercies :

Thus thoughtlessly we add to trouble,  
And make, alas ! our sorrows double.

If the Lord God omnipotent reigneth ; if he is our God, and will be our Guide unto death ; if, sinners as we are, a ransom has been found for sin ; if Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners ; if all our trials and troubles are but for a season ; and if it be a truth that a rest remaineth for the people of God, in which sorrow and sighing will be done away,—ought we not to rejoice in the day and sing in the night ? Up, then, with the timbrel and harp, and up with our loudest song of thanksgiving. All that we fear is passing away, and all that we hope and desire is fast approaching. Let us, then, praise the Lord together,

And love him and trust him to-day and to-morrow,  
And cling to his promise, and " put away sorrow."

#### STONES OF SCRIPTURE.

##### SAPPHIRE.

" Their polishing was of sapphire."—I. AM. iv. 7.

THE sapphire (Heb., *sappir* ; Greek, *sappheiros*) is a transparent stone, next in hardness to the diamond, and very valuable. It is found in alluvial and sandy deposits. The patriarch alludes to the place from which sapphires are obtained, Job xxviii. 6,—" The stones of it (the earth) are the place of sapphires." " The stones which form and bind together the mounds and hills are taken from the exact place where sapphires are found." Jameson informs us that " the geognostic situation of the sapphire is in alluvial soil, in the vicinity of rocks, belonging to the secondary floetz trap formation, and imbedded in gneiss." In reference to its geographical situation, the same writer observes, that it is found particularly beautiful in Asia, in the Capitan mountains, in Persia, and the island of Ceylon. Dr. Davy states, that " the sapphire occurs in considerable abundance in the granitic alluvion of Matura and Saffragani (in Ceylon). Thus, the stones of which the mound is formed are the true geognostic situation where the sapphire is found ; and there can be no doubt that the workmen, in hewing and detaching the masses from the rocks, and in joining them to the mountains, did, by this

secondary kind of mining, often find the precious sapphire."\*

There are many varieties of this stone ; but the oriental sapphire, which is of an azure blue, is most esteemed. It has sometimes veins of a white sparry substance, with separate spots of gold. The sapphire consists of nearly pure alumina, the best specimens not containing more than one or two per cent. of other ingredients ; these are usually either oxide of iron, which imparts to the sapphire its hues, or silice, or lime. This stone crystallizes in six-sided prisms.†

The colour of the sapphire is used in the vision of Ezekiel, to describe peculiar beauty :—" And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone," Ezek. i. 26. Of this vision Mr. Bush remarks,—" A more magnificent conception can scarcely be framed by the mind of man." And he adds that, " Excepting the description of the New Jerusalem (Rev. xxi.), there is nothing of this nature in the whole of revelation to be compared with it. Let the reader bring before his mind's eye the four living creatures of majestic size so placed, and with their wings so expanded and in contact, as to form a hollow square—the whole four raised above the earth, and resting upon an equal number of spherical wheels, compounded like the equator and meridian circles of the globe—their heads, with the quaternion of faces, made the supporters of a broad lucid pavement, clear as crystal, and having the hue of the ethereal vault—and this splendid firmament surmounted by the visible Divine glory controlling the movements of the living chariot ; let him imagine this rolling throne moving onward with the noise of mighty thunderings or of many waters, ' even as the voice of the Almighty God, when he speaketh,' while fiery splendours and a bright rainbow surround the majesty above, and the light of lamps, burning coals, and lightnings, glow amid the living creatures, and he cannot but feel that the ordinary creations of human genius, whether of poets or painters, present nothing worthy to be placed by the side of it." How calculated was such a display of the Divine glory to fill the mind of the prophet with awe ! How adapted the figure to impress upon us the fact of our own unworthiness—to humble us in the sight of the Lord !

\* Roberts.

† " Minerals and Metals."

"The more thy stories strike mine eyes  
The humbler I shall lie."

Such is the effect of Divine teaching. "Who teacheth like Him?" "He is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

The colour of the sapphire stone is also alluded to, Exod. xxiv. 10,— "They saw the God of Israel: . . . and there was under his feet as it were a paved-work of sapphire stone." The Arabs use the utmost skill in embellishing their walls and ceilings. Their tiles had a blue glazing over them; their paving-bricks were also of different colours,—blue, white, etc., which in contrast had a most beautiful effect. It seems probable, therefore, that as polished marble was not in use in the days of Moses, he refers to the most splendid floors which Egypt then knew, and which were formed of painted tiles or bricks. These tiles were the colour of blue in the pavement Moses saw. Le Bruyn informs us that the mosque at Jerusalem is almost covered over with green and blue bricks, which are glazed; so that when the sun shines the eyes are perfectly dazzled. But as these bricks are not transparent, Moses, in order to describe the pavement under the feet of the God of Israel with due majesty, represents it as like the floor of painted tiles he had seen, but transparent as the body of heaven.\*

The Hindoos formed the eyes of their more sacred idols with precious stones; and to describe beauty of person, they would employ such language as the following: "See that youth! what a beautiful eye he has! It is like a sapphire set in silver." Intending to show that the eye was blue like a sapphire; the silver signifying the white. See Cant. v. 14; Lam. iv. 7. But beautiful as is this stone, wisdom, or pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, outshines it:

"Thy beauties rising in my sight,  
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,  
With rapture fill my breast;  
Though robb'd of all my worldly store,  
In Thee I never can be poor,  
But must be ever bless'd."

We here introduce a short notice of the *turquoise*. It is not mentioned in the sacred writings; but it has been supposed by many to be one of the blue

stones intended in the original. It consists of alumina, with varying proportions of the oxides of copper, and iron, and water. It is of a bright greenish-blue colour, and was formerly much esteemed as an ornament; but is now little valued, except when set with diamonds and pearls, when its colour forms a beautiful contrast.\* It varies in size from that of a pea to an egg.

The best specimens are obtained from Persia; and it is not improbable that in the mosaic pavement of the palace of Ahasuerus the turquoise may have been inserted, as ancient writers inform us that precious stones and gems often adorned the houses and palaces of the rich in the east; and blue was a favourite colour with the Persians, as green is with the Indians. "Now the Persian king entertained the whole city of Shushan, great and small, for seven days together, in the court of the garden of the king's palace. In that garden we must suppose a very spacious area, probably containing many acres, curiously paved, and having lofty columns of marble erected in rows at proper distances; to the tops of those columns were fixed rings of silver, through which they drew purple cords of fine linen, across from row to row; and over those cords they spread large sheets of calico or fine cotton, possibly dyed or painted blue, which would make a very splendid and beautiful sky over all the court, and a delightful shade to all the guests."† Le Bruyn informs us that among the ruins of Persepolis were columns or pillars of great height in the court, of which Chardin has observed that they did not support any architrave, but that a tapestry covering was probably hung over them to intercept the perpendicular rays of the sun, as in the court of Ahasuerus's palace. To this kind of covering the prophet seems to allude, Isa. xl. 22,—"Who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." See also Psa. civ. 2. Dr. Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," describes the pavements of the court there. He says,—"A small fountain is usually placed in the middle of the divan, the mosaic pavement around which being constantly wetted by the *jet d'eau*, displays a variety of splendid colours—the floor around is paved with marble of sundry hues."

\* Harmer's "Observations;" and Le Bruyn.

\* See "Minerals and Metals."

† Taylor's "Concordance."

M. Laborde mentions having obtained some turquoises among the ruins of tombs at a place called Sarbout El Cadem, on his way to Sinai, which were there very abundant. He says: "The Arabs of the present day attach no value to the turquoise, though in former ages it was much sought after in the east, the most extraordinary medicinal qualities having been ascribed to it. A person spending a few days in this mountain, where he will be exposed to no danger, and which is not more than six days' journey from Cairo, might make a large collection of turquoises, which, though not to be ranked among the best of precious stones, nevertheless possess a certain value." As the language of the east was highly figurative, and the names of stones were often used to denote the colour or beauty of an object, we risk the supposition that the pavements which Moses had seen might have been intersected with turquoises, from the abundance of that species of stone in the particular part where he then was, and which belong to the same class as the sapphire. He described the pavement as of sapphire stone, because of the beauty of that stone of which he doubtless had some knowledge, though it is scarcely probable the pavements he had seen were more than painted and glazed tiles. From the granitic character of Sinai, even the sapphire may have been found in the alluvium there, or in its neighbourhood, in the days of Moses.

H. H.

"NOT FAR ENOUGH GONE YET."

DURING the summer months, Mr. A. was in the habit of taking his pupils to bathe. The access to this favourite bathing-place was by crossing a ferry over an arm of the river which partly surrounded an island meadow. The side of this meadow furthest from the ferry edged the main river, and formed the nook called Stump Pool, perhaps from a number of old willow stumps, round which were fitted seats and hooks for the accommodation of bathers.

The river at this part was beautifully clear, and the bottom firm and gravelly. For a considerable distance from the shore, the spot was deemed as safe as it was agreeable, and was so much resorted to that during the bathing season, from early dawn to evening twilight, the ferry-

boat was kept constantly employed by bathers going and returning. But towards the middle of the river there were dangerous shelves, and several lives had been lost by inexperienced swimmers going beyond their depth. There were certain marks which the pupils of Mr. A. were enjoined never to pass. Mr. A. was not himself a swimmer, but he always accompanied the boys, anxiously watching their movements; and often, perhaps too often, calling to them from the shore where he stood, "Come back, there! You are going too far! You are getting into danger!" A habit of needless alarm in one party sometimes prevents proper caution in another. The rash expose themselves to danger in contempt of the apprehensions of the timid. However that might be in the case of Mr. A. and his pupils, certain it is that on one occasion the alarm was not groundless. One of the pupils narrowly escaped drowning; he was one of the seniors of the party, a tall robust youth, and accustomed to the water. But whether inadvertently or rashly, he ventured too far, got to the dangerous shelves, and thus ineffectually struggled with the violence of the stream. Mr. A. perceived the danger, and, unable himself to render assistance, in an agony of terror looked round for help. To his unspeakable relief, he saw, coming across the meadow, a young man with whom he was acquainted, and whom he knew to be a good swimmer. From some of the boys, who were running to the few in quest of help, Hunt (that was the young man's name) learned the cause of alarm, and directed his steps to the spot. He moved without delay, yet with a deliberation that but ill-accorded with the eager impetuosity of the agitated schoolmaster. On arriving at the river's brink, he fixed his eyes on the imperilled youth, and threw off his garments—saw the youth sink, and continued to watch his struggles; when he again came to the surface. In vain Mr. A. urged and implored him to do something.

"He is not far enough gone yet," was the cool, and as it seemed to Mr. A., apathetic reply.

"And must he perish without an effort to save him?" exclaimed the agonized and half-reproaching tutor.

"Have patience, sir —. It will do now."

The youth had again risen; his struggles were more feeble. Hunt now calmly

plunged in, and reached the spot as the boy was sinking the third time. He then firmly grasped his arm, between the shoulder and the elbow, and brought him, exhausted and unresisting, to the shore. Under the use of proper means, he was speedily and perfectly recovered. When alarm had subsided, and after the first expressions of joy and gratitude to the Author and the instrument of deliverance, Mr. A. asked Hunt why he prolonged the dreadful suspense by deferring his interposition until it was all-but too late. "Because," he replied, "had I attempted his rescue earlier, it would have been too soon. Compare the strength of that youth with mine (Hunt was slender, narrow-chested, and short-breathed; of a decidedly consumptive make and tendency); should he grapple with me on solid ground, he could easily overcome me. Had I encountered him on the water when struggling with all his energy for life, he would certainly have carried us both down. To have gone to him a moment earlier than I did, would not only to a certainty have been sacrificing my own life, it would also have been throwing away every chance of saving his." "God be praised!" said Mr. A., "that you possess coolness as well as courage, and prudence as well as benevolence. Forgive my eagerness, which I now see would have defeated its own end."

A memorial of the circumstances, drawn up by Mr. A., was inscribed in golden letters on the fly-leaf of a richly-bound Bible, presented to young Hunt, in grateful acknowledgment of his seasonable and efficient interposition, and the success with which it was mercifully crowned, in the restoration of the youth to his friends and to society. Occasion was also taken especially to refer to the value and importance of self-possession, combined with intrepidity, in moments of personal danger, and in efforts to rescue a fellow-creature from impending destruction. Each of the young gentlemen was requested to copy and preserve the memorial of this transaction, as a means of inculcating a good practical lesson, too often forgotten in the ardour of courage and the enthusiasm of benevolence, but for the want of which both are rendered useless.

Bodily danger is not the only circumstance in which it is as possible that help may come too soon to be available as it is that it may be deferred too late.

It is no uncommon thing for young persons, by their own fickleness, caprice, or impetuosity, to throw away advantages, and bring themselves into difficulties. Something is not exactly according to their mind, and the first thing that parents or relatives hear of it is, that they—the young persons—have given notice to quit, or have actually quitted a situation, obtained perhaps by considerable expense or powerful interest, and regarded as the initiatory step to success in life. Or it may be that, through extravagance and folly, they have wasted their property, and brought themselves into straits. In such circumstances, a gentle lesson in the school of experience might be of incalculable and lasting benefit. But friends, with injudicious kindness, come forward to screen the youth from all the inconvenience to which he has exposed himself; and they do this again and again, till all sense of self-reliance and responsibility are lost, and he pursues his course of reckless folly in the easy confidence that, as often as he plunges himself into difficulties, his friends will be at hand to help him out. He does this till he drags them with him to ruin. He was helped too soon and too often to be helped effectually.

Dr. Cheyne often said to his patients, when they objected to the strictness of his regimen, "I see you are not bad enough for me yet;" for if a patient really believes and feels his disease and danger, he will show it by readiness to yield to the remedies the physician enjoins, however trying they may be. Such submission is required in spiritual things, and it is withheld by many who profess that they would be made whole; "but not by any means, it must be by those of their own devising and choosing: 'Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Jordan? May I not wash in them and be clean?' But when a man truly feels that he is in danger of dying for ever, he will acquiesce in any means of deliverance, however mysterious to his reason, however humiliating to his pride, however adverse to his sin and sloth. God will have the whole management of our case, or he will have nothing to do with it."\* "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." May every reader, by grace, learn this lesson!

C.

\* Jay.

## THE BENT OF GENIUS.

CHARLES LINNÆUS; OR, THE NATURALIST.

MEN of genius are not always men of perseverance: without genius, steady perseverance can do much; but without perseverance, genius in general does little. That noble endowment which raises men so far above the mere animal creation has come to be spoken of as a "dangerous gift;" to be a "genius" is almost considered to be eccentric, unsteady, useless in all the concerns of practical life.

The whole career of the great botanist of Sweden, who has given his name to the system of botany called Linnæan, and who is usually styled the father of that valuable and interesting science—might indeed, serve as a model for students to follow, but the earlier part of it is especially valuable as presenting a practical example of the union of lofty talent with an ardour that never flagged, and a perseverance that triumphed over all opposing obstacles.

Charles Linnæus was the son of a Lutheran clergyman. His father, like the generality of the clergy of Sweden, was very poor. He destined his son for his own profession, and sent him to a collegiate school to study for the scholastic life, which the poorer clergy in that country generally united to the ministerial one. In his early days, however, Charles Linnæus showed little disposition for study. His taste appeared to the professors to be merely an idle one. He loved to ramble into the country; to steal out into the fields and woods, and there spend his time no one knew how, for he himself could give no account of it. His teachers did not suspect that it was the vast book of nature he loved to look into; that every moss, every lichen, every leaf and blade of grass that are common to all lands, and every wild flower that so plentifully adorned the fields and forests of his own—were to him a curious page of the volume he longed to explore, and into which he was trying to peer with wondering and thoughtful eyes.

The young truant was severely reprimanded; the professors declaring that idleness would prevent his ever acquiring learning. They told his father that the boy was inclined to a vagabond life, and the poor man, indignant and disappointed, resolved to spend no more money on the unprofitable scholar. He withdrew him from school, and bound him apprentice

to a shoemaker, believing that in such an occupation his idle and wandering habits would be corrected.

Perhaps young Linnæus had now cause to lament his former want of application to the duties appointed to him; perhaps he benefited by the painful experience.

What a dreary existence was that of the young naturalist! forced to sit all day long on a stool in a small dark chamber, begrimed with dirt, sewing or hammering a shoe, while his thoughts and desires were away in the sweet wildernesses of nature! He wept, but his tears were laughed at; they thought it was the spirit of idleness, not that of crushed, imprisoned genius, that drew forth those bitter tears. Some children of genius would have thrown down the awl and apron, and gone off to seek an existence elsewhere. Charles Linnæus resigned himself finally to his lot. No hour in the week was his own; but after the service of his church was ended on the sabbath, he did not spend its hours as his country people generally do. With a crust of bread in his pocket, he escaped to the fields or woods, and gave himself up to his beloved study. This part of his conduct, however, is not to be commended; but, on the contrary, deeply censured. In Sweden, the ground is for several months laid deep under snow; at that season, the mind of the poor shoemaker's apprentice must have appeared to be buried also; there was nothing externally to call it forth. But a northern spring is sudden and beautiful. Nature bursts rapidly into life; the green fields and forests are gay with innumerable flowers; then would the imprisoned boy envy the insect that was free to visit them; he would have made more use of such freedom; not merely have tasted their sweetness, but searched into the secrets of their existence, their formation, their reproduction.

He had but a scanty portion of time for such reflections, yet the acquaintance he made with plants and flowers—a science then but little thought of—was most extraordinary. He could tell the progress of time by the state of flowers; he predicted that of the weather by the same natural barometer. He found when some of these fair things went to sleep, when others opened their dewy eyes; when some closed up their petals and bent on their stalks to avoid the coming rain, or lifted up their faces to greet the reviving sun. Thus he composed his

interesting work called "Flora's Clock." Enthusiastic, and wrapped up in the studies to which his genius turned, he often entered his master's house at night with his crust of bread uneaten.

His trade was not abandoned, although it was disliked; he continued in his daily work and duties, while he did not restrict to their performance the genius God had given him. And do we not see the path of genius, under such circumstances, always opened; so that it may at last come out and shine above them?

One day, when the shoemaker's apprentice was thus pursuing his observations and discoveries in natural history, abroad in the fields, without book or teacher, he was met by an unknown fellow-student, Dr. Rothman, who carried in his hand "Tournefort's Elements of Botany." Seeing the occupation of the youth, he entered into conversation with him, and was much surprised at his knowledge, intelligence, and natural genius. The circumstances of the poor youth deeply interested him. To the lad's inexpressible delight, he offered to lend him the work of the French botanist. This was a valuable prize to Linnæus, but the good offices of his new friend did not end with that boon.

Genius is generally ready to extend a helping hand to genius. It is, indeed, melancholy when instead of such sympathy we behold only jealousy or mean fear of rivalry. Dr. Rothman spoke of the young shoemaker to the professor of natural history at the University of Lund, one of the first in Sweden, and thus by another of what is often termed "fortunate accidents," the ingenious youth who had, contrary to his inclination and natural disposition, continued in that state of life to which it had seemed to please God to call him, and fulfilled the irksome task which revolted a mind formed for higher pursuits, was at last shown a way of escape, at last met with an opening to follow out the bent of that genius which he had not neglected, in despair or apathy, to cultivate by the use of the scanty means within his reach.

Doctors Stobæus and Rothman released young Linnæus from his apprenticeship, little thinking they were thus associating their names with that of the poor shoemaker, and entitling themselves to the gratitude, not of the youth alone, but of successive generations throughout the world.

Linnæus was by them removed to Lun-

den, and there studied natural history under the learned professor.

But even now had he not reason to rejoice that he had not neglected, or scorned to acquire a knowledge of, the trade he felt to be unsuited to or beneath his talents? He was still poor; his daily necessities were not provided for, and to supply them the future botanist became cobbler to the university, and mended the shoes of his comrades for his own support. There was this difference in his state, the highest means of study were now open to him; and formerly his studies were subservient to his trade, now his trade was subservient to his studies. Thus nothing that can be learned should be despised; there is no knowledge which may not, at one time or other, be turned to account.

Genius, such as that of Linnæus, when united to perseverance so remarkable, and simplicity of conduct so great, is sure, sooner or later, to come forth from obscurity. Celebrity may be tardy, but in the case of such a combination, is certain.

The famous Olaus Celsius discovered the singular merits of the young man, drew him from his distressed state, took him to his house, made him eat at his table, associated him with himself in all his learned labours, and what was most valuable to Linnæus, gave him access to a splendid library.

The career of the Swedish botanist now opened. The learned professor Rudbeck proposed that he should give lessons in botany in the garden of the long-celebrated University of Upsal. Linnæus went there a very poor student. Upsal is now associated with his name. He was no longer obscure, though he was still poor, and he was as ardent in the pursuit of knowledge as ever. Activity, energy, and enthusiasm in botanical researches led him to set off on foot on a toilsome and dangerous journey into the wilds of Lapland; he traversed nearly desert regions, gathering those stores of instruction from nature, which afforded after ages benefit and delight.

On his return from Lapland, the laborious botanist visited Holland, the land of horticulture. But so great was his poverty, that he was there obliged to hire himself, unknown to the employer, as gardener to a gentleman who was an amateur horticulturist. His fame had then spread throughout Europe, and some one at last recognised the botanist of

Sweden in the simple Dutch gardener. His master, astonished and pleased to find the treasure he possessed, quickly sought for Linnæus, pledged him his services and his friendship, and it was at the expense of that some-time master that the first work of the great naturalist was published.

Many other trials Linnæus had to pass through; he struggled through them all, and the day of recompense visited his perseverance. He returned to his native land, and finally met the rewards and honours that were his due. Linnæus was the most illustrious professor of the ancient University of Upsal. There he led a peaceful and virtuous life, over the door of his study may be seen the inscription:

"Live in innocence;  
God is present."

His tomb is now one of the chief attractions to strangers from all parts of the world to visit that curious old city of Sweden. When Linnæus died, the inhabitants of Upsal went into mourning. The king of Sweden, Guatavus III., composed his funeral oration, pronounced a panegyric on his great and estimable subject before the assembled states, or parliament of his kingdom, and raised a monument to his memory.

Such honours it is meet to see kings render to the genius that adorns or benefits their country. But the homage which the lovers of nature, or students of science, pay to the memory of Linnæus is a more enduring tribute.

The king of Sweden raised the tomb of him who had been the shoemaker's apprentice, and who had mended his fellow-student's shoes, while he studied the science which rendered his name and his country famous. It was to steady perseverance that Linnæus owed his success.

His sentiments respecting that Supreme Being, whose works he had so much studied, will be read with interest. The passage is quoted from his great work entitled "The System of Nature:"

"Eternal, Immense, knowing all, pervading all! Let God appear, and I am confounded. I have gathered up some of his traces in the things created, and in them all, even in the least, what power, what inexpressible perfection! Animals, vegetables, minerals, borrow from and restore to the earth the elements which serve for their formation. The stars are

suspended in movement in the abyss of space by Him whom none can comprehend! He is the Being of beings, the first Mover, the Cause of causes; the Preserver, the Sustainer, the universal and sovereign Artisan of the world!"

B.

#### SOME METHODS OF ANSWERING PRAYER.

BY T. L. CUYLER, AN AMERICAN WRITER.

IN spite of our practical tendency to incredulity, we ought not to allow ourselves to believe that any fervent, importunate prayer, which has for its object the glory of God, and which is offered in the name of the Mediator, remains for ever unanswered. The answer may be long delayed; it may not come in the way that was looked for. The person who prayed may not recognise the return of his own petition. But that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man" is ever wholly unavailing, we should be loath to admit.

Some prayers we cannot expect to see answered at once. Those who plead day by day for the spiritual regeneration of the world, must not suppose that ere they go hence they themselves are to see all the heathen nations given to our ascended Master for his inheritance. Yet their prayers are not forgotten. Those pleading saints will yet behold the glorious fulfilment of their desires from the battlements of heaven. How many prayers do we see manifestly answered even long after the saint who breathed them into the ear of Jesus has gone to lay his weary head on that Saviour's breast. A dying mother commits her beloved boy to a covenant-keeping God. She has often borne that child on the arms of faith to the mercy-seat. He has been the child of many prayers; and in the feeble utterances of her passing spirit, another and a last petition is breathed forth, that Christ would have mercy on his soul. Years roll away. The sod has grown green, and the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb. In some distant land, mayhap many hundred miles from that spot, a full-grown man, who has long been ripening in sin, is seen bowed in prayer. He is crying out of the depths of an agonized spirit, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "Behold, he prayeth!" and his prayer is the answer of that fervent petition which his

dying mother uttered many long years before. Her prayer was recorded in God's book of remembrance; and but for that, we know not that the prayer of that son would have ever ascended there.

The Scriptures furnish a kindred instance in the case of Stephen, who prayed during the agonies of death for his vindictive persecutors. And when Stephen was in paradise, the very Saul who was an accomplice in his destruction, becomes a trophy of redeeming grace. The early church prayed for things which did not come about for centuries; and at this very hour, men of faith are besieging the mercy-seat for blessings that will, without question, dawn upon their descendants. Let praying fathers and mothers who are growing faint of heart, give heed to this. Let desponding churches give heed to it before they abandon their places of social prayer, where their hearts have often burned within them. Far above the dark cloud of their discouragement is written, as in the clear upper sky, "He that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Other prayers are answered at the time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked-for, that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays that he may be enabled to glorify God. Ere he is aware, some heavy calamity comes crashing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust. His fortune takes wings; his schemes of promotion are blasted. A favourite child is taken; his hopes are "withered like grass." God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the psalmist says, "by terrible things." From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus his comforter; and oh! how his love is kindled by the contact! How he glorifies God in the furnace, which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness, and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness!

I once saw an earnest inquirer, who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed, a cloud of blackness gathered across his horizon! and against that cloud, which swung like a funeral-pall before his vision, played the sharp lightnings of Almighty wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him. Instead of peace came only the

sword; instead of the calm which he sought, came the fearful tempest; and under the stress of its dark terrors, the poor baffled soul betakes himself to the covert which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for; there the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fullness through the soul. His prayer was answered—first by "terrible things," but at last by the very blessings which he desired; and without that storm, the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not been led to that frightful view of his own guilt, and his liability to condemnation, he might never have gone to Christ, and thus could not have known true peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow through which the Divine hand has wondrously led him, and sees that no other way would have brought him to the cross, he feels a renewed assurance that God is the hearer of prayer—that he that asketh will yet receive, and he that seeketh will always find.

But we may also observe how the petitions of believers are often answered according to their intention, and not according to the strict letter of the request. The utterer of the prayer sought only the glory of God, but in his ignorance asked for wrong things. His prayer was not rejected, however; it was heard, it was answered. But the blessing granted has been something very different from what the believer expected. There has been in this case what an old writer calls "a transmutation of the thing desired into some other great blessing of the same kind; for God often thus improves and lays out the precious stock of believers' prayers to the best advantage, that the greatest returns may accrue to them." Jacob, when he blesses the sons of Joseph, lays his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. "So God takes off his hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for, and lays it on another which is more for our good or his own glory."

The case of Paul is a beautiful illustration of this. He is sorely afflicted by a "thorn in his flesh." What the nature of the affliction was, we know not. Perhaps a severe malady; perhaps the continued enticement of some lust; perhaps a besetting sin; perhaps some chronic distortion of his bodily frame, brought on by excitement and suffering, which exposed him to derision, and to which he



may have alluded when he speaks of an "infirmity in the flesh," which the Galatians did not despise. He beseeches the Lord in three earnest petitions that this thorn might depart from him. His prayers are heard—they are answered; but instead of the removal of the thorn, comes the cheering assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." God does not take away the trial, but gives him all that is needed to make it endurable; and thus the Divine glory and Paul's spiritual well-being were more certainly advanced than if the prayer had been answered according to its letter.

We have only glanced at this fruitful subject, yet we have seen how essential faith is from first to last. There must be active faith to quicken the soul to prayer. When the believer has come to the mercy-seat, the utterances of his lips must be the outpourings of faith. He must believe that God is, and that he is the rewarder of all who diligently seek him. After the request has been presented, there must be an importunate faith to urge it, and an expecting faith to go up and look for the blessing. If it comes not at once, faith is needful to assure the soul that an answer is kept back in wisdom and in mercy. And if the answer comes, but comes in a shape entirely unlooked-for, it is often the hardest trial of faith to believe that this is the answer, and just what our Master's honour and our good require.

But that God is the hearer of prayer, who shall dare to doubt? The sceptic here must seal his vision, lest he come to the light and be persuaded. He must mutilate most sadly the narrative of God's providential dealings. He must erase from his Bible the animating record of Jacob's midnight struggles, the thrilling scenes of Elijah's wrestlings on Carmel and at Zarephath, the "evening oblations" of Daniel, and the angelic deliverance of Peter from the prison-cell. He must even give the lie to that ineffable Witness who descended himself from the upper sanctuary, and had there beheld the gracious reception of his children's prayers, and who has said to all trembling, sorrowing, doubting saints, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FOLKSTONE.

THE town of Folkstone is of unquestionable antiquity, and was early a place of some importance. Its ancient Saxon name was Folcestane; but in the Doomsday records it is called Fulchestan. The Romans had a tower here, built upon a high hill; a portion of the earthworks, or entrenchments of which yet remain. There was also a monastery, said to have been destroyed by the Danes, during or before the time of Athelstane; and a castle erected by the Saxon kings of Kent, and rebuilt by the Normans: but of these two latter no vestige is left, save a small portion of the wall near the site of the present church.

According to Lambard, Folkstone was particularly famous in olden times for the taste, delicacy, and greatness of its "oistres;" which same, he tells us, "were for dainties anciently transported to Rome; and that the coast there, all along, was well known to the Roman poets."

Folkstone still retains its celebrity as a fishing town. It is a pretty sight to watch the little fleet of fishing-boats coming in, one by one, on a calm sunny morning, and mark the picturesque group of women and children awaiting their arrival—so pretty, and so picturesque, that we are apt to forget the weary and hazardous life led by the poor fishermen, night after night, in all weathers, upon the pathless deep. Some of the boats have the sails painted of a dark reddish brown, and when the sunlight falls upon them the whole scene resembles an old Dutch picture.

Not long since, one of these boats was lost under very melancholy circumstances. Its owner would persist in venturing out to sea on a dark stormy night, although repeatedly warned of the danger of so doing. He was represented as being of a stern and violent temper, especially when he had been drinking,—which was the case on the evening in question; and no one dared interfere beyond those warning words. As he was known to be a skilful sailor, little real apprehension was felt but that he would return as he had done many times before on occasions almost as perilous. It was a fearful night; and the first thing that the fisherman's wife saw, when she went down to the sea-side on the following morning, was the corpse of her husband, lying cold and stark upon the beach.

On visiting the bereaved widow, a few days afterwards, she said one of the greatest consolations was that they had not parted in anger—that she had *spoken kindly* to him. It would appear from what she said that such was not always the case. She repeated more than once, with tears, “Thank God for making me speak kindly to him; I little thought that they would be the last words he was ever to listen to.” It was a solemn lesson. Truly, we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.

Some of the houses in Folkstone, and, indeed, whole streets, are entirely covered with fish hung upon lines to dry, or for sale, which has at first a curious effect, especially when taken in conjunction with the quaint-looking figures which appear at the doors and windows, or stand lolling against the low entrance, generally smoking a short black pipe. Folkstone may be said to be divided into two distinct localities,—the old town and the new town. There is little doubt that the former, which now occupies a considerable portion of it, will, in the course of a few years, be entirely swallowed up in the latter; and the memory of its present wilderness of old-fashioned streets, and courts, and houses, pass away like a dream.

One of the most conspicuous objects on entering Folkstone is the church, which is built on the summit of the West Cliff. It is of a cruciform structure, consisting of three aisles and three chancels, and having a beacon turret in the south-west corner of the tower, with a clock and a musical peal of eight bells. The tower is used as a land-mark by vessels passing along the coast. Very picturesque did it look on the sweet sabbath morning when we visited it. The cliff was covered with wild thyme, and the thick golden clusters of the tansy. Above us was the blue sky, and the ancient cross glittering in the sunlight. Far beneath the waves broke noiselessly on the beach, while the little vessels went gliding and dancing along like so many white sea-birds.

Once upon a time Folkstone could boast of its five churches, not to mention the famous Nunnery of St. Eanswith; but their fate is now among the untold and fearful mysteries of the mighty deep. To be sure, the Danes had a hand in their destruction; but it was the sea which swept them away at last. An ancient chronicle says, “The continual warre which the sea maintaineth hath done

more detriment than all the rest; for that violently washeth, and by peace-meale wasteth it so, that not only the nunnerie, which stood twenty-eight perches from the high-water mark, is now almost swallowed up, but the castle which Eadbalde (or, as some thinke, William Albrane, or Anorenche, to whom Folkstone was given) did builde, and foure of those five parish churches be departed out of sight also, onely some broken walles, in which are seen great bricks (the marks of Bryttish building) do remaine.” Since this was written, even those “broken walles” have disappeared. Antiquaries and historians differ about the exact site of the vanished churches, never questioning that they once were; while the poet, less particular as to localities, has many a wild tale and old monkish legend to tell of St. Eanswith, or the “Holy Virgin,” as she was called, and all the miracles she did, or pretended to do; and can relate divers wonderful histories of what happened years ago in the ancient parishes of Our Ladye and St. Paul, the very names of which would be almost forgotten but for them.

There are several curious monuments and inscriptions in the churchyard; but few of those Scriptural epitaphs—those simple expressions of faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which are far more impressive than the most laboured compositions, and speak at once to the heart.

The beautiful views from Folkstone harbour are deserving of notice. To the east lies East Weir Bay, while beyond, boldly projecting into the sea, is the celebrated “Shakespere Cliff.” To the west, fine panoramic views may be seen of the green stone cliffs of Folkstone, and the Wealden coast as far as Dungeness, while afar off are the memorable Downs of Hastings. Viewed from the cliffs themselves, the scene is even more picturesque and enchanting. We know not a lovelier walk in all England than that across the cliffs from Folkstone to Sandgate. Many a time have we been there when the wind was so high that we could scarcely keep our footing; and the white sea-gulls were flying hither and thither with a warning message of approaching storms. Many a time have we walked there on calm, fair days, with one, now no more, and gathered flowers, and laid earthly plans destined never to be realized. God knoweth what is best for us. His will be done!

Old Roman coins are still discovered from time to time at Folkstone. Not long since, a poor man digging in his garden, struck his spade against something hard, which proved to be a quantity of them. The only marvel was that they should have remained so long undiscovered, as they lay almost close to the surface of the ground.

But we must hasten to conclude; and can only hope that these our brief reminiscences of Folkstone, will be read with as much pleasure as they are written. It may be that some of our readers may have memories of their own connected with this rapidly improving town—memories of mercies received, and happiness enjoyed, which they will be pleased to have recalled. Many have started from Folkstone in order “to go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters,” and were glad because they were so quiet; and so have they been brought into their desired haven. Many have gone there ill, and returned well. Many have gone there sad, and returned strengthened and comforted: “Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men,” *Psa. cvii. 8.* E. G.

#### A VISIT TO THE NORTH CAPE.

ROUNDING Knivskioerodden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my view. It had now fallen a dead calm, and my vikings pulled very slowly across the vast and magnificent bay lying between Knivskioerodden and the Cape, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the latter. So immense is the size of the Cape, that it seemed within a few hundred yards when we were at least two miles distant. It is one enormous mass of solid rock, and although its summit is tolerably level for two or three miles, it declines perceptibly towards the extreme point. The aspect of the latter can be compared to nothing more aptly than the “keep” of a castle of tremendous size, for it very slightly tapers from the base, and presents a surface marvellously resembling time-worn masonry. The front approaches a perpendicular, and so does the western side also. The height at the extremity is said to be nearly one thousand English feet above the sea’s level. The colour of this mighty rock is a dark gray, relieved by dazzling masses of snow, lying on the gigantic fissures which

some appalling convulsion seems to have riven in its sides.

The impression as I came within its shadow, and swept its bulk with eager eye, was one of thrilling awe; for its magnificently stern proportions, its colossal magnitude, its position as the solitary unchanging sentinel of nature, that for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the maddening assaults of the Arctic Ocean, all combine to invest it with associations of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realized; and on landing at its base in the blaze of the midnight sun, I felt an emotion of exulting gladness that my long-cherished hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was amply fulfilled.

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape; and it is usual for the adventurer who ascends to go many miles round from this starting-place before the level of the Cape can be attained, because a direct upward ascent is considered to be impracticable. But having a somewhat overweening confidence in my own scaling capabilities, I resolved to attempt the latter feat; and although burdened with full pockets, and that dear old sea-cloak I never parted with under any circumstances, I instantly commenced the task, leaving the crew to slumber in the boat until my return.

Acerbi, speaking of the North Cape, says, “Here everything is solitary, everything is sterile, everything sad and despondent. The ruggedness of the dark gray rock is not covered with a single shrub.” This is altogether incorrect; I found the whole of the western side of the Cape, opposite the landing-place, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation to the height of about two hundred yards. Myriads of bloomsters were to be seen, including exquisite white scentless violets with hairy stems; purple, red, and white star-flowers; the beautiful yellow cup-flowers, growing on a stem a couple of feet high, and called by the Norwegians “knap-sullen-vie blomster” (button-sun-eye flower), and many other varieties unknown to me. There were also many kinds of shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. I gathered flowers, and rested on ridges of rock to take breath, and pantingly looked down

on the boat at my feet, now dwindled to a mere speck. Onward I climbed; but to my extreme mortification, when on ascending two-thirds of the height, at no slight risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all slimy with moisture trickling from the congealed snow above. I had a providential escape from being hurled sheer down by a large piece of rock giving way under me; but I held on to the crag above, whilst the treacherous fragment thundered from ledge to ledge, drawing down other loose masses with it. Compelled to retrace my steps, I carefully surveyed the face of the rock, and tried it again some way further on; and even then it was a very long time before I gained the summit, being seriously incommoded with my cloak and other articles. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place, and I certainly was thankful to lay down on the desolate summit, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid beds at my side. I had been above two days and nights without rest; but was bodily fatigue to be once thought of under these romantic circumstances? From my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island could be seen. The higher peaks and hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the beams of the sun, and there were many "silent tarns" nestling amid the black rocks.

Resuming my progress, I traversed the surface of the Cape. It is covered with small slaty stones, and what struck me as being very remarkable, quantities of minute fragments of coarse white marble. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss (blokop), bearing most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, and blooming in clusters of hundreds together. These dumb witnesses of Nature's benevolent handiwork filled my soul with pleasing thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being, who causeth flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate wilds. In a wide valley I crossed on my way to the head of the Cape, ran a rapid stream of the purest water, and delicious taste. I wandered along, surveying various parts of the Cape, especially the edges of the precipices on the western side, where the snow clung in immense masses, frozen so solidly that it bore my weight in places where no rock was beneath it, and the yawning abyss below.

At length, I drew near the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern portion swells out to a clearly appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the latter, I came upon a circle of stones, piled almost breast high, inclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. They had evidently been erected by a party of visitors, as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant, a mass of rock rises above the level, which is otherwise as smooth as a highway, and strewed with small rough fragments of rock. Herr Ulich subsequently told me, that when he visited the Cape, fifteen years ago, there was an upright slab of stone, covered with deeply-engraved names of visitors. It is now gone, and, as Ulich suggested, the laps may not improbably have hurled it over the precipice. Within two or three yards of the very extreme point of the point is a small pole, sustained by stones piled round its base. I found several initials cut on this perishable register, and added my own. I believe it was set up by the surveying expedition, a few years ago, as a signal-post.

My nerve is good, and despite the wind which here blew violently and bitterly cold, I sat down close to the pole, and, wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the spectacle of Nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living object was in sight; beneath my feet was the boundless expanse of ocean, with a sail or two on its bosom, at an immense distance; above me was the canopy of heaven, flecked with fleecy cloudlets; the sun was luridly gleaming above a broad belt of blood-red mist; the only sounds were the whistling of the wandering winds and the occasional plaintive scream of the hovering sea-fowl.

The only living creature that came near me was a bee, which hummed merrily by. What did the busy insect seek there? Not a blade of grass grew, and the only vegetable matter on this point was a cluster of withered moss at the very edge of the awful precipice, and it I gathered at considerable risk, as a memorial of my visit.—*From Leith to Lapland.*

#### GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

THOSE who give to God only the shadow of duty, can never expect from him a real reward.—*Flavel.*



The Cliffs at Hastings.

## CLIFF ROAMING AT HASTINGS.

WE are standing at one of the projecting windows of a large hotel, that commands a view of the heaving ocean. There are more than a hundred vessels seen on the water, the tide is ebbing, the shingly beach is getting larger, the weed-covered stones are beginning to appear; boys are paddling in the miniature pools left on the sands, and children attended by their mothers or nursemaids, are digging with their wooden spades. In the foreground are bathing-machines, a promenade, carriages and omnibuses, with ladies and gentlemen on horseback, riding to and fro. Health and pleasure are the principal pursuits of the groups before us:

Health, of our earthly stores the better part,  
And pleasure, dear to every human heart.

Now we are breasting the breeze on a noble crag, so steep that from its aspiring height a plummet-line might dangle to the ground. A yard in advance would

be destruction in a dreadful form, for a fall of three hundred feet would be the consequence. The face of the crag is mossed, and grassed, and lichened with creeping, pendent plants, and the different coloured earth and stones are wildly beautiful. It is terrible to look down to the billows that are breaking on the shore in a fringe of foam. Sea-gulls are winnowing their way in mid air, and the unbounded sea is stretching far and wide, and mingling in the distance with the blue heavens beyond it, vast, impressive, and sublime. In climbing to these heights we met with one who had an eager eye and an ardent heart; he carried in his hand a long wand, and a gauze net at the end of it, ensnaring butterflies. Thousands, like him, idle away their hours and their years. What trifles we pursue! What treasures we leave unsought! Time is flying, eternity is at hand: a moment cannot be purchased by millions of money, and yet here are we running after butterflies!

NOVEMBER, 1851.

While painted moths allure us in our way,  
Death steals upon our path and strikes his prey.

We have descended the cliff, loitered on the shingles, and are now among the large stones which lie scattered about the beach in great numbers of shapes, grotesque and monstrous; yet are they withal attractive and beautiful. Varied in colour from light brown to dark purple, they are ornamented with endless circles, adorned with layers of different colours, streaked with ochre, encrusted with shells, veined with thread lines, blotched with dark stains, spangled with small studs resembling silver, inlaid with lava-like stripes, covered with oxyde like that of iron, or carved and honeycombed irregularly as the case may be. Many of them are topped with copper-coloured marine plants, and gracefully draped with fine soft hair-like weeds. Had a London upholsterer ornamented them with bronze, and fringed them with the costliest green silk, they would not have assumed a more attractive appearance. The sea-side is an unbounded and gratuitous museum of natural curiosities: if we could but understand it, every pebble is a word, every large stone a line, and every cliff a paragraph in the history of the world:

The finger of the Lord of life alone  
Inscribes the rock and graves the granite stone.

We have passed the shingles, after picking up a few shells and pebbles, and are now nearer the rolling billows that dash heavily and sullenly on the shore. We are standing on the even sand, regarding with wonder the motion of the restless deep. And has the mighty flood, the moving world of waters, been thus ebbing, flowing, and breaking on the beach for thousands of years? Even so. Mighty, mysterious, and unfathomable ocean, our thoughts are not equal to entertain thee; we cannot grasp immensity, we cannot grapple with the sense of infinity thou callest up within us. Tempted by the exceeding smoothness of the sands, we have written on them the names of some who are uppermost in our affections. In another hour, the returning tide will obliterate the record; a fitting emblem of the evanescent character of mortal things.

We are in the ruins of Hastings' old castle, on the brow of a high cliff that looks down from its proud height on the heaving ocean. The deep ditch on the east is a striking object, and the beach is

a fearful depth below. Carriages are bringing company to the foot of the castle-hill, and the bathers yonder, beyond the machines, are sporting in the waters. Some say that William the Conqueror built the castle; but if he erected half the castles he has the credit of erecting, he must have been not only a mighty conqueror, but also a mighty builder. The greater part of the fortress has been pulled down, and Time has been at his old work in crumbling the stones that remain. Thomas à Becket and William of Wykeham have played their parts within these walls. The eye takes in a wide range of water, coloured with the hues of heaven;—here it is green, there blue, and yonder dazzling silver and gold. These mouldering walls and dilapidated turrets make us thankful, and take us back again to an age of strife, when the old castle stood forth with its drawbridge:

Portcullis, gateway, foss, and frowning tower,  
And all the pomp and pride of feudal power.

We are sitting on a crazy bench on a high cliff, that has the name of "The Lover's Seat;" but we have sat on many eminences before that have been thus characterized. The place is picturesque, and the prospect is a fair one both by land and sea. The Norwood gipsies that frequent the principal passes through the neighbouring coppice pick up a few sixpences as soothsayers; their raven hair, swarthy faces, and singular attire giving them an interest with the young, the thoughtless, and the pleasure-seeking visitants of the place. On this high cliff sat, according to the legend, the love-lorn fair one, when banished by her friends, to wave her kerchief to her passing lover, the captain of a cutter; and yonder came the crew that conveyed them to church, where they were wedded. The spot is visited by hundreds. A vessel to the east, spreading her white sails to the sun, is contrasted by another to the west, that lies almost as black as ink upon the waters. The clouds are lovely to look upon:

And spread in glowing colours, fair and free,  
A canopy of beauty o'er the sea.

We are on the high downs, far above the cliffs; yet even here the shrill sound of the railroad whistle reaches us. The sun shines, and the sea gives back the beam. The wind is all but still; hardly does the breeze ripple the sea, so perfect

is the calm. The skiffs lie motionless on the waters, and the sails of the windmills on the distant hills lazily turn round. We have seated ourselves on the shadowy side of a high furze-bush, rich with green spiky leaves (if leaves they may be called), and gorgeous with shining yellow flowers. But think not that we are alone; the bee visits the bush: a bright green caterpillar is even now crawling up the stem of a fern, and a spider hath woven her web across a dark opening into the recesses of the furze-bush. Bee, winging thy way from flower to flower, thou settest before us the advantage of industry; caterpillar, crawling up the fern stem, thou teachest us a lesson of perseverance; and spider, watching for thy prey, thou movest us to practise patience. We are all fellow-creatures, made by the same Almighty Hand. How varied is the animated creation of our great Creator. From the whale in the great deeps, to the minnow in the shallows; from the elephant to the ant; the eagle to the humming-bird;

From favour'd man, the chiefest of them all,  
To the poor spider creeping on the wall.

We are wandering across the fields to a distant cliff; but the sky has become suddenly obscured. The storm is abroad, with its brooding wings. Still more forebodingly alarming is the lowering aspect of the darkened heavens. The cattle and sheep are grouping themselves together beneath the hedgerows, in meek and mute submission to the anticipated visitation now near at hand. Yet blacker frown the burdened clouds, and the glory opening in the sultry south is ominous. We have taken shelter in the skirts of a wood from the coming tempest. A fearful flash has launched athwart the sky. Hark! What a crash! It is as if a load of granite-stones was rattling down a rocky precipice. How arresting is the forky lightning! How awful the roar of Heaven's artillery! The big heavy drops have fallen, and now comes down the descending flood. The earth and sky and the face of the great deep are darkened. The Lord is making the clouds his chariot; he is walking on the wings of the wind. "Thou art the God that doest wonders.—The clouds poured out water; the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven; the lightnings lightened the world.—Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the

great waters, and thy footsteps are not known," *Psa. lxxvii. 14, 17—19.*

We gaze with wonder when His storms appear,  
With holy reverence, and with godly fear.

We are groping our way in the cavern scooped out of the high hill above the cliffs. Damp and dark places are these, though now lighted up with tapers. The sand on which we tread is deep, and impedes our progress, and the descending roofs and low-browed arches seem to bar our passage. A spirit of enterprise and a love of achievement, however, lead us on. As we creep through the low and narrow galleries, we liken ourselves to Belzoni in the mummy-pits of Gournou. How the damp air clings to the skin, making it cold and clammy! Such dreary dens are difficult to explore; no wonder that the desolate of the earth should have flown to them for refuge. When the Philistines gathered their thirty thousand chariots to fight, the people of Israel "hid themselves in caves and rocks." David, also, in his extremity, escaped "to the cave of Adullam." A hundred prophets of the Lord were hidden by Obadiah, "fifty in a cave, and fed with bread and water;" and they "of whom the world was not worthy, wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." The high and holy One is on the heights, and in the depths, and his almighty name is written in all places:

On ridgy cliff, in cavern, grove, and grot;  
And heedless must he be who reads it not.

We are looking down from the furzy heights upon a churchyard. The oriel window is towards us, and the heavy old tower stands to the west. The red-tiled roof when new must have been anything but agreeable to the eye; but weather-stained and sobered by time, it now blends not inharmoniously with the old moss-grown stones. In that temple we have worshipped and bowed down, and knelt before the Lord our Maker; and there have we heard faithfully proclaimed the gospel of Jesus Christ. The tombstones in the graveyard are numerous. How many roamers of the cliffs have at last laid down on that bed of death! The remark should come home to our own hearts. We read on one of the graven tablets below, the Scriptural text,—*"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."* In the Lord; then, Let us die, should be the desire of every living soul.

Soon will the followers of the Redeemer enter into their eternal rest. May the choir of heaven be abundantly increased :

The Saviour's praise from countless millions rise,  
And endless hallelujahs rend the skies !

G. M.

#### A CHAPTER ON PERSEVERANCE.

Do not say you cannot do it,  
For you can !  
Up ! a battle is before you ;  
Play the man.  
You ought to win the victory,  
And you may ;  
For wherever there's a will  
There's a way !

READER, are you faint-hearted or weary in any good work having either your own advancement, the welfare of your fellow-men, or the glory of God in view, read over again the spirited lines that form our opening motto, and take courage. You know not what, by God's blessing, you can accomplish until you have made the attempt. Nor, perseveringly carried out, can you tell to what mighty results the smallest beginnings may lead. It is often owing to a desire of the mind to excuse itself from active exertion that we are so apt to suppose that distinguished success in any object of pursuit is only attainable by men of extraordinary ability, forgetting that, although some illustrious characters, by the transcendent force of their genius, have far outshone all their competitors, yet experience proves that success in general is not so much the product of great powers as it is of the industrious, steady, persevering use of moderate endowments.

There are circumstances, doubtless, in which some men may be so placed as to possess peculiar opportunities of success, while others, not one whit their inferiors, are doomed through life to one long and continuous struggle. This, however, should be no real discouragement ; for it is in the power of every man to adorn that particular station in which he moves, and that particular calling on which he has bent his energies, and to achieve excellence in it, be it as humble as it may.

The following examples of the fruits of perseverance in men who have rendered themselves illustrious in their respective departments, although "familiar in our mouths as household words," will perhaps be useful to some reader fainting under difficulties, while they illustrate the principle that wherever distinguished results in any calling have been attained,

there we can trace the golden thread of perseverance binding, as it were, all the man's energies together in one particular pursuit, and enabling him to fight the battle of progress step by step, and at last to win the victory. To this great quality it is, in short, that the humble artisan and the extensive trader, the navigator and the philanthropist, the man of science and the man of letters, are all indebted for their advancement ; nay, higher than this, "perseverance unto the end" must be the Christian's watchword in the high vocation whereunto he has by grace been called.

To commence, then, our list of illustrations. Had Columbus not concentrated all his energies, he could never have overcome the obstacles to his voyage of discovery ; and, had he abandoned it at the threatened mutiny of his men, when almost within sight of the goal, he would have lost the honour of being the discoverer of a new continent. Had John Bunyan not been steadfast in his Master's service, there was no reason why he should have remained a prisoner in the jail of Bedford ; but he did persevere, and, in the intervals of time spent in tagging stay-laces, which his blind daughter knitted, and his wife sold in the streets, he wrote his immortal book, which, surviving the dynasty under which he suffered, has lived on, and will continue to live on in affectionate remembrance, while pilgrims wander in this lower world. Had John Howard been easily turned aside from his circumnavigation of charity, the malice of his enemies and the lamentable idiocy of his son were enough to deter him ; but, having his heart in his work, he steadily went forward, leaving a name behind him of which even the rude inhabitants of Tartary boast as they point out his grave, and bequeathing to the world an undying example. Had James Watt not possessed a mind bent on progress, he might have lived and died a mathematical instrument-maker in Finch-lane, Cornhill,\* and the small, imperfect steam engine of Newcomen's, sent him in the course of business for repair, being rectified, might have been returned to its owner without another thought, instead of communicating, as it did, the germ of those ideas which, perseveringly carried out, have raised him to the loftiest pinnacle of eminence as the parent of that mighty power which is revolutionizing the globe.

\* It was there he served his apprenticeship.



Had William Hutton not been a man perseveringly refusing to yield to the current, eight of the first years of his life passed in rags, misery, and famine,—almost daily cuffed, kicked, and buffeted,—were surely enough to have carried along the stream a spirit ordinarily determined, instead of producing, as they did, those fruits of patient forbearance and self-dependence which elevated him to an honourable position in the town which he first entered, a stranger and unfriended. Had Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, and their noble band of coadjutors, not been men of undaunted zeal and unwavering purpose of character, as well as men of ardent piety, the second reformation—more glorious in some respects than the first, inasmuch as it aimed at the heart, while its predecessor, in too many instances, and in too great a manner, attacked the form rather than the spirit—would never have hailed them as its authors.

As one of many living instances, we may add (without expressing, however, an approval of all his opinions), had not Elihu Burritt, the American blacksmith, possessed a determined thirst for knowledge, the daily compulsion to toil at the anvil was quite enough to have occupied his life, without begetting in his breast those loftier aspirations which, in addition to other qualifications, in the words of one of the presidents of the United States, have made him the master of "fifty languages."

These are great examples of what perseverance can accomplish. The men we have named were thoroughly in earnest in their respective callings (though in some cases, unhappily, their objects of pursuit had reference only to the affairs of time), and so may we be in ours, however far removed either from their elevated position or pursuits. They had lofty ends in view, and attained the summit of their hopes. We may often fall short in very inferior aims, yet, notwithstanding the disappointment, the collateral advantages arising from the exertion will be more than an abundant recompense. They pursued one particular thing, making it the business of their lives. We also, to do anything well, must bear in mind that it is a matter of necessity that the mind be entirely concentrated on the object. The rule of success is—"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Happy shall we be if this maxim is

carried into the affairs of the soul, and if, from the examples of energy presented to the reader, he is led to use greater diligence and earnestness in what belongs to his eternal welfare.

Few examples of perseverance in humble life have gratified our own mind more than some facts recently communicated to us by a friend respecting an Irish schoolmaster. Their authenticity may be relied on. It is not generally known that a great thirst for learning exists among many of the Irish, and that the village schoolmaster is often, although in tatters, a really well-informed, and, indeed, erudite man. Such was our hero, whom we shall call Terry Moore. Terry was a sincere, warm-hearted Christian, and anxious to do his utmost to dissipate the prejudices of Roman error in which his countrymen were enveloped. His way of proceeding was original. Going to the cottages of the peasantry, his offer was—"If you will give Terry his potatoes and buttermilk, he will give you learning." The offer was in most cases thankfully accepted. Tenders of money by way of remuneration were invariably declined by Terry, although frequently made by those whom he had taught to read. "If I were to do it for money," he used to say, "they would think that I did it to please myself, when I want to do it from love to Christ." One favour, in addition to his simple fare, only would he take; that was, that the parties should learn for him a chapter in the Bible. Committed to memory, he knew that its precious truths would be beyond the power of the priests. Thus did Terry wander over a large circle, doing good in a way that was most effectual, although entirely original. "But how," said our informant, when Terry was on a visit to London, "how did you procure money to buy books for them, or pens and paper for them to learn writing by?" "Your honour," he replied, "I taught them to read and write without either books, or pens, or paper." "Why, how could that be, in the nature of things?" said the astonished querist. "I took them," said Terry, "into the churchyard, and taught them their letters from those on the tombstones, and showed them to write by means of a piece of chalk on the other side of the tombstone." This, we think, will fairly match with any example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

When in London, Terry was noticed to go out every morning at five o'clock.

It was ascertained that he met some Irish labourers for an hour, and taught them—what do our readers suppose?—actually mathematics! “It learns them to *think*, sir,” was Terry’s reason. The labourers offered him money, but, as usual, he declined it. “Will you give me the sort of payment I want?” he asked. “Yes, sure,” was the reply. “Then learn me,” said Terry, “the eighth chapter of *Romans*!”—which was done. This was the only pay he would ever accept.

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AN ORNITHOLOGICAL NOVELTY.

IN a previous paper, entitled “Gigantic Eggs from Madagascar,” we mentioned that the unexpected discovery has been made of a living bird, the semi-fossil relics of which, among others, from New Zealand, have been accurately characterized by professor Owen. To this bird he gave the name of *notornis Mantelli*. We can hardly suppose that many living examples of this bird still exist; and the period of its utter extirpation is, we fear, not very distant.

The specimen of *notornis* now in Dr. Mantell’s collection, is the only one that has yet been seen, and all our information respecting it is comprised in the following interesting account communicated by that distinguished man of science to the Zoological Society of London, and published in their “Proceedings” for 1850. We may add that the specimen was procured by Mr. Walter Mantell, the son of Dr. Mantell. The account is as follows:—“This bird was taken by some sealers who were pursuing their avocations in Dusky Bay. Perceiving the trail of a large and unknown bird on the snow, with which the ground was then covered, they followed the footprints till they obtained a sight of the *notornis*, which their dogs instantly pursued, and after a long chase, caught alive in the gully of a sound beyond Resolution Island. It ran with great speed, and upon being captured, uttered loud screams, and fought and struggled violently. It was kept alive three or four days on board the schooner, and then killed, and the body roasted and ate by the crew, each partaking of the dainty, which was declared to be delicious.—(Alas, that such a fate should overtake such a bird!) My son fortunately secured the skin.

“Mr. Walter Mantell states that, ac-

cording to the native traditions, a large rail formed a principal article of food among their ancestors. It was known to the North Islanders by the name of *moho*, and to the South Islanders by that of *takahé*; but the bird was considered both by natives and Europeans to have been long since exterminated by the wild cats and dogs (introduced animals), not an individual having been seen or heard of since the arrival of the English colonists. That intelligent observer, the rev. Richard Taylor, who has so long resided in the islands, had never heard of a bird of this kind having been seen. In his ‘Leaf from the Natural History of New Zealand,’ under the head of *moho*, is the following note, ‘*Rail*, colour black, said to be a wingless bird, as large as a fowl, with red beak and legs; it is nearly exterminated by the cat; its cry was *keo-keo*.’ The inaccuracy and vagueness of this description prove it to be from native report, and not from actual observation. To the natives of the paha, or villages, on the homeward route, and at Wellington, the bird was a perfect novelty, and excited much interest. I may add, that upon comparing the head of the bird with the fossil cranium and mandibles, and the figures and descriptions in the Zoological Transactions, my son was at once convinced of their identity; and so delighted was he by the discovery of a living example of one of the supposed extinct contemporaries of the moa, that he immediately wrote to me, and mentioned that the skull and beaks were alike in the recent and fossil specimens; and that the abbreviated and feeble development of the wings, both in their bones and plumage, were in perfect accordance with the indications afforded by the fossil humerus and sternum found by him at Waingongoro (and now in the British Museum), as pointed out by professor Owen in the memoir above referred to.

“In concluding this brief narrative of the discovery of a living example of a genus of birds, once contemporary with the colossal moa, and hitherto only known by its fossil remains, I beg to remark that this highly interesting fact tends to confirm the conclusions expressed in my communications to the Zoological Society, namely, that the *dinornis* and *palapteryx*, and related forms, were coeval with some of the existing birds peculiar to New Zealand, and that their final extinction took place

at no very distant period, and long after the advent of the aboriginal maories."

Mr. Gould, who has given a magnificent figure of this bird ("Birds of Australia") enters into some details relative to its natural affinities in the group of rails to which it belongs. He then draws the following summary relative to its habits and economy: "It is doubtless of a recluse and shy disposition, and being deprived by the feeble structure of its wing of the power of flight, it is compelled to depend upon its swiftness of foot for the means of evading its natural enemies. A person may be in its vicinity for weeks without ever catching a glimpse of it.

"From the thickness of its plumage, and the great length of its back feathers, we may infer that it affects low and humid situations, marshes, the banks of rivers, and the covert of dripping ferns, so abundant in its native country. Like *porphyrio* (the purple gallinula), it doubtless enjoys the power of swimming, but would seem, from the structure of its legs, to be more terrestrial in its habits than the members of that genus."

The colouring of this rare bird is extremely rich and beautiful. The head, neck, breast, upper part of the abdomen, and flanks, are purplish blue. The back, upper tail-coverts, lesser wing-coverts, and tertiaries are dark olive green, tipped with verditer green. At the nape of the neck, a band of rich blue separates the purplish blue of the neck from the green of the body. The wings are rich deep blue, the greater coverts being tipped with verditer green, which forms crescentic bands when the trifling wing is expanded. The tail is dark green, the under tail-coverts are of a pure white; the lower part of the abdomen and the thighs are dull bluish black. Total length of the bird twenty-six inches. Bill and feet bright red. The discovery of this bird cannot fail to give to those interested in zoology, and enjoying the opportunities required for research in New Zealand, an impetus which may lead to other surprising and unexpected results. We cannot, especially now that the notornis proves to be extant, assert as a positive fact, [that all the other species, hitherto known only by their semifossil relics, have been exterminated. One or two species may yet survive in remote solitudes; and other wingless birds, as yet altogether unknown, may be brought to light, to the

delight of the philosophical student of the works of creation, wherein the power and wisdom of God are so manifestly set forth.

M.

#### A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD DISCIPLE.

Acts xxi. 16.

"The hoary head," says Solomon, "is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness;" as if the inspired penman had said, See yonder gray-headed pilgrim! Firm and intrepid he stands, though frosted is his brow, and on his venerable forehead are traced full many a wrinkle, while the deep lines of age have somewhat despoiled the once more regular features, and the more polished temples. His shoulders are rounded by the labours and cares of time; the sheen of his youth is clean gone, and in its stead has gathered the rust of his last days; yet, surviving all these dilapidations of the outer man, may be seen that spirit which "the inspiration of the Almighty" hath kindled, visibly "renewed day by day." In his integrity he stands forth, strong and unshaken, like the solid rock which the lashing waves of ocean leave but the harder and the whiter!

Who would not aspire to the honour of "an old disciple," whether we look at him merely as a man among his species, or in the higher character of a follower of Christ? If poverty threaten him, he reads in his Bible—"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." If friends forsake, he turns again to his Bible, and he reads—"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." If he be defamed, he still turns to the same volume, and finds the sweet text—"He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon day." If his children are disobedient and unholy, he still has recourse to the same channel of comfort, and reads there—"Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow." In all circumstances of need, he resorts to his watch-tower. There, unseen it may be of men, but observed by his almighty Friend, clad in the gospel panoply, he looks stedfastly on, and, unintimidated while he sees the enemy approaching, trium-

phant in faith, he exclaims—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Yes, amidst all that is adverse, he keeps his eye steadily fixed on his Saviour, assured that he cannot sink with such a Friend. Such is the faith of "an old disciple." He often has troubles; his case, indeed, at times may appear *perilous*; but there is always furnished to him a port in the storm: "The Lord delivereth him out of them all."

As when, at length, the last, *last* anchor's chain  
Has loosed its hold, and left the shatter'd bark  
Drifting along, a prey to furious waves,  
In the far offing, faintly, is descried,  
Where sky and water meet, a little speck  
Dancing in fitful sunbeam's silvery light,  
Which proves a sail; and forthwith there is  
    raised,  
With breathless haste, the signal of distress,  
Which, being answer'd, saves the crew from  
    death:  
So, when each earthly tie has left the *soul*  
All but a wreck, on life's disastrous tide;  
The Christian sees, by faith's unerring light,  
That pilot vessel, whose strong anchor lives,  
Whatever be the tumult of the waves:  
The Captain of salvation guides *his* course;  
And though on deck is sometimes heard the cry,  
"Lord save; we perish;" soon the shivering  
    bark,  
With tatter'd sails, and worsted by the storm,  
Glides smoothly on again; till safely reach'd  
The haven of its *everlasting* rest!

But "an old disciple," practically exhibited, will perhaps be better estimated by our readers: the details of the following narrative cannot fail, we think, to verify the statement which we are anxious to establish.

Ellen Stanley was a pious woman, in very humble circumstances; her testimony, therefore, will be the more striking, and the more to be relied on, since it is comparatively easy to trust God in the *sunshine*; adversity only can *fully* test the sincerity and the strength of our faith. We shall see how far the faith of Ellen Stanley verified God's promise—"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

"The Lord will provide," said this excellent woman to her granddaughter, a girl over whose brow fourteen summer suns had scarcely shone; "yes, the Lord will provide," said Ellen, as she took from a little bag a piece of tattered brown paper, in which was deposited a small piece of money, and put it into the child's hand, accompanied with many a caution not to lose it, as it was her *last*.

So touching were the accents in which these words were pronounced, that the bare tone drew from Mary's eyes a flood of tears, which rapidly chased each other down her flushed cheeks.

"Grandmother," at length sighed the child, "have you no more money anywhere? None in the bank?—none in the world?"

"None, 'my Mary,'" replied Ellen Stanley.

"What will become of us, then?" asked the child, with a fresh burst of tears. "You are ill, and cannot work, and I cannot leave you by yourself; what shall we do?—what *shall* we do?" cried the child, wringing her hands with sorrow.

When the old woman could command sufficient calmness—for she too was weeping—she repeated in a more confident tone—"Mary, the Lord will provide;" and thus assured, Ellen proceeded to describe to her little granddaughter what made her so hopeful in such apparently forlorn and helpless circumstances.

"Do you remember, Mary," said Ellen, "in that holy, happy-making book which you so often read out to me, the account of Abraham and his son, whom God commanded him to offer in sacrifice as a test of his faith?"

"Yes," said Mary, her eye flashing with an intelligent expression, as if she more than half anticipated its application to the faith of her grandmother; "shall I get the Bible and read it?"

"Do, my love," said the sick woman; "it will do us both good, I hope."

Mary fetched the Bible,—a large folio volume, which looked as if it had been the companion and support of mothers and grandmothers for a series of generations. It was carefully covered with green baize, which was strongly sewed withinside the covers, as if to preserve it from the admission of a single atom of dust, although its age-loosened covers were only thus saved from coming apart from the inner portion of the sacred book. Mary laid it carefully on the little table which always stood by the bed-side, and, turning to the twenty-second chapter of Genesis, read aloud that exquisite memorial of Abraham's faith therein recorded.

After perusing this beautiful and graphic description of the faith of "an old disciple"—for the patriarch was at the period referred to well stricken in years—Mary became no less trustful than her grandmother, to whom she now readily responded—"Yes, the Lord will provide."

Mary prepared herself to go out, and putting on her bonnet and shawl, hastened down-stairs with joy, taking the little basket on her arm in which she

was accustomed to bring home the sundry articles necessary for the poor sick woman. With these she more speedily than usual returned, her face wearing a smile, and a cheerfulness of manner never before observed in all her wonted services.

During Mary's short absence, the kind mistress of Ellen Stanley, whom she had served faithfully in her younger years, having heard, apparently by chance, of the sickness and poverty of her old servant, had sent her a five-pound note. When Mary, on her return, entered the room, she found her grandmother in prayer, and, observing a letter lying open by her side, she concluded that its contents might be engaging her thoughts—she therefore remained silent until her grandmother looked up. With a countenance expressive of more than ordinary sweetness and satisfaction, she thus addressed Mary—"I told you, my child, that the Lord would provide, did I not? Read this letter."

Mary took the letter, and read as follows:

"Dear Ellen,—“Until this moment, I was quite ignorant of your present necessities, and hasten at once to relieve them. I cannot, however, forbear one word of censure. Why did you not inform me of your indisposition and additional wants? I inclose five pounds for present help, and hope you will let me know should you require further assistance.

"Your sincere friend and attached mistress,  
"ELIZABETH BURTON.

"P.S. Please to send your little granddaughter occasionally to tell me how you are."

It would be difficult to say which was the greater—Ellen's thankfulness or Mary's surprise. The feeling of the latter had been mere hope—that of the former had been confident expectation. At the evening altar was mutually expressed their thankfulness to God for this signal favour, which, we have no doubt, rose up to Him as sweet incense from the golden censer of our Great High Priest, Jesus Christ, through whom daily, for a long course of years, had been presented her petitions at the throne of grace and mercy. Such is the Christian's constant experience who puts his *whole* trust and confidence in God.

The impression of this providential deliverance, however, did not end here. Some months rolled on, and Ellen Stanley

observed a material change in the habits of her granddaughter. Mary regularly observed morning and evening devotional exercises, in her own little chamber; and not unfrequently in the middle of the day, if her grandmother slept, would she read the Scriptures to herself, instead of other works which she had been accustomed to peruse. There were many other marks besides these, which, from time to time, showed themselves, which clearly demonstrated that the grace of God had *indeed* touched Mary's heart. She would now, in all critical circumstances, instead of weeping and fearing the issue, say—"Grandmother, let us put our case before God, who has *been* our help, and who has said, 'for all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.'" Mary's conversion to God was, ere long, unequivocally manifested and openly declared. Having first given herself to God, she then united herself to his people; ultimately became a member of a Christian society, and gave full evidence of her sincerity by those effects which invariably accompany a change of heart,—sorrow for sin; faith in Christ, as our all-atoning sacrifice; desire after holiness; and a consistent walk and conversation. Her grandmother had unspeakable satisfaction and comfort in the belief that her instruction, example, and prayers, and especially the providential interposition which we have recorded, had been blessed by God to this end. Mary continued to nurse poor Ellen to the close of her life; she, indeed, was the only earthly staff of her old age, but on it she leaned till it was exchanged for that which supported her through the valley of the shadow of death. She died, repeating the memorable words of the proto-martyr Stephen—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

This simple passage in the experience of an aged Christian may, perhaps, cheer some believer to trust God in the midst of difficulties, assured that man's extremity is God's opportunity. S. S. S.

CHURLISHNESS ; OR, HALLERTON COURT.

HALLERTON COURT, no longer now in existence, was one of the many old houses scattered about the country, once tenanted by high families, but afterwards inhabited by substantial farmers. In these old mansions, there is oftentimes a

strange admixture of furniture antique and costly with that which is modern and plain. It was so at Hallerton Court, where the gloomy grandeur of the drawing-room, with its high carved chimney-piece, tapestry, decayed family portraits, and tall straight-backed chairs, formed a strong contrast with the more modern, and more cheerful apartments usually occupied by the inmates of the place.

There was a cold and grim solemnity about the old weather-stained building, that was increased externally by its forlorn-looking, grass-grown court-yard; and internally by its large, damp hall, and shadowy staircase of dark oak, with here and there an uncouth carved figure grinning hideously from the end of a beam, or the summit of a gloomy arch. In the mid-day light, it was far from being cheerful, but in the twilight, when fearful fancy

Gave motion to the figures on the arras,  
And call'd the warriors from their oaken frame,  
To stalk about the hall,

Hallerton Court was at best but a dismal dwelling. Some parts of the mansion had been taken down, indeed it was not much more than half its original size. The sculptured falcons were still left standing on the angles of the high wall, and the mutilated stone bear and ragged staff still ornamented the court-yard gate.

The last inhabitant of Hallerton Court was a farmer of considerable property, but certainly one of the most churlish of mankind. Whether the hands of others were against him or not, his hand and heart seemed against everybody. It was a common thing, when the bear of Hallerton Court was spoken of, for the question to be put in reply, with a significant smile, "Which of them?" As though the inquirer wished to know whether the stone figure over the gate was intended, or the owner of the mansion.

Oh, what a sweetener of domestic life is kindness, and what a poisoner of peace is habitual churlishness! What a different world would this be, in the midst of its cares, if we all took heed to the words of the apostle, "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise, blessing,"

1 Pet. iii. 8, 9.

Michael Grice, of Hallerton Court,

was a tall ungainly-looking man, with one shoulder somewhat higher than the other. His eye was restless, his mouth drawn down at the ends towards his chin, and his whole countenance indicative of peevishness, care, mistrust, and churlishness. Truly, his was a most unamiable disposition, so that some people likened him to an old crab-tree, crooked, and covered with moss. It might be supposed that such a man would be shunned and left to himself, and so he would have been had he possessed no other attractions than his own; but many are sought not for what they are, but for what they have. Michael had wealth, an amiable wife, a right-minded son, and a lovely daughter; for these, then, his churlishness was in a degree borne with. So forbidding was Michael Grice, and so attractive his daughter, that a free-spoken neighbour usually called them "Beauty and the Beast."

Some men of unsocial qualities are manageable. They have friends who possess an influence over them, or they have their kindly moods in which some satisfaction is made for their habitual churlishness. Michael Grice, however, was not a man of this description, for he seemed to be essentially set against the world. No intimate friend moved him to social habits, and no visible moments of compunction inclined him to the practice of kindness. What a shadow-caster, what a thistle-sower, what an unlovely character is a churlish man! And how directly is he opposed to the precepts of Holy Writ, "Put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts," Col. iii. 12—15.

Churlishness is bad both in principle and in policy; for not only is it contrary to the admonitions of the Sacred Scriptures, which bid us "be courteous," but it makes enemies of those who would otherwise be friends. It is, too, as unjust as it is ungenerous; for it brings down on others the evil consequences of its own errors. This was the case to a great degree at Hallerton Court. Mrs. Grice, with her son and daughter, were to a great degree cut off from those

attentions which, but for the absolute hoggishness of Mr. Grice, their good qualities would not have failed to secure.

Few were the visitors at Hallerton Court, and these few were not received with that warmth and friendliness which render a visit truly agreeable. When the head of a family is forbidding, it throws a restraint on all around :

A welcome should suddenly start  
With emotions of joy and surprise;  
Exultingly rush from the heart,  
And escape with the beams of the eyes.

But such a welcome no one ever received from Michael Grice. The open-hearted hospitalities of life have a reaction on him who practises them. The giver and the receiver are alike benefited.

There is no human being, however unlovely, who is altogether devoid of feeling, and Michael Grice, though he had so little sympathy for those around him, had some affection for a savage pointer dog, which usually was at his heels. Woe betide all who by design or accident ruffled the temper of this pointer dog.

The habitual churlishness of Michael Grice was as a continual cloud over his habitation, and scenes such as the following were of daily occurrence at Hallerton Court. Mrs. Grice, aware that their new neighbours, the Collinses, had arrived at the grange, wished to pay them the friendly civility of a call, but when she and her daughter were ready to go, the following conversation took place between her and Mr. Grice :

"We shall not be absent long, love, but Ellen is going to make a call with me on Mrs. Collins."

"Ellen is going to do no such thing."

"Why not, Mr. Grice?"

"Don't Mr. Grice me. I tell you that she is not going, and that is enough. I will have nothing to do with the Collinses."

"But, my love, they are highly respectable people, and it will appear very strange not to call upon them."

"Now you are beginning with that long tongue of yours; but once for all, neither you nor Ellen shall go."

Mrs. Grice, seeing the uselessness of opposition, gave way, and made no call at the grange. The Collinses considered themselves slighted, and the inmates of Hallerton Court obtained the unenviable credit of being ill-behaved and unneighbourly people.

Mr. Grice's savage dog having met a

little cottage girl in the pathway through the wood, and sadly bitten the poor child, and torn her clothes, her father went up to Hallerton Court to speak about it.

"Sorry to complain, sir," said he, "but I wish you would be so good as to have that savage dog of yours tied up, for he has bitten my daughter badly in three places, and pulled the clothes off her back. I wish you would be so good as to have the vicious toad tied up."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. If you can't take care of your daughter, I can take care of my dog, and I am not going to tie him up to please you nor anybody else."

"But, sir, begging your pardon, is it a right thing to let such a spiteful creature run about the neighbourhood, worrying helpless children?"

"Whether it be a right thing or wrong, I shall do what I like with my own dog. Go home again, and tell your hussy of a daughter, when next she meets my dog not to provoke him, as I dare say she did."

The poor man went away complaining to his neighbours how uncivilly he had been used at Hallerton Court, and describing Mr. Grice as a hard-hearted man, which character he well deserves. Whoever he may be who is "gentle" in his demeanour, "showing meekness unto all men," that man is not Michael Grice!

A party of strangers being in the neighbourhood, one of them, a well-behaved gentlemanly man, called at Hallerton Court, to request permission to take a glance at the old house, and particularly at the old tapestry. Mr. Grice met him in the courtyard, and the following dialogue took place :

"May I, sir, request the favour for myself and friends to be allowed a glance at your old tapestry, which I understand is peculiar of its kind. May we be permitted to see the old house?"

"My house is not a show; nor do I mean it to be made a show of. I never ask other people to show me their houses, why, then, should they want to see mine?"

"I am sorry in having obtruded in a way that is unpleasant to you, and apologize for having done so; but one of our lady friends being much interested in old tapestry, I was anxious to secure her the gratification."

"May be so; but for all that, my house is not a puppet-show."

The gentleman courteously retired, not

a little mortified to report to his friends the unsuccessful result of his mission; and as the party moved away, one of them was heard to exclaim, "Say what you will of 'Ursa Major,' but the 'great bear,' after all, is the bear of Hallerton Court."

A poor man, an inhabitant of the parish, whose cottage had been burned down by an accidental fire, was constrained to seek a little help from his richer neighbours. He called on Mr. Grice: "A thousand pardons, sir, in being so bold, but some of my neighbours have been very kind to me in my misfortunes, and I thought, mayhap, you might add a trifle to what they have done for me."

"I shall do no such thing. If my house were burned down, nobody would help me to build it up again. You should have taken better care of your cottage. I can put my money to a better use than that of giving it to you."

Thus repulsed, the half broken-spirited cottager took his leave, muttering to himself as he went along, that he would rather be what he was, in all his poverty, than the hard-hearted owner of Hallerton Court.

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother: but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth.—Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: . . . for the poor shall never cease out of the land," Deut. xv. 7, 8, 10, 11.

Hallerton Court might have been a cheerful abode, and its inmates the partakers of peace and joy; but churlishness flung a cloud over the place and the people. How beautiful is the precept, and how excellent is the practice of the apostle's exhortation, "By love serve one another," Gal. v. 13.

It is well for the world that such unmitigated specimens of churlishness, as the one set forth in this sketch of Michael Grice are very rare; but if there are few who are equally churlish in their thoughts, their words, and their deeds with the occupier of Hallerton Court, there are very many who are sufficiently churlish and hardhearted to spread discord where love ought to reign. Dependent as we all are, more or less, on those

around us for the comfort of every hour, we are bound to contribute to the general hoard of happiness as liberally as we can. Would that we were more "kindly affectioned," for this would remove many a brier from the paths of others, and scatter roses in our own:

Oh, would that all who breathe were prompt to  
prove  
Their meekness, mercy, tenderness, and love;  
With kindly deeds each kindred heart to bind,  
And banish churlishness from all mankind.

#### THE MOHAMMED OF MODERN TIMES.

JOSEPH SMITH, the founder of Mormonism, was born in the state of Vermont, United States, in the year 1805; and though an illiterate man, who could scarcely read and write, was possessed of great talents, which he afterwards used for the most injurious purposes. The whole family to which he belonged were loose and unsettled, incapable of industrious application, and seeking their livelihood by digging for treasures supposed to be deposited in the earth by the ancient buccaneers. In these exploits Smith distinguished himself as a clairvoyant. Putting a certain stone, to which he attached much value, into his hat, and then hiding his head in it, he professed to be able to point out the quarters in which the search of his friends would be most successful. But as deception is suggestive and accumulative, Joseph Smith advanced from one lie to another. He pretended to receive visions from heaven, and though not yet fourteen years old, he found those who were ready to give credence to his tale. These visions, however, did not alter the course of his life, which was at this time, according to the admissions of his own people, vain and abandoned. He pretended to have been Divinely told that the American Indians were descendants of the ancient Israel—the colour of their skins having been miraculously changed in punishment for their transgressions; that they had emigrated to America at an early period of the world's history; that their records were Divinely preserved, and constituted a book of revelation from God; and that he himself, if found faithful, should be employed to exhibit these records to the world. In process of time, another revelation, he declared, told him where this sacred book was deposited, and Joseph Smith communicated the information he had received to his father and brothers,



The father insisted that they should immediately go to the indicated spot, and satisfy themselves of the existence of this extraordinary volume. The family went accordingly, and dug up the ground with implements provided for the purpose. But when a chest had just met their view, it was supernaturally removed out of their sight. Again they disinterred it; but amidst thunder and lightning the same process was repeated, and they fled in terror to their home. Joseph alone remained behind them. As he was slowly returning to his house, he encountered a dreadful vision of an angel, who in a fearful voice spoke to him, whilst lightning was flashing around, upbraiding him for the disobedience of which he had been guilty, in communicating the dreadful secret. He was afterwards sent alone to the spot, and commanded to take the chest, and to bury it under his hearthstone, but forbidden to investigate its contents. Together with the book, he professed to have found two stones, designated in his first narratives a pair of spectacles, but afterwards termed "the Urim and Thummim"—"two transparent stones set in the two rims of a bow," which were to enable him to decipher these wonderful records. Dr. Authon, of whom we shall speak hereafter, relates:—"The way that Smith made his translations and transcripts was the following: Although in the same room, a thick curtain or blanket was suspended, and Smith, concealed behind the blanket, pretended to look through his spectacles or transparent stones, and would then write down or repeat what he saw, which, when repeated aloud, was written down." The severest judgments were denounced against the scribe, if he should presume to draw near to, or even to look upon Smith, whilst thus dictating. One Sidney Rigdon was largely engaged in this work of transcription; and at length under these auspices, what is called "The Book of Mormon" was brought forth to the world as a new revelation. It professes to have been found written on golden plates, in a mysterious character, which only Smith himself was able to read, and he simply by a supernatural impulse. Its contents relate to different periods, and contain fifteen books, the productions of as many authors. It comprehends a period of a thousand years, from the time of Zedekiah, king of Judah, down to the year 420.

About the same time, a document was put forth, bearing the names of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, declaring that an angel from heaven had showed them the golden plates, and commanded them to bear witness to J. Smith's testimony. Simultaneously another paper was put forth by eight other witnesses, declaring that they had seen the plates, which bore the appearance of gold, and that they had also seen the engravings upon them. Such, then, is the basis of the Mormon imposture. Joseph Smith, who appears to have had Mohammed in his eye, and to have imitated some of his leading transactions, professes a new revelation; declares that an angel from heaven has directed him to a Divine book, long hidden from the world; supports his declaration by bringing forward three witnesses, who avow they have seen an angel, who corroborates Smith's statements, and eight others who declare that they have seen the golden volume. But it remains invisible to all other eyes, and is, as the Mormonites pretend, divinely shut up from the view of all besides. On this testimony, the Book of Mormon claims to be received as a special revelation from God.

Now the absence of the book itself, it must be obvious, gives the complete lie to the whole transaction. Such a pretence as that of Smith demands the largest proof—the most open publicity. Christianity could say, "These things were not done in a corner." Mormonism, on the contrary, is the most "hole-and-corner device" imaginable. Christianity is, it is true, dependent on testimony, as Mormonism professes to be. But the testimony which supported Christianity was a testimony borne in the most open and the strongest manner. Our Lord had been crucified by the Jews, and buried; his disciples declared him risen again, and asserted that he had so proved his divinity. Not three only, but "above five hundred brethren at once," were ready to prove that they had seen him. The disciples bore this testimony in Jerusalem, before our Lord's very crucifiers, in the most repeated form; and when the production of the body of Jesus would have silenced them at once, such a proof could never be made. Mormonism, on the contrary, produces three witnesses, who bear witness to an appearance which might have been delusive, and if not an invention

altogether, has not strength enough to influence the world in its favour. They say that they have seen the engravings and the plates, and they declare that an angel brought them from heaven. But they do not declare that they saw the angel—only that he came and laid the plates before their eyes. The statement is so loose that one wonders at the amount of credit it has received. There was obviously nothing in Smith's previous character to render it unlikely that he should invent the whole story. All testimonies concur in representing his former life to have been abandoned and dissolute, and his own followers confess that his life was not irreproachable subsequently even to his first revelation. The Mormon writers lay great stress on the unlikeliness of so young a man inventing such a lie; but the improbability is altogether imaginary. The annals of deception furnish many much younger criminals.

If we examine the names of the witnesses, namely, of the three affixed to the first paper, and of the eight subjoined to the second, we shall find that of the first three, one was Smith's amanuensis (Cowdery), one probably either a relative or intimate connexion (Whitmer), and one an amanuensis and a dupe (Harris); and that of the eight others, four were Whitmer's and three Smith's own family. The majority were thus *unprejudiced witnesses* truly! It may be observed respecting Martin Harris, who perhaps was the most honest of the group, that he was evidently one of the weakest of men. "A gentleman of Palmyra, bred to the law, a professor of religion, and of undoubted veracity," is reported, on good authority, to have "appealed to Harris, and to have asked him directly, 'Did you see those plates?' Harris replied he did. 'Did you see the plates and the engravings on them with your bodily eyes?' Harris replied, 'Yes, I saw them with my eyes; they were shown me by the power of God, and not of man.' 'But did you see them with your natural, your bodily eyes, just as you see this pencil-case in my hand? Now, say yes or no to this?' Harris replied, 'Why, I did not see them as I do that pencil-case, yet I saw them with the eye of faith; I saw them just as distinctly as I see anything around me, *though at the time they were covered over with a cloth.*" At the time the pretended finding of these books took place, this man applied to professor

Authon, a man of large reputation as a scholar, informing him that "a gold book, consisting of a number of plates fastened together by wires of the same material, had been dug up in the northern part of the state of New York, and along with it an enormous pair of spectacles. These spectacles were so large that if any person attempted to look through them, his two eyes would look through one glass only. . . . 'Whoever,' he said, 'examined the plates through the glasses was enabled not only to read them, but fully to understand their meaning.'" Harris, moreover, said, that having been requested to contribute a sum of money for the publication of the said book, he had come to the professor to consult him on the contents of a paper he had brought with him, which professed to be an extract from this mysterious volume. The professor regarded the matter first as a hoax, and then as a cheat. The paper consisted of "all kinds of crooked characters," composed of different ancient alphabets, and ending with "the rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived." Subsequently the professor advised Harris to go to a magistrate, and have the whole affair examined. This he declined to do, stating his conviction that the curse of God would rest upon him if he did so. Such is the testimony of professor Authon. By what means Harris was afterwards induced to affix his name to the paper which professed that he had seen the plates is unknown, but the process taken with so weak a man is not inconceivable.

It may appear strange that an illiterate man like Smith should have been able to invent such a story as that contained in the Book of Mormon. But there are other circumstances which explain the wonder. It appears that, in the year 1809, one Solomon Spaulding, who had been previously a clergyman, set himself to compose a religious tale, based upon the assumed fact that the North American Indians were descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. As he proceeded in his story, he read portions of his manuscript to his neighbours, who became greatly interested in it, especially in that part in which he fictitiously related how he had found an ancient record, imitating the

style of the Old Testament. This volume was afterwards put into the hands of a bookseller for publication, and whilst there, was copied by Sidney Rigdon, who, it is to be observed, was one of the promoters of the Mormon imposture. Spaulding's brother declared that the pretended Scriptures were altogether compiled from his deceased brother's manuscript. The widow of Spaulding bore the same testimony; and it is added that the neighbours to whom the original tale had been read, instantly recognised the production with which they had been heretofore familiar, as incorporated in the Book of Mormon, which came forth from Joseph Smith as a new revelation from heaven. Rigdon denied, indeed, the whole transaction; but in so abusive a style and manner as by no means to add to our conviction of his veracity.

The manner in which this pretended revelation is compiled is extremely clumsy and illiterate. Such phrases as the following are frequent:—"I saith unto them"—"these things had not ought to be"—"ye saith unto him"—"ye are like unto they." The mariner's compass is spoken of as having piloted these ancient Israelites upon their voyage, though well known not to have been applied as a nautical instrument until many ages later than the professed period. The Messiah is called by names not known at all to the ancient Hebrews, and of well-known Greek origin.

The history of Mormonism is, however, very singular, and affords a remarkable proof how persecution may lift into eminence the system against which its attacks are directed. Basing his system on such pretensions as we have detailed, Joseph Smith soon found himself the head of a growing sect. From the 1st of June, 1830, when its numbers were thirty, it advanced like the religion of Mohammed, in regularly increasing development. As it grew, the opposition against it became loud and vehement; and men, disgusted with its pretensions, attacked it with a violence which savoured altogether of this world. Smith travelled about in search of a location for his contemplated settlement, not without some misunderstandings among his own people; but exposed to an incessant fire of persecution from his indignant enemies. A mob dragged him from his bed in a village called Hiram, and violently tarred him and some of his followers. The same mob tracked his

footsteps, caused riots wherever a Mormon settlement was found, sacked the houses of the religionists, and compelled them to emigrate into distant countries. Such proceedings as these, of course, excited sympathy, and furnished undeserved power to the new sect; and though the public authorities reprobated the persecution, it was easily put by the Mormons to the discredit of the old sects. The expatriated people moved into the state of Missouri. Whilst there, the following entry occurs in one of the journals of the elder accompanying the prophet. It will be understood as bearing reference to the meteoric appearances, well known to philosophers as characterizing the month of November, and may be taken as an example of the whole delusion:

"November 13th.—About four o'clock, A.M., I was awakened by brother Davis knocking at my door, and calling on me to arise, and behold the signs in the heavens. I arose, and, to my great joy, beheld the stars fall from heaven like a shower of hailstones—a literal fulfilment of the word of God, as recorded in the Holy Scriptures, as a sure sign that the coming of Christ is close at hand."

In the midst of dangers such as those to which he was exposed, Joseph Smith began to organize his followers into a body-guard, to defend him against his enemies. His brother, Hiram Smith, was nominated captain, and another brother, George Smith, held the office of armour-bearer. Such measures, on Smith's part, provoked corresponding ones on the side of his enemies. An antagonist force was rapidly raised, and one of the leaders of this band swore to destroy Smith and his army. Before he could accomplish this threat, however, the man was drowned in the midst of the Missouri River—an event which Smith did not fail to regard as a just punishment of his foe. Soon after this event, the cholera broke out in the Mormon army. At first, Smith endeavoured to cure it by the power which he supposed to be vested in himself; but he soon learned that the disease was quite beyond his influence, and thirteen of his band were removed by it. About the same time, Smith was accused by some of his own followers of prophesying lies, and appropriating the money of his people. He met the charge boldly, however, and the accuser retracted it.

Joseph Smith is accused of having fled from his debts in Kirtland, where his first

settlement had been, in the middle of the night, leaving his creditors to do as they could. This transaction was followed by a great schism among his people themselves, led on by two of the three who had signed the first paper, testifying to the authenticity of the books of Mormon, in alliance with whom was Sidney Rigdon. But the last was deep in Joseph Smith's secrets, and was soon forgiven. The persecution of the body in the meantime continued. Obstructions being offered to the right of voting in political elections by the enemies of Smith, a regular series of assaults took place, which lasted during several weeks. In the end, an attempt was made to massacre the Mormons.

The Mormons now began to establish themselves in Illinois, where they formed a town, which they called "Nauvoo," or beautiful. Of this town Smith was appointed mayor, and in addition to his titles of prophet and president, was also termed lieutenant-general.

In 1837, Mormonism began first to make head in England, and in that year made many converts among the ignorant and weak-minded, principally in the manufacturing districts. Those who looked to religion for a system of external advantage and polity, saw much in this new system which corresponded with their views. In 1841, Joseph Smith directed, under inspiration, as he termed it, the construction of a magnificent temple at Nauvoo, to which he invited contributions from all quarters. It was well situated, and of large proportions, and a million of dollars were expended upon its construction.

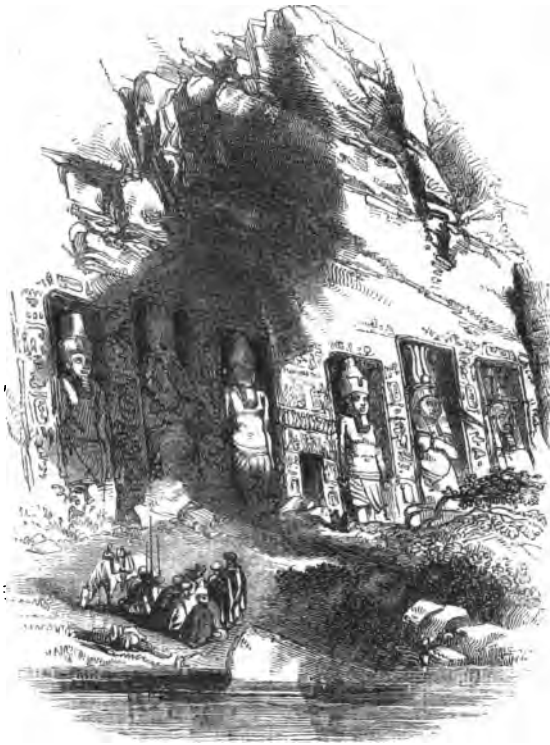
Among other descriptions given at this time of the prophet, is one delivered by a public lecturer, named Newhall, who was present at a review of his army by Smith himself, attended by "six ladies on horseback, who were dressed in black velvet, and wore waving plumes of white feathers, and rode up and down in front of the regiment." The prophet himself is called "very sociable, easy, cheerful, obliging, kind, and very hospitable; in a word, a jolly fellow, and one of the last persons whom he would have supposed God would have raised up as a prophet or priest."

It was about this time that one of the leaders of the Mormonites, Sidney Rigdon, promulgated the abhorrent doctrine of plurality of wives, in imitation of Mohammed himself—a doctrine which Smith

was regarded as greatly favouring. Smith now, at the very height of his ambition, was put forward as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, and published what he termed "General Smith's Views of the Government and Policy of the United States." It is needless to say that his pretensions were regarded in the main with contempt. Soon after this, the accusation against Smith of promoting the "spiritual wife" doctrine, sustained as it was by the affidavits of sixteen persons, led to the destruction by the Mormons of the newspaper which had published them, and thence to a serious conflict between the Mormonites of Nauvoo and the surrounding inhabitants, in the course of which Joseph Smith and his brother were shot. The prophet's death gave to him a power which it is probable his life, had it been prolonged, would have utterly prevented—he became enshrined and worshipped.

After the death of Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon endeavoured to vault into the vacant chair. His reputation was, however, so low, that this was found to be impossible. He was expelled from the society, and Brigham Young was appointed the leader—a post which he still holds.

Again the Mormon body were compelled to emigrate. They were driven from Nauvoo, and have now fixed their residence at Deseret, in the vicinity of California, in the great Salt Water Lake Valley, which they first reached after incredible troubles and privations. They have formed here a large and increasing settlement; they have built an enormous temple; they are said to have been the first who profited by the gold found in California; they have established a perpetual emigration fund, to aid those from all countries who are attracted by the hope of an earthly paradise. The latest account of them is given by Mr. Kelly, who, in his "Excursion to California," gives no very favourable description of the morals of the new settlement. If only half the narratives given of the practices of the leaders be true, they will demonstrate the fact that chastity and purity have no true basis among them. It is, indeed, true that the Mormonite books profess to abjure such practices. But a new revelation is with them always possible, and who can say what are the practices it may sanction.—"*Remarkable Delusions*," published by the Religious Tract Society.



Cavern Temple at Ipsambul.

## CAVERN TEMPLE AT IPSAMBUL.

A SINGULAR effect may be noticed as traceable to the climate of Egypt. Moisture, which is the great agent of decomposition in other cities, being abstracted from the sands by the burning moisture of the desert, has no influence there. The monuments of ancient days, therefore, remain as if they had scarcely suffered any perceptible change. The spectator, for instance, who first surveys the immense cavern temple at Ipsambul, in Nubia, might well imagine that the artists had temporarily left it to enjoy their usual meal. The whiteness of the walls could never have been more pure or perfect; nor could the outlines of the figures ever have been sharper, or their colours more brilliant, than they are at this hour. If his eye fall on that part of the edifice where the tracing and first outlines show that this great work is still unfinished, his first opinion is greatly strengthened; he almost looks for the

return of the artists to pursue their toil. But should he need a correction for such an imagination, it is close at hand. The black dust, covering to the depth of many inches the rocky floor on which he treads, dust formed by the mouldering of the doors, and internal fittings of the temple, cannot fail to remind him that many ages have elapsed since human hands piled these stones, and impressed on them their remarkable ornaments.

The ruins now visible are covered with reliefs, generally coloured, representing the idols to which these edifices were reared, receiving the homage of the kings by whom they had been founded, and the warlike events out of the spoils of which these buildings were erected. These pictures often cover a large extent of wall, and are crowded with figures of various nations, delineated with much spirit and fidelity. Peculiarities of colour, feature, and costume, as displayed by the inhabitants of different nations, are strictly preserved. In some cases, the

Egyptian monarch is described as a conqueror marching in triumph to the temple, dragging long lines of captives of different nations to the feet of the idol of the edifice. And yet, though the buildings have been roofless for two thousand years, the paintings that thus cover the walls remain undefaced, and in some instances retain much of their original freshness.

Sometimes the operator has been arrested in his labours. The walls have been whitewashed; the crevices that have been splintered off in forming it have been filled up; but there is no painting upon the walls. The figures are all outlined, and the wall is ready for the workman to commence his operation; the lines have been drawn in red by some individual, and corrected, perhaps, by the master in black, thus showing the manner in which they were to be wrought.—*"The Egyptian," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

#### WEAK FAITH LIMITING THE ALMIGHTY.

How low and contracted are the views that many take of the character and perfections of God! How are the minds of those bewildered who judge the Almighty by their own standard! Yet this is too generally the case with such as have but "little faith." The heart of man, obscured with doubts and fears, is incapable of conceiving of the power and grandeur of the Most High, and is therefore often guided to its conclusions by external appearances. The spies sent to search the promised land, though selected from among the princes of Israel, judged, alas! only by the light of carnal reason, and looked no further than mere human probabilities. The majority of them represented the Canaanites as giants, before whom they appeared, in their own sight, as grasshoppers: that the cities were walled and very great; and, moreover, it was a land that ate up its inhabitants. There were two men of faith among them, Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun; but it was in vain that they called on the people to go up and possess it; since, in the strength of the Lord, they were able to overcome it. *Two* true men amidst *ten* cowards, who "brought an evil report of the land," had no influence on the unbelieving multitude; but had there been *ten* true men and only *two* cowards, it is to be feared,

from the state of the people's minds, their call and encouragement to action would have been equally ineffectual. "The people lifted up their voice and wept, and said: Would God we had died in the land of Egypt, or in the wilderness!" "Thus," saith the psalmist, "they tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel."

For weak faith to limit God, is not to put any obstruction in the way of his dispensations. His purposes move on in all their majesty, notwithstanding the weakness or the fears of men: but to limit God is, for a poor feeble creature to set bounds in his own mind to God's ability to bring about certain works. It is to circumscribe and confine Him "who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will,"—to follow some acknowledged order of proceeding such as they would find needful to adopt themselves under such circumstances. If weak faith sees nothing of that order of proceeding, it despairs of success, and says with the disciples in their journey to Emmaus, "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done."

If this is applied to the freeness and extent of the Divine mercy in saving the most hopeless of sinners, we see an example of it in the apostle Peter, who could not, at first, conceive of the Gentiles being interested in the Messiah's atonement and kingdom. He and other of his enlightened brethren, were most unwilling to entertain the idea that "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" was available to the Greek as well as to the Jew,—to the barbarian and Scythian as well as to the civilized of Israel;—indeed, to the outcast of the whole earth as well as to the favoured people to whom pertained the adoption and the glory. The church in Jerusalem also doubted whether such a man as Saul of Tarsus, the indefatigable persecutor of all "of that way," could ever really have been brought to see the truth "as it is in Jesus." They thought his state to be beyond the bounds of hope—below the reach of mercy: they therefore at first refused to receive Paul into their company. They had not then a right view of the extent and freeness of the gospel, and "limited the Holy One of Israel."

The awakened sinner, who has discovered the dark spot of nature's plague upon his heart, often doubts the truth of the two great characteristics of "the

sinner's Friend;" namely, his power and his inclination to save the lost. They doubt his ability: "If thou canst do anything for us, have compassion." They doubt his willingness: "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." These are the "stones of stumbling" over which many fall,—the "rocks of offence," strewn with the shipwreck of many who have commenced their voyage to the heavenly shore. The soul, sick with sin—its faculties benumbed for the moment through the pressure of various fearful discoveries of its own condition—sees not that heavenly power which supports the universe, nor that gracious wisdom which triumphed on Calvary. It resists both the light of truth and the gentle influences of the Spirit, and "limits the Holy One of Israel."

How often also, in the midst of afflictions, do those of weak faith confine God to certain modes of deliverance. They almost take the language of the man on whose hand the king of Israel leaned in the siege of Samaria, and say—"Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" Jacob struggled to save Benjamin from going down into Egypt, because he thought there was no hope of his returning in safety: "Me have ye bereaved of my children," and "will ye take Benjamin away?—all these things are against me." His eye of sense might not indeed see his beloved Joseph on the throne of Egypt, but his eye of faith might have seen the God of Israel in the chariot of his glory, who had engaged, by solemn promise to his fathers—"I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven:" "thy seed shall possess the gate of their enemies, and in them shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." But unbelief clouded all this brightness which shone around his name and family, and he "limited the Holy One of Israel." Martha also, immersed in grief for the loss of her brother, permitted herself to utter the complaint—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." It did not occur to her—for her faith was weak—that He who could have saved Lazarus from the tomb had he been present, could raise him from that tomb now that he was there. She knew that Jesus loved her brother, but perceived not the gracious purpose dwelling in his breast. Yea! though he told her, "Thy brother shall rise again," she referred this to the last resurrection, but would not believe that the grave would then

give up its prey, and that the body of her brother, which already must be far advanced to decay, should be reanimated by his voice, and come forth in life and strength from the tomb. She "limited the Lord."

Great and glorious things are promised concerning the extension of the truth in these latter days. In the minds of the pious, there is no doubt of the fulfilment of every prediction showing forth the triumphs of the gospel; but to many, the time appears but very distant: difficulties, and declensions, and disappointments seem to obscure their hopes, and almost to render questionable their interpretation of the sacred word. Though this delay is but the trial of faith, it is found wanting in many. Hence their prayers are feeble, their petitions confined to few and small requests, as if God were limited in his mercy, or they feared to ask too much. In this frame of mind it may be said "they ask nothing;" and a painful blank occurs in their communication with the throne of grace.

How little do we think that our folly in limiting God, often shuts his hand of mercy from us! "Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord," Jas. i. 7. A fiat from the throne of the Eternal is addressed to all his children, and runs thus: "Be it according to thy faith!" What was it which excluded the Hebrews from Canaan? Was it hunger, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, which kept the numerous generation which came out of Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, and passed through the wilderness, from entering the promised land? No, it was none of these: "they entered not in because of unbelief." They might have crossed the mountains of Moab, at the foot of which they were encamped, at the end of the first year of their wanderings; but their faith was weak—their courage failed: they "limited the Holy One of Israel." For forty years they were doomed to wander, till their carcases fell in the wilderness; and none of that generation passed over Jordan but Caleb and Joshua, who had "another spirit," and feared not to trust to the arm of the living God.

Let us earnestly desire that this folly of limiting God may be removed from our churches, our public men, our own anxious souls. Faith enlightens the mind, enriches the faculties, and adorns, as with a diadem of beauty, the whole man. It opens the treasure of God's

word to our contemplation, and our own souls to the enjoyment of the fulness of Christ, as our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." From unbelief the Spirit flees, and leaves the soul to leanness, barrenness, and distemper; but that Spirit dwells with faith, raises the heart to heavenly courage, and inspires it with the noblest devotion. No work, then, which God has commanded, and to which the promise of success is attached, will appear too great, or any difficulty insurmountable:

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees;  
Relies on that alone:  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says, 'It must be done.'"

G. D. M.

#### TRACTS IN SEASON.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

BUT she looked in vain. However, not unobserved by Him who hears the groaning of the prisoner, was the upward glancing of that eye, the falling of that tear. Although she could not pray, as she thought, yet her burdened heart found utterance, not in tears only, but in words too, although of simplest form; and while attending to her household, as best she could, she might have been heard giving vent to her feelings in these words, and that, too, oft repeated, "Oh, forgive me, forgive me! do, pray, forgive me—pray do!" Little as she thought it, no doubt these words, few and simple as they were, were written in heaven. She told something of her sad story to a Christian woman whom she knew, and was invited to go with her to the house of God. She went, but found little relief, and remained much in the same state as before. Just now, Bunyan's "Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ" was sent to her. This famous tract is full of statements of the grace and love of God towards weary heavy-laden sinners, founded on that text, John vi. 37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." She read it with astonishment—it was just what she wanted; it was spirit and life to her, a balm to her troubled heart; she believed it, and accepted the offered mercy; and then she heard the gentle whispers of the Spirit, saying, "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee." Now, everything appeared to her in a new light; the Bible was her "precious Bible." She saw her

Saviour's face almost in every page: her mourning was turned into joy, and her heaviness into thanksgiving and praise. The happy change could not now be concealed, nor did she wish to hide it: rather she was ready to say, "Come all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." A young person who saw she had been weeping, asked her what was the matter. "Oh," said she, "Jane, I am such a sinner—I am such a sinner!" Jane made no reply, but turned very pale, and seemed greatly alarmed, thinking something had happened. Seeing this, she added, "I am such a sinner, but I have such a Saviour. He hath pardoned my sins, and my tears are tears of joy, and not of sorrow." And then she gave Jane the tracts that had been such a blessing to herself, and begged her to read them prayerfully. She also told her husband all that she had felt and feared; and how she had found deliverance. She said, "We have all been wrong; now we must turn and seek the Lord." He took it very kindly, and promised to attend to it; and said he wished he could feel as she did.

Since that time, about seven or eight months have passed away, during which period the waves of affliction have rolled heavily over her head; but her Saviour has been near, and all has been peace. The graces of the Spirit have shone forth in the trying hour with increasing brightness. Her heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord; and it is refreshing to hear her tell of the goodness of the Lord, and bear witness to his truth to those who come to visit her in her affliction. She knows whom she has believed, and she endures, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

#### PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON THINGS.

##### THE SEASONS.

FOUR hundred years ago there lived, in a small town near the mouth of the Vistula, a man who spent his nights in watching the motion of the stars, and his days in profound reflection upon the facts he discovered. It was not in a convenient observatory, supplied with telescopes and all the accurate and elegant instruments now considered necessary for practical astronomy, that this thoughtful and persevering philosopher passed his life. His observatory was the loft of an old farmhouse, and his instruments were small,



rude, and of imperfect construction. The telescope had not at that time been invented, and the mechanical arts were so imperfectly known, that it was by a difficult and tedious process an arc could be graduated, and then with far less correctness than the commonest plotting scale of a land-surveyor would now be made. But this solitary man, living among a half barbarous people—secluded from the world—a very hermit of science—was not trifling life away in a morbid seclusion, nor seeking an unattainable or a useless result. Before him all the philosophers and sages of Egypt and Greece, who had pretended to teach the order and arrangement of the visible universe, were in turn summoned to state their opinions and give a reason; and these he tested with what he daily learned by watching and thinking in his dilapidated loft. The overthrow of a system of astronomy which, with a few exceptions, had been universally maintained from the time of Thales, six hundred years before Christ, was the result of these quiet meditations upon a series of observations occupying thirty years of the life of a profound thinker,—an independent mind seeking truth with the power of genius. Copernicus was the man thus sent into the wilderness with God's commission to teach his glory in the heavens—the work of his fingers; to lay the foundation of that science in which the Creator is more glorified by the exhibition of profound intelligence than by his inanimate creatures; and to be the forerunner of that philosophic spirit which, as the authorized interpreter of the laws and conditions of the visible world, is ever pursuing, and yet ever infinitely behind, the fulness of truth. The earth, which to all who had preceded him was an immovable body in the centre of the universe, was seen, under the light of this obscure philosopher, to be only a small and subsidiary body revolving round the sun. The planetary and stellar distances, before compared with the diameter of the earth, he attempted to calculate from her orbit; and even this vast line dwindled to a point when he would have made it a base to estimate the magnitudes and distances of the fixed stars. The philosophers sneered, the conclave anathematized, the Inquisition exhibited its tortures—but all in vain; truth triumphed: the earth *does* rotate on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in its assigned path encompasses the

sun once every year; and men believe these facts in spite of the opposition that once sought to crush their enunciation.

If you want more proof, said Nicholas Copernicus, of the immeasurable distance of the fixed stars, observe the points of the heavens to which the terrestrial poles are directed as the earth travels round the sun. The orbit encompasses a vast space; and if the distance were small between us and the stars, the poles would be directed to different points of the heavens as the earth passed from one situation to another of her orbit. Yet from all parts of space through which she travels, the poles are invariably directed to the same stars. Every one knows there are not two north polar stars; the same twinkling orb which guides the benighted mariner in summer is also his guide in winter. From the two most distant points of the orbit the heavens present the same appearance, and the poles are therefore unchanged in their position.

The fact which taught Copernicus that the stars are at an inconceivable distance from the earth, will explain to us the origin and succession of the seasons. If we can once obtain a clear perception of the fact that the axis of the earth is immovable, it will then be only necessary to determine the path of the earth in relation to the sun, to account for all the marked periodical changes which distinguish the year.

While the earth is revolving daily on its axis, it is at the same time flying through space in its accustomed course, with a velocity of one million six hundred and forty thousand miles a day, or about eleven hundred miles a minute, obedient to the laws under which it was created and established. The rotatory motion is much slower, even upon the equator, where the velocity is greatest, being only about one thousand miles an hour. But the constant change of place does not interfere with the direction of the rotation, or the position of the points upon which that motion is supposed to be performed. The imaginary line round which the body revolves has no vibration or trembling, like a spinning top or teetotum; the axis is firm and immovable, so that to compare things which the imagination can scarcely grasp with what the eye can see and the hand can do, the rigid axis of the earth passing from pole to pole would have the same appearance at different parts of the orbit as parallel

lines drawn on a circle at various points of the circumference. If this were a fact having no direct influence on the condition of the earth, nor upon ourselves as its tenants, it would be curious and worthy of observation as a proof of permanence in the constitution of the system, and of the extensive power of human observation and reason, as exhibited in the discovery. But none of the arrangements of the Creator are simply curious. Nothing exists in nature for which we cannot find some better reason than that a fixed position was required, and the one observed is as good as any other. We are accustomed to this in all human inventions; in many, the parts seem to be thrown together by chance, and in the most perfect efforts of human ingenuity and skill there are always integral portions which are only to be accounted for by caprice, taste, a convenience of application to a particular situation, or some such other ambiguous motive. In nature, not only is every disposition of parts the best, but it is the only one that could have been adopted; it is a constituent of a system, however unimportant it may appear, without which the design would have been imperfectly accomplished, and the ulterior aims of Omnipotence have failed of completion.

It is difficult to find any motion which can be compared with the duplicate motion of the earth. The closest resemblance to the diurnal and annual revolutions is the spinning of a peg-top. When thrown from the hand, it has not only a rotation on the iron point, but is frequently so drawn by the string as to have a progressive motion. If we imagine the toy to spin upon a table, and to move at the same time round a candle in the centre, it will be as close an imitation as we can suggest of the revolution of the earth on its axis and in its orbit. But the rotatory motion of the top differs in one important respect from that of the earth. The axis of the top is perpendicular to the surface of the table, or, as an astronomer would say, to the plane of its orbit; the axis of the earth is inclined to the plane of its orbit, or, in other words, not in a line perpendicular to it. To what shall we compare it? A strong man bending forward when ascending a steep hill, or the leaning tower of Pisa. As the degree and direction of this inclination is at all times the same, and as the position of the earth in relation to the sun is sometimes to the north and some-

times to the south, the same portions of the earth's surface are not always in the position to receive the solar radiations. In two places the illuminated half comprises half the northern and half the southern hemisphere; but in all others, either the northern or southern has a predominance of light and heat, the extremes being when one polar region has a perpetual day, and the other a constant night.

Let us now attempt to trace the relative positions of the earth and sun during an annual revolution. The ecliptic, or path of the sun, is a word in common use, but whether any definite and precise idea of the line it represents is conveyed to the mind, may often be doubted. Astronomers tell us it is a great circle, the plane of which passes through the centre of the sun and earth. Now if this plane coincided with the terrestrial equator, the axis of diurnal revolution would be perpendicular, or, in other words, at right angles to it. Such, however, is not the case; the imaginary plane cuts the equator at an angle of about twenty-three degrees and a half. Let the equator of the earth be projected into the heavens, and we shall have upon that fictitious concave sphere the celestial equator or equinoctial. Now the planes of the celestial equator and the ecliptic intersect each other at the angle just mentioned—about twenty-three degrees and a half. The points where they cross are called equinoctial points, and the places where the ecliptic is at its greatest divergence from the equator—one to the north, the other to the south—are called tropics, a Greek word signifying to turn, or solstices, from a Latin word meaning to stand still. Both terms are appropriate; for at these points the sun seems to lose all motion for a few days, or to stand still, and then to alter or turn the direction of its path.

It is far more difficult than many may imagine to realize the relative conditions of the heavenly bodies. The mind is so accustomed to imaginary lines invented for practical purposes, and necessarily employed in explanation, that we unconsciously invent a system incumbered with endless lines and points, which, to our apprehension, are as real as the bodies themselves; and this braced and banded combination of spherical bodies we call the system of the world. It will require some labour, and more perseverance, to take down this scaffolding of knowledge, and, from the height to which our talent

and labour has raised us, to look out into space with a steady and penetrating eye. But the effort must be made; and the more perfectly the adventurous explorer of celestial phenomena can divest his mind of the partial views he obtained at the commencement of his enterprise, the nearer will he approach to the apprehension of the otherwise inconceivable effects of an invisible and all-controlling power, coexistent with matter, and the source of its motion, whatever may be its relative magnitude and distance. When the heavens are divested of all the lines which books of geography have spun around them, we perceive a world without an axial line, without an equatorial circle, revolving in space, rotating without vibration, always turning, always progressing, with one half of its surface, but that constantly varying, illuminated by the sun. The ecliptic, the equator, and all the fancied points and circles vanish as the lines upon which the untaught hand first traces the forms of letters, or rudely sketches the profile of a landscape on the screen of a camera.

The ecliptic, or great circle in which the earth is supposed to move, is also the apparent path of the sun; for, although that luminary is in relative rest to the bodies under the control of its attractive power, the orbital progression of the earth gives it an apparent motion, in the same way as its diurnal rotation produces an apparent revolution of the fixed stars. The sun is always in the point of the ecliptic opposite to that in which the earth would be seen if viewed from the sun; and his apparent is like the real motion of the earth, in the order of the signs. Here a caution is necessary to prevent an erroneous idea from a literal acceptance of words. The sun is said to move through the constellations, as though he were traversing the thickly-studded groups. But the most superficial knowledge of the results of astronomical observation is sufficient to correct so false an estimate of the constitution and extent of the visible universe. Thus when the sun at the vernal equinox is supposed to enter the constellation Aries, and the earth is in Libra, nothing more can be meant, and no more should be understood, than that these are their apparent positions from given places of view, and the expressions have no other value than as a convenient mode of describing their comparative situations in space.

What has been already said will sug-

gest to some readers all that remains to be said. They will at once understand why the points where the ecliptic and equator cross are called the equinoctial points. There, and there only, the northern and southern hemispheres are equally illuminated, and day and night are of the same duration all over the world. When the earth is in an equinoctial point, as it is on the twenty-first of March and September, the apparent diurnal motion of the sun is the same as if the axis of the earth were perpendicular to the plane of the equator; such indeed is its position at that time. After the vernal equinox, the sun moves northward, and reaches its greatest apparent distance from the equator about the twenty-first of June, when the earth enters the constellation Capricorn, and the sun Cancer. This is the northern tropic. At this time twenty-three and a half degrees round the pole of the northern hemisphere receive a constant illumination, while an equal area round the south pole is, for the same term, in darkness. From this point the sun descends, passes the autumnal equinox, and about the twenty-first of December is in the southern tropic, when the circumpolar region of the southern hemisphere enjoys for a short interval a perpetual day, while the northern is left to freeze under a cheerless and frigid night of the same duration.

The seasons, then, are occasioned primarily by an alteration of position between the earth and the sun. A careful distinction is necessary between position and distance; for their greater or less proximity has little or no effect, so small is it in quantity, in producing the general change of temperature following the advent of the several seasons. The sun, indeed, is nearer to us in winter than in summer; but his rays fall obliquely upon the surface, and communicate but little heat. The heating power of calorific rays increases at a large ratio with their directness. This is a fact well known to those who have lived under the vertical sun of the tropics, and is also proved by the feeble heating power of the perpetual sunshine in the polar regions. The field labourer, too, in our northern latitude, tells the same tale. To this cause the greater heat of summer is partly attributable; but to it must be added the longer exposure of the earth to the solar rays from the excess of day over night. An intelligent observation of common and household things is frequently a guide

to the discovery of the origin of natural phenomena, and it sometimes leaves scarcely a doubt of the identity of causes or a necessity for research and experiment. The effects of directness and continuance are tacitly acknowledged, and acted upon in all instances where radiant heat is obtained from artificial sources; and they cannot be disallowed when the rays illuminate and warm the planetary worlds. The meanness of the use is no disparagement to the dignity of the cause, and he judges foolishly who would find one physical law in a palace and another in a cottage.

The inclination of the earth's axis and its permanence of direction are, then, evidently designed for the production of the seasons—a condition of the earth so beneficial to animal and vegetable existence; the propriety of the arrangement and the wisdom and benevolence which dictated it, are alike evident to the wise and the unlearned. How perfectly the cause is adapted to the production of the effect, is testified by the evidence of four thousand years. When a few summers have passed, even the unconscious infant becomes conscious of the undeviating regularity of the succession of the seasons, and talks of the good times coming, when the fields will be green, the hedges full of flowers, and the warm sun shine so gaily and pleasantly by brook and brake,—where the soft wind fans the feverish cheek, and the birds sing to listening ears. He knows no reason why hard-handed winter must come with his frosts and snows;—why the rough winds whistle so dolefully round the chimney-top;—why the short and ungenial days are ushered in by a sun shorn of all its jocund, merry beams, and, as though conscious of its faded glory, afraid to mount the heavens in his anxiety to escape out of sight. But he does know that when winter is gone, the trees will put forth green leaves, and the sun come back, like a strong man refreshed, to gladden his little heart in the general hilarity of summer. If years fail to give him a knowledge of causes, they in no degree diminish his confidence in their effects;—he builds, and sows, and plants, with a full conviction that seed time and harvest will not fail;—he resolves in winter upon his summer journeys, and in summer provides against the inclemency of winter. Day tells nothing of the coming day;—the night may be dark and stormy, and the sun rise without a

cloud. The daily successions of weather are variable and uncertain; but the seasons are constant, and, though often varying in intensity, they are undeviating in succession and permanent in character.

W. H.

#### THE ROYAL GARDENER.

It is a common, but a true saying, that reality surpasses fiction; the romance of real life exceeds in many instances the inventions of the imagination. Let us briefly trace the history of a child king.

In a private part of the splendid park of Versailles was once to be seen a small garden most carefully kept, where the finest flowers appeared to expand at will beneath the cultivating hands of a very little gardener, a boy of seven years old, who himself worked in that pleasant spot, dug and raked its beds, and watered its plants. Almost every morning the owner of this little domain went himself to gather its sweetest flowers, in order, after the custom of France, to prepare a morning offering for his mother. In this work he seldom wished to be assisted.

That little boy was the heir of France, the only son of Louis XVI.

Marie Antoinette, the unhappily assorted queen, found every morning a fresh bouquet laid on her pillow; her child, hid behind her curtain, thought the offerer unknown, till springing from his hiding-place he received the kiss which was the price of his flowers.

"One day," says the duc de Moillé, speaking of the early days of this poor prince, "when the sun was hot, I saw monseigneur le Dauphin, digging with great energy around a Spanish jasmine; large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead; fearing he would be too much fatigued, I wished to call the gardener to spare the young prince such labour.

"No, no," he cried, "leave me alone; I like to rear my flowers myself, for then they are more delightful to mamma!"

A terrible day arrived. We do not here trace the progress of the French Revolution of the last century. The Bastille, that awful scene of cruelty, fell beneath the fury of the Parisians. The will of the people became law, and it forced the king and royal family from Versailles to the Palace of the Tuilleries, where they became prisoners at large, being confined to the bounds of Paris. The royal gardener left for ever his plea-

sant park, his beloved garden—those flowers never were watered again; his hands never more gathered a bouquet for his mother. The young descendant of sixty-six kings—the heir of the crown they had worn,—regretted the flowers he was leaving, and grieved not for the kingdom he was losing.

At the Tuilleries, however, they gave him a little garden. It was at the end of the grand terrace before the palace. But the royal gardener went there daily under the escort of a detachment of the National Guard. At first two or three soldiers guarded the royal child. With the politeness of his country and his birth, he made these guards enter his little garden, and presented each with some flowers, saying,

"I am sorry, gentlemen, I have no more to offer you; I must keep the rest for mamma, who loves them so much."

And when his guard was increased, he stopped at the palisade of the enclosure, and said,

"I am sorry, gentlemen, that my garden is too small to allow me to invite you all to enter."

A poor woman approached these palisades one day, and put through them a petition to the king, saying to the Dauphin, "Monseigneur, if I obtain the favour I ask for, I shall be as happy as a queen."

"Happy as a queen!" said the boy. "Ah! I know a queen who is very good, yet she weeps all day."

Then came the dreadful day for the royalty and monarchy of France, the 20th of June, 1792. The French army and the mob planted their cannon against the palace of the king. Monarchy fell. The son of Louis xvi. was no longer heir to the throne; for the throne of France was abolished. In all the terror and danger of that day the trembling boy partook. On the morning, when he heard the drums still beating to arms around the palace, he ran to his father and cried, "Papa, is not yesterday over yet?"

Poor child! it never was over for him. The day that then began for him ended only with his short life. On the 10th of August following all the royal family was imprisoned in what was called the "Temple."

#### THE ROYAL PRISONER.

The little boy was kept ignorant of the terrible doom that awaited his royal

father. It is an awful thing to hear of a monarch being arraigned, convicted, and, so to speak, judicially massacred by the will of a people. It was only the evening before the execution of Louis xvi. that the young dauphin was acquainted with the fact. The husband, father, and brother was then taking his last farewells. They told him the people willed his father's death. The child trembled. "Oh, no;" he cried, "the people will never harm papa, for papa never has done harm to them." He rushed from the chamber; the municipal officers who guarded the passage stopped him, and asked him whither he was running.

"To speak to the people," he cried.

"You cannot go out."

"Oh, I entreat you, let me pass!—Let me kneel to the people and pray them not to injure my father—not to put papa to death!"

An officer seized hold of the royal child, and carried him back to the chamber of grief.

The queen of France was a widow. Louis xvi. died by the guillotine; the guillotine which was to be dyed deep in his people's blood. For some time the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was allowed to remain with her children and the king's faithful sister, Madame Elizabeth, in the same prison. But afterwards, the poor little prince was torn from her arms, and deprived even of his sister's company.

The queen died on the scaffold; and the king's sister followed the royal pair to the same dreadful scene. Sad was now the fate of the royal boy. The days of the little gardener were over. No longer was the royal prisoner respected.

When young Louis xvii. was separated from his mother, he asked the municipal guards who surrounded him, by what law they prevented him from sharing her prison.

As he spoke, a rude-looking man placed himself before him, and said, "Hold thy tongue, Capet, we do not like reasoners here."

Capet was the name now given in derision to this offspring of kings, in memory of the founder of the French monarchy. To this term of contempt, they soon added that of "The Wolf's Cub."

The jailor, or as he was styled, the governor of the young king, was a shoemaker named Simon, a man whose bar-

barity to the royal boy has conferred upon him a very hateful celebrity.

Louis, whose education had been hitherto carefully conducted, was not now allowed the consolation of study. Simon, it appears, disliked books and religion as much almost as royalty. The only book he allowed the boy to look into was one entitled "The Rights of Man." When his wife, pitying his unhappy isolation, petitioned her husband to allow him to have some plaything, the cruel man bought him the model of a guillotine. His only pets were two tame canaries which his good aunt, Madame Elizabeth, had reared in the prison; but Simon did not like birds, and he deprived his poor prisoner of his only earthly consolation when he took the canaries from him. It amused this gross man to hold his glass to the little king, and say, "Here, Capet, pour me out wine;" and thus the shoemaker was served by the heir of royalty; for it is remarkable that in general the lower the rank of life, the more tyrannically is the power that is possessed exercised. It may be supposed that the descendant of kings, the nursling of a palace, found it difficult to accustom himself to such treatment; but the cruel blows, the unworthy punishments which resulted from an appearance of rebellion on his part, soon subdued his spirit. This jailor was the friend of equality, yet thus he exercised his authority. He sung for the suffering boy the horrible choruses they sung around the guillotine, and made the trembling victim join in them. At night, when he woke, he called out, "Dost thou sleep, Capet?" and the boy, too, awoke with a start.

We have said that Simon did not like religion. Religion was then prohibited in France; he prohibited it also in the prison of the young king.

When Louis secretly knelt to prayer he was often discovered and punished. One night he prayed with joined hands; his jailor came in and saw him.

"Tell me, Capet, what thou doest there, or I will kill thee," he said. The boy, trembling, avowed that he said the prayers he had been accustomed to. The shoemaker seized his arm, cast him into a dark closet, and fed him for some days on bread and water, to teach him not to pray to God, or look for refuge from the cruelty of man to the Father of mercy and God of all consolation! Such is the depth of wickedness into which

the human heart may fall. Simon's wife was the friend of the unfortunate prisoner, and when she was ill, the doctor who attended her proved himself a friend also, and saved him some suffering. One day the young king brought to this benevolent doctor a pear he had saved from his own meal; "I have nothing else to give but this pear; you will do me a favour if you accept it."

At length Simon gave up his charge; why, is not known; perhaps he was seized with remorse. Louis xvii. changed his prison for one still worse; for one where his portion of air was less; his little window still smaller—its bars of iron closer, and additionally inclosed within by a cover of wicker-work. The door of that prison was kept shut, and by a small opening they passed the poor boy the rations of food and water which served him for each day. Thus was the guiltless heir of France condemned to a solitary confinement which would have broken the heart of a nursling of penury and suffering. What must have been its effect on the child of luxury? His strength had failed; he could not make his own bed. No one ever changed the linen, and his clothes were as dirty as ragged. Two guards constantly watched his door, but never spoke to him; only when, fallen into a slumber from weariness, cold, and sorrow, they did not hear the young prisoner move, then they cried aloud, "Capet, where art thou?" And the little king sprung up trembling and answered, "Here I am, citizen; do you want me?"

Under such treatment and such misery reason at length gave way; his mind became imbecile; his back was bent as with the weight of many years; all intellectual powers yielded to the cruel tyranny of his subjects, who contended for equality and for the rights of man.

The moral sentiment that still appeared to retain its place was that of gratitude. Louis was grateful, not for the good he received, but for the evil that was withheld. When they did not afflict him more, he was thankful.

Louis xvii. died in his eleventh year, and it was long before the world was fully satisfied that he was dead. For years afterwards it was rumoured that he had been taken from his prison; that his deliverance had been effected by human means, and that he would one day appear to reclaim his throne. His story is a sad but true one;

reflecting in the deepest manner on the hardhearted character of those who administered the public affairs of France at that period.

## MINERALS OF SCRIPTURE.

## VERMILION.

"It is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermillion."—*JER.* xxii. 14.

THE substance usually designated vermillion (Heb., *sisir*—Greek, *miltos*) is a compound of mercury and sulphur, and is of a beautifully red colour. Pliny informs us that the vermillion of the ancient Greeks was found in the form of reddish sands in silver mines, and was in great demand in his time for painting, and especially for the decoration of the idols. Bochart says, that there is in Africa a lake called Sisara, which he considers to have derived its name from the vermillion or red paint for which those parts were famous.

The ceilings of handsome houses in Egypt, says Mr. Lane, are often very richly decorated. Numerous thin strips of wood are nailed upon the planks, forming patterns curiously complicated, yet perfectly regular, and having a highly ornamental effect. . . . The strips are painted yellow, or gilt; and the spaces within green, red, or blue.\* In the time of Jehoiakim, similar profusion and luxury were at a great height in Judæa. In the pride of his heart, the king of Judah appears to have been carried away by a desire for splendour. By extortion and oppression—by violence and injustice—he built his house. He ceiled his chambers with cedar, and painted the walls with vermillion, *Jer.* xxii. 13, 14. This the prophet condemned, because he did it in the pride of his heart: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work; that saith, I will build me a wide house and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows; and it is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermillion." Those who are lifted up with great pride, and forsake the path of the just, are commonly reserved for disgrace in this life or the next. They that will be rich or luxurious are liable to perform acts of injustice. They "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts,

\* "Modern Egyptians."

which drown men in destruction and perdition."

The Babylonians and Chaldeans painted the images of their false gods on the walls of their temples and chambers of imagery, *Ezek.* viii. 10; see also xxiii. 14. Mr. Madden describes one of these chambers in the Temple of Edfou, where he saw sacred figures and hieroglyphics. In these caverns are found

"The wildest images, unheard of, strange,  
Striking, uncouth, odd, picturesque,  
Of lions, foxes, cats, fish, frogs, and snakes,"

and a variety of birds and creeping things, "and men turned gods, seated in honour, with gilt crooks and rods."

The author of the "Book of Wisdom" describes the heathen practice of carving a block of wood or stone into the shape of a man, or of some animal, and speaks of its being overlaid with vermillion, and coloured red. Then he portrays its absurdity. It is set up in a place made in the wall, and fastened with irons, the maker knowing that it is unable to help itself: "Then he maketh prayer for his goods, for his wife and children, and is not ashamed to speak to that which hath no life. For health, he calleth upon that which is inanimate; for aid, humbly beseecheth that which hath least means to help; and for a good journey, he asketh of that which cannot set a foot forward; and for gaining and getting good success at his hands, he asketh ability of him that is unable to do anything." The sacred writers also treat this subject with great severity, and set forth its absurdity in the strongest light, *Isa.* xlv. 12—20; *Psa.* cxxxv. 15—18.

The Hebrews borrowed these idolatrous practices from Egypt, and practised them in the temple of the Lord. Instead of proving themselves lights in a dark place, they followed a multitude to do evil; and so reprobate did they become, that they "refused to listen to the repeated warnings of the prophets against their idolatry, until, at length, they were carried captive to Babylon. Since that time, down to the present day, the Jews never have worshipped graven images." But though neither they nor the reader may now be guilty of this particular form of idolatry, it is well to remember that "every one's idol is that on which his heart is supremely set, and every heart in which Jehovah is not enthroned is an idol's temple."

"Whatever passes as a cloud between  
The mystic eye of faith and things unseen,  
Causing that better world to disappear,  
Or seem less lovely, and the present dear,—  
That is our world, our idol, though it bear  
Affection's impress or Devotion's air."

H. H.

#### THE THREE SERVANTS.

THE return of a successful army—flushed with victory, laden with spoil—is ever an event of interest. Patriots rejoice, bravery is rewarded, the slain are mourned, and then public excitement and animation subside into previous national quietness; but individual interests may have been involved, not transiently, but for ever; and on some apparently small event—in the battle, or the siege, or the division of the spoil—may hang the eternal destinies of immortal men. The proud commander-in-chief of the eastern host thought not of this when, after surveying his mighty warriors as they filed before him, his eye rested on the band of captives led in melancholy procession to grace their triumph. Why was it that one child in that sad group arrested attention? He knew not; howbeit she, a stranger, destitute, forlorn, awaiting death or slavery, is presently separated from her companions in sorrow, and led through the splendours of a palace to the feet of a noble lady. The mistress and the slave, it ~~is~~ to be presumed, became acquainted, otherwise the sympathies of the latter had never flowed forth, nor her presence brought a blessing to her master's house. Perhaps the lady pitied the captive so early trained in the school of adversity, elicited the story of her sorrow, and tried to soothe the anguish of her heart on every burst of grief—a condescension worthy of high station, and deeply acceptable to the desolate stranger, entering upon new duties, amidst unknown companions, and subject to the thousand trials that servitude involves.

After a time, the quick-sighted affection of the young girl discovered that some secret sorrow preyed upon the spirit of her mistress. How strange that the rich, the courted, the beloved wife of the noblest subject in the realm, could be unhappy! Why should sighs often burst from her heart, and tears tremble in her eyes? And why should he—the powerful nobleman at court, the victorious general in the field, the monarch's trusted friend—often appear with a heavy gloom

upon his brow, and a grieved spirit at his heart? The maiden sought to know the secret, and it was soon revealed.

"Naaman, the captain of the host of the king of Syria, was great, and honourable, and mighty in valour; but he was a leper."

The law of the leper in Israel would recur to the mind of the "little maid." There was but one cure; no human remedy had ever freed the polluted blood from this loathsome disease; and that one only cure was the sovereign will and pleasure of the great and the true God. But he was not Naaman's God. Naaman worshipped the idol Rimmon, and bowed down before a graven image—"which thing the Lord hates"—has hated since the hour when fallen man, professing himself to be wise, became a fool, "and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and beasts, and creeping things," which thing He does hate in every phase, whether it be Baal, or Rimmon, or Juggernaut, or Jove,—whether Moloch, or Diana, or Mary, or a cross, or a wafer; and will hate so long as the knee of a human being is found to bend before a creature's shrine. It will not be mingling unhallowed conjecture with the brief narrative of Scripture to suppose the handmaid sitting at her lady's feet, meditating on the domestic blight which had fallen upon an otherwise splendid lot. Perhaps the Assyrian warrior had just passed from the chamber, with the usual sadness of self-loathing on his laurelled brow. Perhaps the fair face of his wife was shaded with sympathising sorrow, and the little Israelite pitied and mourned for them both.

"If they did but know the God of my fathers," she might think—"if they only knew Him who can cleanse the leper!" and diffidence and delicacy might for a time seal her lips. But perhaps, again, as she thought, and again gazed upon her mistress, her feelings would no longer be controlled, and the rushing tide of affectionate sympathy—of zeal and faith—burst into sudden expression: "Would to God my lord were with the prophet that dwells in Samaria; he would recover him of his leprosy!" Her startled mistress would look with wonder on the speaker. "And who is he, my child?" would be the quick and natural inquiry.

Now with delight would she unfold to the ear of her interested listener the



many manifestations of the mighty power of Israel's God by the instrumentality of Elisha, the son of Shaphat. She could tell of waters dividing before the foot-steps of the prophet,—of the widow's oil multiplied to pay her debt,—of the Shunammite's son restored to life, besides the long list of goodness and mercy which had followed her nation from the day it was chosen in Abraham to her own time—history in which every Jewish child was instructed, and which all were taught to recount in songs of praise. And He who was so great, so good, so merciful, could recover from his leprosy even an Assyrian stranger, if he would go and ask.

The strange news is whispered in the sufferer's ear—it reaches the court; and the king, deeply interested for his favourite officer, takes up the cause. If such a physician is to be found in Israel, his aid shall be sought at once. A letter is written, and the captain of the host, fully accredited as the messenger of a king to a king, departs full of hope and apprehension, at the simple word of his captive slave.

Is there a Christian servant in the church of Christ who would not rejoice to see a master or a mistress prepare, at "a word in season" from her lips, to seek the cure of a leprous soul at the word of the Lord, at the place which he hath chosen to set his name? Let her not be afraid to speak that word. Let her not shrink from the solemn duty of commending "the hope" that is in her, by word and conduct, to the notice of those around her. True, she may be young in service; so was "the little maid of the land of Israel." She may discover what her superior in station would fain conceal even from themselves—that they are sinners, that they have no hope, and are living without God in the world; and diffidence of herself, and false delicacy towards them, may tend to seal her lips. The Hebrew girl penetrated the cause of her master's sorrow; she was a solitary believer in a nation of idolaters, and served those whose will was law, whose name was feared; yet, under the direction of the Lord God the Holy Spirit—who often chooses the weak to confound the mighty—who brings wisdom from the mouth of babes—she spoke out the thought of her heart, and it was blessed to the end her soul desired.

Beautiful and encouraging are the in-

stances in which the Lord has blessed Christian servants in the fulfilment of duty to the souls as well as to the bodies of those with whom they dwell. It is not to the self-righteous, the conceited, the self-sufficient, that this little remembrancer is addressed; but it is to the humble, the diffident, the prayerful,—whose spiritual perceptions are sanctified to discern between unseasonable intrusion and suitable opportunity—who desire to follow in God's way rather than mark out their own, and seek to serve others rather than to display themselves. There dwells at this present time, in a family to whom the truths of the gospel have been commended by her consistent practice and faithful precepts, an aged nurse, honoured and beloved by those who are descending with her towards the valley of the shadow of death, and by many who are blooming around her in their youthful prime. She was placed, in the providence of God, among those who knew not the precious "secret" which is "with them that fear him," but who knew only to appreciate moral excellence, and highly valued it in her, without regard to the "seed" from which it sprang, or the "good ground" in which it grew. As her numerous young charge grew up in favour with man, she endeavoured to instruct them in that "favour" which is "better than life;" and when sickness seized upon one after another, and three fair young flowers were touched with an early blight, her faithful and affectionate ministrations to their spiritual need, as well as to their personal comfort, were blessed of God to their eternal salvation. And when death had set his seal upon the young lips whose last utterance was that of "joy and peace in believing," and distressed parents passed from the chamber, weeping for their own bereavement, and envying the sweet rest of each dear one thus sleeping in Jesus, their nurse, with tears of grateful love, knelt by the bed of death, and, from the depth of a soul that knew the value of eternal life, blessed the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ for the youthful spirit caught away from the sins, the temptations, the sorrows of a "world that lieth in the wicked one" to the safety, the peace, the bliss of his presence for evermore. And her affectionate thoughts followed it thither to listen, as it were, to each voice as it joined in the anthem of heaven—"Unto Him that loved us, and gave himself for us,

and redeemed us by his blood, be blessing, and honour, and glory, for ever and ever." And she, a servant—a nurse, was the honoured instrument of this "eternal weight of glory." Oh for more believing, praying, faithful servants in the nurseries of our land! It is not long since this now aged woman witnessed the peaceful departure of the mother of those dear children, and through a long season of watchfulness and care, devoted herself wholly to attendance on a suffering mistress, denying herself every relaxation that she might minister hourly to her wants, and rewarded by the sweet assurance that she too would be among the blessed dead that die in the Lord.

Naaman, the Syrian, reaches the court of Israel. It was not his first journey to that land; but, like many a careless visitor to the oracles of God, he had trod the very precincts of the blessing, and yet left his cure behind. He presents his credentials, but disappointment awaits him. Jehoram, astonished and confounded at the request of the king of Syria, shocked at the idea of arrogating a power belonging only to the King of kings, and yet forgetful of the prophet that dwelt in Samaria, yields to his indignation and annoyance, and leaves his unwelcome guest exposed to the gaze of those who were accustomed to behold leprosy under a far different guise.

But the Lord God, whose secret power was guiding and overruling the movements of the visible machinery to the fulfilment of his own purposes, caused the affair to reach the ear of Elisha. The man of God remonstrates against the undignified displeasure of the king, and declares that the leper shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

With hope renewed, Naaman hastens with his splendid train to the dwelling of Elisha, and deeper mortification awaits him there. A simple message is conveyed to him: "Wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

What! no deference—no respect—no touch from the prophet's hand—no prayer from his lips—no solemn invocation of his God? Nothing worthy of such a patient—nothing to compensate for such a journey? Verily this is more insulting than the conduct of the king. "And he turned, and went away in a rage."

Had the Hebrew girl been present, she would have implored him to obey; but her cause was not without an advo-

cate in her master's train, and we are forthwith introduced to another member of the household of this favoured heathen.

Common sense is an excellent thing. It cannot suggest a spiritual principle—neither supply its place; but it can and does act as the handmaid of truth, when truth has been proclaimed. It was one of "the land of Israel" who proclaimed the remedy for disease, and it was the good sense of a faithful friend that commended the trial of it to the patient. We know not how far the grace of God might have acted upon the mind of this wise servant, to enable him to confide in the power of the true God and the word of the prophet; but certain it is, that his well-timed and judicious remonstrance clipped the wings of Naaman's wrath, which was about to speed him errandless home again.

It appears that a consultation took place among the servants of the nobleman. They perceived the folly of his conduct, however they might feel the prophet's slight; and one of them—probably one most closely attendant upon the person of his lord—undertook the trying office of addressing him in the midst of his disappointment and displeasure. He approaches Naaman with an expression wisely chosen, at once commendatory of himself and his subject:

"My father"—indicative of deference and affection—an acknowledgment of his own inferiority, and of tender filial interest in his master's welfare—"my father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?"—If he had bidden him lay waste some rebel district, if he had demanded some costly fee, if he had prescribed some laborious penance,—how quickly he had been obeyed! The sword would have leapt from the scabbard—the talents from the bags—the dread pilgrimage commenced with willingness and energy: "How much rather, then, when he saith only—Wash, and be clean?"

Naaman pauses: the quiet simplicity of common sense carries weight and influence. The faithful affection of the pleader for his welfare against his own pride and passion is worthy of regard. The haughty frown relaxes before the calm results of reflection; and presently the proud Syrian plunges, with all his loathsome uncleanness, into the waters of Jordan. The almighty power of Israel's God is present to heal: once, twice,

thrice—seven times the leper feels the refreshing stream pass over him; and then, animate with rapturous delight, is conscious that his corruption has passed away, and that the soft pure flesh, as of a little child, clothes the renewed man.

Naaman was blessed in his household. Many of his servants might have been troublesome and annoying; but these two, the captive slave and the wise monitor, were sufficient to redeem from obloquy in his sight the character of the class. When a master forgets himself, outrages reason, and is about to commit some grievous folly, it is a mercy to have one, even though a dependant, at hand, who has the faithful affection, the moral courage, to interpose with a respectful remonstrance, and judiciously and discreetly to suggest a more excellent way. Naaman had good reason to say—"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" And Naaman was greater when listening meekly, and subduing his own spirit, than when at the head of victorious troops he besieged and took a city.

But while sovereign grace was ministering thus in the behalf of a stranger to Israel, Satan was busy in the family of the faithful and devoted Elisha. Rank and wealth had made a splendid display before the prophet's door, but it failed to seduce him whose heart was set upon the glory of his God and the unseen realities of a better world,—who knew that things earthly were passing away, and conscious that his ever-soaring spirit dwelt in a body of sin and death,—cared not to adorn the perishable clay in sumptuous raiment of robes from a foreign court. And to him who knew where to find "unsearchable riches," and who looked for an eternal crown, talents of silver and gold excited no desire save one—that those who lawfully possessed them might be taught to make good use of them.

If ever it might be expected that example, precept, prayer, had power in themselves to deliver a human heart from the trammels of sin and the influence of Satan, such a deliverance might be sought in the character of the servant of a prophet like the noble and self-denying Elisha. Gehazi saw the favour in which his master lived before the God of Israel; he saw him holding aloof from a court in which a little compromise with idolatry and worldliness would have secured him the enjoyment of honours and distinctions such as man's natural heart

delights in. He must often have heard from his lips the word of the Lord—the way of life—that wisdom which is better than gold; he must often have knelt with him before the throne of grace, and heard the outpouring of a heart which the Lord God had consecrated to himself; nay, he must often have been the subject of the prayer, and shared the deep interest of a master on whom he waited daily. If ever association were favourable—if ever opportunity heaped responsibility—Gehazi enjoyed that favour—Gehazi bore that responsibility. Ill became it a member of such a household to betray "the lust of the eye," and to exhibit "the pride of life," under the temptation of Syrian gold and courtly costume. But so it was. Gehazi saw the riches, and he coveted them. He heard the refusal of his master to accept the sumptuous offerings of the grateful Naaman for a cure effected solely by the power of God, and he blamed him. Instead of rejecting the mischievous insinuations of his worldly heart, he indulged them. An evil thought indulged grows into a wish,—a wish indulged begins to cast about for means of gratification; Satan, from his watchtower, observes the weak place, steps to the assistance of sin, enters the unguarded portal whence covetousness has been looking out, and presently a notable plan is concocted, which offers present gratification, and leads the poor sinner to future ruin. Human nature is the same, whether "barbarian, Scythian, bond or free"—whether nurtured in darkness or surrounded by light; and nothing but the interposition of the sovereign grace of God can implant the holy principle that resists temptation and "overcomes the world."

What a lesson of the value of truthfulness is taught to domestics by this wicked servant's punishment. "Is he or she truthful?" is always an inquiry into a servant's character. "May I depend on his or her word?" A reply has been made thus: "I am convinced he would not tell me an untruth, for he is sincerely attached to my interests." But this is not principle; this is the mere impulse of natural feeling. My servant must love truth for its own sake, and not because it pleases him to serve me. Happy the servant for whom a better answer may be given: "I believe he fears God, and speaks the truth for Christ's sake." Then he may be trusted, for "the root of the matter" is within

him, and the motto of duty will be, "Because thou God seest me."

#### A LOOK AT LIFE, BY OLD HUMPHREY.

LIFE is a book, reader, that contains a great many pictures; let us turn over together a few of its leaves, for they may haply supply us with both entertainment and profitable reflection.

Though words have precise significations, the same sentence often conveys different meanings to different minds. A dozen readers might form as many diverse opinions respecting the title, "A look at life." As a landscape assumes the hue of the coloured glass through which it is seen, so a phrase is affected, in its signification, by the reader's attainments, disposition, feeling, and fancy. This circumstance is a teeming source both of variety and pleasure.

One man might apply the word "life" to the inanimate creation, and draw a vivid picture, lighting up the eye, and setting the pulse beating. How goodly is a morning in spring, when the sky is bright with gold and azure, and the glowing sun is pouring down a radiant flood on the rejoicing earth! The running brook shines like silver. The flowers are fair and fragrant, the breeze is waving the fresh green foliage of the trees, and the thorn, the furze-bush, and the grass are spangled with dewy diamonds.

Another might heighten the scene with life of another kind. The lark is carolling in the air, and the throistle and blackbird are abroad. The squirrel mounts to the topmost branches of the spreading oak. Insects are on the wing, the honey-laden bee is humming from flower to flower, and the young lambs are racing in the meadow wild with joy. We see, hear, and feel that life is around us.

It is not, however, life of this sort that occupies my thoughts; but rather the existence, condition, and occupations of mankind. A wide field is before us, but we must touch and go; we must be content to look at life with a passing glance, without lingering on the varied spectacles it presents to our view.

Life is, in one sense, merely our vital existence from the cradle to the grave, of which the apostle James says, "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. iv. 14; but in another sense it is the manner of that existence, the way in which our

time is passed; thus the apostle Paul exhorts the followers of Christ to "lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty," 1 Tim. ii. 2. The high-ways and byways through which men pass in their way through the world, are not more varied and numerous than the different modes of life pursued by mankind. Besides high life and low life, there are innumerable grades and occupations.

A glance at our Bibles will tell us that Cain passed his time in tilling the ground; Abel and the patriarchs were shepherds; Esau was a hunter: "Take, I pray thee," said his father, "thy weapons, thy quiver, and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison." Joseph was an overseer or steward to Pharaoh, and afterwards was more highly advanced. Moses was a leader and lawgiver; Aaron, a high priest; Solomon, a king; Ezra, a scribe; Matthew, a publican; and Peter and Andrew were fishermen. In religious matters, too, Paul gives us a relation of his life:—"My manner of life from my youth," says he, "which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews: which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a pharisee," Acts xxvi. 4, 5. All these have passed away; let us look, then, at the life that is around us.

What opposite qualities are seen among mankind! What eagerness and apathy, what industry and idleness, what thrift and extravagance, and what meanness and pride characterize this breathing, bustling world! How forward are we to serve ourselves; how backward to assist another! How much we covet earth, and how little we strive after heaven! Such is life; and well may we, regarding it with wonder and fear, desire so to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Look where we will, we see the busy crowd employed: the steam-engine is plying its giant strength, the sound of the axe and the hammer resounds; the husbandman is away to his farm, and the merchant to his merchandise. The hum of the hive is heard, the human bees are at work; but what is the meaning of all this hubbub? What is the object sought after? A wise man should look to the end. If, like a firework that explodes into darkness, life has no enduring advantage, then are our mightiest efforts

mere vanity and vexation of spirit? Temporal life is as nothing, unless followed by life that is eternal.

Thousands pass their lives in labour at the loom and the anvil, in the factory and the field; and though many may be his hardships who plies the shuttle, the hammer, the saw, or the spade, the workman has some advantages over his richer brother:—"The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep," Eccles. v. 12. Whether a man be rich or poor, he has alike reason to look to the Lord, for without his favour and care there is neither peace nor protection:—"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain," Ps. cxvii. 1.

The hours of a life in the country are passed among arable, pasture, and meadow lands; among ploughing teams, and crops, and flocks, and herds, varied by the market, the fair, the cattle-show, and the in-door comforts of the homestead. And in the sum total of a city life, a high stool, a desk, book-keeping by double entry, and a close and lynx-eyed attention to business, are important items; but when gain is the only object, that object is delusion. Whether raping and scraping, in the town or country, he who lives without God in the world is an enemy to his own soul. Gain is an uncertain good, that may be not only used, but abused; but "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," 1 Tim. iv. 8.

Varied are the objects of those who pursue a literary life. Some pander to the passions of the multitude; some conduct journals and periodicals; some write books on science, law, morality, and religion; and some employ their time in reviewing the productions of others; re-proving, correcting, and commending them. Some find it to be a weary life, wasting the mid-day prime, and the midnight hour in unproductive efforts to attain popularity, and others know that "much study is a weariness of the flesh," and that in "making many books there is no end," Eccles. xii. 12. Ye book-makers, do ye search the Scriptures? Is the Book of books in your hearts? Do ye know of a truth that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and that it is able to make men "wise unto salva-

tion, through faith which is in Christ Jesus?" 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16.

With all its scarlet and gold, its glare and its glory, the military life is not to be desired, whatever may be its pay and renown. To live in a barrack, to become expert with the sword, the gun, and the bayonet; to breathe an air of gunpowder, and to be ever ready to rush to the death-grapple with their fellow-men, though pleasant to some, would hardly harmonize with kindly spirits. The sins and the sorrows, the crimes and the cruelties of ungodly warfare are enough to wring from every Christian heart a prayer for continued peace. To say the least of a military life, it is anything but a fit school for morals, religion, and piety. What an empty bubble is renown! "Could it mitigate their misery," says one, "who have begun their everlasting torments, that the whole world were ringing with their praises; or could it add to their joy who have begun their endless hallelujahs, that every tongue were employed in panegyrics to their memory, well might we be pardoned in our poor pursuit of fame."

There is a charm in a sea-faring life, in spite of its toil and its dangers, that wins its way to the hearts of thousands. To be aboard a merchant ship, when she is ploughing her way through the sparkling waters; to listen to the music of the creaking mast and flapping sail; to look onward with hope to coral reefs and sunny islands, where the cocoa-nut and the bread-fruit trees grow, is the day-dream of many a youthful mind, unsecured by sharks and shipwrecks, and unawed by the threatening storm; but how few of these youthful captain Cooks ever connect their going down to the sea in great ships with Him of whom it is said, "The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land?" Ps. xcv. 5.

A glance at the great ones of the earth does not impress us with their piety. Not many mighty, not many noble are among the followers of the Redeemer. Heroes are too much occupied with their own praises to "worship, and bow down," and "kneel before the Lord their Maker." "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, and let us make us a name," is more in harmony with their thoughts than, "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation," Ps. xcv. 1. Exceptions there are to this rule, and well it is that such are to be found; for

greater is the meanest servant of the Lord than the mightiest ungodly king.

Sad is the scene in taking a look at life where the more reckless of mankind assemble; the infatuated gamester, the juggling horse-racer, and the neck-or-nothing steeple-chaser, staking his life at a double fence, against a few pieces of gold. And still more dreary is the spectacle of those who run a yet more abandoned course, setting at defiance the laws of God and man,—the thief, the burglar, and the highway robber. These make a mock at holy things, and God is not in all their thoughts. From day to day, and from year to year they sin on openly and secretly, equally unmindful of "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost." How great the goodness, the long-suffering and forbearance of our heavenly Father!

Taking mankind as a whole, and looking at life as we find it, truly may we say that, to a fearful extent, the Giver of all good is forgotten; that the prince and the peasant, the landlord and the tenant, the master and the servant, the horse-man and the footman, the buyer and the seller, the waker and the sleeper, are worldly-minded and seekers of self rather than seekers of God. All are guilty, and all are ungrateful. This is the only conclusion at which we can arrive.

But our look at life, reader, will do us little good, unless it lead us to look at ourselves. When we see a mote in the eye of a brother, we should look for a beam in our own. If we have received all we have from God, then godliness, like a thread of gold, should run through our thoughts, our words, and deeds. And if our term on earth is such a passing breath that we cannot calculate on tomorrow, then should we improve our every hour, and give ourselves to Him who gave himself for us on the cross. Whether old or young, rich or poor, be it ours to pray for pardon, to seek salvation, to prepare for our latter end, and to lay up for eternity!

#### STUDIES OF POETRY.

THOMAS GRAY.

THERE are few instances of British poets who, whilst producing so little as Gray, have received so much and such well-earned applause. We owe to him

no considerable work. His larger productions never passed out of the future into the present tense; they died in embryo and never beheld the light. An extended selection of British poetry may easily comprehend all his remarkable productions. The principal part of his works consists, indeed, mainly of letters; and these, like the letters of most poets, are graceful and captivating. But the verses do not occupy more than a fifth of the whole. Few writers could bear a judgment pronounced upon such imperfect evidence; it may be an advantage to the critic, but it affords a narrow basis for the fame of an author. Yet for Gray it is enough. His muse was essentially lyrical; and the few specimens he has left us have been elaborated with uncommon care.

The incidents of Gray's life may be comprised in a nutshell. His course was that of a scholar and of a fastidiously sensitive man; two conditions which usually leave little to a biographer, being both unfavourable to incident or variety of adventure. Gray was born in London in the year 1716, and received his education first at Eton, and afterwards at Peterhouse, Cambridge. When he removed from the university, he made an abortive attempt at the study of the law; relinquishing it again at his father's death, for the more congenial occupations of the university cloister. A foolish prank of some of the under-graduates of his time disgusted him with Peterhouse, and he subsequently removed to Pembroke college; where, except during the periods occupied by travelling, he spent the rest of his days in inglorious ease or self-consuming study. Genius has not seldom been married to literary indolence: the greater the pity, and the greater the sin! Like Mackintosh and others, the luxury of taking in over-balanced the duty of giving out, and many of the powers which might have blessed the world evaporated in seclusion; thus affording another melancholy illustration of the manner in which the lamp of genius may burn to waste.

The admiration of all poetry will vary with the mental character of the contemplator, and according to the familiarity of the reader with the standard which regulates the writer's compositions. Gray is rather the poet of consummate art than of simple and exquisite nature. No unlikeness can be stronger than that which exists between the two contemporaries,

—Burns and himself. The former produced many of his magical effects by a single stroke; the latter laid tone upon tone, and added touch to touch, till he had produced a highly finished picture. Burns was like the gipsy who can only breathe freely when unsheltered by the roof of human convention; Gray, whilst he too delighted in nature, loved it best as it might be seen from the oriel window of some adorned drawing-room. There are many who will scarcely hesitate for a moment as to which of the rivals is preferable; and the simple flower of the Scottish poet will carry the day, without a sigh for the elegantly assorted bouquet of the more finished scholar. But he whose taste is formed on the model of the ancient classics, especially of the lyrical ones, will hesitate. He will often shrink from the northern idiom, and will nauseate the vulgarity which too frequently belongs to Burns. The visitor to the Malvern Hills, as he stands on their top and looks on one side into Wales, and on the other into Worcestershire, beholds two scenes each of a singular and surpassing beauty, but scenes which differ widely from each other. On the Welsh side, the earth sports into natural undulations and delightful varieties, all graceful in its somewhat wild luxuriance; on the English side nature is trained into rich stateliness and a kind of self-possession beauty which, though more sustained, is less enchanting. Such were Burns and Gray. Gray would have abominated much which the pen of Burns has written; Burns would have found in Gray an exuberance of colouring, and a defect in simplicity, for which the most laboured versification could not make amends.

When we analyse Gray's poetry, almost the first thing which occurs to the reader is a quality which belongs to the Asiatic, rather than to the Grecian style of eloquence, and which, used by many pens, would be assuredly a blemish; the constant use of the adjective to heighten his sense. It has been curiously remarked that one might take two syllables out of every line of much which Gray has written without destroying the sense; though thus reducing the heroic measure to the octo-syllabical. Thus,

"The curfew tolls the knell of day,  
The herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his way," etc.

But this is absurd. After such a process

Gray's poetry is reduced to the condition of the hero in Chevy Chase,

"Who, when his legs were both cut off,  
Did fight upon his stumps."

For in truth these very epithets are chosen with such consummate skill and address that we can spare none of them. Each is in the highest sense a picture. Who does not see how "the *parting* day" includes the very poetical notion of that period lying on its death-bed; and how "the *lowing*" herds present a marked feature of an agricultural evening; and how the "*weary* way" includes more than it expresses of the toils just passed through by the husbandman,—and how the whole wonderfully fulfils the definition of good writing as given by Addison, and is natural without being obvious! We pity the man's sensibility who would spare one of these epithets. Cavilling critics are but animals of a single circulation, after all!

We do not think that Gray's fame would be safely based upon either of his two earlier productions. The "Ode to Spring" though not destitute of beauties, falls somewhat heavily upon the ear. If "rosy-bosomed hours," and "the purple year," and "the attic warbler," were ever competent to awaken in the reader much poetical enthusiasm—the classical authors from whom such expressions are borrowed, have exhausted it. But there is one stanza which we must admit to be beautifully finished—though certainly more descriptive of summer than of spring:

"Still is the toiling hand of care,  
The panting herds repose;  
Yet hark! how through the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows;  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon;  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
Quick glancing to the sun."

The "Ode on the Death of a Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes" is somewhat clumsy and ill-directed in its humour; and Dr. Johnson's ill-natured criticism upon it is not without foundation:—"Selima, the cat, is called a nymph with some violence both to language and sense." Was ever cat so painted as in these lines, descriptive of her beholding her own reflection?

"Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws;  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes  
She saw, and purr'd applause."

If this were the picture of Gray's own puss, well might he say of her as he does in one of his letters, "*mi-cat ante omnes*."

No moralist can read the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" without emotion. From the terrace of Windsor Castle, the poet looks down on the majestic scene below, and sees full in view the place of his own boyhood. How opposite the sentiment,

"I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow!"

With great naturalness, yet with well-sustained pathos, the poet asks, Who are now the occupants of the well-known localities? and beautifully contrasts the gaiety of childhood with the woes which may hereafter await them,

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy led,  
Less pleasing when possess'd;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.

• • • • •  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.  
Alas! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play;  
No sense have they of ill to come,  
No cares beyond the day."

But there is one glaring defect belonging to all that follows: not only is it moody and morbid, but the poet traces no very clear connexion between right action and the happy consciousness which follows it. On the contrary, he looks on the whole with the eye of a fatalist; and the conclusion is more worthy of a stoic than of a Christian.

The "Ode to Adversity" is classically poetical; but might now perish almost unobserved. Yet the last stanza is worth rescuing:

"Teach me to love and to forgive;  
Exact my own defects to scan;  
What others are to feel, and know  
Myself a man."

"The Progress of Poesy" though ill-conceived in its plan, and sometimes unintelligible, contains passages of splendid excellence. Sound never answered to sense more completely than in these lines:

"Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour,  
The vales and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar."

His ode, "the Bard," has passages of

\* Literally, "Shines before all others,"—a play upon the Latin word *micat*—"shines."

extraordinary power. One we quote, alike for its moral and its ideality:

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening prey."

There is no other ode of Gray's on which we need linger till we come to the ode, the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard"—familiar enough to all readers of British poetry—perchance one which has been drummed into our reader's memory before he was able to appreciate its full excellence; a poem greatly deficient, it is true, in moral power, and greatly devoid of the truths of spiritual religion; but yet a poem so pathetic in its subject, so apposite in its illustrations, so appropriate in its imagery, and so finished in taste, as greatly to deserve Robert Hall's commendation when he called it "the finest thing ever written." We have already referred to one of its stanzas. But the whole combination of its imagery is marvellous. The evening bell—the dying day—the darkening landscape—the lowing herds—the weary ploughman returning to his home—the stillness of the air broken by the droning hum of the beetle—the drowsy bell of the distant sheep—the melancholy owl (albeit the verse itself is a disfigurement)—the solemn shade of the yew-tree over the distant graves, are admirably in keeping with the scene and with the subject. How beautiful is the enumeration of the associations of the labourer with his *work* on the one hand, and with his *repose* on the other! The breeze of the morn—the twittering swallow—the crowing cock—the horn of the early huntsman shall no more awaken him—the busy housewife—the blazing hearth—the climbing children shall no more receive him to his rest. And with what adroitness all is kept in unity with the ploughman returning home, as described in the opening stanzas! The moralizing of the supposed spectator as he contrasts the lonely dust of the village churchyard with the contests of ambition which these dead ones might have experienced, but never did; and the powerful conception which supposes the moralizer himself to bend beneath the general fate, and to foresee his own exit, and to read his own epitaph—are transcendent! It is no common proof of genius that this elegy, written in the first instance for the pages of a transient



periodical, should have become co-extensive with the language itself. We are inclined to linger over every line and every epithet! It is a nice question—What is the finest stanza of the whole production? The writer we have quoted signalized this:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot," etc.

Great praise has been justly awarded to one, singularly enough omitted in the finished production,—

"Here scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;  
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

This last image portraying the foot-marks of the little feet which come to gather flowers on the grave of the dead parent—brings tears into the eyes. We hardly know a verse in better keeping than the following—suggested altogether by the scenery of this village churchyard:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

We cannot rise from the study of one of our finest lyrical poets—one who had a consummate perception of the right, and good, and graceful, and plaintive, without the regret that such taste and such power were not devoted to Christian and sacred poetry. What contributions might not Gray have made to the lyrical treasures of the church of God? M.

#### THE PATRIARCH'S DESCRIPTION OF MINING.

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us. There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after."—ECCLES. i. 9—11.

THE book of Job, though written at an early period of the world's history, describes, in the twenty-eighth chapter, with singular minuteness, the arts of mining and of refining metals. Hence it may be inferred that the Idumæans were well-acquainted with the industrial arts; and that their attainments and habits were far removed from barbarism. "Very many ages after, populous nations have been found which were little acquainted with these things. Iron espe-

cially seems to have been little known or employed among the Greeks in the very early ages of that nation; and it was totally unknown in America when that continent was first discovered. So that the most ancient times appear to have been far more civilized and acquainted with things useful than subsequent ages: and barbarous ignorance seems to have prevailed gradually, as the knowledge possessed by the antediluvians, and doubtless communicated by Noah and his sons, was forgotten among their posterity."\* So that we may take up the language of Solomon and inquire, "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us."

The methods of mining and of purifying metals, as described by the patriarch, differ in many particulars from the processes of the present day. In the general, however, a comparison may be made between them. It is evident, from the language of Job, that, in the earliest ages, *excavations* were made in the mountains and hills of the earth in pursuit of the mineral and metallic productions:

"Surely there is a vein for the silver,  
And a place for gold where they fine it."—  
Verse 1.

Silver ore is always found in veins in mountains and rocks, and is usually in combination with other metals; while gold, though sometimes occurring in veins, is more frequently found in alluvial soils, or in the sands of rivers, washed down from the mountains. The mountain of Potosi—which is 16,037 feet above the level of the sea—is filled from bottom to top with veins of silver ore. In Brazil is a bed of gold among the stones of a river. After the process of washing, it is dried in a brass pan over a slow fire, and then deprived of its impurities. Gold-washing and purifying has been already described;† and it may be seen that there is a place for washing and purifying or fining the precious metal:

"Iron is taken out of the earth,  
And brass (copper) is molten out of the stone."—  
Verse 2.

Of all metals, though very abundant, *iron* is obtained with the greatest difficulty. The ore is a dirty impure rust—an earthy mass, and has to undergo the processes of blasting, etc., before it can be used at

\* Scott's Commentary.

† "Visitor," September, p. 352.

all. In fact, it has to be *made*. Copper is found in veins and beds of granite, slate, and rocks. The Hebrew of the passage in Job may be rendered, "The stone poureth forth copper," which appears a very appropriate translation. The great Jewish legislator refers to the excavating for the metals, Deut. viii. 9; and he also alludes to the furnace for melting iron, Deut. iv. 20. "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?"

"He setteth an end to darkness,  
And searcheth out all perfection,  
The stones of darkness, and the shadow of death."  
—Verse 3.

The miner puts "an end to darkness" with his lamps and candles; he searches into the deep recesses and brings forth from the gloomy depths the treasures hid in the earth. The "stones of darkness"—the ore which is hard like a stone—he brings up from the most unwholesome and perilous places. "In mines of certain minerals, and in those that are excavated in particular soils, gases exude from the earth which are fatal or injurious to breathing, and which, when mingled with the air of the mines, render it unfit for respiration. In coal mines, in addition to its being unfit to be breathed, such a gas possesses the dangerous quality of exploding when mixed in certain proportions with common air, if accidentally set fire to, and is thus destructive of life by double action.\*"

Some mines have been carried even under the sea. There was one at Wheal Cock, in Cornwall, which has been abandoned some years, where, during storms, the noise of the waves, rolling stones and rocks along the bed of the sea, were heard in the most appalling manner. The miners frequently fled from their work in fear of the water breaking through upon them.†

Dr. Clarke's description of a visit to a mine at Presberg will afford information as to the perilous nature of these undertakings, "We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf, whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing on the verge of a platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view as far down as the eye could penetrate—for to the sight it appeared bottomless. Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices,

\* "Minerals and Metals."

† Ibid.

upon which the work-people, reduced by distances to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending; far below the furthest of these, a deep and gaping gulf opened to the lowermost pits. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, and trampling of horses, the beating of hammers, etc., combine to produce an overpowering effect. . . . After much fatigue and no small apprehension, we reached the bottom, and were hurried along a vaulted level into a prodigious cavern, where, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, etc., fifty miners were in active employment, in a din of noise that rendered all conversation impracticable." The effect upon the mind of a stranger is to fill him with awe and terror; and though the workman from long use is able to find his way by the aid of the dim lamp or candle, he will be perplexed and unable to move without a guide. The numerous galleries intersecting each other form a labyrinth which he would find it impossible to thread. To these galleries, which are frequently dug in following the vein when the excavations are made in mountains, hills, or rocks, the patriarch appears to refer:

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth,  
And which the vulture's eye hath not seen:  
The lion's whelps have not trodden it,  
Nor the fierce lion passed by it."—Verses 7, 8.

The mountain of Potosi is now completely excavated. It is perforated by about three hundred pits; few, however, exceeding seventy yards in depth. At the base, there are numerous galleries, called *socabons*, six feet high, and eight broad; the air in these places is cold and unwholesome, yet the Indian miners work in them alternately night and day. These galleries the sharp eye of the bird of prey has never penetrated. The lion's young have not found a home in these excavations; nor the lion discovered its dark recesses.

In the process of mining, the cavities of the waters being disturbed, they drain into the excavations made. These waters have found their way down into the rocks through crevices and cracks; and are truly forgotten of the foot—the traveller who walks above forgets that they exist beneath his feet. If, however, in excavating, means were not provided for carrying off these waters, mining

operations would soon be hindered. Hence says the patriarch,

"The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant;  
Even the waters forgotten of the foot:  
They are dried up, they are gone away from men.—Verse 4.  
He (man) cutteth out rivers among the rocks;  
And his eye seeth every precious thing.  
He blindeth the floods from overflowing;  
And the thing that is hid, bringeth he forth to light."—Verses 10, 11.

In the process of mining, galleries or passages are sometimes required to drain off the accumulating waters. Mr. Hutchinson observes, "It is hardly credible how great a quantity of water will be sometimes flung upon miners when they come to break up strata of stone, and that have in them many cracks, which are so small that they are scarcely discernible. These are, indeed, the natural conveyances of water; and when once they are opened, it runs incessantly." "In one district of the Cornish mines, there is a series of adits branching off from different works, forming a continued line of excavation of nearly thirty miles in length, and finally discharging the accumulated waters into one of the branches of Falmouth Harbour."\* But when the strata sought are below the level of the sea, then a shaft or well is sunk, which is deeper than any other shafts in the same mine, and the water is conducted into it from other parts of the mine, by horizontal galleries or levels. The accumulated water is pumped out by force-pumps, the pistons of which are worked at the top of the mine by rods from the main engine. The pumps are worked by water-wheels, or by powerful engines. We are informed that in some mines so rapid is the accumulation of water, that to prevent the works being inundated, 2,000 gallons must be pumped out every minute.† It is to the restraining these waters, which are perpetually oozing, that the patriarch appears to refer, verse 11. Mr. Good says, that the reference in the tenth verse seems to be to the hollows which are delled by miners, in a metallic bed or mountain leading to the central chamber; in doing which the metallurgist may be said to discover every precious gem, which could not be in the usual cutting of rivers. Bishop Heber states, that the lake Ajmeer is formed by "damming up the gore of an extensive valley, and conveying different small rills into it." Thus in making his

rivers or rivulets through the rocks, in order to convey the water to its destined place, he at the same time sees every precious thing; because his work lies in the geognostic situation of those valuable gems.\*

"As for the earth, out of it cometh forth bread:  
And under it is turned up as it were fire.  
The stones of it are the place of sapphires,  
And it hath dust of gold."—Verses 5, 6.

This verse has been rendered, "As by the labour of man corn and other things are sown, which grow out of the earth, and bring forth food for his use; so from under the earth are turned up gems which sparkle like fire." But there may be likewise reference to the pyrites, which are dug up from beneath the earth. Jordan says, "There is, perhaps, no mineral more commonly met with than that composed of iron and sulphur. It is found not only upon the face of the earth, but at the greatest depth below it, to which mines have been hitherto driven. This mineral is called, in some parts of England, copperas stone; in others, brazil; in others, brass-lumps; in others, rust-balls, etc. . . . The scientific name is *pyrites*, 'fiery,' a denomination expressive enough of the property which this mineral has of striking fire with steel, and of spontaneously taking fire when laid in heaps and moistened with waters." Omitting what is said by Pliny and the ancients on this matter, we may state that in 1664, or before, a person in Yorkshire had piled up in a barn many cartloads of pyrites, or brass-lumps, as they were called by the colliers, for some secret purpose of his own. The roof of the barn happening to be bad, the pyrites were wetted by the rain: in this state they took fire, and burned like red-hot coal.† In the "Philosophical Transactions for 1693," we are told that a covetous master of a copperas work in Kent, in order to break his neighbour's work, had engrossed all the pyrites, or copperas-stone in the country. He built a shed over two or three hundred tons of these stones, to keep off the rain; but in six or seven months the mass becoming wetted by some means, took fire and burned for a week: it quite destroyed the shed, and disappointed his hopes of profit; for the pyrites were converted into a substance like melted metal, and in part it looked like red-hot stones. In 1751, the cliffs near Charmouth ignited, in consequence of a heavy fall of rain,

\* "Minerals and Metals."

† Ibid.

\* Roberts.

† Power's "Micros. Obs.," p. 62.

after a very dry season. In these cliffs are imbedded large quantities of different kinds of pyrites.\* Some earthenware from which alum is made so abound in pyrites that it is requisite to keep them well wetted with a large supply of water, to prevent their taking fire.

We have already described the geognostic situation of the sapphire, alluded to in verse 6.†

"He (man) putteth forth his hand upon the rock;  
He overturneth the mountains by the roots."—  
Verse 9.

The Indians, in searching for gold, light a fire upon the rock; they then pour water upon the heated rock, which splits off in large pieces, and this operation is continued till they have gained the required depth. In those mines where the metal is precious, the whole is excavated, and the roof is supported by masonry or piles thickly set. This is, indeed, overturning the mountains by the roots.

In concluding these remarks we may give an illustration of the present chapter (Job xxviii.) from ancient history, proving that mines existed in patriarchal times, and were worked with diligence. Egypt was proverbial for its riches. The gold and silver mines were in the rocky deserts of the upper country; but they have been abandoned by the Arab caliphs. Agatharcides thus describes the process of mining for gold in the mountains of Egypt, near the Red Sea. "The kings of Egypt compelled many poor people, together with their wives and children, to labour in the mines. . . . The hard rocks of the gold mountains being cleft by heating them with burning wood, the workmen then apply their iron implements. The young and active, with iron hammers, break the rock in pieces (see Job xxviii. 9), and form a number of narrow passages (verses 7, 8), not running in straight lines, but following in the direction of the vein of gold. . . . The workmen have lights fastened on their foreheads (verse 3), by the aid of which they cut their way through the rock, always following the white veins of stone. . . . The material that is thus loosened is carried out of the galleries by boys, and received at the mouth of the mine by old men and weaker labourers, who then carry it to the inspectors. These . . . pound the broken fragments with a stone pestle, till there is no piece larger than a pea. It is then placed on

grinding-stones, or a kind of millstone, and women, three on each side, work at it till it is reduced to fine powder. . . . The powder is then passed on to a set of workmen called *sellangees*, who place it on a finely-polished board, not lying in a flat position, but a little sloping. The *sellangee*, after pouring some water on the board, rubs it with his hand, at first gently, but afterwards more vigorously; by which process the lighter earthy particles slide off along the slope of the board, and the heavier particles are left behind. He then takes soft sponges, which he presses on the board rather gently, which causes the lighter particles to adhere to the sponge, while the heavy shining grains still keep their place on the board, owing to their weight. From the *sellangees* the gold particles are transferred to the roasters, who measure and weigh all that they receive before putting it into an earthen jar. With the gold particles they mix lead in a certain proportion, lumps of salt, a little tin, and barley bran; and putting a cover on the jar that fits tight, and smearing it all over, they burn it in a furnace for five days and nights without intermission. On the sixth day, they cool the vessel, and take out the gold, which they find somewhat diminished in quantity; all the other substances having entirely disappeared (verse 1). These mines were worked under the ancient kings of Egypt. . . . Even at the present day, (about 150 a.c.) we may find copper chisels or implements in the galleries, and innumerable skeletons of the wretched beings who lost their lives in the passages of the mines (verse 3)." There were also other mines in the district. These still exist in the deserts of the Red Sea. Sulphur likewise abounds there, and was probably used by the Egyptians.

The whole aim of the chapter in Job to which we have referred appears to be to show that, while the skill and ingenuity of man may enable him to bring to light the treasures hid in the earth, he may yet be destitute of true wisdom; for "the depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me." What hazards will men undergo, what exertions will they make, to enrich themselves with the treasures of earth! But these will never bring peace of mind—they will not obtain the favour of God. "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

H. H.

\* "Phil. Trans.," vol. III., p. 119.

† "Visitor," October, p. 389.



Winter.

## PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON THINGS.

## WHY IS IT COLD IN WINTER?

The sun has risen :

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frost'ning night,  
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels."

Dark vapours are floating on the low grounds, and the slanting rays of light are struggling for a passage through them. Above the air is clear and sharp, and though cold, healthful and invigorating. Shaking off slumber, why do we tarry? Let those who dread the bracing breeze of a winter's morning, slipped and begowned, hasten with trembling step from the bed-room to the parlour fire, and with half-torpid blood sit all day fretfully complaining of cold and dark days, moaning over the misfortune of ill-fitting windows; with no other employ-

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ment than patching crevices and stopping draughts. What amount of persuasion would induce these pampered and foolish ones to step into the frosty air, and take with us a winter's morning walk, to learn a lesson of strong endurance and patient waiting from nature? There is a more than ordinary pleasure in the consciousness that when in health we can bear, without suffering, the ordinary changes of the seasons; that by us the chilly blasts of winter and the mid-day heats of summer are alike supportable; that we can enjoy the rough ragged scenery of the leafless and tenantless forest, as well as the soft luxuriance of the summer vegetation; that to us there are beautiful outlines and fresh tints, appealing to the imagination and heart, in all seasons, and that we can recognise with thankfulness the hand of a merciful providential superintendence in the short dark day of winter, as well as in the almost perpetual sunshine of summer. But what are these feelings compared with those of the brave

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man who steps into the constantly varying world of life with a strong heart and well-grounded confidence in God, hoping for success, but prepared to support failure; desiring peace, scorning rest, doing righteously, and trusting results to the providence of Him whose he is and whom he serves.

A narrow road, winding under the brow of a hill, sheltered on either side by lofty elms, is a favourite walk in summer. Whether in early morning, mid-day, or still evening, those who love the pleasant shade and melancholy gloom of overhanging trees, wander through this grove-like avenue in the summer months. Some ascend the gently sloping hill to view the verdant panorama of rich foliage spread over the cottage-studded plain; while others, less venturesome, or feeling themselves to be already in the full enjoyment of the sober fancies and luxuriant repose a true lover of nature enjoys in her presence, sit upon a sloping bank by the side of a clear stream which takes its rise from a spring near the summit of the hill. In the winter months this road is little frequented by its summer visitors. The noble trees, stripped of their pendant leaves, present their rugged giant arms in marked outline against the dingy blue sky. The sharp north wind rushes through the defenceless branches with a whistling sound, and murmurs round their sturdy trunks like a savage creature disappointed of its prey. Though apparently lifeless, they are still supple, yielding when they cannot resist, treasuring up the energy of their existence for more gentle gales and warmer airs. All objects around and beneath them have the same dead aspect; or if there be a sign of life, it is in some modest plant nestling under the thick ruin of summer, like the chickweed and daisy, raising its white flower as an emblem of hope and passive endurance.

How strange is this mutation! It is difficult to realize the idea that so great a change can have been produced by a mere alteration of place between the sun and the earth, without an increase of distance. One is half inclined to believe that astronomers are credulous men, or that, by some lapse in their inquiries, some false datum in their calculations, great mistakes are to be found in their results, when they tell us that since these trees lost their verdure the earth has travelled many millions of miles, and is a little nearer to the sun than when the birds

built their nests and sang merrily among their branches. We can hardly believe that when the earth has travelled a few more millions of miles on its journey, and is a little more distant from the source of its light and heat, the hedge-thorns, which now seem to be only fit to crackle under the fire, will put forth their green leaves and sweet-smelling white blossoms; that the giant elms will cover themselves with a dark foliage like a vesture, and a thousand seeds and roots hid under the frosty earth, burst through the surface, and bear upon their gentle stalks flowers of almost innumerable shapes and hues. Without some convincing reason, we might be justified in doubting whether the conversion of the softly-fanning breezes of the summer eve into the rough, blustering, penetrating blast of winter can be the result of a new position of the earth in her orbit; for while to the uneducated mind the effect appears estranged from the cause, to the better informed it may seem too trifling, even as a secondary result, to be dependent on such mighty forces as guide the planets in their spheres. But He who has said, "My ways are not your ways, nor are my thoughts your thoughts," has so connected the conditions and existence of his creatures, rational and irrational, with the properties and laws of matter, that the most minute and apparently insignificant changes are produced by the same force as the most mighty, and one universal law comprises all material existences; the atom and the world, the dust of the balance and the body animated by the noblest intellect. The broader the base of our knowledge, and the higher it is carried, the more clearly do we perceive this truth.

From the distance of ninety-five millions of miles, the sun, a body eight hundred and eighty-five thousand miles in diameter, transmits to the earth, which, measured in the same way, is only seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-five miles, all the heat she receives. From the same source our satellite the moon is supplied; but while from her surface a portion of the solar light is reflected, no perceptible degree of heat is communicated. Her beams fall in soft and mellow rays, but without temperature, impassive as the heart that has lost all human feeling, and neither sings nor weeps. The intensity of the heat received by a planet from the sun mainly depends on the distance between them; for the solar radia-

tions, in this respect, follow the same law as the diffusion of rays from any other heated surface. In the words of the mathematician, the heat increases as the square of the distance decreases; but the assertion will, perhaps, be more intelligible to many readers under the guise of an illustration. If the earth were at half its present distance from the sun, it would receive four times as much heat; if at a quarter, sixteen times; and if at one-tenth, it would be burned under a temperature one hundred times as intense as that which now gives fertility to its soil and health to its inhabitants. But if the distance of the two bodies were suddenly reduced, there would be evidence of the change in the apparent diameter of the sun, as well as in the insupportable increase of heat; for it is an established fact, and needs no proof, that the nearer the body the larger it appears. To the eye the sun has always the same diameter; or if there be a difference, it is so small as to leave the observer in doubt whether it be real or not; and should he convince himself that he has observed a difference, he will hesitate to decide whether it is to be traced to a variation in the distance, or to some accidental condition of the atmosphere, such as produces the enlargement of the disc of both luminaries when rising and setting. From this it might be concluded, with almost the certainty of truth, that the distance between the earth and the sun is invariable, and consequently that the seasons are in no degree dependent upon distance as an element. But as there are subjects too vast for the human mind, so there are distances too large and differences too small for the human eye. The diameter of the sun, so invariable according to the judgment of the eye, is, when measured by instruments, the very type of variability. Its diameter is on no two successive days alike, so that the distance does vary. Well then, many may say, this discovery accounts for the seasons; but careful experiment corrects false conclusions as well as insufficient observation. The diameter of the sun is greatest in January, and therefore he is nearest to us when we are most deploring the want of his beams; it is least in July, and consequently he is most distant when we are rejoicing in the warmth of his rays.

While science thus corrects the false estimate of the eye, it also disabuses the mind of an erroneous opinion, and at last

disproves what popular ignorance has assumed as wisdom, that winter is cold because the sun is then so much further away than it was in summer. But enough has been said to prove that the distance of the sun has nothing to do with the cold of winter. Still the evidence of the senses is not to be altogether rejected; we may not open the coat "close buttoned to the chin," nor try to force upon ourselves the belief that the air is not cold, or that the breezes of summer were no warmer; the bare arms of the trembling and convulsed elms and the Boreas sounds around them convince us that in this matter the senses are not to be doubted.

Science has discovered other causes for the variation of the seasons, and proved that the directness of the sun's ray and the period of its action are supposed to regulate surface temperature. Inefficient as these causes may, without sufficient consideration, appear, they will certainly help us to an explanation of the wintry scene in which we introduced ourselves to the reader. The action of the sun's rays in winter is like oblique vision, which gives neither a distinct form nor an enduring impression; or may be more aptly compared to a projectile, whether a thin shell thrown by a boy, or a ball hurled by artillery, which strikes the surface of water horizontally, and flies over it with an undulatory motion, now dipping below the level, and now cutting through a wave. There is neither depth nor permanence of action; the eye detects at once all that it has done or can do. It is not like the plunging body which, sinking into the very depths of ocean, leaves not only a succession of concentric waves on its surface, but excites the mass in its abyss, creating motion in the placidity of an apparently undeviating repose. Surface action is proverbially inutile, and the proverb does not find an exception in the slanting rays of the sun in the winter solstice.

But the diminished temperature of winter cannot be fully accounted for without estimating the shortened period during which the sun is above the horizon, giving heat to the earth, or at least to that part of it in which we live and of which we speak. To meet this deficiency of supply, it has no calorific reservoir of its own, and cold, frost, snow, and all the chilly dependents of winter are the necessary consequences. The earth is a recipient of the solar

blessing; but like all that God has made and retains under an unbroken law, it gives as well as receives, for in his beautiful material world, his own Divine Spirit of beneficence and love reigns paramount. In nature there is nothing mean, nothing profuse, nothing niggard. What the earth freely receives from the ordained centre of her excellence and activity she freely gives. Like those who went without staff and scrip,—like those who consider the lilies how they grow,—she freely receives and freely gives. If by radiation she receives light and heat from the full fountain of the sun, so by the same process she imparts to all creatures within her influence; and if in the time of her abundance they receive, they no less freely communicate in the time of her scarcity. In that world where hard-handed man grips and hoards, and shuts up his compassion when his brother hath need, saying, "Be thou warmed, be thou fed," there is by the provision of the Creator a constant giving and receiving, by which interchange man himself is the greatest gainer.

H.

#### LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

On the 21st of December, 1776, as some workmen were pulling down an old building that had formed part of the Carthusian Convent at Basle, a wooden box was found concealed in the wall of what had once been the cell of a monk. On opening the interesting relic of antiquity, a paper, in an ancient handwriting, was discovered, signed some centuries before, by a friar of the name of Martin. It proved to be his confession of faith, in which, among other passages, he wrote, "O most merciful God, I know that I cannot be saved, and satisfy thy righteousness, otherwise than by the merits, by the most innocent passion, and by the death of thy dearly beloved Son."

D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, has quoted the above interesting passage, as an illustration that God, even before the time of the Reformation, had his true followers; who, amidst much obscurity of view, and many infirmities, arising from the corrupt state of the Roman Catholic church, yet rested on Christ for salvation, and brought forth the blessed fruits of the Spirit. Neander (whose loss the Protestant church of Germany now deploras) has in his work,

entitled "Light in Dark Places,"\* preserved many illustrations of the same truth. Running back, as his examples do, to times of a remote antiquity, when the torch of Christian truth was but dimly burning, it is easy to discover deep defects in the best characters he has noticed. Still, in many we see proofs of the effectual working of the Holy Spirit on the heart, and evidences that in the most depressed periods of the church's history Christ had some living members. Among the first of these under notice, occurs Cæsarius, of Arles, who was born in the district of Chalons sur Saone, A.D. 470. Even at the early age of eight years, he is said to have felt deep impressions of religion. The liberality which pre-eminently distinguished him in after life showed itself also when he was very young, to an extent, indeed, which almost required checking rather than encouragement.

As he attained maturity of years, however, this compassionate spirit was subjugated to the control of judgment. In due time he was raised to the office of preacher, and gained at last a high ecclesiastical post. His lot was cast in troublous times, when society was in a very convulsed state. He did much to mitigate the horrors which war had brought upon the country. "The house in which he resided was so filled, we are told, with the poor and suffering, that room could scarcely be found amidst the crowd for his visitors. Such respect was felt for his person, that all the people of rank sent him gold to distribute. He was enabled to send back a multitude of captives in their carriages to France."

A still more interesting anecdote is related of his sympathy with the groans of the captive, and his faith in God's providence. A number of captives had been detained in the town of Arles, without any means of subsistence. Cæsarius had accordingly generously made arrangements for their support. "One day," says Neander, "his steward told him there was no resource, but that the captives must beg that day in the streets for themselves; for if they were nourished that day by the church, he would have no bread on his own table to-morrow. When Cæsarius heard this, he retired, and prayed that the Lord would provide for the poor. He then returned full of joyful trust, and said to his secretary,

\* See an interesting English translation of this work, recently published in London.



'Go into the granary, and empty it, until not one grain remains; then have the bread baked as usual, and we will all eat together. To-morrow if there is nothing to be had, we will all fast together,—so that to-day people of high birth and the rest of the captives may not have to wander about and beg while we sit eating and drinking.' He whispered, however, at the same time to one of his confidential friends, 'To-morrow God will surely provide; for they who give to his poor shall never want.' On the next day, —which they all anxiously awaited,—early in the morning, three ships appeared, full of grain, sent to Cæsarius, by the Burgundian princes, Gundebad and Sigismund, to support his beneficence."

Equally touching and interesting, we may for a moment digress to observe, is another instance of liberality, flowing from trust in God's providence, recorded of an individual in France. Germanus, who was nearly contemporary with Cæsarius, being desirous of distributing in charity, he found that he had only three pieces of gold left. Some pressing objects of relief being near, he ordered the whole amount to be expended. "What shall we live on to-day?" exclaimed his attendant. "God will provide," was the substance of the reply; "a call of duty is before us: it is ours to follow it." His companion, more prudent, or more faithless than his superior, gave only two pieces, reserving the third for unexpected contingencies. Soon afterward, Germanus received an express from a nobleman, begging his attendance, and transmitting two hundred solidi, or pieces of gold, as a gift to him. Turning to his treasurer, as he handed him the money, Germanus said, "Take this, and acknowledge that thou hast robbed the poor of one hundred of these pieces; for if thou hadst given all to the poor, He who repayeth a hundred-fold would have restored to us three hundred pieces to-day."

These remarkable incidents will not be deemed fabulous by those who have studied the workings of Providence in our own day. Our object in quoting them, however, will not be misunderstood as meaning to dictate lavish, imprudent, and extravagant giving. The measure of Christian liberality must be left to each individual conscience to decide. Let every man in this, as in other matters, be fully persuaded in his own mind.

To return to Cæsarius, however:—

Having been accused to Theodoric, the Arian king of the Goths, he was in 513 carried off to the royal residence at Ravenna. That monarch, opposed as Cæsarius was to his heretical views, was awed by the sanctity and dignity of his manner. "I trembled," he afterwards said, "when I saw him. I beheld before me an angelic countenance—an apostolic man; of so noble a man I can believe nothing evil." As some compensation for the inconvenience to which he had been exposed by his long journey, the emperor sent him a silver dish, weighing about sixty pounds, together with three hundred solidi. Three days afterwards, the dish was sold, and, together with the money, employed in some pressing objects of charity.

When at home, he would often send out his servant to the door of his house, to see if there were any poor people waiting without, too modest to enter in, from fear of disturbing his rest. In Christ's poor he considered that he saw Christ himself waiting to be ministered to.

He died in his seventy-third year, on the 27th of August, 542. A question of some importance will occur to the enlightened reader:—Was this liberality a rag of self-righteousness? or did it spring from love to the Saviour, and the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit on the heart? Neander has preserved so many proofs of the deep spirituality of Cæsarius's teaching, and has shown his attachment to the writings of the great Augustine so clearly, as to remove any apprehensions of his being one of those who fall into the error of resting on almsdeeds as any ground of justification with God. A few notices of his preaching may be subjoined for the improvement of the reader. In urging on his hearers the duty of reading the Scriptures, he thus combats the objection of those who plead their inability to do so from never having been taught the way to read; an excuse then natural and common, when education was so partially diffused:—"Let none of you say, 'I cannot read.' This is an empty and unmeaning excuse. If a man cannot read the Holy Scriptures, he can get them read to him. We know many merchants who, because they cannot read and write themselves, have clerks; and by having their accounts kept by others, make large profits. If those hire clerks to make earthly gain, why dost thou not rather pay some one

to read the Scriptures, that thou mayest gain everlasting wealth? As our body perishes if it receives no food, so our soul grows faint if it does not feed on the word of God. And let none say, 'I am a peasant, always occupied with my daily work; I can neither read the Holy Scriptures, nor get them read to me;' for how many men and women of the peasantry learn the devil's songs by heart, and sing them! Thus they retain and appropriate what the devil teaches, and they cannot remember what Christ teaches."

His sense of the dependence of the soul upon Divine grace is thus expressed:—"He did not lie who said, 'The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are;' and, 'Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?' since, therefore, without any merit of your own, by the grace of God, we have been made temples of the Holy Ghost, let us strive as much as we can that the Lord may find nothing in his temple, that is, in us, that may offend the eye of the Divine Majesty; that the dwellings of our hearts may be cleansed from sin, shut against the devil, and open to Christ."

"As a disciple of Augustine," observes Neander (of whose writings he had manifestly chiefly availed himself), "he always pointed out love to God as the true spring of Christian excellence. His remarks on this subject may be read with advantage by modern readers:—'Since selfishness is the root of all evil, and love the root of good, I ask, what avails it a man to have a thousand branches, with the loveliest flowers or fruits, if the true and living root is not in him? My brethren, what can be sweeter than love? Let him who knows it not, taste and see. Hear what the apostle says:—"God is love." What can be sweeter than this? Let him who knows it not, hear what the psalmist says:—"Taste and see that the Lord is good." If thou hast this love, thou hast God; and if thou hast God, what canst thou lack? As long as the root in thy soul is not changed, thou canst not bring forth good fruit; in vain dost thou promise good things with thy mouth,—thou canst not accomplish them as long as thou hast not the root of all good in thy heart; for one root is planted by Christ in the hearts of the believers, the other by the evil spirit in the hearts of the wicked;—one is planted in heaven, the other in hell.'"

So spake Cæsar, echoing the words

of One higher,—“Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again.”

#### THE SON OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WE have sketched the life of the son of king Louis XVI., whose death opened a way to the wonderful career of Napoleon Bonaparte, the soldier of Corsica and the emperor of France;—let us now sketch that of the mighty emperor's son, the man whose name made Europe tremble, the man whose hopes and whose ambition had been crowned when that son was born to him.

The period immediately preceding the birth of young Napoleon was one at which the fame and power of his most wonderful father had reached their highest point. At that period the French people, dazzled by the glory of his arms, actually believed that a visible star guided his destiny, and led him to victory and success. The ignorant would say, "If the emperor wishes for a new victory, he will have it." He desired to have an heir to his empire and his fame; and they believed the child that was to be born to him would be a son. It was so.

The son was born. For ten minutes' time they could not tell if it lived. At last the first infant cry was heard; and that first cry was almost instantly responded to by a hundred and one cannons, which were fired off to announce the birth of the son of Napoleon. The bells of all the churches responded again to the cannon; the tremendous peal of Notre Dame sounding forth above all. Hundreds of couriers, ready mounted, started off at the signal, and sped with the news in all directions. A balloon ascended from the Champs de Mars, and madame Blanchard, the aéronaut, flew through the air to carry the tidings to the neighbouring villages, throwing down bulletins inclosing pieces of silver, to announce to the population the birth of the emperor's son, and to the poor to testify his joy or his gratitude. Slow as was communication then, compared to what it is now, all France had known the great event before evening, and every hamlet had a light in its windows.

The son of Napoleon was born king of Rome,—such was the title assigned by the will of the great despot, his father. His ambitious hopes centred in the infant, and as it grew, his fondness grew with it. The prints that exist of the emperor in his study, meditating

over maps with the child upon his knee, or sleeping on a cushion beside him, are the most interesting we have of that great man. It was only when with his child that Napoleon appeared to forget the mighty cares of his empire. We can hardly imagine such a man rolling with a child on the carpet, nursing it on his knee, or carrying it in his arms; yet they say these were his chief private pleasures, his most delightful relaxations.

The child was not a very remarkable one; and perhaps he did not in his infant years possess any very kingly notions. He was promised to have whatever he desired as a reward for being good, and his wish was to be allowed to go to play with the poor children he saw amusing themselves in the streets. He was subjected, however, to a species of training quite accordant with the character of his nation. For instance: little Napoleon was subject to violent fits of passion. One day, when he was rolling on the floor in a rage, and screaming loudly, his governess, madame Montesquieu, went over and carefully closed the windows, and let down the blinds. The child ceased his cries to ask why she did so.

"I am afraid the people will hear you cry," she replied.

"What," said the little king, "do they wish one never to cry?"

"How do you think it possible that the French would wish to have a prince like you, if they knew that you cry thus, and throw yourself into such passion?" she replied.

"Ah! do you think they have heard me? Pardon, me, madame; I am very sorry, I will not do so again."

A woman, dressed in mourning, with a little boy in her arms, wearing black also, one day approached the window of the Tuilleries; and the child held a paper to the king of Rome, saying, his father, who had been an officer, was dead, and he wished to have that petition presented to the emperor. The little king entered his father's apartment next day, with the petition in his hand.

"Papa," said he, as Napoleon kissed him; "a little boy, all dressed in black, sent you this paper: his papa was killed for you; his mamma is in grief, and she wants a pension. Give her a pension, papa."

"Bah!" said the great man, "art thou disposing of pensions already? Thou hast begun early." But the pension was granted the officer's widow.

The power and glory of Napoleon approached their zenith; rapidly did they advance to a fall. Before his last departure from Paris, to join the army, he received the officers of the National Guard at the Tuilleries; there holding the empress in one hand and the king of Rome, then three years old, in the other, he said to these officers, "I leave with confidence to your care the empress and the king of Rome, my wife and my son. On them are placed all our hopes. I leave you all that is dearest to me in the world, and leave it with confidence in your hands." At these words, a thousand arms were lifted to swear to defend the deposit thus confided. The emperor embraced his wife and son: that was the last embrace they ever received from him.

On the 29th of March, 1814, the allied army was at the gates of Paris. The empress quitted the capital. The little king of Rome could not comprehend the change of his destiny, but the rebellious child would not leave the Tuilleries; he flung himself on the floor, kicked and struggled with all his might, and clutching hold of the furniture to retain himself, cried repeatedly, "I will stay for papa; I will not leave the chateau." He was torn away by force, and lifted into his mother's chariot.

They say that when the fugitives were at Orleans, some poor children came round the former king of Rome, to whom he presented bonbons, saying, "I wish I had something more to give you; but I have nothing now: that horrible king of Russia has taken everything from me."

The child soon learned to comprehend his changed state.

"Ah!" said he one day; "I see I am no longer the little king, for I have no longer my pages around me."

The former empress of France returned to her father at Vienna; some of her husband's followers were established with herself and her son at the palace of Schoenbrunn; but the French were soon dismissed, and the wife and son of Napoleon lived like prisoners, guarded by Austrian sentinels.

It was at that beautiful palace that Napoleon, the great conqueror, in the pride of his power, had dictated laws to the emperor of Austria, whom he had first conquered, and then made his father-in-law: but there, now, the wife and son, who had been the crown of his ambition,

and were for ever lost to him, found a refuge or a prison. The emperor of Austria and the prince Charles were, however, kind to them both, and came often to see them. Of all that befell her husband, that mighty man of power, she knew little or nothing. His letters from Elba always reached her open. At last, confused rumours circulated in the palace of the return of Napoleon from Elba; it was concealed from the former empress, but one night she kissed her son as he slept, and the boy awaking, asked what was the matter.

"The emperor is at Paris," she whispered.

"Is my papa at the Tuilleries?" asked the ci-devant king; "oh! then we must go there to join him."

They did not go there, for the battle of Waterloo decided the fate of Europe, of Napoleon, and Napoleon's son. The allied sovereigns, who then arranged the state of kingdoms and nations, required the emperor of Austria to separate young Napoleon from his mother, under the idea that her presence or conversation might encourage him to aspire to his father's career, and urge him to regain his lost empire. Maria Louisa was made grand duchess of Parma, in Italy, and set off to take possession of her new duchy, and madame Montesquieu, the boy's governess, was sent back to France.

Until this time, young Napoleon had been saluted with the titles of "Sire," or "Your Majesty," as king of Rome; but now, when he entered the Palace of Vienna with his mother, who went to take leave of her royal father, the attendants announced him as the duke of Reichstadt. The boy, not understanding the change, said, "Who is this duke of Reichstadt?"

"Monseigneur, it is you," was the answer.

"I prefer being the king of Rome," said the boy; "it is a much finer title."

"Monseigneur, that can be no longer; the emperor Francis has conferred on you the title of duke of Reichstadt."

The emperor also made his grandson colonel of an Austrian regiment; but the extraordinary career of his father he was not destined to follow. In the year 1826, four years previous to the revolution which expelled the Bourbons again from France, a young revolutionist sought an interview with the son of the great Napoleon, the still lamented hero of

France. He brought the young man, then in his seventeenth year, a tri-coloured cockade, and tried to arouse his ambition, or his spirit, by representing to him the unhappy state of France, and the eagerness of the people for the return of Napoleon's son. A flash of enthusiasm kindled in the young man's breast as he saw the tri-colour; he said to his visitor, "Tell the French of the desire I feel to prove myself worthy of being the son of Napoleon."

But the moment of energy quickly passed away, and young Napoleon sighed to himself, in a tone of bitterness, "Alas! what do they want to do with me? Do they imagine I have my father's head?"

The French Revolution of 1830 brought no change to him, and in the following year his health became evidently hopeless. Consumption advanced: in his twenty-first year young Napoleon felt his death approach.

"So young!" he said to his doctors; "is there no remedy? My birth and my death—are these the only remembrances I must leave after me?"

He then wished that his mother should send him the splendid cradle of silver-gilt, which the city of Paris had provided to receive his infancy. That relic of brilliant times was brought from Parma. The silver-gilt cradle of the king of Rome was placed beside the dying-bed of the duke of Reichstadt. The dying youth gazed upon it, and said to those around him, "Behold the two extremities of my life! Between this cradle and my tomb there are but my twenty-one years,—my name and my sorrows." Then he wept.

His father had before then found his grave at St. Helena. His mother came from Parma, and for the last month of his life shared with the princess Sophia in watching his dying bed. As he expired, his lips murmured, "Yes—without glory—for France—ah! my father!"

Such was the melancholy end of this child of many hopes and lofty ambition. A long epitaph, engraved on his tomb, contains all the imperial titles which Napoleon conferred on himself, and wished to bequeath to his son; but the dying youth composed a simpler and more correct one, in the following lines:

"Here lies the son of the great Napoleon. He was born king of Rome. He died an Austrian colonel." B.

## MIRACLES NEVER CEASE.

THE Lord said to the paralytic man, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" he said also to the same man, when the lookers on saw no miracle, but blasphemy in his words, "Take up thy bed and walk." Of these acts, which was the greater? The Lord tells us the former was; for the latter—quite subordinate to it—was performed merely to show its reality and validity. "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house," Matt. ix. 6. So then all the miracles manifest to the senses, which the Lord performed, had simply and solely this purpose in view, to show that he had power to forgive sins. This power, in its puttings forth, constitutes the unceasing proclamation to man of the Godhead of Jesus, and the unceasing miracle whereby alone the church of God has any existence at all. The material subordinate miracle, fit only to convince, convict, and condemn, but not to convert gross carnal minds, has been discontinued; whilst the indispensable spiritual miracle—the forgiveness of sins—has been multiplied. No Christian man, then, should be struck with any strangeness in the events recorded in the Gospels, as if such wonders belonged only to a particular time; but should see events of exactly a similar character, though of the higher order—familiar household occurrences—wrought daily in himself, and in all true disciples. But he often sees not these wonders, because the carnality of his heart obscures his spiritual vision; and when he does see them, it is generally when they become transparent through striking outward facts. Such facts from time to time admonish him with palpable distinctness, that the Lord remains for ever faithful to his promise, "Greater works than these shall ye do; because I go unto my Father."

One of these facts has lately come to my knowledge; and as all the circumstances of it set forth, in a manner singularly conspicuous, the glorious finger of the Lord in a work of grace, I will here briefly note down a mere outline of its particulars,—all that I know of it myself,—and for the truth of which I can vouch, from a personal knowledge of all the persons to whom allusion will be made.

Several years ago, I knew in Paris a

French gentleman, whom I will call Mr. S., highly distinguished as a man of letters. He was then a professor of history in a university, is the author of a voluminous work, which has gained him a high reputation; and in a country where journalism bears away the palm from every other species of literature, was till very recently a celebrated journalist. His social qualities were as remarkable as his literary attainments; and at the period referred to, in literature, in politics, and in pleasure, he seemed to be living in successful, delightful agitation—triumphing in his own powers, and an object of envy to all who, less highly endowed, were striving to attain to the eminence he had reached. I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mr. S. at this time; and, conversing with him occasionally on the subject of religion, I soon perceived that, like all other thinking unbelievers, he sat in the midst of so many cross lights of the intellect, that he could see nothing distinctly. These cross lights—human philosophy—are as the sword of the cherubim that turned every way, to guard the way to the tree of life. I found that there was no possibility of pointing out the truth to him, whilst such a dazzling sword-fence of wit and learning as he displayed barred the way which led to it. I lost sight of him after I had left Paris, for many years, and it was not till within the last few months that tidings of him were brought to me by a Lyons friend.

From my friend just alluded to, I learned that Mr. S. had a short time before come to Lyons. He there met with a Mr. F., a minister of an evangelical congregation in the neighbourhood. The latter, a thoroughly well-instructed man, and zealous in his Divine vocation, often spoke, and earnestly, to madame E.'s visitor, on the one subject. (There is none other to any one who has once really entertained it.) Mr. S., out of politeness, took part with some animation in these conversations; but finding that his clever scepticism, and his superior (as he deemed them) arguments, did not discourage his opponent from returning to the one topic on all occasions, he at last told him that all his efforts towards his conversion were vain; that the reasonings he had urged in behalf of the truth of Christianity had all occurred to himself, with many others, and had appeared to him so conclusive, that he had adopted them heartily as true, and had

tried twice, with great earnestness, and for many months each time, to be a Christian, but had found that practically the thing was impossible; that nothing, therefore, could now remove him from the philosophic neutrality, with respect to all religions, into which his mind had finally and firmly settled down. Mr. F. replied, that if the external arguments for the truth of the Christian religion had produced so much effect, the study of the Bible itself might effect more, and, by the blessing of God, might prove to him experimentally that its doctrines broke not down in practice, but could only be by practice fully understood and appreciated. "Well, then," returned Mr. S., "upon the condition that I shall be no more importuned with religious controversy, I will promise to read with attention any portion of the Scriptures you think most calculated to explain its full design." The minister recommended him to read St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. A few days after they met again, and upon inquiry if he had fulfilled his promise, "I have," said he; "and if anything were wanting to convince me that the Christian religion is all a juggle and delusion, that same Epistle of St. Paul would do it. It is utterly unintelligible; it is full of contradictions. At all events, it is too difficult and abstruse for me to understand. This fact alone goes far to disprove the truth of Christianity. A religion coming from God should be so easily understood that the most ignorant should at once comprehend it; whereas I, who have all the advantages of learning, who am a professor in the first university of Europe, and have been all my life long engaged in intellectual pursuits, can make nothing of it. Your Bible is a thousand times more incomprehensible than our church."

To this sally the reply was made, that human learning and human ignorance stood both equally opposed to a real spiritual knowledge of the Scriptures; the former more conspicuously so than the latter; that the Spirit of God must open the heart and understanding of man before he could receive the word of life; but that the ignorant often did understand it better than he himself did, Mr. F. said he could prove to his mind, if he would accompany him in his visits that morning to several of the poorest and most unlettered of his flock.

"Well, I shall be glad to see," retorted the other, "some of these wonderful

ignoramuses who understand the Epistle to the Romans better than you do; you may rely upon it I shall put them to the test, as I am putting you to the test in accepting your invitation."

Accordingly, the Christian minister and the sceptic philosopher went out together. But only one visit was made. It was to a cobbler in his stall, in the street, or rather in the highway, who has been often pointed out to me in my visits to Lyons, as a man eminently favoured by the presence of the Lord. On Mr. F. introducing the stranger into the stall and to its proprietor, he observed that there was only one vacant stool, and that there was hardly even standing-room for three.

"For you there is not room, sir," said the cobbler to the minister, when he was taking his leave; "but there is room for three for all that; and if the Lord be with us, we shall be very good company."

Mr. S. remained all that morning in conversation with his new acquaintance. He returned to Mr. F. at a late hour. On entering the dining-room, he exclaimed, with an emotion which he could not conceal, "I thought, sir, that you were well acquainted with the Bible; but your cobbler knows it far better than yourself. I have had a lesson on theology, such as I never had before."

In truth the Lord opened the learned sceptic's heart in the cobbler's stall. From that moment he became a new man; and if a change like that which had been effected in his mind and heart had taken place in his bodily appearance, his most intimate friends would not have recognised his identity with himself of the day before. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, he has been ever since placing himself on the lowest form, learning of the unlearned; and although regarded with contemptuous pity in circles where he had before been distinguished and honoured, esteeming this reproach of Christ greater riches than all he has relinquished for it. Among the contradictions of St. Paul, he now understands this contradiction, "If any man would be wise, let him become a fool, that he may be wise."

On these facts being related, small and contemptible as they will doubtless appear to the profane mind, they were so far from appearing small to me, that they brought to my mind the story of the overthrow of the Midianites by Gideon.

A large army was too mighty an instrument for that purpose. Gideon had to reduce his force twice, to the number of three hundred; and even this number must not have the honour of the victory. By a pitcher and a lamp that must be achieved. So the learning of the learned professor, who had twice tried to be a Christian, was too mighty a means for the Lord to use in subduing a soul. The sound theology of the zealous Christian minister, which had much less of human strength in it, had also too much human strength for the purpose. The cobbler was the pitcher and the lamp in this instance. And this was done in this, as in the former case, lest Israel should say, "Mine own hand hath saved me."

Remark now: swarms of events like that just narrated are daily happening in the church of God, and we heed them not as they ought to be heeded. By the spiritual eye, the conversion of a soul to the Lord should be regarded as the battle of Waterloo or as the Exhibition of 1851 are regarded by the profane eye; only instead of pride and self-exaltation, such a display of the Divine love must needs produce self-abasement and the exaltation of the Lord. Real conversions, gradually developed or not, are mighty miracles; and if we would only keep the following truth constantly in the recollection of our hearts; namely, that the gospel "turns the world upside down," reverses the judgment of the world touching all things pertaining to God, we might see many of them; and new chapters would be daily added before our eyes to gospel history. But whilst we esteem as petty what men esteem as petty, and esteem as great what men esteem as great, we cannot see these things. That which outwardly is great and magnificent, and by reflection dwindles into a paltry insignificance, is little; whilst that which outwardly is small and despicable, and by reflection swells into an importance infinite, is great. By this rule the conversion of Mr. S. is a marvellous event, and the Exhibition of 1851 is hardly, in the comparison, worthy to arrest attention. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them;" that is, feel, think, act, and live accordingly. But we know, and do not; and therefore we see not the miracles the Lord is constantly performing on the earth.

Another remark to be made is, that where there is a display of human power, there the Spirit of the Lord is not. The

learning of the sceptic professor, and the theological acquirements of the gospel minister, did not hinder either of them from becoming Christians. But it was neither by virtue of learning nor of theology that this became so. It is necessary, at the present time especially and emphatically, to insist upon this, because by theological and profane learning, multitudes do, in this professing age, make themselves what they call, and what others call too, Christians; and at second-hand, drill their learning and theology into the ignorant, making them Christians of a like description also. But this is mere human work; there is a display of human power in it—it is evident that it may be accomplished without any Divine influence at all. Every real Christian knows—has the internal conviction—the witness in himself—that he is such (whatever human means may have been employed) by a Divine power above nature, which rebukes away from itself and puts to shame all human display:—"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." And any one fancying himself a Christian, who cannot trace his Christian life further than his studies, or what he has learned of man—who cannot trace it vividly up to a Divine source, may be sure that he is deceiving himself. He may hold all the doctrines of the gospel most orthodoxly; he may add the morality, the benevolence, and beneficence of a Howard to his flawless doctrinal knowledge; yet if he cannot say, "The spiritual life within me I derived neither from nature, nor from human teaching, but directly from the Spirit of God," he is deceiving himself. The Spirit, however, acts through an instrumentality totally insufficient and despicable in man's eyes: why? "Lest Israel should say, Mine own hand hath saved me." God could have overthrown the Midianites by a great army as well as by a pitcher and a lamp: the work would have been equally his. Ay, and Israel being questioned on this subject would, in words, probably have given the glory to God, whilst in their hearts they would have taken it to themselves; as we offer up thanksgivings for a great victory, whilst we plume ourselves on our own prowess in achieving it. To sweep away utterly this refuge of hypocrisy, He who "knows what is in the heart of man" always draws the sinner to himself by means which "stain the pride of all human glory." A man-

made Christian, whilst with his lips he confesses the Lord, in his heart is not humbled, but honours himself. But that sinner feels the touch of the finger of God who, contemplating himself as utterly lost, and all human learning, wisdom, and power as vain to help him, has Christ revealed to him—no matter through what human agency—by (he is made keenly sensible) a Divine influence that mocks at man's wisdom, and that man's wisdom mocks at.

I hope I shall not be understood as wishing, by what I have just said, to depreciate learning and intellectual endowments. I would, on the contrary, exalt them as the highest natural gifts—the bounty of God conferred on man. But I wish to keep the distinction clear and broad between nature and grace. By confounding these together, the work of grace in the heart often suffers sad adulteration, and is often well nigh obliterated. And what is worse still, the work of mere nature still oftener passes for grace,—whence so much hollow, specious, false profession.

If we could keep the gifts and operations of nature and of grace separate in our contemplation, we should then be able to discern the true church of God in the midst of the world, and should see and rejoice in the daily miracles of the Lord's love among his people, which are now obscured by the showy human wisdom in which we envelop them. Learning and talent are but the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the church; but we make of them chief doctors and high priests. Outside work, where the sound of the hammer and the anvil may be heard, they do well; but inside work, where no sound of workmen may be heard, and on which no tool of man's device may be lifted up, they only profane and defile.

The above account of Mr. S.'s conversion exemplifies strikingly, I think, the truth of these observations.

O. D.

#### LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

THE following letter, which recently appeared in a respectable provincial journal, will be read with interest by our readers, as throwing considerable light on this notable Popish miracle:

Sir,—In your paper of this day is a

letter on the subject of popish miracles, and particularly on that perennial one, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, at Naples.

I believe no other Protestant has had the privilege of investigating that pseudo-miracle which I have, and I offer to your readers the following narrative. I would have made it shorter, if the details necessary for a clear comprehension of the process would have permitted.

And, first, as to the *locus in quo*. At the side of the nave of the Archivescovato is a gorgeous chapel dedicated to the saint. It is an irregular octagon. The high altar is very splendid. In front of it, and occupying its whole length, is a basso-relievo of silver, representing the bringing into Naples, by a bishop, of the relics of the saint. It is an admirable work of art. The lofty tabernacle or "ciborio" for the host is equally rich and beautiful. There is a passage behind the altar, where in the wall of the building, an iron closet is fixed containing the sacred relics, and high above this is a bronze statue of the saint, visible over the altar and its decorations.

The secretary of state has one key of this chest; to another lock upon it the Association of Nobles has a key; and a third is kept by the archbishop. All three must be present when the closet is opened.

The miracle takes place on the 22nd of December, and again in May; and I have an indistinct recollection that there is a third exhibition. The two first I witnessed.

I must pause to account for the opportunity of close inspection which I enjoyed. About the 19th of December I obtained admission to the sacristy, and asked to see the treasury. A young priest, or acolyte, was directed by a dignitary to attend me, and received the key. I saw the glittering array of, I think, thirty-nine silver busts, the size of life, and statuettes, also of silver, with other rich sacred things. On my departure, I paid the young intelligent shaveling liberally; I was pleased with him. Before I left him, I delicately inquired about the coming miracle, and asked—could I see it? "Sicuro," was his reply; "come early, and let me or one of my companions see you, and you shall be placed where you can see everything." At about eight in the morning, I entered the chapel, then only occupied by some



old women, who, I understood, had been there all night.

At the entrance of the rails, before the altar, stood a gentleman, dressed splendidly in blue with gold embroidery. I was told he was from the court. On my asking if I could be admitted within the rails, he politely opened the gate, and pointed to one side of the altar. I had now leisure to look around me. The chapel, beautiful itself, was rendered more glorious by the display of all the busts, etc., I had before seen, each in its appropriate niche. Ere long came my young priest, and led me close to the iron closet. Soon arrived a priest, with a crimson velvet bag, richly embroidered with gold. This contained two of the keys. A gentleman, who I was told represented the secretary of state, produced a third. This gentleman, seeing my earnest curiosity, smiled, and beckoned me to his elbow. I carefully observed the ancient keys, and I feel confident a crooked nail would open any one of the locks; so much for the security. By this time a crowd filled the chapel, the old women arranged themselves on their knees at the rails, and became very noisy in their devotions. The doors of the closet were opened, and a rich crimson velvet curtain presented itself; it was stiff with gold embroidery. On this being drawn aside, the silver bust of the saint appeared on one side, standing on a shrine, said to contain a portion of the saint. On the other was an elaborate "baldechino," of silver, about eighteen inches high. In a socket upon the top of this was a casket containing the mysterious phials. This was a sort of hoop of silver, about four inches in diameter and an inch and a half deep the two sides of which were of glass; there were rich ornaments on the top surmounted by a cross, and below this was a handle about an inch in diameter and four inches long; this was hollow, but there was a large hole on one side; a battledore with its parchment top and bottom may convey some idea of the figure. This was taken out of its socket by an aged priest, and a candle being held behind the glass by an attendant, there were visible two phials, rather larger than an ordinary smelling-bottle; one of these had around its whole interior a semi-transparent red matter, with three or four gouts of thicker stuff adhering to the side. The other phial was larger and nearly globular below its short neck, say

an inch and a quarter in diameter. This contained what appeared to be sand, filling two-thirds of it, upon the top of which was about the eighth of an inch of matter that looked exactly like common yellow soap. The casket was exhibited to the secretary, and turned upside down and round. After a careful official inspection, he exclaimed, "*E duro*" (it is hard)! It was seen by two or three other persons, and then, in like manner, shown to me. I examined it as carefully and long as I properly could; pains were evidently taken that I should clearly see it in its concrete state. A priest then took up the bust, and another the "baldechino," and conveyed them to receptacles prepared for them, high above the altar, among its splendid decorations. Then the cries of the multitude became deafening and almost appalling. The old women were frantic, raving; the blood seemed bursting from their eyes. Soon way was made for a procession. The "capellano," with attendants, came, bearing a sort of tray, on which was a mitre covered with glittering stones, many of them diamonds and emeralds. There was also a collar, about two inches broad, on which was a profusion of stones and pearls, all real and precious. The bust was then decorated with a crimson velvet capote, rich, with highly-raised gold embroidery. The collar was put on this, and lay on the breast. The mitre was then placed on the bust, and the brilliant spectacle was complete. It was, indeed, dazzling.

All this time the priest had held the casket in his hand, and close to his breast. Observe! the hole in the handle was exactly in his palm, and whatever heat it afforded would rise into it. The secretary and priest then produced each a common paper-bound memorandum-book, and began reciting prayers and invocations, as I supposed, very rapidly; but so low and quickly that, though I stood close to them, I could not distinguish one word. They faced the altar, and their backs were to the people. The cries were continued, and waxed louder and louder; I could distinguish little but "*Caro mio padre, ora pro nobis.*" By this time the chapel was full outside the rails to suffocation. After the lapse of about half an hour (I regret I did not notice my watch), the priest turned to the secretary, who dropped on his knee and held the casket before his eyes, and the attendant his candle behind it. He

shook his head. The howlings became awful. Again the duet of muttering went on a little longer, another inspection took place, and then came the joyful announcement that the miracle was complete. The secretary and clergy examined it, *knelt, kissed it, and bent their foreheads upon it*. It was in like manner then held to me. Had I had Argus' eyes, I should have bent them all upon it. I saw no change, and when I would not kneel, and declined to kiss and adore the relics, the old man looked unutterable malignity.

When the liquefaction was deemed complete, a priest held up his finger, and stilled the storm. He then said, "Kyrie eleison," — which was harmoniously chanted by the agitated throng.

To close this strange scene, to my astonishment, a priest and attendants approached, bearing the implements of the mass; and this frenzied mockery and fraud was to be terminated by profaning the sacred mystery celebrated in the mass. I did not—durst not stay.

On my return to my lodgings, I immediately made a careful coloured drawing of the casket, and notes of all I had seen.

Understanding that the exhibition would continue all the day, in the evening I returned, and, by changing my position at the altar rail, I inspected the thing many times, to be certain my memory was correctly impressed, and my drawing accurate. It was now dark, but there were many lights; and to my surprise I now saw that the sand in the larger phial fluctuated in a thin fluid. The small red phial was unchanged, and the gouts of thick matter on the side had not shifted their position.

Here, then, was an established fact, that in the larger phial was sand, said to be that on which the blood of St. Januarius had been shed in the amphitheatre of Puzzuoli, when he was martyred, and that this sand is mixed with other matter that is concrete when taken out of the cold iron chest, fixed in the thick wall, and becomes fluid when the warmth of the hand and person has raised the temperature.

Dr. Newman may say he has faith in this operation, and it happens, oddly enough, that a chemist at Berlin, of the name of Newman, has succeeded in exactly copying the miracle. One has seen with astonishment the enumeration of popish miracles which Dr. Newman has

made, and in the integrity of which he professes to believe. There is before the world such decided proof of the elevated character of his understanding, that I have no hesitation in pronouncing it is impossible he can believe them.

A few days after this strange scene, I was in company with an intelligent priest, and in the course of conversation I said, "I have seen the miracle of the liquefaction;" to which he drily replied, "Have you?" "Is not this," I said, "far behind the time in which we live?" He made a grimace, *moré Italiano*, and looked slyly at the rest of the company. "Amico mio," I added, "you do not believe in this miracle?" Again the grimace, jerking out his chin. Then I said, "Why is it continued?" to which he frankly replied, "*Per il popolo*." Does this disclose the secret motive for Dr. Newman's advocacy of pious frauds? Is he become a convert to the Jesuitical estimate of a one-sided expediency, forgetting that "the God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step to good?"

To proceed. In the following May, I again went to the chapel of the saint. The same process was exactly repeated, but the saint was obdurate. The blood would not melt—it never does in the chapel at this time; and, after persevering in the mummery for about half an hour, the old women went off in a huff. The priest shouldered the bust and baldechino, in which the casket had been replaced, and marched in stately procession to the high altar in the cathedral, where a cardinal archbishop, attended by a host of ecclesiastics, celebrated high mass with marvellous pomp. It was the pleasure of the saint to wait for this, and then he relented. The miracle was performed. So it was announced, for we, the profane, could only see the distant and splendid ceremony at the altar. Later in the day, I obtained a perfect inspection of the casket, and, to my surprise, perceived a considerable difference in one of the phials,—that in which the liquefaction takes place. It was much fuller than when I saw it before. It had a ring on the glass neck, so conspicuous that it could not have escaped my frequent and careful examinations, if it had been there in the one I saw at Christmas. I therefore came away convinced that they have two phials—and why? Because the nature of the composition must be adapted to very different temperatures.

In winter it must liquify in about half an hour, when the air is comparatively cool. In May, when at Naples the heat is considerable, it must not melt at all in the saint's chapel. It will resist the heat, and be concrete during mass, for little short of two hours, and then yield to the hot hand and person of the manager. I may be mistaken in both my observation and my theory, but I have no doubt of their accuracy. The three miserable keys of the iron closet will not exclude ingenious priests, and all circumstances of the history of this figment show that it is perfectly under the management of the priests, and independent of the will of the saint.

#### THE "NE'ER DO WELL."

AMONG the strange varieties to be found in this inexhaustible world, descriptive and satirical writers have not failed to fix upon the man of versatile cleverness, who, after attempting everything, ends at last in nothing. I have such a character in my eye at this moment. Bob Multiform was one of my school acquaintances. He was a prompt acute, ready-witted fellow, always bustling, though seldom really busy; a good-natured companion, possessed of much compliant humour, though accompanied by a self-esteeming conceit which disgusted others as much as it comforted himself. In fact, that same conceit is an admirable thing for enabling a man to get on easily *for the time being*, though it is not a little apt to leave him stranded in the issue. Did any one want help in some new project, Bob Multiform was just the boy to give it. He possessed a boundless variety of shifts and expedients, and he now and then used them for bad causes as well as for good ones. The fox, with his thousand tricks, fared worse than if he had adhered to a single solid principle. On the whole, however, Bob managed to escape from school without actual disgrace, and came out upon the boards of the world with no settled character, except that he had some reputation for vivacity and gumption.

It was one of Bob's peculiarities that he was peculiarly open to impressions of all kinds, and from all quarters. He seemed ready to obey all impulses but his own. It was not, however, that he wanted firmness on certain occasions, for no man was more obstinate when opposed; but he never could hear of celebrity in any line without an instant

inclination to imitate it. Goldsmith is said to have been vexed when even the performer of a puppet-show was more admired than himself. It is surprising through what freaks and fantasies this daring disposition to seek for honours led our unfortunate wight. The first taste which I remember was that of dress. It was the day of dandyism, when frock-coats and Wellington-boots were in fashion, and those who never mounted a horse walked about in jingling spurs, or rattled along on those silly machines then called dandy-horses. I hardly know who was Bob's immediate prototype, but he was amazingly ambitious of being considered a well-dressed man. There was not a calendar of fashions with which, for the time, he was not intimate. He could discourse most learnedly on the cut of a coat, or the precise fit of a waistcoat, was most punctilious about the whiteness of his linen, or the height of his stock, and wore his extraordinary beaver with an air which eclipsed most contemporaries. He thought himself admired, and whenever a man so thinks, he is pretty sure to be laughed at. Many a lady hid her face when he appeared, to conceal her irrepressible emotions at his extraordinary figure. The thing at length became too flagrant, and it was time to stop it. Some good-natured fellow whispered the truth into Bob's ear, and lost him as a friend for ever.

After taking a little time to recover from this mortification, Bob fell into a contrary extreme. To escape from the ridiculous, he attempted the sublime. He sought seclusion, and began a course of reading, and soon persuaded himself that, except for a very young man, care about dress was contemptible littleness; and that as the mind made the man, it was an essential part of mental culture to neglect the body altogether. When next he appeared before his friends, he was therefore a totally different being. His talk was now of books and of their contents. It is true that he knew little more about most of them than what could have been gained from a few of the leading reviews of the day; but every one was not in the secret, and to them he was a prodigy. Bob now became a leader of a *coterie*, to which he was the giver of law; and though they were all but silly coxcombs, he flattered himself into the belief that he was some Johnson, or Parr, or Magliabecchi, or Mezzophanti, and had

devoured more books than most around him had heard of. He established a debating-class; a desirable thing in itself, provided a man do not think it the British senate, and he himself the first orator in it. From a dandy he now sank down into a sloven. He was sometimes unwashed; often unshaven; was not much concerned if a rent appeared in his clothes, and affected to treat all such trifles with derision and sarcasm. Matters went on thus, till having, in "his pride of place," directed some invective against a stranger who had demurred to one of his propositions, he was met by a rejoinder so direct and merciless as to send the peacock's feather which the jackdaw had worn into high air—to demonstrate him to be only an empty pretender, and to elicit the cheers of his former subjects, who, wearied with his arrogance, rejoiced to witness the overthrow of their tyrant. He slunk away in discomfiture and disgrace.

His next fit was that with which he should have begun—attention to business. During two short months he was the very pattern of assiduousness in his father's warehouse. He made uncommon advances in a very short time, till some of those who had looked on him as a mere pragmatistical saunterer, began to hope there was more in him than had hitherto met their eye. Fired with their applauses, Bob redoubled his zeal. So intently did he follow his new inspiration, that after the labours of the day were over for others, he was to be found arranging some unexplored corner of the warehouse, or carefully posting up his hitherto neglected books. His father's eye began to be fixed upon him with unusual favour, and to think that he might one day, with satisfaction, resign his business to a son who, now that he had sown his wild oats, was the model of punctuality and diligence. How long this fit of exemplariness might have lasted, had no sudden temptation intervened, I do not know; but at a musical party, Bob received a new impulse.

Now Bob had never, up to this time, shown the slightest partiality for the harmony of sweet sounds. If the want of music mark a traitor, he had seemed to be the veriest one: his voice was rough and dissonant, and he could not distinguish between the chord of the dominant seventh and the major. But he had unbounded confidence in himself, and thought that what others could do

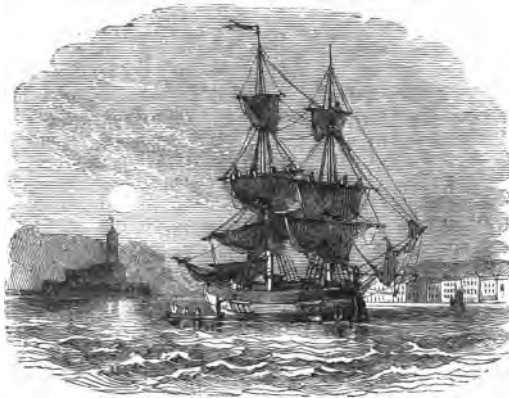
well, he could do much better. Alas for the warehouse and its concerns! In vain did the anxious father protest, remonstrate, urge, and even threaten! Occupied by his five parallel lines, Bob disregarded all besides. Music more dissonant than that which comes from the turning of "a brazen candlestick," disturbed his neighbours' repose. One evening, he must needs adventure a part in some difficult performance, for which he had carefully prepared himself. To his consternation, he found his fellow-performers drop off from him one by one, till he was left to a solo, and a roar of laughter followed as a chorus.

If our hero found some solace in remembering that such as he was he had great names to keep him in countenance, it was a poor resource. Little has been ever accomplished by those who resemble the duke of Buckingham as painted by Dryden:

"A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by turns, but nothing long."

Bob Multiform was not destined to reverse the usual fate of his class. His father saw his business, deprived of the care of his son, degenerate from day to day, till he died a broken-hearted insolvent. I have made many inquiries about Bob himself; but could never learn his whole history. I only know that he had once a project for making a new kind of soap, which would wash with salt water; that at another time he embarked in a plan for reviving the locomotive steam-engine. I suspect him to have had a hand in the aërial machine, which was to fly; but of this I am not sure. Once he went to Australia, where he had a plan for civilizing the aborigines. The last time I saw him he told me he was on the eve of making a fortune by railway speculation; and he certainly looked as if he believed it. I heard that soon after this, however, he emigrated to California.

Such are the destinies of cleverness without principle. A grain of industry is worth a bushel of mere impulse. If any of my readers be tempted to follow Bob Multiform's career, it may be well for them to remember that the scion which is grafted on to the stock of perseverance and the fear of God, though it may seem to shoot less vigorously than others around it, is that which will produce the best and surest fruit. M.



The Brig "Rover."

## THE CAREER OF THE BRIG "ROVER."

HIGH are the cliffs, fitful the breeze, and clear the blue sun-lit sky. The sea, the wide, the vast, the unbounded sea, is heaving to and fro in its mighty bed, and breaking on the shingly shores, fringing the beach with foam. Fishers' skiffs are seen on the restless waters, and in the distance ships are sailing, outward and homeward bound.

The dockyard gently rises from the strand, presenting a scene of busy toil. Timber, in piles and scattered pieces, meet the eye; oak, and the stately pine, elm, chestnut, and knotted cedar crooked in form. Axes and saws, winches and jacks, mallets and resounding hammers are at work, the huge capstern is in motion, and the boiling tar-kettles are brimmed with their ebon lava. Hard-featured men, with rough hands and sun-burnt faces, habited in ochre-coloured frocks, are plying their useful trade.

In a shed-like tar-painted building in the dockyard are hung drawings of fast-sailing vessels, and there, too, lies a miniature ship that has been carved and rigged with care. It is the model of the good ship "Rover," yet to be built. Tall are her masts, broad is she in the beam, gracefully sloping aft, and beautifully contracting by degrees her bulging swell, and fair are her snow-white sails. Let but the ship be equal to the model, and the "Rover" brig will ride triumphantly the roaring waves.

The shipwrights have entered on their work in earnest and right good-will.

Those lusty strokes and loud resoundings of the axe and mallet are not in vain. Level lie the blocks upon the slip, and steady lies the keel upon the blocks, straight as an arrow, and of amazing strength, scarfed and bolted in a workmanlike manner, the goodly foundation for a noble building. Already, in imagination, the brig "Rover" may be seen breasting the stormy tide.

On goes the work, joining the massy timbers. Here is the stemson knee, and yonder are those of the keelson and sternson. As the bare-ribbed skeleton of a mighty mammoth, the unplanked hull lies a framework of strength, a spectacle of power to the wondering spectator. The brig "Rover" is to strive with the tempest, and requires muscles and sinews of oak and iron.

Not soon are such capacious ribs planked over; but willing hands work wonders. How resolutely they ply their augers and their hammers! Fore and aft, stem, stern, and sides are beset with craftsmen, boring the hard wood and driving the long pins day after day, and week after week. Now the enormous hulk shows itself standing in frame, and many a bared arm is at work with oakum and caulking iron, to render it water-proof and sea-worthy, and able to play like a dolphin in the vasty deep.

There lies the ponderous anchor that with iron clutch is to cling to the rugged bottom of the deep, holding the ship in safety. It seems to talk of tempests, of howling winds tearing the sails to tatters, and roaring waves sweeping over the

deck of the storm-beaten vessel in her extremity, carrying her masts by the board. Who shall say, when the brig "Rover" leaves the dock, the port that she may make? Who shall say whether, with her pendant flying, she will ride at anchor at Whampoa, or be broken on the rocky reefs of Senegambia?

What columns of smoke are rising from the boiling tar-kettles! they are sheathing the bulky hull, and darker and darker grow the bulging bows. Larboard and starboard, from keel to bulwark, and from figure-head to rudder, the seething iron is spread profusely, while the sound of mallets, and saws, and clanging hammers from between decks proclaim the diligence of shipwrights' arms. Soon will the "Rover," masted and rigged, show her fair proportions, as a gallant craft and swift sailer, ready to wrestle with the hurricane.

Shipwrights, well have you performed your several parts; well did you lay the keel upon the blocks scarfed and bolted, joining the massy ribbing, planking, and sheathing the bulky hull, and fitting up the ship for her crew and cargo; but other duties must be entered on. All is right below; you must go aloft. A noble ship is worth a noble rigging; let her have it prompt and cheerily.

Again they are at their work, and it goes on bravely. Tall and strong and taper are the masts that are swung into their places, adding altitude and beauty to the growing ship. Stiff are the laddered shrouds and stays that strengthen them, and now those goodly pines are as firmly rooted as when they revelled in the forest, taunting the tempest, and laughing at the hurricane. If standing under bare poles the goodly craft thus wins upon us, how will it be when decked with all her sails she walks the waters!

The riggers are aloft and below, and busy enough are they from the figure-head to the bowsprit, and from the deck to the maintop. Shrouds, ratlines, and stays; tackles, lifts, and braces; sheets, bowlines, and bridles, all are attended to. Day after day the rising and the setting sun finds them at their labour. See! the work is done; hull, masts, yards, and sails, with standing and running rigging all completed. The pendant is flying, the sails are set. The rudder is seen under the cabin-windows, and the great anchor is hanging at the bows.

Well pleased is the master shipwright who built her; well pleased is the mer-

chant whose property she is; and well pleased are all who look on her form of grace, and strength, and beauty. The axe, the saw, and the hammer, the winch, the jack, the caulking-iron, and the tar-brush have been well used; and not in vain have those hard-featured men, with rough hands and sunburnt faces, habited in ochre-coloured frocks, plied their useful trade. Look on the brig "Rover," you who lead useless lives, be ye rich or poor; and while ye blush for yourselves, learn to estimate more highly the industrious and useful shipwright.

The sun is brightly shining, and many a skiff and pleasure-boat filled with well-dressed company is waiting on the water. The dockyard is thronged with people, and the crowded deck of the "Rover" brig is freighted with dancing hearts and sparkling eyes; her masts and yards are decked with flags and streamers floating in the breeze. The launching of a vessel is a goodly sight, and beautiful in a shipwright's eyes was the launch of the good ship "Rover;" for when the blocks were knocked away from the slip, she seemed to fly to the ocean waves as a daughter rushing to a father's arms.

And now she rides as gracefully as a swan upon the waters, staunch and strong in every part, and calling forth the praise of all beholders. Loud was the shout when her name was given to her, and a full bottle was dashed against her swelling bows; but not so loud as when, let loose from the slip and frame, she fled impatiently to the briny deep. Columbus, or captain Cook, sir Francis Drake, or commodore Byron would have gloried in such a craft to sail the world with.

Who can look on the brig "Rover" without longing for a sea voyage! She brings before us freshening gales, and whitening surges, creaking masts and swelling canvases. We think of Cherokees and Choctaws, Otaheitan and New Zealanders, Turks and Tartars; Hindoos, Hottentots, and Caffres; with sunny islands, bread-fruit, palms and parrots, coral and cocoa-nuts. Many are our day-light dreams, and few there are among us who have not wandered in our fancy over distant lands.

It seems but as yesterday when we were talking of the brig "Rover," as a thing yet to be, the model of it being then only in existence, and now the vision of our imagination is embodied. As the noble ship rests on the deep green sea, the wind playfully shakes her sails,

and the ruffled waters dash against her prow as though they would say, "By-and-by you will know us better." And so she will; toying with the breeze, laughing at the gale, defying the storm, and grappling with the hurricane.

One more glance at the "Rover" brig, imposing in her strength and alluring in her beauty. As yet her bulwarks are unbroken, her masts unstrained, and her sails untorn by the tempest. Victualled and manned and cargoe'd, soon will she move among the outward-bound, and her mariners give a backward look on Albion's lessening shores.

Go forth, thou gallant bark! Hope at thy head, and Prudence at thy helm; confident, yet cautious; venturous, but wisely temperate. Take with thee and bring back a freight of goodly merchandise, and bear among thy stores the Book of truth, the word of God, to enlighten other lands. Fair winds and prosperous voyages attend thee! May the shipwrights, whose hard hands wrought thee, be successful, thy crew be preserved in the hour of danger, and thy owner never have reason to regret the building of the brig "Rover!"

#### STATISTICS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

In an article under this title, at the commencement of the year, the balance-sheet, as we supposed, of the Propaganda Society of Rome was dissected, and its pecuniary results compared with those of Protestant Missionary Societies. The writer of the article in question has since found that the documents from which he drew his statements was the balance-sheet of the Propaganda Society of Lyons (the great organ of Romish missionary effort in the present day). There being nothing on the face of the document to show that it emanated from Lyons, and its title being the same as that by which the Romish Propaganda Society is generally known in this country, the misconception to which we have adverted naturally arose. Comparatively few readers will be aware until now that there are two Romish societies bearing the same title.

The facts respecting the statistics of Romish Missions in the paper referred to retain, however, much of their interest and importance; but in order fairly to contrast Romish and Protestant liberality as respects missions, it will be necessary

to add to the Lyons collections those of the Romish body, which are not, so far as we can ascertain, published. Even when every addition has been made on this score, the facts contained in the statement of the Lyons Society (which includes donations from all parts of the world) strongly incline us to the belief that Protestant missionary liberality, while it is altogether purer in principle, will in pecuniary amount be found to outweigh the liberality that feeds Romish proselytism, although the latter be sustained by the unscriptural notion (so well fitted to open the heart of avarice) that alms-deeds can purchase a meritorious title to everlasting life.

#### OLD HUMPHREY AT HASTINGS.

WHEN a man has carried about with him a lame foot for more than twelve months, and still limps sadly in his gait, he is ready and willing to make any effort to obtain relief. "Try the sea," said one; "You cannot do a better thing," said another; "It will be sure to cure you," added a third. Well, here I am at the sea, marvelling at the progress in my recovery already made. The great Physician is medicinally and mercifully using the High Downs, the green turf, the sea breeze, and the salt water for my benefit. He who said to the man sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house," is saying to me, also, "Be thou healed."

There are many things here with which every visitor becomes familiar,—the Parade, the bathing-machines, Castle-hill, the East and West Cliffs, the Downs, and the windmills. As a matter of course, every one goes to Fairlight, the Lover's Seat, the Dripping Well, and St. Leonard's, and gives a glance at the tank bearing the inscription, "Waste not, Want not," and the hut scooped out of the face of the cliff, with the Robinson Crusoe, who dwells there with his family and his fowls, his ducks and his geese, his pigs, his dogs, and his donkeys; and every one stands on the beach, looking with wonder at the waters when chafed by the winds:

In awful majesty they loudly roar,  
And bounding onwards, break upon the shore.

I walk on the Parade by sunlight and moonlight, amid a stream of well-dressed persons, gazing on the sea. At nightfall the dark waters come rushing onward,

reminding me of that strengthly imagery in God's holy word,—“When the enemy shall come in like a flood.” In the uncertain light they assume, too, grotesque and fantastic shapes of dark men, and monsters struggling in contention. The moment, however, I look right in the direction of the full-orbed moon, the glittering water seems as if descending from the sky in a stream of light, a waterfall of silver, a cataract of diamonds.

The assembled company on the Parade, as a polyglot edition of humanity, is a source of endless interest. In age, sex, costume, and character, the variety is great; nor ought the coast-guard preventive men, in their blue jackets and white trousers, and the shipwrights and fishermen, in their ochre-coloured frocks, to be passed by unnoticed when we are glancing at the population of Hastings.

In moving about I have monitors all around me. As I stood on the East Cliff, one cried aloud, with a mighty voice, “The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.” As I walked along the sharp ridge to the west, another proclaimed the undeniable truth, “The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” As I mused on the slope of the hill, looking down into the valley below, three hundred witnesses stood before me, telling me that there was but a step between me and death. Who was he who cried aloud? The mighty sea, that with his resounding waves has been rolling to and fro for six thousand years. Who was he that proclaimed the truth of the sovereignty of the Lord? The glorious sun, setting in his strength, kept in his course by Almighty power alone. And who were the three hundred witnesses who so suddenly were seen standing up before me? The tombstones in the churchyard below, that—silent, yet influential, quiet as the grave, yet awfully eloquent—addressed to me the admonition, “Prepare to meet thy God!”

To the general visitor, the elevated site of the castle and the fine sea-view it commands, are more interesting than the old ruin itself; but not so to the antiquarian. Give him a dry ditch, a gateway with the groove of a portcullis, a semicircular tower, a sallyport, and a mouldering wall, and he has before him the elements of a day's intense gratification. Thomas à Becket was once dean, and William of Wykeham prebend of the College of St. Mary in the Castle. I

met in the old ruins an agreeable tourist, a good draughtsman and his sister, from the neighbourhood of Crossfell, in Cumberland, and an intelligent physician, a Scotchman, from Bath. The telescope, and good sense of the latter, both ministered to my pleasure.

On my way to Fairlight, I fell in with the commandant of the coast-guard, in his white hat, mounted on his bay mare. I volunteered to open a gate for him, which trifling attention was liberally repaid on his part by friendly converse and interesting information. In going to market with the world, always carry in your hand the current coin of civility and courtesy, and you will be sure to bring home a good bargain.

Neither the Lover's Seat, the fish-ponds, nor the Dripping Well equalled the expectations I had formed of them, though Fairlight Glen afforded me great pleasure. In a retired nook I was accosted by a gipsy:

The dark-hair'd daughter of the wild and wood,  
With kerchief round her head, before me stood;  
Her swarthy face was hung with luring wiles,  
And smooth deceit was mingled in her smiles.

She wanted to tell me my fortune, but I told her I feared she was so much accustomed to speak what was not true, that I questioned if asked what o'clock it was, and she happened to know, whether she could put her lips in the form of truth. At first she was exceedingly light; but when I spoke seriously, her tactics were immediately altered. With a mock-serious countenance, she said that I was a good, pious man, with a benevolent heart; and if there were many like me in the world, there would be but few poor forlorn women driven by poverty to pick up their bread how they could. In short, she outdid me in the gravity of her remarks, and beat me with my own weapons, so that I was fain to leave her mistress of the field. On the sea-beach I fell in with two gentlemanly artists, whose friendly faces and talented performances I should look upon again with pleasure.

There is something wondrously attractive in the name of Old Roar, especially as the fall is described in the “Guide Book” to be in a wild and romantic situation, in the centre of a thick wood, and tumbling after heavy rains in a large body of water over a perpendicular precipice of forty feet, with a roar that may be heard at a distance of several miles. To me it was altogether



irresistible, so off I set "up hill and down dale."

The distance from Hastings to the Fall may be about two miles; but the road is very rough and very hilly—awkward things for a lame ankle; and then I had, in addition, to descend one hill and surmount another before I got into the right road. On I went, hobbling along, now and then talking to myself.

"Do you not consider this rather a Quixotic undertaking?" said I, as I ascended the steep hill, after crossing the railway bridge. "I do," said I.

"And are you not afraid that your lame ankle will have to suffer for it?"

"To speak the truth, I am afraid of it."

"What, then, do you mean to do?"

"I mean to go to the Old Roar."

When I came to the rugged, precipitous, and overgrown pathway through the wood, the sun was about to set, and I had another conversation with myself. "Is there no danger," said I, "of your being benighted, and finding a difficulty in retracing your path?"

I admitted, at once, that there was considerable danger.

"And might you not, in so solitary a place, be waylaid by some lawless character, who in your helpless state might do you an injury?"

"Certainly this might be the case, I freely admit; and if I must fight or fly, it must be the former, for my lame ankle will not let me do the latter."

"What, then, do you think of doing?"

"I think of going to the Old Roar."

The hilly ploughed field was to me an arduous undertaking, the ground being exceedingly rough and without a pathway. "Would it not be wise to give up your adventure," said I, "seeing that you are so unequal to the undertaking?"

"Perhaps it would," was my reply.

"And besides it may be a mile further to the place than you suppose."

"There is nothing at all unlikely in such a supposition."

"What, then, do you resolve upon?"

"I resolve to go to the Old Roar."

In this manner I kept walking and talking till I fell in with a young girl with a child in her arms. The young girl was instantly installed as a guide, and so in spite of hills and dales, intricate woods and rough-ploughed ground, Old Humphrey at last reached Old Roar.

On entering the wood, we were joined by a blackberry-gatherer, a man of some information and shrewdness; so we all

went together to the Fall. Old Roar, no doubt, keeps up its reputation in rainy weather; but it sadly loses it in the dry months of summer, for not one drop of water was to be found at the place. My guide had never been at the Upper Falls, of which there are two; but I pushed my way through the overhanging branches of the trees, and plodded up the watercourse till I came to them both. Old Roar is said to be a forty-feet fall, the one above only three or four, and the uppermost eight or ten. The wood is as thick, entangled, secluded, and romantic as a lover of nature could desire. When the sun does his very best there, a parasol is not wanted.

My young guide some time before had sprained her ankle, and this, she said, had been cured with adder-oil, obtained from two adders caught in the wood. Her mother, who resided near, offered me what was still remaining in the phial; but neither being acquainted with the properties of adder-oil, nor having the requisite faith in the remedy, I declined to avail myself of her kindness. I gave the blackberry-gatherer a cup of tea at the house where my guide lived, and a gratuity, and he gave me the protection of his company; a mutual service was thus rendered to each other. It was dark when I arrived at Hastings.

Beachy Head pushes itself out boldly into the sea, with a perpendicular height of between five and six hundred feet, commanding a solitary but sublime prospect; and Eastborne is a genteel watering-place on a small scale;—but I must speak of Pevensey Bay and Pevensey Castle.

To Pevensey I went by railroad, passing through St. Leonard's and Bexhill, and then made the best of my way, on foot, from the station to the Castle and the Bay. My thoughts were busy as I limped along the broad flat plain, over which, in years gone by, the sea had rolled its mighty waters. When I reached the bay it was bank full, and I wondered why it should not, at times, flow over, and flood the country round.

As I stood on the shingly shore, leaning on my stick, now looking at bold Beachy Head on my right hand, now at Hastings' ruined castle on my left; and then casting a glance at the monotonous magnificence of the heaving ocean, I began, after my usual custom, to talk to myself. "And here it was, then," said I, "that, more than eight hundred years

ago, William of Normandy, since called the 'Conqueror,' landed with his sixty thousand men, to fight and to conquer, to rule and to reign. And here it was, too, that eight centuries afterwards ambitious Bonaparte intended to pour upon us a hostile array, a flood of violence and vengeance. We were mercifully preserved, and many regard British courage and these Martello towers that guard the coast as the cause of our preservation. David was a strong man, and knew the use of his weapons, and yet he says, 'I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me,' Ps. xlv. 6. 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say: if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us,' Ps. cxxiv. 1—4. Whoever will look to the Martello towers, a Christian man can only regard them as one of the means of deliverance in the hand of Him who is a strong tower, even the Lord God of hosts, 'the Lord mighty in battle.'"

The stranger, while he gazes with excited interest on Pevensey Bay, is apt to forget the changes which have taken place in eight hundred years. Beachy Head may remain much the same as it was, but the coast in many parts is altered, and the sea has receded nearly a mile from Pevensey.

Pevensey Castle has the reputation of being the largest and most entire remain of Roman building to be seen in Britain. The quietude and stillness which now prevail in this stronghold of departed power is very striking and influential.

"No clashing arms, nor fearful cannon's roar,  
Are heard resounding on the adjacent shore.  
All, all is peace within thy precincts now,  
The cattle safely graze the grassy brow;  
And laughing children cull the flowrets wild,  
Where once the prisoner wept, and victor smiled."

Battle Abbey is much visited by those who for a season take up their abode at Hastings; no wonder that I should make a pilgrimage to the place, not for purposes of devotion, but the gratification of curiosity. The abbey was erected by William the Conqueror, in consequence of a vow which he had made to erect such an establishment in the event of his being successful in his battle against Harold. The high altar of the church, it is said, occupied the spot where Harold's standard stood, or where his dead body was found.

The great gateway of the abbey, the two isolated towers, the crypt, the remains of the abbey church, the cloisters, and the great hall containing portraits, antiquities, armour, and other things are full of interest; but the principal attraction to most visitors is the painting by Wilkin of the Battle of Hastings. In this picture William the Conqueror is represented on horseback, as leading a charge, when he comes suddenly to the spot where the dead body of his enemy, Harold, is being supported by two Normans. A warrior holds up the fatal arrow which has pierced Harold to the brain, while another warrior presents to William the helmet of his fallen foe. Odo, bishop of Bayeux, is seen in the picture dressed in armour:

Among other curiosities hanging up in the great hall, is the "Roll of Battle Abbey," containing the names of the principal followers of the duke of Normandy. Some people who pride themselves on their genealogy, are wont to boast that their ancestors came over with William the Conqueror; I looked very carefully over the Roll of Battle Abbey, but though I found many names there, I did not find my own. This, however, by no means disconcerted me, for on walking away, I jocosely said to myself, "Report accuses the monks of the place with now and then adding a name to the roll; now if they had so little conscience as to add one, they might have taken one away, and who can tell but that they have scratched out mine? If I cannot prove this to have taken place, neither can any one else prove the contrary; and besides, whether it was so or not, Old Humphrey can go back to Adam as well as the best of them."

It was my intention to visit Battle church, but a gentlemanly stranger, who happened to be at the abbey with his son, made himself so agreeable by his excursive and Christian conversation, that I lost all recollection of time till it was too late. The church was not visited by me; and now, whether the figure of sir Anthony Brown, standard bearer to Henry the Eighth, lying on his back in armour with the effigy of his lady, the "Fair Geraldine," beside him, will ever be seen by me is uncertain. The mouldering abbey and the monumental stones alike proclaim the mutability of all below the skies. Years are on my brow, and unwise will it be in me not to remember,

While Time is spreading wide his rapid wings,  
The fleeting nature of all earthly things.

The graven brow is not without its consolations, and as the green ivy imparts a cheerful appearance to the mouldering ruin, so many a holy text imparts a real cheerfulness to hopeful age. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die," John xi. 25, 26.

OLD HUMPHREY'S PARTING ADDRESS.

WITH grateful and affectionate emotions I sit down to indite a brief parting address to my readers. Eighteen years ago my pen was occupied in writing a piece for the *first* number of the "Visitor," and now it is employed in preparing one for the *last*. These are changing times with regard to powers, principalities, and periodicals, and we had all of us need to be like soldiers with their knapsacks on their backs, ready to march at a moment's warning. There is a term for every earthly thing, and the days of the "Visitor" are numbered.

As the world turns round, a change necessarily takes place in the views, objects, and attainments of society, so that publications well suited to one period of time, are but ill calculated to meet the requirements of another. It therefore becomes necessary that every periodical should either adapt itself to altering social circumstances, or withdraw to make way for one of a more influential character. The Committee, under whose auspices the "Visitor" has so long been conducted, have at length decided, as a move onward in agreement with the times, to withdraw it and supply its place with a more attractive, energetical, and popular periodical. May their feet be sandalled, their loins girded, and their hearts strengthened in their Christian enterprise to the good of the reading public and the Redeemer's glory.

Publications should not be estimated by their age, but by their usefulness; and tried by this test, the "Visitor" is not unworthy of remembrance. Its friendly visits to the domestic hearth will not readily be forgotten. Works of mere harmless amusement are in a great degree restricted in their influence to the period of their perusal, but the amount of good that is effected by a Christian publication an eternal world alone can

unfold. It is neither too much to hope nor to believe, that the "Visitor" has not only interested, but also instructed and encouraged thousands on their way to heaven.

So far as regards my own connexion with the work, and the favour with which my pieces have been publicly received, I have no cause for discontent, but abundant reason for grateful emotions. Highly do I estimate, and dearly do I prize the spirit of kindness that has been awakened in my favour, and willingly would I still live in the hearts of my readers.

While penning these remarks I feel rising within me a friendly glow for all my fellow-coadjutors who have contributed to the pages of the "Visitor;" sometimes going a-head of me in knowledge and science, and at others casting me into the shade by their learning and piety. Whether residents of the earth, or called away from the world, I feel towards them as seamen feel towards those who, together in the same good ship, have navigated the boundless deep.

I must be other than I am if I could review my connexion with the "Visitor" without being gratefully impressed with the respect and kind attentions paid me by the Committee for so long a period. It would be a trouble to me at such a season to forego my heartiest acknowledgments.

Much do I owe for courtesy and kindness to all those to whose hands have been committed the editorship of the work, but especially to one, now withdrawn by ill-health from the scene of his customary labours. His talents, his judgment, his kind consideration, and the faithful reproofs of his cedar pencil are still gratefully remembered by me, and I know that he will neither undervalue my thanks, nor call in question the sincerity with which they are offered.

My parting appeal to my readers is not a final farewell, but rather a shake by the hand at the railway terminus, where a change takes place in the vehicles, and where friends though journeying onward are not quite certain that they shall be found in the self-same carriage together. At present we may be said to have travelled by the common train, but in future we must go by the "express."

The new periodical will be issued weekly. Its title, "*The Leisure Hour*." It will come forth with power, and with a claim on the attention of the public

which I trust will be acknowledged. But if you ask whether these bustling changes at my time of life are pleasant to me, I answer "No!" Old Humphrey likes his old coat, for he feels easy in it; but if it be necessary to put on another, a little more of the cut of the times, why he must even do his best to accommodate himself thereto, and try to mend his manners as much as he improves his appearance. In some things, however, he is unchangeable. He must be both cheerful and grave; no amount of hilarity would long keep him from serious reflection, nor could calamity crush out of him a thankfulness that is as a well-spring in his heart. In the darkest hour of endurance and grief his sunny spirit will break forth; and in the brightest season of temporal joy, mindful of what is spiritual and eternal, his finger will point to "where true joys are alone to be found."

But notwithstanding the cheerfulness of my nature, there is, and I care not to hide it, a solemnity gathering round me when I think that for the last time I am dipping my pen into the inkstand for the pages of the "Visitor." It seems to speak to me personally, and not to whisper, but to cry aloud, "The ground is crumbling under your feet. Prepare for a yet greater change :

Thy brow is graven, and thy hairs are gray;  
Thy hours, thy years are flying fast away;  
This world for thee has no abiding spot,  
Then keep thy heart on heaven, and trifle not."

Perhaps this union of hopeful ardour and thoughtful reflection is necessary to enable me to play out my remaining part on life's broad stage. Could I but have foreseen that when icy-fingered winter should approach, and the cold breath of December should congeal the waters, the printing-ink of the "Visitor" would be dry, how fain should I have been to have registered in its last numbers kind-hearted impulses and heavenly aspirations, more worthy the writer, and more deserving the best attention of the reader. But thus it is ever; we undervalue and neglect opportunities of usefulness till they are passed, and then indulge in unavailing regret. What I have written in the "Visitor" is written, and I can now neither add thereto, nor diminish. The name of Old Humphrey is attached to a part only of my contributions,—the whole must remain "with all their imperfections on their head."

And now, departed volume, long

valued "Visitor," for as such I must address thee," no longer flying abroad at liberty in loose numbers, but bound in volumes, thou wilt be a captive in the bookshelves and bookcases of those who love thee. Yet will I minister to my pleasure in supposing and believing that even there thy voice will yet be heard, encouraging the Christian, stirring up the thoughtless, and warning the wicked, moving thy readers on their way to heaven, boldly to achieve, patiently to endure, and gratefully to enjoy; looking on all beneath the skies as dross compared with the riches and glory of an eternal world. I owe thee much, for thou art thronged with kindly reminiscences that I would not willingly relinquish; as a medium of communication thou hast linked me to multitudes of friendly readers, and marked an era of my life, a long and important stage in my earthly pilgrimage. Fare thee well!

Having thus, for the last time, apostrophized the "Visitor," with emotions of affectionate remembrance, with a hopeful spirit and a loving heart, I shall go over to the new publication, "The Leisure Hour," and I feel sure that many, if not all my readers, will go with me. Why should we part when there are so many reasons for our being banded more closely together? So far as I myself am concerned, I will not seek to entice any one by the announcement of coming wonders. The less an old man deals in promises the better; for if he has lived to hoar hairs without performances that have secured the good opinion of his friends, hardly can he expect much confidence to be placed in his prospective protestations. Though I purpose in the best sense to put on my armour, I will not boast of the deeds I mean to perform.

As talented heads and Christian hearts will be enlisted in the service of "The Leisure Hour," I cannot but hope that it will become popular, and eminently successful in attracting, informing, and impressing the minds of its readers; adding to their earthly happiness, and brightening their hope of heaven. As, however, though even Paul should plant and Apollos water, God alone can give the increase, to his almighty favour must it be commended. In taking his leave of the "Visitor," Old Humphrey's last text shall be, "Praise ye the Lord;" *Psa.* cl. 6, and his last word, "Alleluiah!"

## THE RIGHT LIGHT.

"WELL, Stanley, have you seen my new picture?" said Mr. Trevor to a friend whom he met in his grounds, on his return from a ride.

"I have," replied his friend.

"And what do you think of it?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am disappointed; I do not like it at all: it is gloomy, and the trees seem to me dark and lifeless, and the shadows heavy."

"Well! now, indeed, I *am* disappointed, and much surprised," replied Mr. Trevor; "and the water and the cattle?—surely you admire that *fine* group of cattle?"

"Well, my good friend," said Mr. S., "I must look at it again;—I could not make out the cattle, they seemed to me all confusion, and I could scarcely discern whether they were cows or horses; nay, they might have been bears, or lions," said he, laughing, "for what I could see; but come in,—we will look at it together."

The gentlemen accordingly turned towards the house, and entered the room where the picture had found a temporary resting-place until it should be hung up.

"Ah!" said Mr. Trevor, "now I see the secret of this; you have it in a wrong light! Here, Edward," continued he, turning to his young son, "lend a hand, and help me lift it to the other side of the room. There,—now put up the blind, and let in a sunbeam. Now just draw aside those draperies, and move that high thing which obstructs the light. Very good: and *now*, my friend, what do you say to it? But stay yet one moment, throw a shawl over that mirror, Edward; its reflection casts a glare over one part. Now, then, for a judgment."

"Indeed," said Mr. Stanley, "this does most completely alter the effect!"

"Then you do not call it gloomy now?" said Mr. Trevor, looking a little triumphant as he saw the alteration in the countenance of his friend.

"Far from it; what an exquisitely clear light falls on that graceful group of women! I did not see one of them before;—and the cattle, too, are perfect."

"And the shadows?" said Mr. Trevor.

"Oh, they are not heavy *now*; and the water is as transparent as I before thought it dull! I never was more mistaken in a picture, and I think seldom, if

ever, saw a finer one than this; it is, indeed, a *gem*. What a difference it makes in what light a thing is viewed! I see the *whole* now, and one part explains another. *Now* that has power and meaning which was before devoid of life and interest."

"Very true," replied Mr. Trevor; "and does it not strike you that the same sort of elucidating and improving effect often results from looking at a *moral* picture (I mean a narrative of those events which are passing around us) in a different light from that in which they are at first set before us?"

"I do, indeed," responded Mr. Stanley. "Just let in a little of the fair light of candour, and a sunbeam of Christian love on an ugly story, and take away the 'tall thing which obstructs the light,' whether that 'tall thing' be envy, or malignity, or jealousy, or sentimentality, or any other thing which prevents the entrance of the pure light of truth; and above all, shut out the false glare which a satirical wit delights in casting on the subject; bringing out into a strong light that which charity would fain have left in shadow, and which a different thing or story becomes—does it not?"

"It does, indeed," said Mrs. Trevor, whom the gentlemen had now joined at the luncheon-table; "a conversation which passed at a house where I was calling lately illustrates your position."

"Have you heard," says a lady who was present, "of the sad blow which has fallen on poor Mrs. Falconer? I am so sorry for her that I cannot get her out of my thoughts; she is such a sweet interesting creature; and with her delicate health it is such a sad thing."

"I do not know to what you allude," said my friend Mrs. Gray.

"Oh! have not you heard," replied she, "that that *cruel* hard-hearted fellow, her landlord, has put an execution into her house, and taken everything for rent? even her little children's beds, and her beautiful new piano, and all her elegant plate; in fact, everything. Oh! it is a wicked thing; perhaps, ma'am," she added, turning to me, "you may not know that Mrs. Falconer is a widow, whose husband died about a year and half ago, leaving her with six little children, and but a small income. I assure you it is a sad case! I used to think well of Scott, but I shall take good care *now* how I ever recommend any friend of mine to

become the tenant of a man who could act in such a brutal manner!’

“‘My dear madam,’ said Mr. Gray, who was present, ‘you must excuse me, but really I think you have scarcely taken a fair view of this subject. Mrs. Falconer is indeed, as you say, a widow, delicate, and the mother of six little children; she was also left at her husband’s death with but a moderate income. Should not these circumstances have increased her circumspection, and made her contrive in her expenditure? But what has been her course? A year’s rent was due at her husband’s death; instead of paying that debt, and, if it were necessary, going into a smaller and less expensive house, she has continued in the same house, given large parties, purchased an expensive new piano, and other needless articles, and in other ways launched out into expense which might well have been spared. Her landlord (who is a striving man, with a wife and six children himself,) having received no part of his rent for between two and three years, after repeatedly warning the lady of what *must* be the result, at last takes this painful step in order to secure his money, which has been long withheld, and which forms an important part of the income on which he has to maintain his family. Now, is it *just* to call this “a brutal action,” or to consider such an act of self-defence “cruel” and “wicked?” There is also another point of view in which I should regard this subject. I once saw a man rushing violently down a hill which I knew (though *he* did not) ended in a tremendous precipice. A man whom he was passing in his course, and who saw his danger, seized him by the arm, and by so suddenly arresting him in his progress, threw him to the ground, by which means the poor fellow received some severe bruises. Would you call that man *cruel* because, in saving the other from a greater evil, he drew on him a less one? I think not; neither should a man who arrests a woman in the midst of a course of extravagance, and obliges her to *stop* and *consider*, be called so.’

“‘You are quite right, Mr. Gray,’ said the lady; ‘and I am sorry I spoke so hastily, for certainly what you have said has greatly altered the view I had taken of the case.’ She seemed a reasonable sort of woman, but a little apt to be carried away by her feelings.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Trevor, “I think,

with you ladies, *sentimentality* is the ‘tall thing’ which not unfrequently stands between your object and the light; take *that* away, and you are as good judges of a subject as others!”

“Ah! that will not do, Trevor,” replied Mr. Stanley; “*sentiment* as often obscures the mind of a man as of a woman; but I would rather have *sentiment* in the way than malice and envy. How the natural evil of the human heart shows itself in the manner in which we often hear evil one of another, without an effort to refrain from ‘judging according to the appearance;’ how often there is a sort of half ‘*rejoicing* in iniquity,’ when the evil-doer is one whom we dislike, or of whom we have formed a judgment which the circumstances reported to us seem to confirm! We would rather gain credit for clear-sightedness and penetration, than observe the laws of that charity which ‘*hopeth* all things, *believeth* all things,’ and are much more afraid of being thought to be easily imposed on, than we are of seeming or even *being* censorious and severe.”

“You are right,” replied Mr. Trevor; “when we hear an evil report of a friend whom we *love*, how careful are we in searching out the origination of the story, and in ascertaining whether it is well founded, taking the most favourable view of every point which will bear two interpretations; and if at last the conviction is *forced* on us that our friend has really been to blame, how anxious we are that the story should, if possible, be hushed up, and how careful not ourselves to spread it! Now, the same watchfulness should prevail in us when the characters of those with whom we are not individually bound in *personal* friendship are assailed. ‘*Speak* not evil one of another, brethren,’ is a precept without a limitation. It should be sufficient for us to remember that our Master’s spirit was of a different character; that he bids us ‘*love* one another,’ and ‘do good one to another.’—‘If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye?’ Oh for ‘the mind which was in Christ!’ how different is it from the spirit that is of the world! Oh for that blessed time, when the light of God’s countenance shall light up every picture, and all shall be manifested in that light!”

“I could hardly help saying,” added

Mr. Stanley, "Who art thou that judgest another?" the other day, when I heard that sweet girl Florence Hope maligned by one of those women whose unholy spirit is ever at work on the characters of her neighbours."

"What could she find to say against her?" inquired Mrs. Trevor; "she seems to me the very personification of gentleness and propriety."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Stanley, "I will tell you:— 'What a pity it is,' said the lady, 'that Florence Hope neglects her poor old father so; it goes to my heart to see that good old man, feeble and sad as he is, left by himself whilst that giddy girl goes gadding about, amusing herself at other people's houses.' 'Indeed,' said another who was present; 'I am sorry to hear that: I used to think her a pattern of filial piety.' 'Well then,' replied Miss C., 'things are altered now, I can tell you. As surely as the clock strikes ten every day, I hear the usual knock at Mr. Loveday's door (you know we are next neighbours), and there is Miss Hope; and there she stays for hours and hours together! Sometimes I hear the piano going or singing going on; at others, off she goes for a walk and to pick flowers with the children; but as to staying at home with her poor father for a day, *that* seems out of the question, even if it is pouring with rain. It is all very nice and agreeable for her to be with the Lovedays, but it is a sad thing for poor Mr. Hope; and I hear she is just as much at the Cave's in the afternoon as at the Loveday's in the morning. Then you know, of course, she cannot have time for everything, and consequently she has given up her class at the school, and her district, and all those things which she used to make such a fuss about, just to give herself up to her amusement.'

"Excuse me, madam," said a mild-looking old clergyman, who was, I believe, Mr. Russel, the vicar of St. —'s, 'you are putting that poor child's conduct in a *very* wrong point of view. You have been from home, and do not seem to be aware that Mr. Hope has lost nearly the whole of his property, and that his good and *dutiful* daughter, forgetting *self*, now gives up the greater part of her time to teaching the little Lovedays; and the little Caves (to whom she has engaged herself as daily governess), in order to be able, by her earnings, to supply her father with the

comforts to which he has been used. She also has a music-class at home. As she is necessarily so much absent from him, she feels it her duty to keep by his side during all the hours which are not engaged in the duties of tuition, and for that purpose she has, with my *full* sanction and approval (although I feel the loss of so good a teacher and visitor in my parish), resigned her school and district duties, in which she has so long employed herself with much delight; and she also gives up her evening walk, which was her chief recreation, that she may be able to devote herself altogether to her present new and trying duties.'

"Miss C. looked somewhat ashamed, and said, 'That is certainly a different view of the case; but you know, my dear sir, I was not aware of any of those circumstances?'

"True, madam," replied the excellent old man; 'but would not the law of love be less frequently broken, and characters less often marred, if those who *criticise* were first to *examine*, and be silent at least until they were sure that they were not misrepresenting?'

"I fear," said Mr. Trevor, as Mr. Stanley concluded his anecdote, "that there was some obstacle between that lady's mental vision and the light of truth more difficult to remove than *sentimentality*! There are some people whose minds are so constituted that it is painful for them to see others shine brightly, and they rejoice if they can by possibility throw a spot on the character of those whose holy and consistent walk tacitly condemns their own; they like to say, 'Your vaunted Christian is no better than another.'"

"To what do you attribute this, my friend?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"Oh, surely, to the unappeasable enmity of the human heart against God," replied Mr. Trevor. "Till Christ is exalted and self laid low at the foot of the cross, no human being *can* rejoice in that which exalts another above himself; none will cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord. It is he who is clearly sensible of the evil of his own heart, and who is seriously engaged in seeking for himself the sanctifying influences of God's Spirit, and he only, who will not be extreme in marking what seems to be amiss in those around him."

"Most true," answered Mr. Trevor, gravely; "but there is an anomaly which often presents itself to my consideration:

—How is it that we so often find those who profess themselves the disciples of Him whose very name is Love, of Him who is 'kind unto the unthankful and to the evil,' as bitter and severe in their judgment and speech of others as if they had never heard the name of Christ,—had never read that beautiful chapter, 1 Cor. xiii. It is a grievous thing

'When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight;'

and if so in a human family, how much more so when the children of God's chosen family do so!—when the members of the same body 'bite and devour one another.' Surely this is as if the vine brought forth nightshade berries. 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a *liar*.'

"But you would not say, my dear," interposed Mrs. Trevor, "that every one who speaks evil of another is a *liar*, and under condemnation as such?"

"By no means, my dear," said Mr. Trevor; "I am not, I thank God, the one to judge in this case. It is God himself who says, 'He that hateth his brother is a *liar*,' and also that 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' Now, I can only say, that he who knowingly and willingly breaks any of God's laws is an offender, and should take heed, and look to himself; and certainly he who habitually breaks the law of love is not exempt from this charge; but 'to his own Master he standeth or falleth.' Of one thing I am sure, that the greater portion of the misunderstandings which exist, and evil speakings that prevail, would be remedied did men act habitually on the Saviour's command,—to go to their brother, and, face to face, in a spirit of love, tell him the cause of complaint which they had against him."

J. S.

#### THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"We take no note of Time but from its loss."

Time and money have been called ever the most valuable of our earthly possessions; for they are both capable of working our weal or woe, according as they are used. But here their union ends: we will not, we cannot, for a moment join them in equality: the perishing riches of this world, which "are mine, were his, and may be yours to-morrow," shall not be compared with the "precious unreturning moments," which we must seize as they come, and improve

while we have them. Money makes to itself wings, it is most true; but we may in some degree calculate upon it; we know its extent and measure, and how long it will last; but how much of the other will be ours is only known to One. "My times are in thy hand." The priceless treasure is dealt out to us by moments; and we can never count on more than the one in hand: we may not hoard it; for it speeds away, alike rapidly, whether we value or neglect it.

We may be prodigal of it; but this brings a sad account at the last. It is an awful and startling survey to look back, and mark on what a host of unworthy trifles a part of every day of our lives is passed! Shall we have the same opportunity to-morrow?—we cannot tell. "Oh for yesterdays to come!" for who would say, if that could be, that he "would do all that he had done?" The best of us are, alas! but chroniclers of wasted hours. But, again, the tongue of Time proclaims that another hour has gone to join the mass of "countless years!" Another hour! the iron note sounds through the din of business or of pleasure: in hope, in joy, in pain, or sorrow, the recurring warning comes yet again, marking our still lessening space for all these things. That sound brings comfort to the weary, warning to the busy hunter after earthly good, and food for profound thought to the reflective. But familiar things lose their hold upon us, although Time, the indefatigable guard of the dial, is never off his watch, never intermits his claim on our fleeting remnant of days. We forget with what speed the winged hours are leaving us; that our lamp of life is continually wasting; and that, through all the engrossing cares of the day, our measured allotments of time are ever sounding their departure; that their record is "graven in the rock for ever." These are thoughts that lie too deep for mixing with the ordinary routine of common things that perish in the using. As the traveller who has attained an eminence overlooks all the lesser objects beneath him, and fixes his gaze on the distant horizon, so does one glimpse of our real condition, as pilgrims on the fast-lessening road to an eternal bourne, cause the illusions of time to melt and dissolve away.

It is one of the mysteries of our nature that, the nearer we approach the end, the faster does Time (to our perceptions)



hurry by. It was well and beautifully said by the Italian poet, Petrarch :

"As nearer to that final hour, which best  
Proclaims the transient date of human woe,  
Fleeter I find Time's silent foot to go."

In childhood and in youth, the destroyer seems to hide his wings. How much is expected from him! What an age of events and adventure is one year! What promise in every expected season! How much will it bring! How marked seems every section of time as it steals away on downy wings! To the aged, on the contrary, the "dark brown years" roll on in uniform rapidity; for experience has for ever curbed the expectancy of hope :

"Heaven gives the year of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness,  
And those of youth a seeming length  
Proportioned to their sweetness."

It is of great importance to gather into some useful purpose the "waifs and strays" on the stream of time, the odd moments which are lost and wasted because they are so short; but the precious gold-dust is all to be treasured, for it returns not again. Where is the moment past! worlds cannot call it back.

Let the present hour be marked by some good word, or work, or thought, or intention; each day find us more weaned from the world than the day preceding; each moment an advance, if not in earthly happiness or wealth, yet in that best of all possessions, an increase of humble confidence that we are more meet to "stand in our lot at the end of the days."—*Mrs. H. W. Richter.*

#### BOOTHIA FELIX.

A STUPENDOUS labyrinth of land and water extends westward from Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay. The southern part of it is largely occupied by the great inland sea of Hudson's Bay, with its straits, and arms, and islands; and the northern part projects up to higher latitudes than have been yet ascertained, and is an intricate assemblage of sounds, channels, islands, and peninsulæ. The latter is sometimes called the Northern Archipelago. A navigable tract through it would lead ships into the open Polar Sea, rolling between it and the north-eastern extremity of Asia, and is the famous "north-west passage" which such sums of money, such contrivances of genius, such achievements of bravery, and

such multitudes of lives have been sacrificed to discover. One grand belt of channel, called Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, situated pretty far to the north, and discovered and explored by sir Edward Parry, leads a long way through it, and is now generally believed to be, in some way or other, the very throat of the "passage." But, at the distance of about two hundred and twenty miles from Baffin's Bay, a narrow sea, called Prince Regent's Inlet, goes off from Barrow's Strait at right angles southward, and penetrates far and wide, and is now known to communicate by circuitous routes with Hudson's Bay, and was long thought to be a very likely highway to the Polar Ocean.

The land which flanks the west side of Prince Regent's Inlet came thus to obtain a high degree of extrinsic interest. Was it an island or a chain of islands? or could it be a long peninsular projection of the American continent? Or, rather, was it, or was it not, cut asunder—and if so, how far south—by some navigable channel? This question, even from the discovery of Barrow's Strait till two years after the sailing of sir John Franklin's expedition, was often asked and earnestly canvassed. But it continued either profoundly obscure or highly tantalizing. The very adjacent parts of the American continent—coasts, indeed, or supposed coasts, extending away for hundreds of miles—were unknown, had resisted exploration, lay within the same veil of mystery as the north-west passage itself; and the ascertaining of these, and the defining of Prince Regent's Inlet, and the search for the "passage," came at last to be considered pretty much one and the same problem.

In his first voyage in quest of the passage, sir Edward Parry went far west along Barrow's Strait, and procured all the information in that quarter which we even yet possess. In his second, he ransacked the upper reaches of Hudson's Bay, and had well nigh forced a progress into what is now known to be the southward expansion of Prince Regent's Inlet, yet was driven back with the impression of total failure. In his third, he entered Prince Regent's Inlet from Barrow's Strait, and soon found it one of the dreariest and most ice-obstructed seas he had ever navigated, and eventually lost upon its western shore, about eighty-five miles downward, one of his two ships, with all her boats and stores. He now felt beaten,

and never again went into those seas—though he afterwards attempted the more daring and wonderful, though perfectly bootless exploit of seeking a passage to the Asiatic main right over the Frozen Ocean by way of the North Pole.

The sufferings of the adventurers in sir Edward's voyages, and those of the adventurers in all previous Arctic explorations, were as great as their darings. Every detail of them, even the smallest, inflicts upon a feeling reader almost an anguish of sympathy. They comprised pains, privations, and perils at once constant, manifold, and novel,—many of them, too, beyond all possible reach of remedy or alleviation. Yet most, or all, were clearly foreseen and cheerfully encountered. Why? In some instances, partially from love to science,—from a wish to extend mankind's acquaintance with the wonders of the world; but, in the great majority, mainly or wholly for the cooling of hot blood,—for the gratification of recklessness,—for the matter of a boast,—for distinction,—for fame,—for the promoting of earthly aspirations. Whale-fishers rush into similar regions, and brave similar disasters, in the pursuit of a business, and accordingly rush with care and retreat with caution. But the exploring adventurers, from the earliest downward, had always what they thought the *higher* aims of men's applause, and therefore flung care to the winds and caution to the seas, and rushed onward the more impetuously when perils multiplied, and retreated only when they could no longer advance. We are not here indicating how the love of fame ought to be subdued and modified; we are simply pointing out its power, in order that we may draw from it an admonition to Christians. A crystal, or even the remote chance of one, from the worthless melting icicle of worldly fame tempts brave men to bore their way far into the solitudes of the frozen regions, there to spend months of perpetual darkness, and to incur fearful hazards of blindness, scurvy, starvation, maiming, and violent death; and ought not the imperishable gems of "the crown of righteousness," the heavenly glory, the love of Christ, and the grace of God, to inspirit all Christians to at least equal enterprise, equal hardiness, equal devotion and abandonment, in all "works of faith and labours of love," throughout the wide, fair, cheerful space of the inhabited earth?

Sir John Ross, an experienced arctic

voyager, well acquainted with knocks among the ice, was not deterred by Parry's failures and disasters from attempting another exploration of Prince Regent's Inlet; nor was he deterred either by the stiff disinclination of the government, and of every other great public body, to give him aid or countenance. He got sufficient money for fitting out an expedition from a munificent private friend, Mr. Felix Booth; and as to everything else which he might need, he felt that he had fire enough either to find it or to do without it in his own burning love of fame. His ship—for he had only one—proved at the very start to be a laggard, and most unfit for polar sea service. Yet he went boldly on, penetrated far down Prince Regent's Inlet, and there commenced a three years' life of wild romance. His ship was frozen in, and never again got fairly out. In the second year, and in the third year, labours mighty but vain were performed to get her away; and in the fourth, she was abandoned. Her crew made stupendous exertions to escape, over hundreds of miles of ice, to the fishing resort of the whale-ships; but, after proceeding far, were forced to retrace their steps to the west shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, at the place where sir Edward Parry's ship had been wrecked; and there they spent another winter, supported by the wrecked ship's stores, and housed within a hastily-constructed erection of boards and of ice-walls; and when, at last, they did succeed in travelling to a whale-ship, they appeared to its crew, and afterwards to the people of Britain, like men risen from the dead. Their surviving a four years' detention on ice-locked shores, in far-away seclusion from every haunt of man, with slender and most precarious means of sustenance, has all along, since 1848, supplied a chief argument for hope that the lamented company of sir John Franklin may possibly be still alive.

At all practicable periods of the time prior to the abandonment of the ship, sir John Ross and his people, in parties of various strength, made exploratory journeys over the surrounding lands and seas. The country which flanks the west side of Prince Regent's Inlet—the country of gloom and mystery, across the east face of the Polar Ocean—was now called Boothia Felix, in honour of Mr. Felix Booth, though the northern part of it had previously been named North Somerset; and it was soon found to be one of the

most dismal regions ever trodden by the foot of man. It extends about three hundred and forty miles from Barrow's Strait to a latitude a short way south of where the ship lay, and is all, so far as known, a peninsula of jagged shores, rugged surface, broken blotchy feature, and bleak, shivering, ice-clad character. Yet it has a human population who burrow in snow huts, and hunt and fish in the ordinary manner of savages, and silently make an appeal of unutterable solemnity to the Christians of the beautiful parts of the earth,—telling them to be devoutly grateful to the all-gracious God for their rich enjoyments, and beseeching them to transfer the price of a few of their many luxuries to the sending of the gospel to the ever-shivering Esquimaux.

A thing of high interest in Boothia Felix, is its possessing on its western seaboard the north magnetic pole. Theory and calculation could tell the whereabouts of this only in the nondescriptive way in which they tell the locality of the north pole of the earth's rotation; and we owe to a laborious and perilous journey by commander Ross, now sir James Clarke Ross, the nephew of sir John, our acquaintance with its actual appearance. But here, as in many other instances, great power and glorious majesty on the part of God exhibit sublime contrast to the pomp of mortals. Persons who know that the powers of a thunderbolt slumber in a drop of water, and feel no surprise to learn that the spot which attracts magnetic needles over all the world, and guides the progress of ships over all the trackless ocean, possesses not a single visible feature to distinguish it from the most common landscapes. "The land at this place," says sir James C. Ross, "is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. It was scarcely censurable to regret that there was not a mountain to indicate a spot to which so much of interest must ever be attached; and I could even have pardoned any one among us who had been so romantic or absurd as to expect that the magnetic pole was an object as conspicuous and mysterious as the fabled mountain of Sinbad,—that it even was a mountain of iron, or a magnet as large as Mont Blanc. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot which she has

chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers; and where we could do little ourselves towards this end, it was our business to submit, and to be content in noting by mathematical numbers and signs, as with things of far more importance in the terrestrial system, what we could but ill distinguish in any other manner."

Sir John Ross, as the result of his own and his nephew's explorations, declared that Boothia Felix is a peninsula; that it connects with the main land of America by a narrow isthmus; and that the Polar Ocean on its western shore has a higher level by thirteen feet than the sea of Prince Regent's Inlet. All hope of a north-west passage in this direction seemed thus at an end. A few years later, however, Messrs. Dease and Simpson coasted eastward in boats from the mouth of the Coppermine River to what they conceived to be the southern shore of Boothia, and sailed along a fine navigable Inlet to what they imagined to be a continuation of Prince Regent's Inlet. Boothia Felix was now declared an island, with a distinct highway round it to the Polar Ocean; and in 1845, when sir John Franklin set out to carry the British flag from the North Atlantic to the Chinese Sea, he believed that, if every other hope of success should perish, he had at least the alternative of boring down to sir John Ross's furthestmost, and then steering out by this Boothian highway. But in 1847, Mr. Rae, with prodigious effort, travelled northward from the north-western extremity of Hudson's Bay, struck on the most southerly expansion of Prince Regent's Inlet, travelled along its west shore till he arrived at sir John Ross's station, and thus ascertained, beyond all possibility of doubt, that Boothia is a peninsula. Continental America, then, shoots out this long tongue all the way to Barrow's Strait; and a north-west passage, if such a thing exist at all, cannot be possibly found at any lower latitude than where sir Edward Parry sought it in his first voyage.

The mystery which has come over sir John Franklin's expedition was long thought by many, and is still thought by some, to lie somewhere about Boothia. We are not of this opinion, yet feel deep sympathy with those who are. First came a startling but fictitious story that ships, answering to the description of Franklin's, had been seen ice-fast in Prince Regent's Inlet. Next went exploring parties from one of the govern-

ment searching expeditions far along the shores of Boothia. Next, and but last year, a special supplementary craft, "The Prince Albert,"—fitted out principally at lady Franklin's own expense,—went down the track of sir John Ross till it could no further go. This year that effort has been repeated. In the meanwhile, other twelve searching vessels lay congealed throughout last winter in the seas to the north and west, and, to say the least, braved precisely the same perils as those of the ships they sought, and, for the most part, with but small additional appliances of protection and escape. What heart can restrain prayer for the safety of such as are still in search of the lost expedition? What mind even can suppress admiration of their large humanity and noble daring? Yet what soul, enlightened by the gospel and fired with zeal for the highest interests of men, does not sigh over the misdirected patriotism of Ross and Franklin, and all the original heroes, and feel burning regret that the property, and enterprise, and bravery which have been flung at the frost-smoke phantom of a north-west passage had not rather been expended on some of the solid realities of Christian benevolence.

J. M. W.

#### A MISSIONARY'S MONUMENT.

THE rev. Eliphal Maynard, missionary of the American Board to the Jews, died at Salonica, September 14th, 1849, after being in his field of labour about six months. He is buried without the walls of the city. Over his grave is placed a plain slab of white marble, sent by his friends from this country. On this are engraved a few words taken from one of his last letters to his friends in America. In that letter he says—"As to my own feelings, I bless God that he made me a missionary, and a missionary to the Jews, and a missionary to the Jews of Salonica. *I have not seen the day nor the hour when I did not bless God that he permitted me to leave my native land to bear the message of salvation to wandering Israel. I love my native land more than ever; I love my friends more; I value the privileges of that land more; and yet I give up all cheerfully for Christ, and do find it unspeakable gain.*" The sentences in italics are engraved upon the tomb.—*Journal of Missions.*

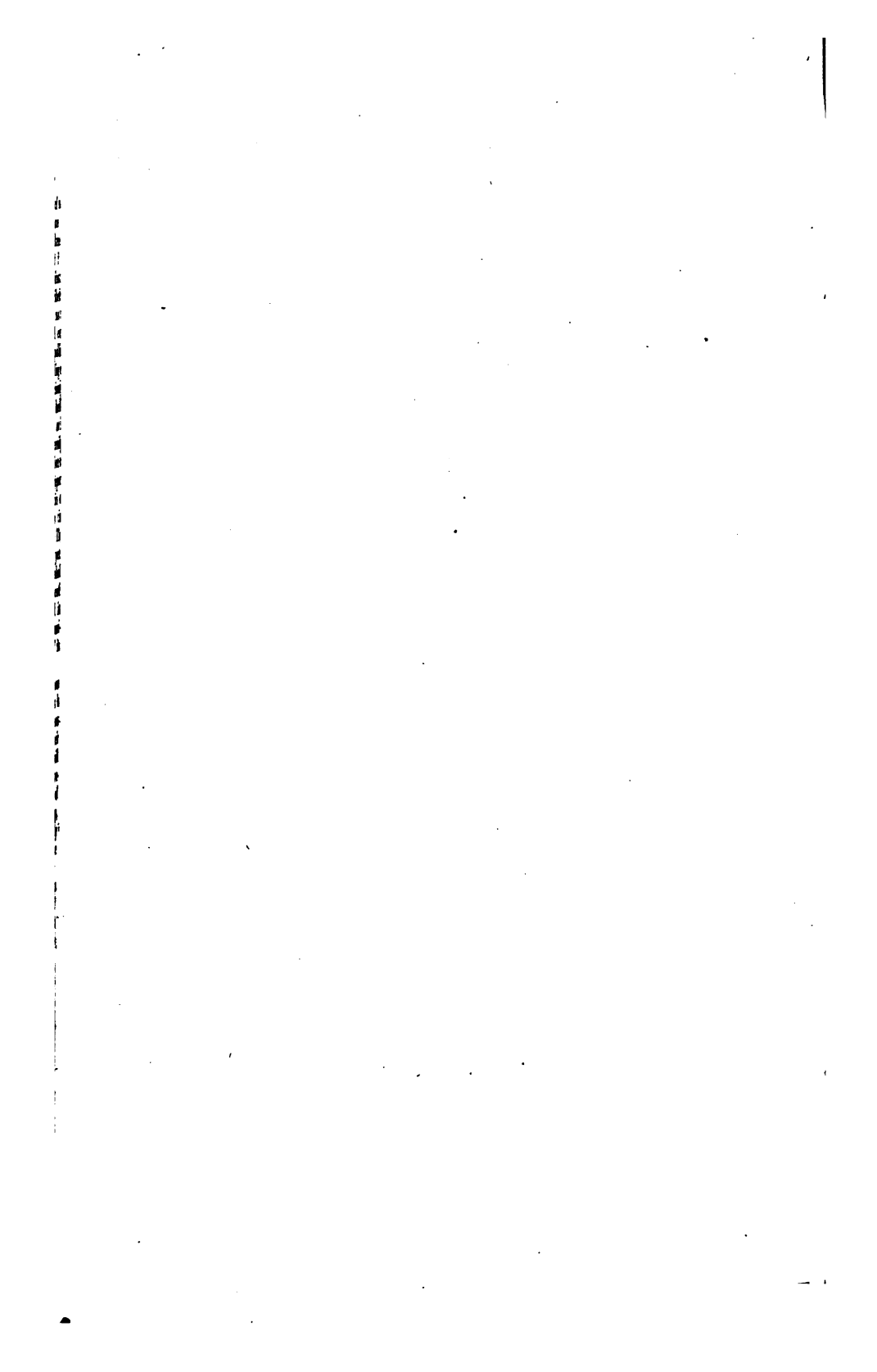
#### THE LAST YEAR OF LIFE.

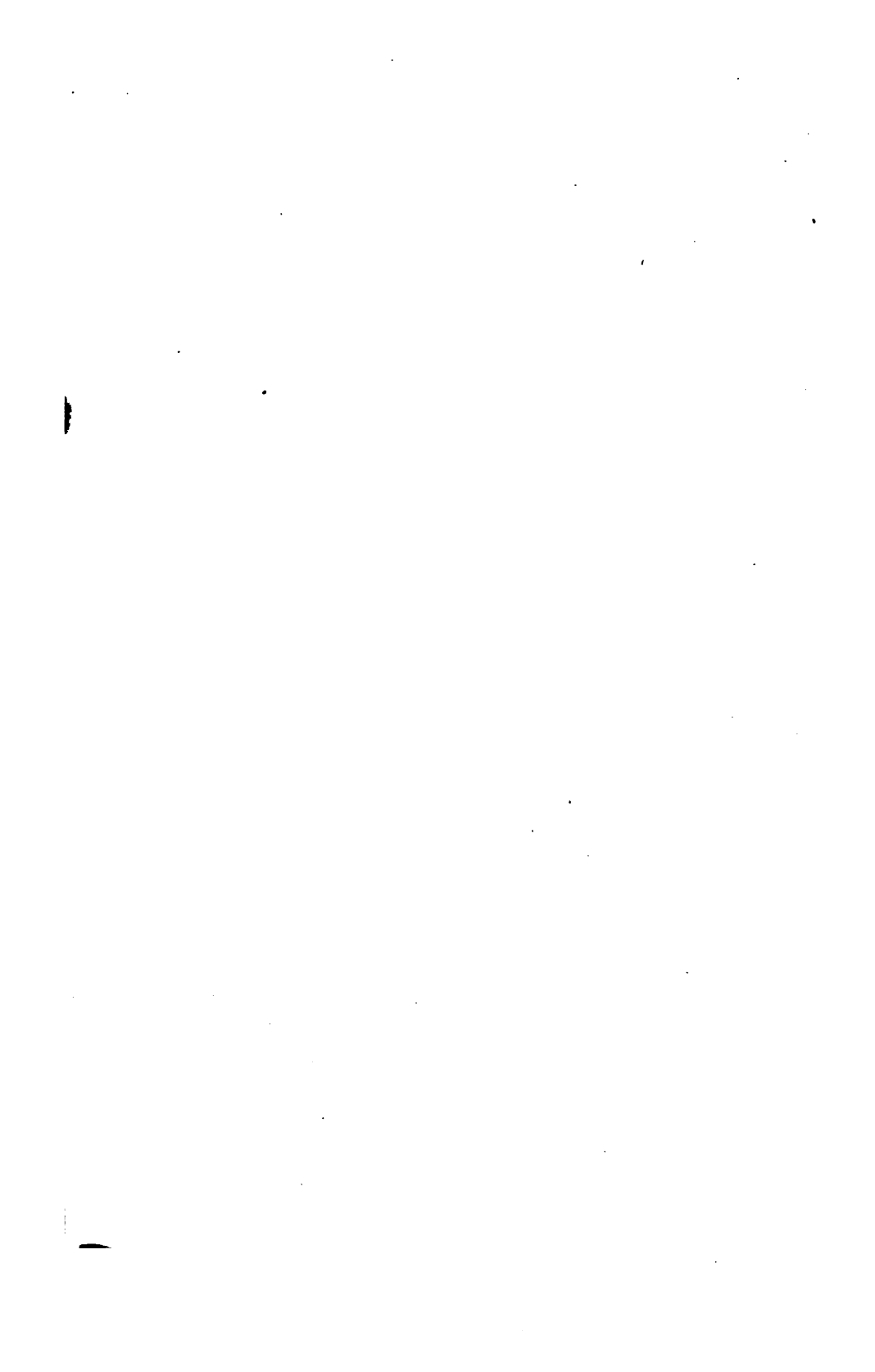
WHEN we read the account of some bloody battle, where hundreds are left dead on the field, the heart sickens at such wholesale slaughter. But if by some unwonted and fearful combination of causes, a battle-field were described to us, where the dead are numbered, not by hundreds, but by thousands, and even by millions, how unspeakably appalling would be the recital! Yet, appalling as we deem it, we pass by unconsciously such a field of slaughter, without heeding its piles of slain. Each year as it rolls on in its course ushers into eternity more souls than the entire population of England. And yet, because the report comes not to us in the red bulletin of the camp, and because the field is the world, we too pass along unheeding. The end of this mighty desolation is not yet; the year now drawing to a close shall show, ere it ends, as broad a field of death as those that went before it; and its strokes will be as indiscriminate as universal, and as unexpected as any of its predecessors.

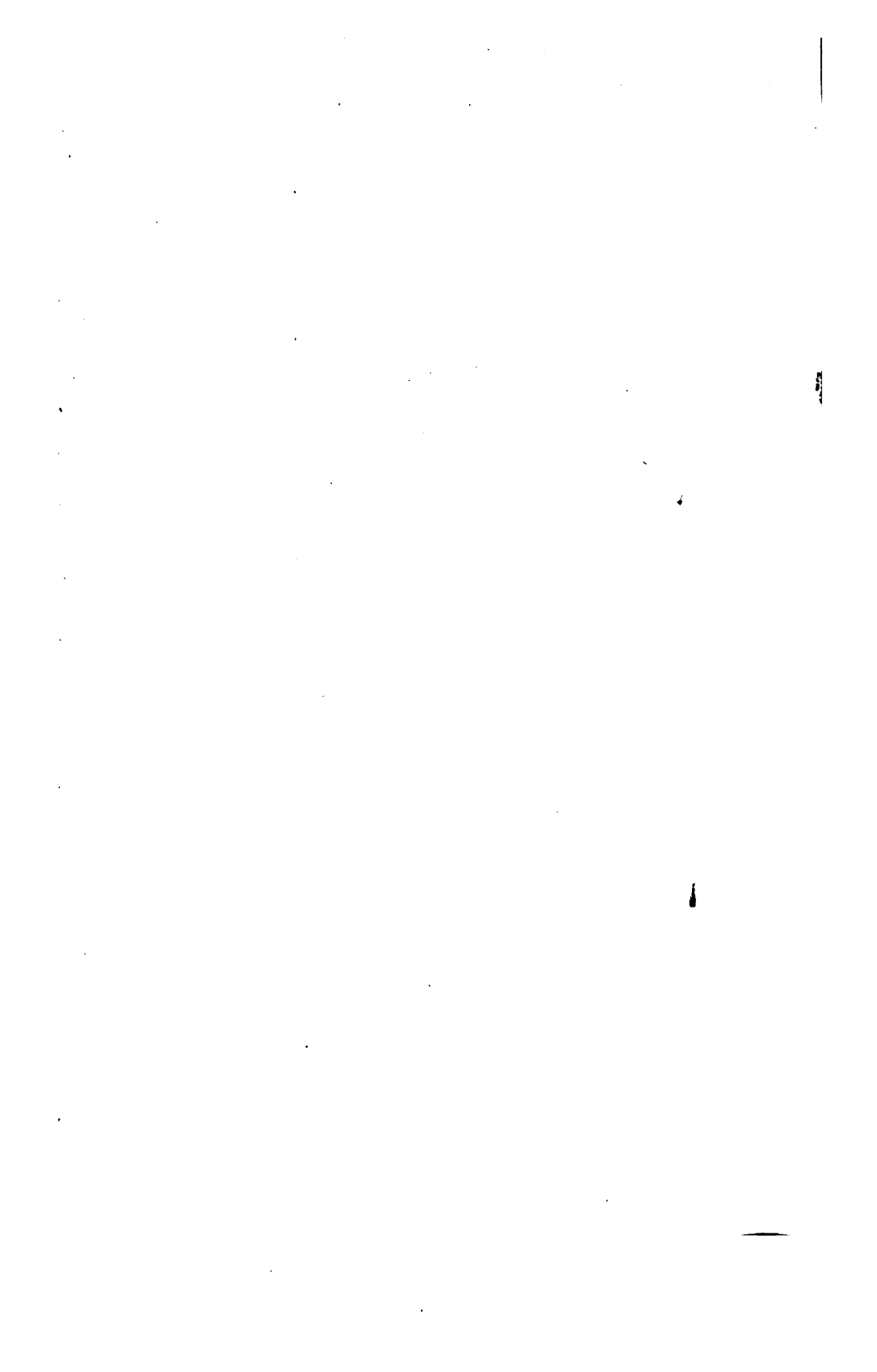
It is almost certain, that to some whose eyes shall fall on this paragraph, this is *the last year of life*. Before another new year dawns on the frozen earth, their life-journey will have ended; they will know that fearful and inscrutable mystery, death; and while the greetings of the season are passing from lip to lip, their bodies will be shrouded in the lonely grave, and their spirits mingling in the dread or joyous scenes of eternity!

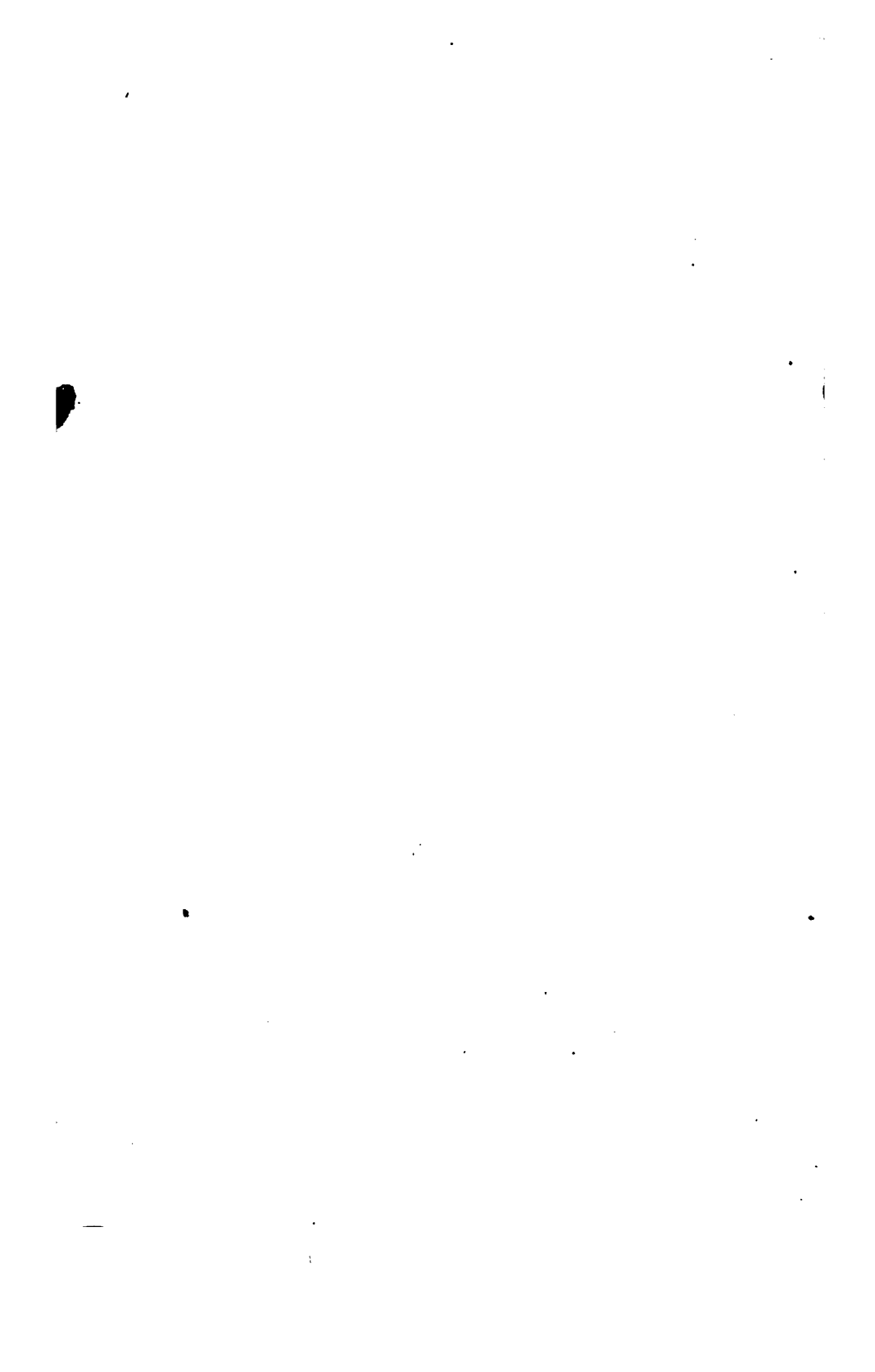
Reader, it may be you! Are you ready? Is your work for eternity done? Have you laid hold by faith of the great salvation provided in the gospel? Have you done for God what you might have done, or intend to do? Have you done for a perishing world and a struggling church as you were sacredly bound to do?

If your heart condemn you in this scrutiny, will you not awake to duty? Oh, remember that the night cometh, the moonless and starless night of the grave! Remember that in its deep shadow no man can work. Then be busy while the light lasts, for the shadows are growing long. Be earnest, oh my brother, in your brief day's task, for the sunset reckoning may be near at hand!







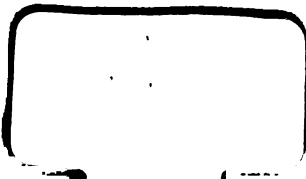




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